Cry me a River

by moxlicit

Summary

After being given two tickets for an FCW show on Christmas, Seth Rollins, a shy teen with a huge passion for wrestling, gets the chance to hang out with Dean Ambrose and falls head over heels for the much older male. It doesn’t take long for him to pick up on Dean’s mood swings and drinking habits which soon seem to consume their whole relationship. Roman Reigns made it his mission to fix everything and to make everyone happy.

Notes

Hi so this is my new story or the prologue of my new story. You do not necessarily need to read it and can just wait for the first chapter but it gives you some background information of Seth Rollins as a character in this story. I hope you guys can understand that updates may come slower sometimes since it's my last year of High School and I have to start preparing for finals which will be in March. Still I hope you guys will enjoy it. For those who have been reading and following my other story and wonder why I don't update anymore, let me just tell you I've had hell of a year but once finals are over I will try updating it again since I have super cool plans for Take A Walk On My Side. For this story right here I have a vague idea of where I'm going to take things. For now stay tuned, the first chapter will follow fast, this prologue just being an introduction of what is to come.
On Jersey Avenue in Orlando, Florida a house has been built in the 1980ies by a construction company who was ordered to do so by a man named Steve Kennedy Rollins. It wasn’t a big house just enough for him and his future wife and maybe one, two or even three children in the future. The house was close to Crystal Lake giving Steve the freedom to fulfill his dream of building his own boat and going fishing from time to time to get his head cleared after his daily work at a local restaurant. Steve was a chef at the Ceviche Tapas in Orlando.

In 1982 Steve met Jennifer at is friend’s birthday party and fell in love. Jennifer at the age of 18 back then had just finished High School and moved to Orlando to start a schooling at the Orlando International Airport Hotel to become a made. Steve himself was 23 but the five years of age difference never seemed to bother either. It didn’t take long for them to get married and move in together into the house on Jersey Avenue. In fact it only took them four years.

It took another year for Jennifer to get pregnant for the first time and in 1988 Steve and Jennifer’s first son was born. Jeremy was a healthy and beautiful boy, all giggles and smiles and never crying. Another two years later Jennifer got pregnant again and Seth Rollins was born. His little sister Abigail was born three years later.

1993 family Rollins was complete, sharing the wonderful home on Jersey Avenue in Orlando. This was 14 years ago.

As his alarm went off Seth groaned in frustration. Seven o’clock in the morning. Christmas morning. Who in the world had introduced the tradition of opening christmas gifts that early in the morning? Seth definitely wasn’t the one. Since he had no other choice though he decided to get up before either of his parents would storm into his room and literally pull him out of bed. He’d risked this twice in his life and regretted both times. After opening the gifts and having breakfast he could go back to bed and get some more rest. His only motivation to get up for now.

It was a shame though being ripped out of his dreams about Justin Timberlake. Before he’d fallen asleep the night before he’d imagined how it’d feel to get just one kiss by the endlessly sexy singer and in his dreams the fantasy went on, Seth seeing himself making out with Justin backstage after a concert of the other male. He hated being interrupted when having a great dream like this.

His room was super cold so Seth wrapped his blanket around his shoulders as he moved over to his wardrobe on wobbly legs still drunk on sleep due to being awake so long the night before. The rest of the family had been over for christmas dinner and they didn’t leave until midnight. After that he was wide awake and watched a DVD of Justin’s concert he’d gotten for his birthday. Since he still hadn’t been tired after that he put the DVD of this year’s Wrestlemania in his playstation and couldn’t fall asleep until it was over and then of course there was his imagination about Timberlake which would finally help him fall asleep. This wasn’t before 3am thought.

Reaching his wardrobe Seth put on some sweatpants without dropping the blanket, not even once risking losing the warmth inside of his blanket-coat. On his head his hair probably was a mess, blonde and brown strands lying in every direction but he didn’t bother putting them in a bun. It was only his parents and siblings who’d see him anyway.

Instead he made his way out of his room, eyes barely open as he got to the living room. His sister was already there, hot cocoa in her hands and a smile on her face. How could she even be awake
awake enough to smile this early? With only a low grumble on his lips to tell her good morning Seth dropped down next to her and tried cuddling into his blanket enough to vanish in it but he was too big for the piece of fabric so his head had to keep sticking out.

“Abby?” His mom’s voice came from the kitchen where she probably had been preparing the breakfast for an hour now which he could only guess but was pretty sure of since she always put effort into everything concerning her family. “Are your brothers up yet? Please go check if they are at least in the bathroom by now. We want to start opening the gifts soon.”

His little sister emptied the cup in her hands and got up from the couch. “Seth’s here.” She yelled back. Seemed like she wasn’t as awake or happy to be awake either since the sleep was still thick on her voice. “Stop yelling.” Seth mumbled, closing his eyes again as he dropped his head back against the back of the couch. Abigail rolled her eyes as he spoke and went to leave the living room.

Nice, maybe he could nap for just a couple of minutes longer. This wish was crushed by his brother just seconds after he finished his thought. “Morning, herring.” Now that was a way to be pulled out of the sleep Seth was just falling back into. As if it could save him from his brother Seth turned his head to the side, nuzzling his face into his blanket too. “Ah, baby brother. Too tired from staying up all night watching wrestling to open your gifts now? Don’t worry, I’ll gladly take yours too if you even get any.”

Jeremy dropped down on the couch next to Seth and wrapped his arm around his little brother’s shoulder, letting it slide up to his neck to put the smaller boy in a headlock and press his face into Jeremy’s chest. Now Seth was definitely awake, struggling for oxygen as his glasses were pressed into his face too. “Get off me, Jer’” He tried pulling free but there wasn’t much muscle on his body to push off his brother.

“What? What’d you say?” His older brother tightened his grip, taking away all of Seth’s oxygen so his head turned more red every second and his only attempts of beating his brother in the stomach got weaker until he was sure he’d pass out if Jeremy didn’t let go right now. Luckily his mother entered the room. “Jeremy, let go of your brother. It’s Christmas, can’t the two of you get along just once?”

Immediately Seth was released. He started coughing in order to get back some air into his lungs as he put one hand on his chest which started hurting already. Jeremy was chuckling next to him and Seth glared at him. While he was still doing so his mom handed them both a cup of hot chocolate just like Abby had gotten before. “Seth stop glaring at your brother.” His mother demanded in the very same moment. “And Jeremy stop assaulting Seth. You’re not kids anymore, boys. Now drink your hot chocolate while I go find your father.”

As soon as Jennifer had left the room Jeremy rammed his elbow into Seth’s ribs to make him cry out in pain with a tiny “Fuck...” on his lips as he almost spilled his chocolate over his blanket and crotch. “Asshole, what the hell?” Again he glared at his brother who was still chuckling. Seth tried to slide to the very end of the couch which wasn’t as far away from his brother as he would have liked it.

Luckily his father and sister finally entered the living room and so did his mother so they were finally complete. Abby and her dad sat on the floor in front of the couch after the big man told his sons good morning. Jennifer sat between her sons. “Alright since I know you all want to go back to your beds we should start. Abby pick the first gift and give it to someone.”

This was a game his family was playing every year. The youngest one picking out the first present, handing it to it’s receiver who picked the next present and gave it to his receiver who picked the
next present and so on and so on. Since he knew his siblings would leave him out for now on purpose he just watched them unwrapping their gifts while he finished his cocoa.

As his mother got passed the present he had gotten her he put aside his cup which was empty anyway to watch her un wrapping it. It was Jamie Oliver’s COOK with Jamie which he knew she had been hoping to get for Christmas. She loved cooking the British’s food for her family. Immediately a smile grew on her lips which made Seth smile too. “Thank you, Santa.”, the woman told into the small round before grabbing the next gift, looking for a name on it. “This one is for Seth.”

Finally his first present. It didn’t take long for him to unwrap it and hold the DVD of *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix* in his hands. “Awesome!” Harry Potter was always something to make Seth happy with. “Thank you.” As he now got up he pushed up his glasses on his nose so they wouldn’t fall off as he leaned down to pick up a present and hand it to his sister.

The unwrapping seemed to take longer than usually. Seth got the DVD, two books and a game for his Playstation along with new shoes and socks and a t-shirt of his favorite wrestler, Jeff Hardy. This was all awesome and all stuff he’d wished for besides the socks and shoes which he needed though. As he looked at the things next to him he knew there were still three gifts under the tree which his mom just passed out now in order to let the traditional unwrapping find an end. “This one is for you, Steve, this is for Abby and this is for Seth.”

The gift Seth was handed was flat and small and looked like an envelope which was wrapped up. It was exactly that which he found out as he pulled off the wrapping paper. Hopefully the envelope wasn’t filled with money, Seth hated getting money for Christmas it always was such a ‘I didn’t know what else to get you so go get yourself something’-kind of gift. Abigail who had already unwrapped a new pair of shoes too was now staring at the envelope. “Come on, open it already. I’m starving.”

She rolled her eyes as he kept taking his time. It was no money. Instead Seth pulled out two tickets for a FCW show, *Florida Championship Wrestling*. His heart started beating faster immediately. “Holy hell!” Both his parents started smiling at him. FCW was not only the development program of the WWE but it was also the local wrestling company. Seth had been into wrestling for years by now. He never missed a show and saved up his pocket money so he could watch all the PPVs too. That his parents got him tickets to watch a live show was pretty awesome. Since FCW shows were not available on TV Seth didn’t know many of the wrestlers there, he’d heard some names and sometimes some of them had guest appearances on Raw or Smackdown but besides that he didn’t know much about them.

Still it was awesome his parents had gotten him a present he could definitely enjoy. “Thank you so much.” While he was still gushing about the gift internally his siblings had already gotten up and moved to the kitchen together with his mother. Steve heaved his body on the couch so he could sit next to his son for a minute.

“You can go there with whoever you want but if none of your friends want to go I’ll gladly go with you son.” Seth smiled to his dad. They always had shared a pretty good relationship, Seth loving to go fishing with his dad and learning how to cook from him too. “Thanks, dad.” The 16-year old put the tickets back into the envelope before him and his dad went to have breakfast too.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

How was he supposed to make a decision like that when he could barely walk straight due to feeling light headed ever since Jon Moxley had winked at him? No matter which option he’d choose, it was gonna be a long night. Seth felt that already.

Chapter Notes

So this is the first chapter and I put big effort into finishing it before I go to bed but it's 3:34am now and snowing like hell outside which I already hate so what you see is what you get and I hope you enjoy the way Dean and Seth meet for the first time.

The parking lot was packet already as Seth and his father arrived at the WWE performance center. It was February and pretty mild outside, Seth wore a simple jeans jacket over a black shirt which he matched with black jeans and red chucks. They were pretty much everything he ever wore on his feet. His hair he had pulled into a bun in his neck since the usual bun or ponytail at the top and back of his head was maybe more comfortable but also made him look girlier and since he had such soft facial features anyway he already looked so much younger and more pretty than handsome which most 16 year old guys probably aimed to be in order to impress the ladies (eventhough Seth would have loved to impress the boys more).

On his nose his big glasses rested as Seth helped his dad looking for a free lot for their car to park in. When his parents had gotten him the wrestling tickets for FCW he hadn’t known what to expect and he missed checking the internet for it too until last night. It was just then that he’d found out that FCW shows were mostly held in nothing more but old and empty factories or warehouses. Since it had been late too last night he didn’t check out many of the wrestlers that were scheduled for the event either.

He knew there’d be a big guy they called Leakee who was related to The Usos. Those guys he knew since they were part of the WWE main roster which he watched on the weekly TV episodes of WWE shows. Of the other scheduled people he didn’t check out any info besides their names so all of this would be a surprise for him.

Finally his dad found a spot for the car and Seth jumped out of it right away. “You got the tickets, son?”

“Yes, dad. Hurry.” Seth knew he was acting like a little boy but this was a big deal for him. His siblings at home might roll their eyes over his excitement but this was his chance to check out the future of his favorite TV show so he tried ignoring them whenever he talked about wrestling at home.

Together with his dad he entered the arena which in fact was only a funny smelling old warehouse. Their tickets were checked and they got a stamp on the back of their hands so they could walk around the arena and go inside and outside whenever they wanted to. Not too quickly due to all the
people looking for their seats, Seth and his dad found their seats in the third row and put their jackets over the back of their chairs. “I’ll find us something to drink. What do you want?” While his dad was talking he digged around in his jackets inside pocket to find his wallet.

“Sure, beer.” His dad looked at him and chuckled. “Seth.” was all he said. “Alright just coke.” It was always worth a try, right? His dad wandered off and Seth just looked around the tall room, soaking it all in, the empty ring in the middle, all the people around him, the classic rock music making it impossible to follow any of the conversations around.

A look at his watch promised the show would start any second. Finding a spot for the car had taken longer than Seth had realized. Two minutes later the lights went off and the music was shut down. People found their seats back and so did Seth’s dad who handed his son the cool coke. The show started and Seth was wrapped up in it immediately. If he had thought wrestling was awesome to watch on TV before he now definitely was sure there was nothing better than watching wrestling live. Fists hit bodys, bodys hit the matt, kicks were delivered and faster as Seth liked it it was already time for the main event.

“Ladies and gentlemen it is now time for our main event. The following match is a two on one handicap elimination match.” In the middle of the ring a beautiful girl with dark caramel skin was balancing on her high heels, holding a microphone to her mouth as she smiled and waited for the first music to hit. The music was a low and loud grumble which made the speakers give away some scratchy sounds but Seth barely focussed on that. A big guy stepped out of the curtain, looking angry and serious as he was ready to fight whoever would give him funny looks.

“Introducing first, from Pensacola Florida, weighing 280 pounds, Leakee!” The announcer exaggerated the last syllable of the wrestlers name while the big guy entered the ring, threw back his dark and long black hair and let out an animalistic roar as he leaned back to do so. Then the music cut. “Introducing his partner.”

Another music hit and a couple of seconds later a blonde guy came to the ring. He looked more like a model with the tight wrestling pants and funny colorful boots. “From Daytona Beach, Florida, weighing 206 pounds, Mike Dalton!” The blonde guy made a big deal of entering the ring, trash talking to the fans who booed him, going on about how he was way too good to be here and be watched by a bunch of uggoes as he called them. His music was cut soon too while he was still ranting. “And their opponent.”

The sound of electric guitars hit the room and Seth stretched his neck to get a better look at who was making his way to the ring next. He had to push up his glasses as they kept sliding forward on the back of his nose. “From Cincinnati, Ohio, weighing 225 pounds, Jon Moxley!” Quickly as she could on her heels the girl got out of the ring and sat down by the time keepers.

Seth couldn’t see the guy until he was making his way up the stairs to the ring and if he’d thought that the Leakee dude looked angry and dangerous he didn’t find words for the man he was looking at now. Glaring blue eyes who seemed to kill everyone the man looked at. He was tall, had long legs and a muscular body which was dressed in black trunks with a red and white target disc on it in the front and Mox written over the guy’s ass. It was a nice ass which Seth had just noticed as his attention was drawn away from it due to the Jon guy turning to look at the people on Seth’s side of the audience.

Under the black jeans jacket which was falling off of one of Moxley’s shoulders the man hid a flat belly. His hair was a mess of dirty blond, wet strands and his legs were hidden behind black knee pads and leather boots. He made a big show of looking dangerous without saying a word while this Dalton dude was already going off again about how ugly Jon Moxley was and how Leakee had to
start off so he could mentally prepare himself for touching a gross person.

Leakee just chuckled at that. The guy had a really handsome smile. Moxley’s music was still playing as he got out of his jacket and threw it in the crowd. Right in Seth’s direction. Seth wanted to reach out to grab it but he shied away as he realized it would land in the row in front of him anyway.

Neither Dalton nor Leakee had moved out of the ring and Moxley had now turned towards them, letting Seth watch his butt again which he would have never admitted was the center of his attention for a moment. Before the 16-year old could even make up his mind about it though the brawl started. Moxley ran right into Dalton, pinning him in the corner as he started throwing fists at the blondes stomach.

“Stop fucking touching me you sweaty sucker!” Dalton screamed but was unable to free himself. It was his luck Leakee was still in the ring. The big man put his arms around Moxley’s waist and pulled him back just a bit to throw him over his head for a german suplex, throwing him far enough so the dirty blonde would end up on the matt in his corner of the ring. He didn’t stay down though. Instead he got up again immediately and stood tall in front of Leakee, eyes furiously fixed on his face.

Moxley was the first one to slap Leakee in the face. Then the other way around. Then Moxley hit again, hits went back and forth until Moxley could start landing a slap and chop combination over and over again until he pushed Leakee into the ropes and rammed his knee into his guts as the big guy came back. Then it was Moxley who went to move to the other side of the ring, leaned into the ropes and in the exact moment Leakee came towards him but Mox was faster and threw himself onto the big dog, hitting him down to the matt with a cross body. Immediately he started throwing fists at his opponent as he was sitting on top of him.

This he did only as long until Leakee could push him off. Both men got back to their feet but this time it was Leakee who hit Mox down with a clothesline. The smaller one got up just to be knocked down again.

On the outside of the ring Dalton was cheering for his partner and insulting Moxley. The fight went back and forth and back and forth, Leakee trying to tag in his partner but Jon not letting it happen. He made sure to keep as much of the fight as possible on his side of the ring. More punches and kicks were exchanged, pins were broken just as submissions until Jon finally managed to put on a move which first looked like a double chickenwing but he raised his opponent in the air. This he did slow due to Leakee being heavier than him probably and just as Mox finally had his opponent lifted off the floor he dropped him down, face first and letting him land between his stretched legs.

Quickly he moved around his opponent, turned him to his belly before pinning him. The whole arena was on fire and counted along with the ref. “1, 2, 3!” The bell rang and the announcer got off her chair, didn’t enter the ring though. “Leakee has been eliminated after 14 minutes and 38 seconds. Remaining opponents in the ring are: Mike Dalton versus Jon Moxley.”

The fight between Dalton and Moxley didn’t last as long as his fight with Leakee. This was probably due to him already being exhausted. Still everytime someone pinned the other Seth’s heartbeat went up, scared the match might end already and scared Moxley might not win the match. He clearly was on the dirty blondes side. Finally Moxley hit a move everyone went crazy about. The guy next to Seth screaming something about Moxicity which was probably the name of the finisher. Jon Moxley had finished the pretty boy. 1, 2, 3 and the match was over. Moxley’s music hitting the room as he jumped to his feet, screaming and ranting, arms raised to the air, sweat
and spit flying everywhere. “Here is your winner, Jon Moxley!”

Sadly neither of the wrestlers stayed in the ring for long as the show was over. Moxley and Dalton made their way backstage almost immediately and the music that had been playing before the show was back in the room. People started leaving the warehouse but Seth stayed put on his seat a little longer overwhelmed by what he had just witnessed. Watching wrestling live was so much cooler than watching it on TV. The feeling of being in the crowd had gotten him all tingly and itchy and he’d jumped off his seat everytime something exciting had been happening.

“You ready to go, son?” Seth’s dad pulled him out of his thoughts as he was still staring at the empty ring. The two toned nod and got off his seat, putting on his jacket. While doing so his eyes fell on the chair in the row in front of him. Someone had forgotten his jacket so he grabbed it and turned to his dad in order to ask if they should bring it to someone who was responsible here in case someone went looking for the jacket. As he held it in his hands though he felt the wetness on it and unfolded it to look at it.

No one had forgotten to take their jacket with them but the guy in the row in front of him had forgotten to take along the jacket Jon Moxley had thrown at them. Immediately his heartbeat started to rush again. He was holding a real wrestlers jacket in his hands. The first thing Seth could think of was pressing his face into the fabric and take a deep breath of the scent on it but considering his father was standing right next to him it probably wasn’t a really good idea. “Look at you getting lucky, Seth.” His dad placed his hand on his shoulder.

A wide smile was resting on Seth’s lips. “Come on, let’s get going. Your mom is probably waiting for us already eventhough I told her not to.” Seth simply nod still too caught up in his happiness and shock about finding the jacket. Without questioning it he followed his dad until they passed the merchandise table.

“Hey dad, can you get me one of the shirts?” His father turned around to check out the price table before he allowed his son to pick one shirt. Immediately the two toned picked the Jon Moxley shirt. “Can you hold this for a second?” Passing his dad the jacket of the wrestler he got out of his own jacket and put the newly bought shirt over his own shirt before putting his jacket on again and taking the other jacket from his dad’s hands. “Thanks.” Seth smiled again and pushed up his glasses.

To his left there were a couple of people surrounding someone but Seth was too short to see what was going on. His dad sighed. Of course he could see what was going on and he stopped together with his son. “It’s the guy of the last match."

“Which one of them?”

“The one with the jacket.”

Jon Moxley! “Dad, you can go to the car I just want to go get my shirt signed by him, okay?” Since his dad was a heavy smoker he agreed and made his way back to the car in the parking lot while Seth found his place in the row of people who were waiting to get to Jon.

It took too damn long and Seth being the last in row didn’t really make anything better. He waited and waited for the people in front of him to vanish. His dad was probably waiting impatiently outside but Seth wouldn’t let this once in a lifetime chance slip away from his fingers. Finally there was only one little girl with her dad in front of him. He could watch her talking to Moxley while swaying back and forth on his feet. It was something he did since he was a child. Whenever he got nervous he just started swaying back and forth.
While still waiting he got a chance to muster Moxley. From this close he didn’t even look that dangerous anymore. Sure as hell he was tall. Really tall. He beat Seth by a couple of inches (which wasn’t actually too hard, Seth still waited for that growing push most guys in his age had already witnessed). Still he was in his trunks and his wet skin looked soft even with the scars on them which Seth could only see now that he got closer. The blue eyes seemed even more blue and less aggressive now, it even looked really cute how the tall man got down to his knees to talk to the little girl. She wanted to take a picture with him and stood between his legs, Jon smiled for the camera and the dimples appearing on his cheeks made Seth’s breath stutter for a second.

Before he could continue thinking about them though the little girl left and the blue eyes now focussed on him. They wandered up and down his body which made him feel pretty uncomfortable in his skinny, lanky teenager body. “You gonna stand there all day and stare?” Moxley’s voice sounded rough and rose goose bumps on Seth’s skin.

“Uhm, sorry.” He ducked his head but stepped forward. Moxley kept mustering him and chuckled.

“So?”

The wrestler looked at him as if he expected something from Seth. “So..?” The teenager was unsure of what to say or do. That made Moxley chuckle again.

“So you wanna take a picture, want me to sign something or did you come here to just stare?” Oh. Now Seth felt stupid.

“Oh, sorry. I just wanted you to sign my shirt.”

“Alright kid. Got a pen or something?”

“No, sorry.”

Instead of chuckling Jon Moxley laughed loudly now, one hand on his stomach. “You’ve been standing here for what, two minutes? And you apologized to me three times already. Well this time I’m sorry kid, I don’t have a pen either. Anything else I can do for you?” Seth took a deep breath and swallowed. He didn’t imagine talking to Jon Moxley, a man he had just started admiring, like this. He was so rude and cocky considering Seth was a fan that wanted nothing but five minutes with the wrestler.

“Thanks. I have no camera for a picture so.. No.” Again he had ducked his head and his sweaty fingers were clinging to the jacket of the man he was standing in front of. His face must be red as a tomato and his glasses slid forward on the back of his nose but now he was already in the middle of this mess and there was no way out besides just running away like a crybaby.

That man in front of him took a deep breath and sighed. “Wait a sec, kid.” In just his trunks the dirty blonde jogged over to where some girls were clearing the merchandise table. With a cocky smirk on his lips he talked to them for a second before coming back to Seth, a silver pen in his hands. “Where do you want it, kid?”

“Where do I..?” Seth probably had question marks written all over his face and Moxley rolled his eyes at him, making Seth feel uneasy about the situation again.

“Where do you want the shirt to be signed?” The taller one was almost snapping at him by now but seemed to pull himself together immediately as he noticed the way he must sound to this dorky nerd in front of him.

Seth shrugged and had to push up his glasses once again. “Just on my chest.” He wanted to leave as
soon as possible so if Moxley would just get over with the autograph Seth would be pretty thankful. And the wrestler did lean forward to start signing the shirt, smiled in satisfaction as he was done. “Thanks.” The two toned mumbled.

“Sure thing. Got lucky here, eh kid?” Blue eyes looked down to Seth’s hands where he was holding on to the jacket still. “Take good care of it. ‘s a good jacket to keep you warm.” If Seth was honest to himself he really doubted that it was just a jeans jacket after all but then again he wasn’t really surprised Jon Moxley would say something weird. After all he was called a lunatic which was also written in big red letters on his t-shirt.

In order to nod at the taller and older one Seth raised his head again. “Yes, someone left it at their seats.”

“Well that’s good for you then, isn’t it? Listen boy, I’d love to keep chattering with you especially since you keep blushing and ducking your head for me which is really cute but I’m dying to get a hot shower. You come to the shows often? Maybe next time you can bring your own pen and then I’ll sign your.. Whatever else you wanna get signed.”

Jon kept jumping back and forth between topics. Pencil? Shower? Cute? Come here again? How was all of this even connected and how was it all part of their conversation? Wasn’t Seth disappointed and even a bit scared about Moxley snapping at him just a couple of seconds ago and now he acted like they knew each other and should hang out? Talking to this guy was really confusing but he had to at least try to answer in order to not make a fool out of himself again. “I don’t come here often, no. This was my first live wrestling show.”

“So now that you saw how awesome I’m doing in the ring you will come more often though, won’t you?” A cocky grin appeared on the taller man’s lips.

“I sure want to!” Seth got a bit excited over the question completely ignoring that Moxley wasn’t asking because he wanted to see him again but because he wanted to be praised to heaven for doing a good job. With his cheeks still flushed in excitement and embarrassment Seth lowered his head again. “But I can’t. The tickets are too expensive.”

Since his eyes were still focussed on the taller man’s face Seth could practically see him going back and forth in his head about what to answer at this small, two toned fan in front of him. “Hm.” The dirty blonde nod and shrugged his shoulders. “That’s too bad but maybe you’ll still get to watch us wrestlers again. Lemme give you a good hint in case you want some more than just Jon Moxley in his sweaty trunks. I heard that tonight the guys go to a bar called The Cave. Maybe you should check it out too. I sure as hell will be there to see who else is gonna come. See you around, kid.”

And with a wink Jon Moxley turned around and started strolling down the long hallway of the warehouse, whistling some strange melody before he vanished behind a heavy iron door.

A bar? Seth Rollins, the ever blushing and shy teenager in a bar? Seth Rollins, the 16-year old who had to be driven around by his dad in a bar? That was such a contrast that never in his life he could imagine himself and a bar being mentioned in the same sentence. Not to speak of how he was too young to get inside anyway, 21 was still years away from where he was now.

His eyes were still focussed on the door behind which Jon Moxley was probably taking off his trunks and the boots and got under the shower, touching himself in places and Seth would now just go back home and lay in his bed and over think what would happen if he really went to that bar. It wasn’t fair. The way Moxley talked, the way he looked at him, the way he was rude and charming at the same time, it all just wasn’t fair. How was Seth even supposed to make a decision when this
asshole basically demanded him to come to the bar (eventhough he didn’t demand but well)?

While turning around to go finding his dad Seth already played back and forth the scenarios that the night would hold for him. #1: He could just stay at home, probably steal his dad’s laptop to gush over Jon Moxley videos on YouTube, dream about him instead of Justin Timberlake tonight and wake up with a hard-on probably which he couldn’t even jerk away since his little sister slept in the room next door and he’d feel gross if he touched himself.

#2: He could sneak out through his window, get downtown to that bar and sit outside all night, hoping to get a glimpse of the guys inside and maybe saying hi to Moxley when he left the bar. Or #3: He’d sneak out, find that bar and walk inside as if he owned the place, demanding Jon Moxley to immediately explain why in the world Seth made his way downtown in the middle of the night.

How was he supposed to make a decision like that when he could barely walk straight due to feeling light headed ever since Jon Moxley had winked at him? No matter which option he’d choose, it was gonna be a long night. Seth felt that already.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

"While Seth put on his pajama his thoughts went back to Jon. He was probably sitting in that bar right now enjoying some beer, laughing with his friend and maybe even missing Seth because he invited him there. The teenager grabbed his brush to take care of his hair while he let his thoughts wander and he just dreamed a bit about Jon taking him home and them sharing a bed and laughing when they woke up in the morning and find hickeys on their bodies."

Chapter Notes

Yeeeey a new chapter. I made it. Sadly I wrote this in the middle of the night AGAIN and I'm too lazy now to double check it so please don't be too mean on any mistakes. Also thank you so much for all the comments I LOVE reading your guys' reaction. Keep doing that so I know what you think. Tomorrow I'm going on a trip to the Netherlands to check out a potential university for me isn't that exciting? I'm very excited. Anyway enjoy this chapter!

49 birds had visited the big cherry tree in the last one and a half hour. Seth had been sitting at his desk trying to finish some work before he went to sleep but all he could do was staring at the tree in the backyard which was just a couple of meters away from his window. His desk had its place in front of the window since he believed it’d give him some kind of inspiration for his homework if he didn’t have to stare at a plain wall while thinking and it usually worked pretty fine too but tonight after the show he just wasn’t able to focus on anything else than asking himself if he should go and find that bar downtown.

Could he even get out of the house without his parents hearing him? He probably could since his room was on the ground floor and he’d only have to jump down like a meter when he wanted to escape through his window. But what if his mother came looking for him before she went to bed or his dad would come in or whatever? He just couldn’t be sure they wouldn’t notice.

Still this was probably a once in a lifetime chance of meeting Jon Moxley and it also had been some kind of invitation, hadn’t it? After taking a deep breath Seth shook his head and closed his math book. He still had some time to finish the assignment. It was due to wednesday and it was just thursday night the week before.

As he put his book back into the small shelf he had on his desk to keep it organized his thoughts wandered back to Jon Moxley. Maybe going to meet him in the middle of the night wasn’t such a good idea anyway. The guy could probably kill him and no one would notice it. He was crazy not just in the ring as Seth had already experienced that after the show. His mood swings had had Seth scared. Not terrified but definitely uncomfortably scared. The more he thought about his different options the more Seth’s head started hurting so he decided to get some tea before going to bed.
With pretty slow motions since Seth was kind of tired he made his way down the hall to the kitchen. While the water took its time boiling he went in the living room to check out if his parents were still up. “Hey, honey.” His mother said as he entered the room. “Don’t you want to go to bed?”

“Yes, just making some tea before I do.”

“Sure, honey.” Jennifer gave him a big smile before putting her head down on her husband’s chest again. Seth turned around to leave the room and go back to the kitchen. The tea bag he put in his cup, poured the water on it and let the whole thing rest for a couple of minutes before throwing the tea bag in the trash and taking the cup to his room. “Good night.” For just a couple of seconds he poked his head back into the living room before reaching his room. The tea he put down on the bed pint.

While Seth put on his pajama his thoughts went back to Jon. He was probably sitting in that bar right now enjoying some beer, laughing with his friend and maybe even missing Seth because he invited him there. The teenager grabbed his brush to take care of his hair while he let his thoughts wander and he just dreamed a bit about Jon taking him home and them sharing a bed and laughing when they woke up in the morning and find hickeys on their bodies.

A sigh left him again and he now he lay down in his bed and turned on his CD player to listen to the last album of Anti Flag. It came out about a year ago but Seth couldn’t stop listening to it. He slowly drank his hot tea now and stared at the wall on the other side of the room where a big poster of Jeff Hardy was hung up.

It was probably better for him to stay home, Jon Moxley wouldn’t really want him there he probably just said it out of pity because Seth was this funny looking kid with two different hair colors and those big glasses on his nose. That thought hurt him more than Seth wanted to. Wasn’t Moxley just a stranger to him? The more he thought about it the more Seth wanted to prove himself, wanted to prove that there was a reason for Jon to invite him to the bar.

And there it was. That was the decision. Seth finished his tea and took a deep breath. There was no other way to find out about Moxley’s intentions than just going to that bar and ask. He’d just have to man up for once in his life. Before he got up he had to look down his body. Fresh clothes. He needed to get dressed if he didn’t want to make a fool of himself by showing up in his Avengers pajama. In order to do that Seth left his bed and put aside the still warm cup. He went to his wardrobe and digged around. Grey jeans and a Deadpool shirt had to do it. He even put a blue and white plaid shirt over it so he wouldn’t be too cold as it openly hung over his shoulders but his arms were now dressed too. He had to make sure now that his parents were in bed too.

To do so he grabbed the cup he’d been drinking off and quietly made his way to the kitchen to put it down in the sink. On his way back to his room he checked the living room. The TV was off and no one was there. As quiet as possible he walked down the hallway to put his ear on the door of his parent’s bedroom. Steve was already snoring loudly. Jennifer was asleep as well he guessed and sneaked down the hallway again to get back to his own bedroom and closed the door behind him.

All he had to make sure of was him being quiet when he climbed out his window. After putting on his chucks and his jacket Seth also grabbed his cellphone. It wasn’t an awesome phone just a Sony Ericsson V630 but it was better than nothing and he had to take it with him for at least emergencies. Even though his little trip was a secret he had to be able to call home if something happened.

Opening the window wasn’t as easy as he had expected it to be because it was more noisy than he had thought. Finally the thing was open and he climbed out as carefully as possible, closing the
window enough so no animal could come in but he could still open it again later. Still quietly he crept around the house, even climbed over the fence so he wouldn’t cause any noise by opening the gate of the fence. And here he was on the sidewalk of the street in the middle of the night. Awesome.

It was colder than he had expected so he was glad he got to walk now. The movement made his body warm up slowly. Since Seth had no exact idea where the bar was he’d have to ask people once he reached downtown. That he did after a half an hour walk, scared to death everytime someone crossed his path. Finally he reached streets with more people on them though and he chose a girl standing alone on the sidewalk.

She looked really hot. Her dress was tiny and probably not a real dress but more a long and tight t-shirt that barely covered her ass. Also she wore a black leather jacket and leather boots that reached above her knees. A tiny black bag rested on her arm while her bleach blond hair fell over her small shoulders. On her top lip she had a piercing that sparkled under the light of the lantern on the street. “Excuse me?” Seth stepped a bit closer as she turned towards him so it looked like they were having a normal conversation. “Sorry, uhm, I’m looking for a bar called The Cave. Do you know where that is?”

Her blue eyes wandered up and down his body. “The Cave? Aren’t you a baby still? Damn I couldn’t even take money off you in case you wanted a blow job. How old are you, honey? 14? 15?” It just now hit Seth why this gorgeous woman was standing here all on her own.

“Oh god, sorry!” Seth really was he didn’t mean to interrupt her from work or anything if she even was working at that moment. “I’m really sorry. I won’t.. Won’t keep bothering you, okay? I’ll just ask someone else.” Just as he wanted to turn away the girl spoke up again, chuckling a bit before she talked.

“To get to The Cave just walk down the road a bit further, take a left turn at the third street and just follow the yellow lights.” This time Seth just nod and thanked her before following her instructions. He wasn’t too sure about what she meant by following the yellow lights but in case he couldn’t find out what she meant he’d just ask someone else again.

Soon he turned to the left and immediately he saw what she meant. This street was a street with fences on one side of the sidewalk. On the fences on every fencing post an electric yellow light was put up and in some distance he saw a yellow sign above what looked like a small front terrace to him. With quick steps Seth kept walking down the sidewalk until he reached the terrace. Many lights were put up here too and there were chairs and tables and benches with many blankets and pillows on them to sit outside if the weather allowed it.

Due to chilly weather at nights there was no one sitting outside though. The terrace was protected by wine plants that climbed up a framework made of wood. It looked like a place that would be comfortable for long nights with good friends. Through the arc which made the entrance of the terrace and was overgrown by wine too he entered the terrace. The wine had grown enough to build a ceiling too so this was actually like being inside while still being outside. Seth liked it.

Over the door which wasn’t too far away from him now Seth saw a big sign. “The Cave” it said in a round logo which was put together by the name of the bar and the head of a roaring bear. Pretty cool. On the heavy looking wooden door a big sign said “Not entrance for minors. Must be older than 21”. It was handwritten and didn’t look really reliable but it was what kept Seth from walking in. He shied away and his heart started beating faster again. What was he thinking just coming down here in the middle of the night? Jon probably wasn’t even inside that bar and he was making a fool of himself by sitting outside and panicking about someone who most likely forgot he even
existed the second he turned his back on Seth. But maybe.. Maybe it was worth just taking a peek through the window? That way he could check out if Jon was there and if he wasn’t he could just go back home, lay in his bed and cry about being stupid but at least he could be sure Moxley wasn’t there.

He just had to make sure no one saw him. That would make him look like a creep. Alright just a quick look, checking the room for dirty blond curls and maybe a guy with long black hair. Seth figured if Jon talked about guys from work Leakee might be there too so it was worth a shot looking for him too.

Carefully he moved to the bench that stood right in front of the window. As he put his hands on the windowsill he could feel it vibrate a bit probably due to the music inside the bar. Seth tried to show as little of his body as possible as he looked inside the location. Most seats were taken and he kept looking around for what he was searching. At the bar he saw a group of men which could be what he was looking for. He had to stretch his neck a bit to get a better look, nose pressing against the window and probably getting dirty which he didn’t think about in that moment. As he stretched just a bit more to look around the corner he saw him. That definitely had to be Jon. He was really here, he was.

O no. No. This couldn’t be happening to him. No way. One of Jon’s friends, if that really was Jon, was getting up probably to take a leak and their eyes met immediately. Seth’s eyes grew big and he almost fell backwards off the bench as the guy even pointed at him and everyone of the group of five turned their heads to look at the window. Immediately he backed away from the window and got up from the bench, almost tripping over his own feet as he made his way across the small terrace, escaping through the arc again and pressing his back to the wine plants.

Hopefully Jon hadn’t seen him. He really hoped for that. While standing there and trying to catch his breath which he had been out of due to his excitement and nervousness he looked around the street in front of him. Seth didn’t dare to make a move and as he was standing there he heard the heavy door being opened and closed with a muffled sound. Someone was now on the terrace lighting a cigarette. Hopefully it wasn’t one of Jon’s friends. Still Seth didn’t dare to move.

“Ugh.” A voice on the terrace grunted as someone sat down as Seth could only guess since he still didn’t dare to turn around and peek through the wine plant. “Oh man it sucks sitting out here all lone for my smoke.” Seth recognized the voice. “If I only had a friend out here who’d keep me company. A friend that I even invited here because I’m sure he’d be fun to be around.” Seth recognized that voice. Should he.. Should he come out of his hiding place which wasn’t really hidden anyway and face the other guy? After he just embarrassed himself so much? Could he even look Jon Moxley in the eyes after peeking through the window like a real creep? On the other hand Jon was basically calling him out and indirectly said he wanted to see Seth. Also it was the reason why he was here, right? He was here to see Jon Moxley.

Summoning all the courage left in his body Seth turned to stand under the arc, directly looking at the wrestler who stared back with a big grin on his lips. “Look who we have here.”

“Hi.” Seth stood there awkwardly and raised one hand a bit to wave at Jon. He didn’t know if he should enter the terrace again and sit next to the older guy or just remain in his place or if he should leave and hide and never ever show up here again. Jon was still just looking him up and down, cigarette between his lips which he took out with two fingers now.

“Been creeping around out here for long, babycakes?” Immediately Seth blushed at the nickname but shook his head. He didn’t dare to say a word which made Moxley chuckle at him. “Wanna keep standing there or will you move that tiny ass of yours and sit with me?” Again without
answering Seth moved and sat down next to Jon. He gave him a shy smile as the older guy slid closer to him. The dirty blonde put his arm down on the back of the bench so Seth was resting against his strong arm while he kept smiling shyly, cheeks red as hell. “So, kid. What’s your name?”

Right. Seth hadn’t introduced himself. “Oh, sorry. I’m Seth.” As soon as Seth finished his sentence Jon started laughing at him, almost coughing since he had just inhaled some smoke so he had to hit himself on the chest a couple of time.

“Again starting with the apologizing?” He was still coughing just a bit and shook his head. “Gotta stop that, Seth. Don’t be sorry for yourself.” With the hand that rested behind Seth Jon clapped him on the shoulder. “Anyway you can call me Dean.” Dean? Why Dean? Seth drew together his eyebrows to give Jon a confused look.

“Why would I call you Dean if your name is Jon?”

“I see you’ve got a lot to learn. You really think we use our real names when we portray a character? That’s pretty dangerous, kid. People will check the telephone directory and find your home just for a autograph. Nah, we don’t do that.” Oh so.. Jon Moxley, or Dean, just broke down a whole new world for Seth. Nothing about his favorite celebrities was true? Was Jeff Hardy’s name even Jeff? Maybe his name was Peter or even worse.. Steve like his own dad. He almost got goosebumps at that.

While Seth was still thinking about what Jon, no Dean had just told him the older one threw his cigarette on the floor and stepped on it to put it out. He got up too. “You’re gonna come in with me or you gonna keep creeping through the window?”

For a moment Seth hesitated. “I can’t enter.” He ducked his head after speaking and could feel his cheeks starting to burn again.

“Why is that?” Dean was standing in front of him and looked down at him as Seth sighed and dared to peek up at the taller man. His blue eyes almost stapled Seth to where he was sitting. They were ice cold but still endlessly beautiful. Dean’s hair was falling into his eyes too making the teenager wanting to reach out and push the strands out of the wrestlers face. Instead of doing so though he remained on the bench.

“I’m under age.”

Now Dean mustered him a bit more careful. “Really?” Seth almost didn’t believe him. Just a couple of minutes ago the girl on the sidewalk had asked him if he was 14 and Dean took him for being older than 20? Either the guy had no idea how 20 year old guys looked or he just didn’t take a proper look at Seth before. The teen was wondering why Jon would want to hang out with him anyway, no why Dean would want to hang out with him anyway.

“Please don’t joke on my costs. I’m just 16, I can’t go inside a bar even if I don’t drink.” This time Dean drew up his eyebrows. Again he mustered Seth.

“Well I wasn’t ever good with math anyway.” What? How was his age related to Dean’s math skills? “But you can still come in so, come on. Get up.” Dean’s voice had such a demanding sound Seth had no other choice than to follow. He got up and like a puppy he followed the older man inside the bar. In here it was finally a bit warmer, standing outside had cooled down his body more than he’d had thought.

The music wasn’t too loud and as he had already seen from outside most tables were taken by
people in what he guessed Jon’s age. Also the bar was longer than he had expected. It reached down in a second room which couldn’t be see from the outside. Now he also understood why the bar wasn’t to be entered by anyone under 21. There was a small stage with a pole on it. Two ladies were dancing. They touched each other, kissed and moaned while doing so and they barely wore anything too. Seth’s eyes must have almost fallen out of his head since he’d never seen strippers before. Not in real life anyway.

Without noticing he must have stopped in the middle of their way because now Dean hit him against the shoulder, grinning like a Cheshire Cat while he looked at Seth’s face. “Never seen a naked girl before?” Since Seth felt caught he ducked his head again and blushed but immediately followed Dean to where his friends were sitting. The dirty blonde pulled back a bar stool. “Sit.” His friends now turned their heads. “Guys that’s Seth. I am going to let him have a couple of drinks tonight and take care of him.”

What did Dean mean, taking care of him? Couple of shots? What? His friends seemed to be amused about it and clapped Dean on the shoulder but didn’t seem to care about them any further. Unlike what Seth had been told to call him his friends called him Ambrose. Probably his last name. Dean Ambrose. Sounded good. Seth Ambrose. Sounded good. Wait? Who said that? No, definitely not Seth. He had to blush even though he didn’t say his thoughts out loud. While the two toned was still busy with his thoughts the wrestler had already fixed him a drink. A big glass of beer. Hopefully it wouldn’t taste too gross Seth didn’t want to embarrass himself. “Drink, buddy. This one’s on me for you making your way here. How did you get here anyway?”

Before Seth answered he took the glass and guided it to his mouth to take a small sip of it. It didn’t really taste good and was bitter as hell but he could take another sip without spitting it out again and without pulling a face at the taste either. “Uhm, I walked.” He answered and nod to underline his words.

“You walked all the way downtown?” Dean Ambrose drew up his eyebrows again.

“Yes what else was I supposed to do?”

That seemed to be a pretty valid reason to Dean too who raised his own beer to his mouth and took a sip of it. After putting his glass down he leaned towards Seth to whisper. “You know, pretty boys like you gotta be careful out there. If you wander around all by yourself people could mistaken you for a hooker. I mean I’m sure they’d pay good money to get their dick sucked by that pretty mouth of yours but next time just hit me up, I’ll pick you up.”

Just like last night Seth didn’t know what part of the conversation he was supposed to focus on first. Dean saying he was pretty, Dean saying he could be mistaken for a whore, Dean saying he’d look good pleasing men with his mouth, Dean being worried about him running around alone at night, Dean wanting to pick him up? Too many topics in just one sentence. “Uhm..” His brain was still progressing. “Thank you, I guess. But how can I hit you up? Do you have a cellphone?” That was probably the stupidest answer of all but the little sips he’d taken of his beer already went to his brain and made it hard for him to think straight. Hopefully he could play it of cool, Dean didn’t need to know he’d never been drinking before.

As he had expected Dean laughed at him. Luckily the dirty blond had turned his back on his friends so they didn’t catch him making a fool out of himself. “Yes, Sethie. I have a cellphone. Do you have a cellphone?” He was still chuckling as he answered.

“I have a phone too.” He nod and took a sip of his beer again. The more sips he took the better the alcohol tasted. As he looked back at Dean the older one started to chuckle again. “What?” Seth asked, voice still sounding shy.
“You have foam of the beer on your top lip. Want me to..” The older one made a motion to ask Seth if he should wipe away the foam. Seth just nod, cheeks growing red again. He expected Dean to take a napkin and clean it off but instead the wrestler put his big and rough hand around the teens throat to hold him still, leaned forward and licked over Seth’s mouth, catching all the foam and swallowing it down. Instead of saying something Seth was just stunned and stared at Dean who’d taken his hand off Seth’s throat again. The world around him didn’t seem to move and Seth could see the dirty blond moving his mouth but didn’t hear him say anything. He was way too shocked and enjoyed Dean’s spit on his top lip way too much.

He didn’t even move again until Dean waved his hand in front of his face. “Hello? Babycakes? You still with me?” For a quick moment Seth shook his head but then nod.

“Uh.. Uh.. Yes. Excuse me. What did you say?”

Hi words again seemed to make the older one laugh. “So polite with all your Sorrys and Thank yous and excuse mes.” Now he was the one shaking his head and finishing his beer. “I asked you what your phone number was.”

“I don’t know.” This time Seth answered quick. He was still shocked by Dean’s actions. The other male could change the mood so fast. First he was joking and laughing then turned to incredibly sexy almost giving Seth a boner and then turned to being flirty, wanting to exchange phone numbers.

While Seth was trying to figure out his number without having to check his phone Dean already ordered another beer. Even though the teen didn’t want to admit it he was pretty tired already. It was probably long after midnight and the alcohol wasn’t really helping him staying awake. Still he didn’t deny any of the drinks Dean bought him. After finishing his third beer though he started feeling sick so as Dean wanted to order again he sloppily hit him on the thigh. “No, Dean. It’s enough.” His words were a slur and sounded more like “N-Den. ’s nough.” but the older one seemed to figure it out anyway.

He chuckled and clapped his younger friend on the back. “You feeling like you’re 21 now, Seth?” Just as Seth wanted to answer that he didn’t really feel anything and if being 21 felt like this he didn’t ever want to be 21 the hick-ups decided to hit him. This time he giggled along with Dean about himself.

“Oh my god.” Seth put his hand on his own mouth. “Did you hear that?”

“Yes I did.” The older one was giving him a big smile showing off his dimples and in his drunk state Seth couldn’t resist but reached out and poked Dean’s cheek still giggling hard enough to almost fall off the stool he was sitting on. Before he could pull back his hand Dean grabbed his wrist, squeezing it hard. Suddenly he’d stopped smiling and laughing and was looking at Seth as if he wanted to kill him. The teen took a little longer than usually to notice that but as he did he immediately looked terrified.

While he was already ducking his head again the older one stared at him furiously out of his ice blue orbs. “Don’t ever do that again.” His words were a hiss and Seth nod immediately, hard enough to feel like his head would fall off any second. He wouldn’t even mind that too much right now because the sound of Dean’s voice and how he was holding on to the younger ones wrist scared the teenager. For a little bit longer the wrestler just stared the younger guy down before letting go of his hand. “Get up. You’re going home.”

Seth whimpered a bit as he was practically shoved off his seat. He was lucky he didn’t fall down because his legs felt like soft butter but without daring to look up from his feet (he had to look at
them too so he wouldn’t trip) he made his way to the door slowly. As soon as he was outside he’d run. He’d run and hopefully end up at home.

How fast the situation had turned from all giggles to Ambrose almost stabbing him with his eyes he didn’t know but it made him so emotional he wanted to cry (probably fault of the alcohol but he didn’t figure that out just then). Seth threw his whole weight against the heavy door to get out and catch some fresh air. This felt good. With small steps so he wouldn’t trip he left the terrace too and turned to the left, wanting to follow the yellow lights back to the main road but before he could walk down the street and further someone grabbed him by the back of his jacket and pulled him backwards that he tripped and fell back first against another body. Strong arms caught him. “Where the fuck do you think you’re going?” The common voice hissed into his ear.

Hick-ups were still shaking his young body. “Home.” He managed to squeeze out in between and tried gaining some control over his legs again but Dean just kept pulling him backwards and he kept tripping until he was pushed down onto the seat of a car.

“Sit the fuck down and don’t throw up in my damn car.” The voice of the older male was so aggressive Seth ducked his head again and tried climbing out of the car but the door was shut right in his face. Alright. He took a deep breath and swallowed down the beer that that seemed to creep up his gullet again. No throwing up in dean Ambrose’ car. He’d probably be stabbed for real this time if he did.

Since he was so concentrated on not throwing up he hadn’t even noticed Dean had started the car. “Where do ya live, Seth?” Now the other one sounded less aggressive but annoyed anyway.

“Chrystal Lake.” Was all he dared to say. The car took off from where it was standing and Seth took another deep breath, closing his eyes as he hoped he’d finally feel less sick then. In the radio some kind of rock band was screaming their lyrics and it sounded pretty good but Seth still didn’t dare to say anything since Dean wasn’t talking anyway until they had almost reached the lake.

“Gotta give me further directions now.” Seth tried explaining as good as possible where they had to go and it probably took unnecessarily long to get to his home but eventually they got there. “Here we are.” Dean said and leaned over the younger boy’s leg to open the door of the car for him. The hick-ups had stopped by now and Seth turned his head to look at Dean for a moment. It was hard for him to not fall asleep right away and he held on to the sides of his seat to make sure he was sitting upright.

“Thank you very much for the drinks and for driving me home.” It was hard but he managed for form a real sentence. And finally, finally Dean chuckled and smiled at him again.

“Oh Seth. Ever polite, hm? Look not a problem but you should get inside now before you fall asleep in my car.” If Dean would keep smiling and being nice like this Seth wouldn’t mind too much. Maybe he should risk it and just close his eyes.. No. Dean has asked him to go so he’d leave the man alone for now.

Carefully so he wouldn’t fall seth climbed out of the car and turned around to close the door. Dean was still smiling at him from the inside and as he drove off he even waved at Seth. The teen waved back before finally and carefully to be quite making his way back into his room and getting out of his clothes so he could fall asleep on his bed in nothing but his underwear.

Seth’s alarm wasn’t what woke him up in the morning. Instead it was his tummy which seemed to be turned upside down. This time not being as quiet he ran into the bathroom best as he could
without falling in his sleepy state, fell to his knees and emptied his stomach into the toilet bowl.

His mother who was already up preparing her kid’s school lunch immediately came to the bathroom. “Seth, honey!” Her hand found his back as he threw up again. Just now again Seth realized how much of an angel his mom was. Softly she stroked his back and held his hair until he was done. Then she helped him getting up and cleaning his mouth. As he started brushing his teeth she flushed the toilet and took a wet cloth to wipe his forehead. “Go back to bed, when you’re finished, Baby. There is no need for you to go to school when you’re this sick.”

Since his head hurt like hell and he was still feeling sick Seth didn’t complain. Instead he cleaned his mouth and washed his face again before going back to his bed. Daylight already crept into his room but he fell asleep again almost immediately. For a second he fought that to unlock his phone and sent a message to his friend in school that he wouldn’t come today but before he could do that he saw a text message from an unknown number on his display. He almost didn’t dare to open it but eventually he did.

You left your glasses at my car. -D
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Since his head hurt like hell and he was still feeling sick Seth didn’t complain. Instead he cleaned his mouth and washed his face again before going back to his bed. Daylight already crept into his room but he fell asleep again almost immediately. For a second he fought that to unlock his phone and sent a message to his friend in school that he wouldn’t come today but before he could do that he saw a text message from an unknown number on his display. He almost didn’t dare to open it but eventually he did.
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Chapter Notes

Woah yeah so I didn't update for over a year and I really have no other excuse than being lazy. Hopefully you guys still enjoy this and lets pray I will be able to update more again. Let's see how things go.

The teen had passed out hours ago. Regardless to the sick feeling in his belly he slept tight and only woke up because he heard his mother working in the kitchen. For a bit Seth just laid there and recalled what had happened last night. Had he really met Jon? Dean, not Jon. Did he really gave him a ride home? Was it even possible that his glasses were still in the car of the slightly older man? How old was Dean even?

His head hurt at all the questions and he squeezed his eyes shut to rub over his temples. Too many thoughts, too much hurt. With a groan Seth managed to roll out of bed. His clothes were sticking to his sweaty skin and the young man felt uncomfortable. A shower sounded like heaven right now so he went to his closet, found some fresh sweatpants and a T before getting into the bathroom and turning on the hot water. Immediately the room filled with hot steam and Seth got undressed to clean up. Thinking seemed easier as the hot water was running over his dark haired head.

Now, what should he do? His parents would ask for his glasses, that was sure. He had to meet Dean. Also, he wanted to meet Dean. Even though the dirty blonde had scared Seth last night when he’d gotten angry and pulled Seth around on his jacket, the younger male was still incredibly curious to get to know more about Dean. Because of that, Seth decided he would text him.

Quickly he finished his shower, dried off and put on some clothes to get back to his room. As he was seated on his bed he grabbed his phone and opened the message again. He stared at his screen, trying to come up with the right thing to say back.

Hey Dean, school ends at 3 tomorrow. Where should I come to meet you? Have a nice day. - Seth

Before he could think about it too much Seth quickly sent the message, put away his phone and left his room. He went to find his mother in the kitchen preparing some soup for him. “Honey, how are you feeling?” She asked in her typical worried mom voice.
“I’m better.” His voice was still a little tired as he sat at the kitchen table. Immediately his mother provided him with water and a bowl of hot soup. First he wasn’t sure whether he should try eating but then his tummy made a funny noise and he decided to give it a try. The hot liquid felt surprisingly good as he started swallowing it down. “I think I’ll be fine to go back to school tomorrow.” He mentioned between sips.

“Are you sure? There is no need to rush if you still feel sick.”

“I already feel a lot better. I think I will be fine tomorrow.”

His mother watched him critically and put her hand on his forehead to see if he was feeling hot. But he wasn’t. “Alright.” She said in approval. “Where are your glasses?”

Really nobody knew his parents better than Seth. Ha! “I left them in my room.” He lied quickly. Regardless to his belly now feeling pretty well again Seth was still rather tired so he finished eating and excused himself, letting his mother know he wanted to rest some more.

Back in his room Seth checked his phone to see if Dean had sent a message. He did.

What school do you go to? I’ll pick you up.

Quickly he typed: I go to Boone High School. Thank you so much.

The rest of the day he spent in bed, reading comics and resting, preparing for tomorrow.

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Classes went by so slowly. His eyes kept running back to the clock but time just wouldn’t pass. Usually Seth enjoyed biology class a lot but today it seemed to last forever. Finally. 3pm. The bell rang and Seth jumped off his seat immediately. Quickly he packed up his stuff and threw on his jacket so he could leave the building. Last night he didn’t get a good look of what car Dean was driving and without his glasses he was a little lost anyway, so he got scared he wouldn’t find him but unlike his expectations he did see him right away.

Dean was leaning against the side of his Dodge Stealth. The red color of the car was so bright there was no way he could have missed it. Besides this, the dirty blonde looked too hot as he stood there with his cigarette between his lips, smoking like he didn’t have a care in the world for all the minors running around in front of him. Probably he really didn’t. His long legs, wow Seth just noticed now how long they were, were covered in a worn out jeans that was ripped at the left knee. A grey Shirt covered the broad chest of the older man and the leather jacket together with the messy hair completed Dean’s look. Everything, including the look on his face, screamed DANGER. Yet, Seth walked over. He squeezed his eyes a little to get an even better look which was hard without the glasses.

Eventually Dean seemed to notice him and dropped the cigarette to put it out. A cocky grin appeared on his face as he saw Seth coming closer. “There you are, pretty boy.” Five words and Seth was blushing hard already. No way he could ever get used to that rough sound of Dean’s voice calling him nicknames that no one had ever put on him before.

“Hey Dean.” He smiled shyly yet proud that he had gotten the name right.
“You’re ready to go?” Dean asked as he opened the passenger side door of the car.

Seth looked confused. “Where are we going?”

“I’m taking ya for coffee. Now get in the car.” Just like last night his voice left no room for discussion, woah dangerous, but Seth did as he was told. Could Dean kidnap him without Seth refusing? Hell ya. That thought didn’t stick in Seth’s head for long. To be exact, it only lasted until Dean was in the car too. “Here.” Dean handed over the glasses. Seth wanted to take them but Dean stopped him by pushing away his hands. Instead he opened the glasses so he could place them on Seth’s face. A satisfied smile appeared on his face. “There you go.”

“Thank you.” Seth giggled softly. Gosh, everything with Dean was so exciting and even if it was just putting on his glasses. Seth was so caught up in staring at Dean that he barely noticed how they left the campus of school and drove off. He only snapped out of his trance as the radio started playing a song he didn’t like. “Can I switch the station?” He asked with a shy voice. Dean nod so the younger male started changing the station. When another song turned up that he didn’t like he switched further and further. The brunette didn’t notice Dean’s smile fading until eventually Dean took one hand off the wheel and slapped away his finger.

“Just pick one or leave it.” He said in a sharp tone. Seth covered his slightly stinging hand with his other hand and looked at Dean in shook.

“Sorry.” He said in a quiet voice and left the radio alone. It was clear that Dean was pissed at him and he couldn’t really do anything about it now other than apologizing. Instead of receiving an answer Dean put in a CD and both continued the drive in silence. Just like last night the mood had changed so quick, it scared Seth. For a moment he considered to ask Dean to stop the car and just let him go but then again, who knew how the other man would react to that?

Besides this a bit later they arrived at the café Dean had picked. Seth didn’t really want to get out of the car but Dean turned his head to look at him. Now he was smiling again, all dimples and soft blue eyes. “Ya okay?”

Uhm.. No? You just slapped me on the hand and got all angry at me? Are YOU okay? That’s what Seth thought. Still, he nod and smiled back softly. “I’m good, yeah.”

“That’s good, pretty boy.” For a moment Dean put his hand on Seth’s thigh and squeezed it, resulting in the breath of the teen stop just a second. Well, that just really made everything okay. Then the dirty blonde got out of the car and Seth did the same to follow. Minutes later they were seated at a small table, both had a coffee in front of them and Seth still didn’t know whether he should speak to Dean. “So, Seth.” The older one started. “You still go to high school, hm?” Seth nod. “For how much longer?”

“I have another year to go after this.” His voice was still a little quiet but it helped that Dean was acting all normal now.

“What happens then?” Dean took his cup to drink from his coffee.

“Uhm.. I don’t know yet. I would like to do something concerning law maybe.”

Dean chuckled. “Yeah I can see you dressed up in a fancy suit reading the law to a criminal.”

Seth smiled proudly. “Really? Thank you.” He hesitated. “Can I.. Also ask?”

The other man laughed at that. “I don’t know, Seth. Can you?” He put his cup down and looked at the brunette with expecting eyes.
“Yeah.. Uhm.. How old are you?”

“I’m 24.” Ah, no wonder Dean was allowed in the bar. Seth had guessed 25 so he wasn’t all mistaken. “My turn. Do your parents know you’re here?” Seth was surprised by the question and slowly lowered and shook his head. “Hm.. So I could take you to my home and kill you and no one would know it was me?”

Seth choked on the sip of coffee he was drowning and looked at Dean with scared eyes. After all the up and down with his moods and the strange behavior Seth wasn’t all too sure if Dean was joking. The dirty blonde however started laughing loud. “Oh Seth!” He was holding his belly. “Stop looking at me like that.” He could hardly speak through his laughter. “Stop it. Chill. I was joking.” Seth tried to laugh but his mouth was still dry so nothing but an insecure smile appeared on his face.

Slowly Dean calmed down from his heavy laughing. “Sugar, really. Ya got nothing to worry about.. For now.” He winked at the younger male, making him look down at his hands which were nervously fumbling around at the hem of his sweater.

“Seth?” A third voice joined the conversation. “Hey man, what’s up?” The brunette turned his head to see who had approached them. It was his friend Cody from school.

“Hi I-” Seth was cut off by Dean’s hand laying down on his thigh and squeezing it hard. “Who are you?” Dean took over, his voice sharp and dangerous.

“Uh.. I-I’m a school fri-friend of Seth. We sit to-together in English. My na-name is.. It’s Cody.” Cody looked intimidated and so did Seth.

“And what do you want?”

“No-nothing.”

“Well then get lost. Seth is busy.” Cody did as he was told without any further questioning and Seth turned to look at Dean, who was still holding on to his leg, in shock.

“Why did you do taht? He’s my friend?” Seth’s voice was a little shaking.

When Dean turned to look at him he smiled softly and his voice was so sweet, Seth would surely get diabetes from it. “Because, my sweet Seth, I don’t want to be interrupted on our first date.” The smile grew and dimples were showing again as Dean reached out with his hand that wasn’t holding on to Seth, to push some dark strands of hair behind his ear. “I wanna take my sweet time to get to know you and if someone wants to interrupt my plans, well then I have to get rid of them right?”


Immediately Dean looked satisfied and leaned back in his chair. “See. We agree so easily.” He raised his cup and emptied it. “Now, let’s see. Watcha doin this weekend?” Seth was still caught up in what Dean had told him seconds ago that he had a hard time following the conversation in the same pace as Dean pushed it forward.”

“How?” He asked as if he had never heard of such a thing.

“Yeah?” Dean raised his eyebrows to push for an answer.

“Uhm.. Studying I guess.”
The older male rolled his eyes. “Nah, that’s boring. You should come watch the show on Friday. We can hang out after.” Woah, what? Seth blinked and felt his breath picking up in pace along with his heartbeat. He already saw himself sitting front row, arms raised in the air as he cheered for Dean but then reality kicked in quickly.

“I don’t know..” He hesitated, didn’t want to tell Dean that he would have to ask for permission and that he had no one driving him there and picking him up.

“Come on Seth. Don’t be boring.” The older male pushed.

“I..” He was getting a little mad at himself for feeling too shy to just say it. Dean knew he was under age, so this shouldn’t be a huge surprise. “I want to but.. I don’t think my parents would allow me to come.” There it was. He was a giant baby. Seth braced for Dean to start laughing but the older male just shrugged.

“Lemme speak to them?”

“What? NO!” Seth bursted out immediately. “No..” He said again more quiet as he noticed that he had raised his voice. He was too embarrassed to even think of Dean meeting his family.

“Well then propose me a better idea.” That didn’t make things easier. Seth was struggling to find a better solution. He could sneak out again. That probably wouldn’t go unnoticed a second time. He could just ask his Dad but he’d probably ask Seth where he got free tickets from so he’d still have to mention Dean. Maybe he could ask his brother? But Jeremy probably wouldn’t cover up for him. Ugh, there was no other option in his mind. “I really want ya to come.” Dean pressured for an answer as he saw Seth struggling to find an alternative.

His heart jumped at that. “Alright..” He muttered because he didn’t know what else to do. Dean was just too convincing with his smile and the blue eyes. It made him breathe quick.

“Great. I’ll meet them on thursday then?” Dean asked casually. Seth shrugged and agreed.

“Okay.. But don’t put the blame on me if they act weird. My family is really embarrassing.” Seth sighed as he thought of the way his brother always made fun of him, his sister supporting that. His parents were nice, really nice, but Jeremy and Abigail always got their way. He, as the middle born child, often took back for them. One of the reasons for him to be so shy.

“Be glad ya got a fam, boy. Come on, finish ya coffee. We gotta get you home.” Seth did as he was told but thought about what Dean had said as he drank the dark liquid. Did he not have a family? Also.. How would he propose to his family that they were having a guest over who was 7 years older than him and wanted to hang out with their minor son at night after a wrestling show?

Seth was scared of the reaction this might cause but there was no back now. He had already agreed to it.
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Chapter Notes

Woah I'm impressed by myself. I never EVER updated this quick but reading your guys' comments, it made me want to continue so bad. I really hope this chapter is what you guys expected or should I hope it isn't? Anyway, have fun with this.

“See you around, Sugar.” Dean winked at Seth when the younger male climbed out of the car. “Don’t forget to text me the time to come over.” And with that the red Dodge Stealth howled loud and dashed off. The brunette just stood there and looked after the car. How badly did he want to stay in the seat, how badly did he want to ride home with Dean and learn everything about him. Seth’s cheeks were still red from the blonde giving him a nickname once again. He wasn’t used to it.

The smile remained on his face when he entered his home. “Hey, I’m back!” He let his family know and went off to his room. There was still some time left until they would eat dinner so Seth got busy with some homework. After half an hour he gave up. Instead of algebra there was only Dean on his mind. His mood swings were still slightly confusing but then again, Dean was so charming and took care of him when needed. After all he could have taken advantage of the teen being so drunk the other night but instead he’d taken him home without trying anything and now he even wanted to meet his parents. Seth couldn’t remember the last time he’d brought someone home to meet his parents. He rarely hung out with new people, most of his friends he knew since middle school.

How should he tell his parents about the surprising visitor? While he was thinking he started chewing on the back of his pencil that he had tried to draw a graph with. Maybe he should just casually mention over dinner that he’d made a new friend and he wanted to come over to introduce...
himself. But he just knew from the bottom of his heart, his siblings would make a huge joke out of it.

“Seth?” His mother knocked on his door and entered. On light feet she came to stand next to him where he was working on his homework. “Dinner is ready. Will you be joining?”

“Yeah. I just want to finish this last task.” He was still just staring down at the barely touched paper.

“Are you okay, Seth?” His mother was a professional when it came to sensing that something was off. “Do you still feel a little sick? You know you can still stay home for another day if you don’t feel well.”

“No, it’s not that.” Maybe telling her in private first would be easier.

“What is wrong?” She asked and started stroking over his long dark hair. This she always did to calm him down. She’d done it when he was a baby and she still did.

He took a deep breath and looked up into her kind eyes. “I made a new friend. And he wants to come over to introduce himself on Thursday night.”

“Oh, that’s great. Why does it upset you?”

Now he looked down again. “I don’t think you will like him. And I don’t want Jeremy and Abigail to make me look stupid in front of him.”

“I can’t speak for your siblings now but I’m sure your father and I will like this boy. Why should we not?”

“Because he’s.. I don’t know he’s kinda older than me and you will think it’s weird that he wants to hang out with me. It’s the same like with the girl Jeremy brought back. You guys didn’t like her and she was only three years older than him.”

His mother eyed him suspiciously. “We didn’t like that girl because she wasn’t being polite as a guest. She spent all her time here, eating from our fridge, driving our cars, without ever just offering a Thank You. Besides, how much older can this boy be? Did you meet him in school?”

Now or never. There was no turning back now. “No, I met him at the wrestling show I went to with dad. He’s 24.” Seth tried to play the 8-year difference off with an angel smile.

His mother’s facial expression showed how surprised she was. “24? Now.. I really wasn’t expecting such a difference. Did your dad meet him too?”

Seth shook his head. “No he was outside at the car already.”

While Seth was waiting for her to say something he didn’t dare to look at her. She would sure as hell say no and then he would have to disappoint Dean and once again he would prove that he was still a huge baby. At the age of 16 he still couldn’t decide on who he wanted to be friends with, who he wanted to hang out with and the ‘when’ wasn’t his choice either. His fingers were fumbling around with his pencil.

“You will understand that this is a little weird to me right now. This boy, or should I say man, is quite older than you. But I appreciate that he wants to introduce himself before just taking you out to places. That shows me that he doesn’t have funny plans with my little angel.” She leaned down to place a kiss on top of his head. “Is seven okay? Or should we start later?”
Before answering Seth jumped off his chair and hugged his mother so tight, she probably couldn’t breathe for a moment. “Thank you, mom! Seven is perfect.” He held on to her for a bit longer and she hugged him back happily.

“Okay, great. Now finish what you are doing so we can eat.” He nodded immediately and dropped down to his chair to finish what he had started. Suddenly math was a lot easier.

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When he came out of his room just a little later the rest of his family was seated already. Seth joined quietly, softly smiling because he was still appreciating the decision his mother made. They started eating and chatting for a bit. “Steve, Seth’s friend will join us for dinner on Thursday. Do you think you will be able to join us?” His mother asked across the table.

Before his dad could answer his older brother broke into loud laughter. “Seth has a friend? And he wants to come over?” The laughter grew and as always Abigail joined the oldest brother.

“Who is it?” She giggled brightly. “Your English teacher?” Both laughed loud until his mother gave them a stern look.

“Leave your brother alone. Unlike you, Jeremy, he’s never brought home insolent friends.” And just like that the laughter died. Thank god. After such a wonderful day with Dean Seth would have hated for his good mood to die off because of his siblings. His mother turned to look at him. “But you didn’t tell me his name either. Who is he?” Her voice was softer now.

“His name is Dean. He works at FCW.” Seth answered. He would have loved to spoil to his brother and sister that he had a friend who was older, cooler and had made a name for himself in the world already. But he didn’t. Because he had manners.

“At FCW?” His father now asked. “Did I meet him last weekend?”

“Uh.. Not really.” For now he decided not to tell his father that it was Jon Moxley but again his parents could read his face like an open book. Seth really needed to work on that.

“Are you sure about that? His dad dug deeper.

“Hm..” He was afraid of the reaction. “Jon Moxley.” He mumbled and looked down. Instead of commenting on it Steve just gave his wife a worried look, clearly telling her they would have a conversation with just the two of them later.

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Time just wouldn’t pass once again. Wednesday seemed to be the longest day of the whole week and Thursday wasn’t any better. Seth tried to distract himself with his homework and some video games whenever time allowed him to. It was six o’clock on Thursday when it was finally time to take a shower before Dean would come to his home. He rubbed more conditioner than usually into his skull, wanting to make his hair extra soft just in case Dean touched it. Which he probably
wouldn’t because they were hanging out with his family.

When he was done showering, Seth put on a black pair of tight jeans and a t-shirt of A Day to Remember. He loved this shirt, regardless to it being slightly too big. His hair fell loosely around his shoulders and he wore his glasses too so he would be able to see properly what was going on. Even if he didn’t want to admit it earlier to his parents when they had asked, he was nervous about Dean showing up. Besides his siblings being brats the brunette was also worried for Dean’s mood. What if the blonde showed up with that anger in his eyes? His parents sure as hell would never let them hang out if they saw him like that. With all these thoughts in his head he didn’t notice that he’d been staring at the same spot on the wall for the past 15 minutes. Seth was woken up from his trance as the doorbell rang.

Shit, he was too far away from the front door to possibly get there first. Still, he jumped off his bed and ran towards the door. His father had opened it already and Dean was standing in the hallway of the home. Seth stopped and looked at him with his mouth hanging open a little. The blonde wore a light blue colored dress shirt that hugged his muscular torso perfectly. He had fresh jeans and biker boots on. The outfit was completed by the leather jacket he wore the day before. But the real highlight was his hair. It was slicked back instead of curling all over his head. The new hairdo revealed a silver earring too. Had Dean worn that too the day before? Seth couldn’t tell and quite frankly, he didn’t care either. The older man looked so damn sexy and that without even trying probably. Now Seth felt a little bad for his casual look and he wished he’d also put on a dress shirt.

“Hey, Seth.” Dean woke him for the second time in the past ten minutes and made him swallow hard. The cocky smile on his face showed no dimples this time but it wasn’t less charming.

“Hey.” Was all Seth brought out for now. Dean chuckled and his dad tried to give him a somewhat encouraging smile.

“Are you going to take care of your guest, Seth?” He asked.

“Of course.” Finally the brunette moved, went to take Dean’s jacket from him and put it on the hall-stand. His father seemed satisfied and left them alone to go to the living room already. “You look really good.” Seth blushed as he complimented Dean quickly before they would be joined by other people again. The redness on his cheeks seemed to make Dean smile even more.

“Thanks, Seth.” Nothing happened for a minute but blushes and grins. “You gonna ask me further inside or are we gonna have dinner here in the hallway?” The older man laughed softly as Seth blushed some more.

“Of course not. Come.” He motioned for Dean to follow him into the kitchen first. “Mom?” Seth asked and Jennifer turned to see why Seth was calling her. When she saw Dean she dried her hands on a towel quickly and gave him a welcoming smile. God bless his mother. She would make anyone feel welcome at their home.

“It smells really good in here. Watcha makin, Jennifer?” Dean looked at all the pots with huge interest. Seth just stood there awkwardly, wanting the conversation to be over and drag Dean to his
room to protect him from meeting his siblings.

She turned around as if she had to check what she’d been preparing for the past two hours. “Seth told me you do a lot of sports so I thought mashed potatoes and chicken would be good for your diet. We have some red cabbage with that and sauce of course. Does that please you?”

Again with the dimples and smiles. “Of course. I’m not a picky eater. Besides, this food smells so good I believe I would love eating it even if I wasn’t a fan of any of the ingredients. There is nothing better than a warm dish made by mom. Right, Seth?” The taller man put his hand on Seth’s shoulder and petted it for a moment. Dean was making his mother smile too. He got on her good side so easily. Then again, Seth wasn’t too surprised. Nobody in this world could resist this beautiful smile and those deep blue eyes.

She laughed softly. “Oh Seth, I already like your new friend. Dean, you’re welcome to eat with us anytime if you keep up these kind of compliments.” Both laughed at that. “Now, if you want to you can already sit at the table. Dinner is going to be ready in just a minute.”

They did as they were told and went to meet Seth’s father again who had gotten busy reading the newspaper. As they entered Steve put it down though. Dean eyed the newspaper for a moment before looking to Seth’s dad. “Great game the Buccaneers played there, right?” Again Seth was taken by surprise at how easily Dean could start a conversation with his parents. The two older men immediately dove into a conversation about football and Seth just stood there and watched. Not for long though because his mother called for him and he got busy to set the table and help her carry the food over.

“Will you two sit at the table now?” This time Jennifer was speaking to her husband and to Dean. Seth was filling their glasses with water at that moment. Still talking they came to sit and the brunette sat right next to Dean to make sure none of his siblings would take that place.

The two unwelcomed teens entered the living room after Seth’s mother had called them for dinner. They made quick work of introducing themselves without giving Dean their hand. Jeremy sat next to Seth and his mother started filling the plates. For now everything was going well and they started eating.

“So I think you like some other sports better than football, don’t you?” Seth’s father asked.

“Yeah, I mean I’m livin ma dream.” As polite as Dean was, he didn’t even try pronouncing all words properly. “Wrestling is probably the best typ’a sports out there. Gets your heart beating fast, makes your muscles work just as much as your brains. There’s no better workout than wrestling.”

“Maybe you should take Seth with you so he’d stop looking like a herring.” Abigail giggled, Jeremy joined of course and Seth just ducked his head and dared to look to the side to Dean. His eyes screamed the apology his sister should have said.

“I think Seth looks pretty alright as he is. But if ya ever wanna get in the ring of course you are welcome. Imma show you some tricks that make a herring intimidating too.” He winked at the younger man. Immediately Seth’s face brightened up. He, his parents and Dean laughed at that and Abigail gave Dean a cold look. She didn’t like when her jokes weren’t appreciated.

“But talking about wrestling, how did you like the show, Steve?” It was so funny to hear Dean speak to his parents like that, addressing them like he was speaking to some good old friends.

“I have to admit, it was a lot of fun to watch. I expected nothing but plain violence but it was far more than that. You tell quite catchy stories with your characters.”
The dirty blonde seemed to be pleased with the answer and smiled proudly between filling his mouth with some new food. After he’d swallowed it down he spoke up again. “I was wondering whether you would mind if I invited Seth to watch another show this weekend. I figured it would only be the right thing to ask you directly instead of just taking him.” Across the table Seth could see how pleased his parents were with Dean, how happy they were their middle child had made such a nice new friend. “Of course I would be picking him up at home and I will make sure he gets home save later that night again.”

“I don’t think there is a reason for the two of you not to hang out.” Jennifer smiled happily. Steve seemed to be a little sceptic still.

“How long would this show go?” He asked.

“The show will be until ten. I would love for Seth to join my friends and I to grab a snack after that.”

His dad seemed to think about it. Oh god, please? Seth’s face felt so hot and he couldn’t shove another fork full of delicious food into his mouth because he was nervous for his dad’s answer. What if he said no now? The night had been going too well, this would be the turning point. Now Dean would see that he was the baby in this family regardless to him not being the youngest.

Steve put down his fork and knife as he looked at Dean. “He needs to be home by midnight. If you can stick to that, then I have no reason not to let the two of you go.”

HA! Seth had called it be-.. Wait what? His dad had said yes? Immediately the younger male looked up at his dad, wanting to kiss his face and say thank you but he couldn’t because.. He was a grown up too, right? Hanging out with older boys, being invited to a show and all?

Dean thanked him and they picked up to talk about the show again. Seth was about to eat a fork full of red cabbage and mashed potatoes when Jeremy hit the back of his head. “Careful!” He laughed but it was too late already. The food had dropped from his fork to his chest down over his belly to his crotch and was resting there on his jeans.

“Jeremy!” Seth called out loud in shock and quickly grabbed a napkin to clean his crotch. “What the heck?!” He asked and looked up to gave his brother an angry glare.

The older put up his hands up in defense. “Hey man, isn’t my fault you can’t eat properly.” Abigail and Jeremy laughed loud. They had finished their plates already.

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“Hey!” His dad now spoke again. The voice of the oldest at the table was sharp. “Get up and go to your rooms. Both.” There was no further discussion. Both got up, still laughing but went away.

Seth looked back at Dean with wide eyes. “I’m so sorry.” He said softly and then grabbed another napkin to clean off his chest as good as he could. The teen was dying of embarrassment and even though there was still food on his plate he was done eating. “Excuse me. I will go change quickly” He whispered, didn’t look at Dean or his parents but quickly went to his room to get away from the situation. It wasn’t polite, he knew that but he was too close to dropping a tear than to sit there any longer. He hurried to his room and closed the door. The second he was alone he took a deep breath, trying to swallow down the tears of anger and embarrassment.

For a moment he didn’t even think about actually changing his clothes but he fell on his bed, looking at the ceiling and trying to collect himself so he could go back and make less of a deal of the situation but the truth simply was, it was a huge situation for him. This was what he had been scared of all along. Exactly this. His siblings making a fool out of him in front of Dean. Seth felt
like such a fucking loser. He wanted to cry but he needed to go back so he rolled off the bed, looking for new clothes to put on.

As he was putting on his new shirt someone knocked on the door. “I’m almost done, I will be back in a moment.” He tried to get rid of the person outside of his room because he needed a little bit longer to get his emotions under control again. The person who had knocked had other plans though and just opened the door.

Oh. Dean entered his teenage bedroom. The tall man looked around for a bit. He didn’t quite fit between the shelves filled with books and comics, the computer and desk, the freshly made bed. As he was done checking out the room his eyes focussed on Seth again. The younger male saw it immediately. There was this little bit of anger, not fitting the charming smile on Dean’s face. “Not very polite to leave us alone at the table, don’t you think?” His voice was sharp now.

“I’m.. I’m sorry.” Seth stumbled through the short sentence, not sure what to make of Dean’s appearance.

“Are you, Seth?” He came closer and Seth took a small step back. Dean stopped. “Are you trying to get away from me?” The taller man seemed to be so dangerous at that moment and stepped even closer to Seth until he younger male was in reach and Dean extended his hand, placing it in the back of Seth’s neck. He could pull him closer now. There was the couch to his hair! Right there! But now it didn’t seem like Dean would care much about the conditioner used.

The dirty blonde leaned down so he could whisper into Seth’s ear. “There is no getting away now, Seth.” Right away he knew that Dean referred to the good relationship he had started to build with Seth’s parents. They would want to see Dean again and besides this they had agreed to him joining Dean for the show. His heartbeat was picking up, got so quick that he was sure Dean must hear the pounding. He was scared because he didn’t understand Dean’s mood now but then again, he didn’t want to get away from the other man either.

“I- I-..” He tried but failed.

Dean laughed and grabbed his neck a little harder. “You what, Seth?” There was a change in his tone, almost like he was feeding on the tension in Seth’s body. He sounded deeper now, rougher. Like he was enjoying to scare the teen.

“I don’t want to.. I don’t want to get away from you.” He finally managed to say. For a little longer they remained in the position until Dean leaned in and placed a soft kiss on the shell of Seth’s ear.

“Just what I thought.” He then whispered and stood up tall again, looking down into Seth’s insecure eyes. The younger male was so caught up in the situation, he hadn’t even noticed the kiss of Dean. For quite a bit Dean just looked into the face of the brunette. It was almost like he studied every single part of it. “You’re so pretty, Seth. Such a pretty and innocent boy. No wonder your dad was so surprised when he first saw me.”

Woah, woah, woah. So many things at once again. Dean thought Seth was pretty? Seth’s dad had been surprised? Why? He had seen Jon Moxley before? Things were so confusing again. Regardless to these thoughts it wasn’t what Seth addressed. “What makes you think I’m innocent?” He tried to protest.

Now Dean chuckled. “Come on, Seth. I have been in this game a lil bit longer than you. Your eyes tell me everything I want to know.”

“My eyes don’t have a mouth so they can’t tell you anything.” Seth tried to protest some more.
More chuckles left Dean’s mouth. “Alright. So you’re telling me that two days ago when we went for coffee that wasn’t your first date.. Ever?” Seth shook his head. A lie, but he didn’t want to give in. Dean saw right through him though and gave him one of those cocky half smiles. “And if I was to kiss that pouty pink mouth of yours, that wouldn’t be your first kiss?”

Now Seth was lost not only for words but he couldn’t even react with a gesture anymore. His palms were getting sweaty quickly and his breath was getting heavier. Eventually he managed to whisper a soft “No.”

Dean leaned down to lean his forehead against Seth’s and closed his eyes as he took a deep breath. “Don’t lie to me, pretty boy.” Again a shift in his tone. More demanding now, sharp and clean but quiet so it had a rather intimidating effect on Seth. This was a voice his father would use on him if he broke his curfew. Not that he ever had experienced that but he was sure it would be like this. “Let’s try again. Would I be your first kiss?”

Seth’s voice was shaking now but he didn’t dare to lie again. “Ye-.. Yes.” He whispered.

“See. That wasn’t too hard.” Now the voice was soft again. Dean leaned in just a little bit more and Seth couldn’t believe what was happening, he wasn’t ready! How did you kiss someone so ridiculously hot?! HOW?! His brain screamed for help but apparently that wasn’t necessary anyway because Dean didn’t kiss him. Instead he let go of Seth and stood up tall again. The dirty blonde smiled at the younger male. “I should get going.” He announced.

Nooooo, no, no no-ho, no-hell-no! “Okay..” Seth’s head and mouth didn’t seem to work together now. He was still caught up in almost kissing Dean. The older man could probably sense it but he didn’t address it so together they went to the front door. Seth’s parents joined. Jennifer had packed up some leftovers for Dean and his dad checked in with the time Dean would pick up Seth. The blonde was already out of the door before Seth could properly speak again. Just as the door was about to close Dean winked at Seth.

What the hell had this evening been? Seth felt exhausted and was glad his mom didn’t ask him to help cleaning the table. He needed to sleep. Needed to gather all possible energy for tomorrow when Dean would come back to pick him up.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Noooooo, no, no no-ho, no-hell-no! “Okay..” Seth’s head and mouth didn’t seem to work together now. He was still caught up in almost kissing Dean. The older man could probably sense it but he didn’t address it so together they went to the front door. Seth’s parents joined. Jennifer had packed up some leftovers for Dean and his dad checked in with the time Dean would pick up Seth. The blonde was already out of the door before Seth could properly speak again. Just as the door was about to close Dean winked at Seth.

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Chapter Notes

Yeeeeeees UPDATE! Before you start reading this I just want to warn you that we start getting deeper into Dean's issues now. Be prepared for that roller coaster of emotions. I guess if you're still reading by now There's no way out for you anway. Also, I wanna thank my friend Nay who helped me plot for this chapter. GO VISIT HER TUMBLR wasistdean.tumblr.com and don't forget to enjoy this chapter. Lastly, I have no idea about Football or gaming, really. Please bear with me if the stuff I say doesn't make too much sense?! IM TRYING TO MAKE IT AS REALISTICI AS POSSIBLE! I also apologize for possible spelling mistakes. I admit that I didn't have the patience to double check for spelling mistakes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Come on Steve you know they stand no chance!” Seth tried to be patient. Dean and his dad had been talking about sports news for the past twenty minutes while Seth had gotten barely any attention of the hot blonde male. “Listen, let’s bet $10 on this. Tampa stands no chance against the Bengals. I’ve been bidding on Cincinnati for years and whenever I put my money on them they didn’t disappoint me.” Steve laughed and nod. He agreed to the deal and both of them decided to continue their sports talk when the match had happened. Finally, because Seth had been about to go back to his room and get busy with something he considered less boring. “Ya ready to go?” Dean finally turned to look at him instead of his father.

“Yes, I am!” Seth was dressed in a grey pair of skinny jeans and Vans that went well with his Jon Moxley merchandise. Dean had complimented it the minute they had gotten inside for a moment because Seth’s mother had offered Dean a glass of water. Today the teen wore his hair open, dark locks falling down on his shoulders wildly.

“Alright.” the taller male smiled and poked his head into the living room, smiling charmingly. “I will bring him back in time. Good night, Steve and Jen.” While Dean was telling his parents goodbye Seth put on his jeans jacket and together they left the house to sit in the red Dodge Stealth.
“Open the glove compartment. You can pick one of the CDs.” Dean had already started the car and Seth did as he was told. The older male was probably still a little annoyed from when Seth had been switching around with the stations too much.

When Seth got out the three CDs from in there he recognized only one cover. It was an album of Deftones which he liked but didn’t listen to too often. Rather than wanting to upset Dean again by choosing a CD he might not like, Seth threw it into the player and smiled satisfied when he recognized the first song.

“You like Deftones?” Dean asked in his rough voice. There was so much charm in it and when Seth turned his head to look at him he still couldn’t believe he was hanging out with such a handsome man. Dean looked like the bad boy every good girl, or boy, dreamed off. Blonde locks fell into his forehead, his black sweater seemed well worn, jeans had holes at their knees again. One of his hands was resting on the wheel, the other one on his own leg.

“Uh, ya. I don’t know too much music of them but they’re okay.” Seth hoped it was the right answer and that he wouldn’t upset Dean like he’d done two days ago.

“They are okay?” Dean chuckled. “Dude, they are like.. Probably the best band out there. If ya wanna keep driving around with me ya better get used to them.” Seth definitely wanted that. “Here, lemme show ya my favorite song of’em.” Dean skipped a couple of songs until he could turn on a track called Root. Seth loved how Dean’s fingers started drumming on the wheel as they listened to the song.

“Yeah, it’s pretty good.” Seth admitted but he was more caught up in Dean. He wasn’t even bothered when the dirty blonde grabbed a cigarette and lit it while driving. The whole car started to smell of the smoke because the blonde had rolled down the window on his side only a little bit. The sexyness of Dean was making Seth’s teenage brain a little fuzzy and there were butterflies filling his stomach. It was still unbelievably to him what was happening. Everything he did with Dean was exciting to him and for now they had barely done anything special.

Together they arrived at the arena quicker than Seth liked it. When the car was parked he got ready to get out it but Dean put his hand on Seth’s thigh. Seth turned back his head to meet blue orbs with his own brown eyes. The older male looked at him for a bit before he spoke with that raspy voice again. “What have ya been looking at the whole ride?”

Immediately Seth blushed deeply. He wouldn’t have thought he was being that obvious. “Uhm.. Nothing.” He tried to play it off but by now he already knew Dean wouldn’t let it slip like this. To no surprise Dean squeezed his thigh.

“Come on, Seth. We’ve been at this point already.”

Seth took a deep breath and looked down to where the large hand rested on his leg. “I.. I don’t know. You looked very.. Handsome.” Without looking at Dean Seth heard the small laugh and felt ashamed immediately. “Sorry.” He added and opened the car door because he wanted to escape the embarrassing situation.

Dean had other ideas and held on to Seth’s leg tightly. “Close the door.” He demanded. “I have something for you, pretty boy.” There was still amusement in Dean’s voice and Seth decided he liked that better than when this aggressive tone was the consequence of him doing something that Dean didn’t like.
“For me?” Seth asked softly, too shy to ask what it was. There was no need for that anyway. Dean used his free hand to go for Seth’s chin and force him to look at him again. The blue eyes seemed more encouraging and were filled with passion more than amusement now.

“Come here.” Dean had lowered his voice too and pulled Seth closer by his chin. Ohh, no! NO! What was happening? Dean leaned in and their faces were so close now, like.. Woah so close. Seth was able to feel Dean’s hot breath on his face and opened his mouth to ask what Dean was doing but before a tone could leave his mouth their lips met. The eyes of the younger male were wide open and he was sure he would ruin this, ruin their first kiss, ruin HIS first kiss. But Dean seemed to sense it and instead of pulling back he moved his hand from Seth’s chin to the back of his head, grabbed a fist full of dark locks and pulled Seth’s face a little closer.

When he started moving his lips against Seth’s the younger male was lead on by that and followed the movements of the other male’s mouth. Eventually his eyes closed and he let himself drown in the sweet and bitter taste of Ambrose who didn’t give the teen too much time to adjust to the new feeling. Instead he didn’t hesitate to roll his tongue into Seth’s mouth. Now the brunette could properly taste Dean and a hint of cigarette smoke that was still lasting in his mouth.

Before Seth could be as passionate with the kiss as Dean was, the blonde pulled back and left Seth with his mouth standing slightly open. The expression on the older man’s face was full of pride. He’d just taken another one of Seth’s firsts.

His glasses had been pushed back far on his nose by the kiss and the windows were a little steamed up which drew a laugh from Dean again. “Ya should clean that up so we can get inside.” To Seth it was such a mystery how Dean could do something so bold a second ago and now act like nothing happened. They just shared their first kiss. Hello? This was special? He was still a little frozen in his position which made Dean’s grin grow even more. However, the blonde didn’t address it anymore and already got out of the car.

Inside Dean organized Seth a free drink, woah beer, before their ways parted for until the show would be over. “Imma pick you up at the merch stand. Just wait. I’ll be quick once the show is over.” He’d said before leaving to get changed.

The show was a huge success. Seth was on edge the whole time, lost in each match and applauding and joining chants.

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“Do you want to buy a shirt?” Seth turned his head to the lady standing behind the merchandise table. She was really beautiful with her long hair and bright eyes. He had been standing next to the table for good 30 minutes since the show was over and all other guests had left already. The girl probably wanted to close the stand.

“Oh, sorry. No I’m just waiting for Dean.” He apologized and the lady seemed surprised. She opened her mouth to say something, eyes now looking him up and down a little more critically but she never got to say her words because a large hand laid down on Seth’s shoulder and he looked over it to See Dean standing there. His hair was wet, probably from a shower, and there was a red spot on his jaw where he had been kicked in the face during his match. Even like that he looked
unbelievable hot and Seth, once again, felt like a little kid next to this beautiful tall man.

“What rumors has April been putting in your head, sweet cheeks?” Seth looked back at the lady who had raised her eyebrows at them. Or more at Dean.

“I didn’t say a word.” She shrugged and went on to clear the table. Dean pulled Seth away towards the exit.

“What was that about?” Seth asked in an insecure tone. He felt judged and already made up his mind to never be able to return to the arena because this girl, April, seemed to think something negative of him.

“Don’t worry about her. She is a little crazy and likes to work up people.” They sat in the car together. “How did you like the show?” Dean switched the topic as he started the car. This time Seth made sure not to stare.

“I loved it. I wish I could come here every friday to watch you.. And the other’s.” He didn’t want to sound like an obsessed little boy but truth was, he wanted to come and see the dirty blonde fight. His matches had this crazy vibe that captured his attention to easily.

“Maybe I will have to talk to your parents again then.” Dean laughed as they continued the drive. It didn’t take too long for them to get downtown. Right, they were going to meet Dean’s friends to grab something to eat. Now that Seth remembered that he started getting a little nervous. What if the other people reacted to him like April just had? He would probably make them uncomfortable. Maybe he should ask Dean to just drop him off at home already.

As he was about to work up the courage to do so they had already arrived downtown. Both got out of the car and Seth looked to his left and right for a moment as he waited for Dean to grab his jacket from the back seat. “Watcha lookin around all nervous?” Ops, he hadn’t noticed the dirty blonde was already done.

“All good. Just.. A little excited to meet your friends.” Dean chuckled. Once again he was able to read the teen like an open book. He didn’t comment on the insecure boy and just rested his hand on his lower back to push him forward towards the restaurant.

They entered a country style steak house. Some John Denver music was playing and the waitresses, all in short jeans skirts and white t-shirts, wore cowboy boots on their feet as they took care of the guests. All furniture was made of wood and there was a pool table at one side of the room. “They’re already here.” Dean pushed Seth further into the restaurant and they made their way over to a table with three other men sitting there. “Hey there!” The dirt blonde let go of Seth and went to greet the three men with long dark hair. Seth only remembered one of them, Leakee, which probably wasn’t his real name. The teen stood there awkwardly for a bit while the four exchanged fist bumps and threw a couple of jokes back and forth. Eventually Dean turned back on him. “Brought ma new friend, boys. This’s Seth.”

A shy smile appeared on his face and he reached out his hand to offer each man a hand shake. The two men he didn’t know introduced themselves as Jimmy and Jay. They were twins and appeared a little goofy which Seth liked. It made him feel a little less unsure. “I’m Roman. But I think we met in The Cave the other night, right?” Right away his face turned into a big red ball, blush creeping down his neck too. Quickly Seth nod and looked down. He remembered too well how Roman’s fight sight of him had been the teen pressing his face to the window of the bar. Yey, great first impression.

The huge dark haired male seemed to pick up on Seth’s embarrassment immediately and, thank
god, didn’t address it any further. Dean and Seth set down and were offered a menu quickly. Without asking Dean ordered beer for everyone. “Dean.. You know I can’t drink.” Seth had waited for a moment of the others talking to remind the blonde that he was under age still.

“Don’t worry so much.” He just rolled his eyes and went on to study the menu. Seth had already picked and looked around in the restaurant to be doing something without annoying anyone. Of course he wouldn’t have minded starting a conversation but he felt too shy to just jump on to what the three men were talking about.

The waitress had just gotten them some drinks, Dean was still busy, when Roman addressed him. “So what do you do when you don’t watch wrestling.” His voice was deep and nice, making Seth feel more welcome now.

“Uhm..” Wow smart start for a sentence. “I go to school. Yeah that’s what I do everyday.” Good impression, hell ya. Smart boy. Baby boy. Wow. Seth took a deep breath to calm down. Roman didn’t appear to judge him, he looked curious and like he was seriously interested in hearing from Seth. “And.. I like comics and video games.”

“Video games? Love those. Have you played Thief?” Well Seth had not expected that.

Immediately he nod. “I did. I loved that game. Took me quite a while to figure it out though.”

“Listen, I’m on it right now and I have to admit I’m getting a little impatient with this game.” The two of them dove right into their conversation about the game, Seth advising Roman on what to do without providing spoilers too much so the Samoan would still have something to figure out. They were only interrupted by the waitress coming along to take their orders. When that was done Dean joined the conversation.

“What was this thing the two of you were talking about?” He asked curiously.

“Oh it’s this video game. You play a thief that..”

Roman interrupted Seth. “Don’t even bother, Seth.” He was chuckling. “Dean doesn’t get any of this. He has no patience for technology at all.”

With questioning eyes Seth looked at Dean who just shrugged. “Doesn’t catch my attention at all. Always been a boy to do these things in real life. ‘s a lot more fun.” He winked at Seth who started blushing again. Until dinner was served Seth, Dean and Roman had been gotten into a conversation about wrestling.

“It just sucks that they want to add this chick to my story line. I don’t get along with her at all.” Roman shook his head. Even when displeased he didn’t seem mean or angry. Maybe it was because the steak in front of him looked so delicious that it took away the negative energy with ease.

Seth had already stuffed his mouth with some fries and swallowed them quickly to answer. “My mom always says that I don’t have to like the people from school but I have to be able to work with them as long as it is necessary. And then she says something like ‘suck it up’ but in a nice was.” He giggled. The beer had made him relax around the older men again and he wasn’t too embarrassed to speak up anymore.

Both, Roman and Dean, huffed at that. “That sound something my mom would tell me but she wouldn’t be so nice about it.” Roman laughed some more. Seth was so relieved that he got along with Dean’s friend this well. The twins were also nice but they were occupied with teasing each
other for the most time. The food also tasted good and soon all plates were empty and all bellies were filled up.

“Imma step outside for a smoke. Ya coming Seth?” The youngest male at the table wanted to say no because he was enjoying his conversation with Roman a lot but Dean’s eyes were demanding so he got up without and answer and followed him in front of the door. He wrapped his arms around his skinny body, ugh he should have taken his jacket. “Like seeing ya get along with Roman so well.” Dean’s voice was a bit of a mumble because he had put the cigarette between his lips.

“Yes he is really nice. He made me feel very welcome.” A soft smile built on Seth’s face and he watched as Dean was smoking his cigarette. “Maybe next time I will have to help him with the game again.” Seth giggled and almost missed that Dean stopped smiling completely.

“Next time?” Woah. At the new tone Seth did finally notice. Dean’s blue eyes started staring down the younger male and Seth swallowed hard. The whole expression on the other male’s face got so hard and cold and the teen felt his eyes growing bigger and a little fear crawling up his neck. When Dean got like this he didn’t exactly know how to deal with that. Apparently he was right to be scared because Dean grabbed for his wrist and god was his hold strong. The teen tried to pull back his hand but the stronger man held on hard, making his lower arm hurt so Seth winced softly. Cold eyes were still staring him down. “I decide when you meet me or my friends again. Not you. Got that? This happens on my terms.”

Seth didn’t understand where this was coming from but he nodded quickly, so hard that he almost lost his glasses. Again he tried to pull away his hand because Dean was really hurting him but he didn’t stand a chance. “Dean. It hurts. Please let go.” His shaky voice was just a whisper as he looked back at the other male. He didn’t let go for a little bit longer but when he did he dropped his cigarette to the floor.

“Back inside. Sit at the table I’m going to the bathroom.” Dean didn’t give him much attention now but Seth was glad to go back inside. He was holding his hurting wrist with his good hand as he returned to the table alone, eyes still filled with terror, his mind occupied to force back some tears of shock and pain.

When he came back to the table he was glad Roman was sitting there alone. The Samoan immediately gave him some feeling of security back. Jimmy and Jay were playing pool now. “Are you alright?” Roman looked at him and raised one eyebrow. Seth was so scared to ask but he was even more scared to wait until Dean came back and look at him again.

Quickly he answered as he nodded. “Yes, uh. Would you..” His voice was still shaking and not doing what he wanted. “Could you, maybe, please, drive me home?” He was looking at the door like he would run out there any second and in case Roman said no maybe he would do exactly that.

“Isn’t Dean getting you home?” Roman asked.

“Right.” Seth answered but grabbed his jacket already. He’d rather walk home than wait for Dean. He feared the anger of the other male. “Just tell him I left already. I will walk.”

“No, wait. I can drive you. But don’t you wanna say goodbye?”

Seth shook his head and already had his jacket on. He was relieved when Roman didn’t ask further questions, only told his cousins he’d be back in a bit. The tall Samoan paid for the food for all five men before they left for outside. He lead Seth to the car. Sitting inside Seth felt a little better, less scared and when Roman started the car and drove off the parking lot his heart beat started to beat a bit more like it should again. For quite a while Seth and Roman exchanged nothing but road
directions but eventually the Samoan broke the silence. “Look.. Dean, he isn’t easy and you’re a really sweet guy. I’m not gonna ask you what happened outside, I can kinda guess because I know him for long. He’s one of my closest friend but, without wanting to insult you, you’re a small dude so if he does something that upsets you, you can call me. Maybe I can help you to make him calm down. It’s not easy, I know that.”

The student looked at the Samoan for a moment before he dared to smile softly. “That is really kind. Thank you.” While they were still driving Roman told Seth his number so he could put it in his phone. A little later they arrived at Seth’s house and he stayed in the car for another moment. “I’m.. Ehm.. Thank you. I hope he won’t be mad at you now.” His eyes were full of apologies.

“Don’t worry about me. He won’t dare to mouth off. Have a good night. See you around, Seth.”

Seth closed his door after he’d told his parents good night. They had waited for his return and were pleased he was even half an hour early. Yey, another good impression of Dean for them. As soon as the teen was alone in the dark of his room he rolled up into his blanket, tried to get warm. His wrist was slightly hurting still and he dared to wrap his hand around where Dean had touched him earlier.

He felt his eyes heating up, tears coming. Now that he was alone he didn't have to hold them back anymore. Soft sobs left the boy as he tried to hide his face into his pillow. Why had Dean done that? It really wasn’t a bad thing he’d said. After all it was a compliment, right? He wanted to hang out more with Dean. Why wasn’t he happy? Earlier that night when they had kissed Seth had been so sure that Dean did like him but maybe the older male had just done it for fun. He seemed to enjoy putting Seth in uncomfortable situations, fed off the distress the teen felt every now and then. Between his sobs Seth grabbed for his own chest. His heart hurt behind his ribs and he couldn’t do anything against it. He was crushing on Dean so hard but the older male kept scaring him too.

Without knowing what to make of the situation Seth fell asleep with soft sobs choking him.

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Seth was glad he and his dad had been busy in the backyard all day. Steve liked gardening in order to free his mind from work and Seth loved helping his father. Now that it was early in the year they had started cleaning out the beds from weeds so they could put new seeds into the ground soon.

When the teen had woken up that morning he was still upset about last night but he didn’t want to let it show to his family. Instead he was his usual quiet and decided to join his father for the activity. Sunday went by the same way.

Now, he was exhausted and ready to go to sleep. He would have to get up early the next morning for school so Seth was getting into bed but was hold back when his phone went off on his desk. Maybe it was Cody calling him to tell him he wouldn’t be coming to school tomorrow. The teen walked over to see who was calling. Oh. It was Dean.

He hesitated to pick up, the memory of last night was still thick in his head but he couldn’t not pick up either. “He-Hello?” He answered the phone.

“Hey, pretty boy.” The rough voice was full of charms and sweetness now. “How are you doing? Got some rest after last night? I hope Rome didn’t try anything funny in the car?” Dean laughed
and Seth didn’t know what to say. He couldn’t believe Dean was full of jokes and laughs while he had been hurt and upset since they parted ways.

“What?” Was all he could answer in disbelief.

“You heard me, babe.” Dean was still chuckling.

“Uhm..”

“Ah come on. Are you okay?” He asked again.

“I guess..” Seth answered but didn’t ask back.

“Great, I’m glad to hear. Listen, sugar, I had a bit of a busy day so I couldn’t call earlier. Sorry about that. I’ll make it up to you tomorrow. Let’s hang out. We could go for coffee again?” What? Dean was apologizing for calling late in the day but not for almost breaking Seth’s wrist. That didn’t even make sense! Nothing about Dean made any sense at all and Seth wanted to scream at Dean to stay the hell away from him because really, Dean was scaring Seth so much. “You still there, pretty boy?” Seth had not answered yet.

Even though he was so scared he could barely resist Dean’s sweet voice, the sweet nicknames so instead of saying anything he quickly hung up, turned off his phone and hid in his bed.

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When Seth had gotten up in the morning he’d felt better. He was proud to resist Dean and stay away from the dangerous man. This really wasn’t his world, he wasn’t made for that. He had learned that for good last night and regardless to his parents asking when Dean would come visit again he promised himself not to go back there. It had only been their fourth time meeting and each time Seth had not been able to please Dean, resulting in him getting upset or scared. It was probably better to cut off the contact even though it was incredibly hard.

When he had turned on his phone this morning there had been 16 calls of Dean and a couple of messages asking him to pick up. The teen had ignored all, he was too scared of what would happen if he did pick up. Dean would probably be angry again and that made him not only scared but also feel bad about himself. He was shy not stupid but absolutely unable to cause this swing of moods Dean kept showing.

Two hours of biology were a great way to start his day and make him forget the unanswered calls. The longer Seth was in school that day, the more he found truth in when people told their best friend in movies to go outside and do things instead of staying home and cry over boys. He hadn’t told anyone about Dean, nobody but Cody had ever seen him with Seth before. That was also good because now he didn’t need to explain to anyone how the wrestling show went.

“Let’s meet on wednesday for the project, okay?” Cody asked as they were leaving school together. They had not been in the same class at the end of the day but sometimes they rode the same bus back home, depending on whether Cody was going to his mom’s or dad’s place.

“Yeah that is a good idea. Until then we can both read the chapters from the book already.” Seth agreed. Together they were walking towards the bus when Seth heard someone calling his name. He stopped and turned his head.
Immediately he found who was calling him. There was no way he could miss that mop of blonde lock between the much shorter other students. “Seth!” Dean called out again. He swallowed hard. Alright, Dean had stalked him down to school, waited for him to come out and was jogging towards him now. That was normal, right? Totally.. Yeah, totally not.

“Cody, I’m sorry but I think you should go catch the bus I think.. This will take a moment.” He turned back towards his friend. Even though he just wanted to walk away with him he knew there was no away now that Dean was here. Cody looked at him critically for a moment but not and went towards the bus stop while Seth turned around to look at Dean again who was now almost in front of him. In one hand the older man held a bouquet of flowers.

“Hey, there you are.” Dean smiled at him, showing off his dimples that he knew Seth loved. It forced the younger male to also smile softly even though he didn’t want to. “I’ve been trying to reach you all night and day. Why aren’t you picking up your phone?”

Seth already knew there was no chance on earth he could say the right thing here. “I.. I..” He was lost for words. There was no excuse that wouldn’t sound like a lie so he just shrugged. There was no answer.

“Anyway, I’m glad I found you.” Dean smiled some more and reached out to cup Seth’s face so the shorter male would finally look at him. The blue eyes were full of life and seemed sincere. “I brought you flowers. Thought they’d probably make up for whatever.” Did Dean really not know why Seth had been ignoring him. The teen took the flowers and looked at them a little lost for what to do now.

“Thanks.” Was all he answered.

“You’re very welcome. Come on, let me give you a ride home.” Dean put his hand on Seth’s back, rubbing it with his large hand for a moment as if he was trying to sooth Seth. It worked, it convinced the teenager to give in slowly.

Fear went away at the soft touch, making it easier to look at Dean again. “You don’t have to, Dean. I can just take the bus.” Seth managed to smile softly but the taller male shook his head.

“Nah, come on. I already stopped by your parents and told them I’d be over for coffee.” Seth wasn’t sure whether he liked the idea of Dean going to his home when he was looking for him. He’d really hunted the teen down and it made him a little uncomfortable still but one look at the bright smile at Dean’s face and the tall man had won him over. Together they went to sit in the car and when Seth looked at the flowers again now the butterflies returned to his stomach.

Chapter End Notes

Woah so that was one hell of a ride, right? What do all of you think? Should Seth stay away from Dean? Or is Dean going to keep his temper now that he noticed Seth couldn’t handle that? Also, how sweet is this whole Roman/Seth thing? Guys, be so kind and leave a comment to let me know what you think!
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Fear went away at the soft touch, making it easier to look at Dean again. “You don’t have to, Dean. I can just take the bus.” Seth managed to smile softly but the taller male shook his head.

“Nah, come on. I already stopped by your parents and told them I’d be over for coffee.” Seth wasn’t sure whether he liked the idea of Dean going to his home when he was looking for him. He’d really hunted the teen down and it made him a little uncomfortable still but one look at the bright smile at Dean’s face and the tall man had won him over. Together they went to sit in the car and when Seth looked at the flowers again now the butterflies returned to his stomach.

Chapter Notes

Quick update again! I’m so surprised by myself but this story has taken over my thoughts for days now and I should be preparing for exams instead of plotting what to do with these two boys! I hope you enjoy this chapter as much as the last one.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The two of them were sitting on the couch in the living room with Seth’s parents. Jennifer had baked some cake which tasted delicious. To Seth’s surprise Dean was stuffing his face like crazy with the sweet dish. Considering he was earning his money with his body he would have thought the dirty blonde would be more careful what he ate but apparently he swallowed down everything he could get. While doing so he loved talking. Mouth full or not, he wasn’t bothered.

“It was interesting because when I first got into wrestling I didn’t know either and when I told Seth that my real name is not Jon and I saw the surprise in his face I thought I was looking at myself just a couple of years back.” They all laughed. Even Seth.

For now he was still a little uncertain about the whole situation. Dean was so off. Sometimes, like right now, his mood was so good. He seemed to love the world and was at peace with his life. And then, from one second to another, he was possessed by the devil. Just the thought of the blue eyes staring at him with no emotion made Seth grab his wrist and swallow hard. He wore a hoodie today which covered his wrist even though it wasn’t big and dark there was a blueish print on his skin where Dean had grabbed him last night.

“Yes, the first time I was standing in a ring I was sure I never wanted something else in my life.” Seth joined to listen to Dean talking again. “Wrestling has a positive effect for several reasons on people I guess. For me it always offered some kind of relief. Anyway, now that we are talking about wrestling and all, Imma take Seth with me again on friday. Things went well last week so it’s okay, right?”

Jennifer and Steve seemed to be glad Dean was taking Seth outside the house so they agreed
immediately. “Also my friends and I are having dinner at my place this friday and I was curious whether you’d allow Seth to sleep over? We plan on..” Wait what? Seth thought he hadn’t heard right. Sleep over? At Dean’s place? WHAT?!

“Sleep what?” He cut into Dean who was still talking.

“Sleepover.” Dean looked at him confused as if Seth had asked him what time it was on mars. “Don’t you remember? I asked you on the drive here if you’d be up for it and you said you’d love to.” What was Dean even talking about? They had not had this conversation. During their drive here Seth had been talking about school only and Dean had coated him up in sugar sweet words.

“It’s okay.” Now his confused eyes turned towards his mother who gave him an understanding look. How was he the only one not understanding the situation. “You can sleep over at Dean’s place. You know you don’t have to be afraid to ask us that. You don’t need to use your sister’s techniques.” Oh no, hell no! Seth was not acting like his sister at all!

Abigail was that kind of girl who would tell her friends to ask their parents whether she could stay at a friend’s place because she thought their parents would say yes more easily if it wasn’t her asking. But Seth wasn’t doing that! He was 100% sure that Dean had not asked him about this.

“Great, so it’s settled.” Dean agreed and smiled, showing off his dimples once more. So handsome.. Seth was losing track of his thoughts about the situation again when Dean looked at him. The look the older male was giving him was so dreamy, Seth couldn’t stop looking back. His parents seemed to notice.

“I have to get ready for work. Jen, can you help me out real quick? Can’t seem to find my black apron.” Seth’s dad was a chef and with this excuse the two left the room. Seth was still staring at Dean but he slowly got back to his thoughts from a minute ago.

He frowned a little to clear his head completely. “Dean.. What is all this about?” He asked in a quiet voice. The teen felt insecure and didn’t know how to interpret the things Dean was doing. Did he want to have Seth around or was he annoyed by his presence? It was a new 50/50 chance each day. “You really didn’t ask me that in the car.” Now he forced himself to look down to his nervously fumbling fingers. He was still afraid of Dean’s reaction to when he asked questions now.

Instead of getting an answer he felt a hand with rough skin wrap around his chin and when he was forced to look up again he was greeted by a warm smile. “I wanted to surprise you.” Dean admitted and put his free hand on Seth’s thigh softly. The teen wasn’t sure whether to jerk away or accept the touch. He did the first because the big hands of the older male felt warm and protective and they pulled Seth a little bit closer. “Look.. I know I lost my temper a little the other night. I didn’t mean to.” Dean’s voice was a bit lower now as if he wanted to avoid people hearing him speak. “I will explain when we have some alone time, okay? Can that be enough for now? Because I don’t want these eyes to give me that insecure look whenever I touch you.”

Now Dean ran his hand from Seth’s chin into the dark hair to run his fingers through it and untangle it a little, making it even more curly. “I want you to give me that shy smile with this sweet mouth.” He leaned in a little bit more and Seth could feel his heart jumping in his chest at the sweet words. “And I really want to kiss you everytime I see that smile.” The voice of the other male was only a whisper now and their faces were so close that Seth and Dean’s noses were almost touching. “You think I can, Seth?”

The teen swallowed hard. His skin felt too hot and his throat too dry. An ice cold shower sounded good right now. “Y-yes..” He whispered back.
Dean took a deep, very deep breath and groaned a little when he released, his eyes closed during that. “Oh Seth.. Such a good boy. You’re always so good for me.” Now the older male came close enough to steal a soft peck from Seth’s mouth. “The fucking best boy I’ve ever met.” Again he leaned in for the short touch. “I’m going to take you home with me.” Another kiss. “And I will..” Another kiss. “Make you enjoy a weekend..” Another kiss. “Like you’ve never enjoyed one before.” And this time when their mouths met Dean didn’t pull back. He held on to Seth’s hair and kissed him softly for a moment. Unlike in the car the other day, this kiss wasn’t hungry or demanding. It was soft and warm and almost made Seth whimper.

His heart was hammering against his chest from the inside and Seth dared to put his hands on Dean too, one to his side and the other one firsting his shirt where Dean’s chest was. He held on to him as they kissed for a moment but they were interrupted when there were steps in the hallway. Dean probably couldn’t care less but Seth felt shy about kissing in front of his parents so he pulled back and shyly smiled at Dean with apologies in his eyes. The older male just winked at him and got up from the couch as well, stretched and then looked back at Seth.

“So, sweet cheeks, I have some business to do this week. I will pick you up on friday around four, we gotta get to arena a bit earlier than last week because I have to sign some t-shirts or some bullshit, I don’t know. Just make sure you’re ready.”

By now Seth had also gotten up and Dean turned around full body to look at him again, giving him a cheeky grind. The dirty blonde reached out and put his hand in Seth’s neck to pull the teen in for another moment, stealing another kiss, this time open mouthed so he could get some of his taste. “And wear your pretty hair open like this for me, okay sugar?” Dean had lowered his voice once more. “You look so pretty like this.”

And with that the touch was gone and Dean already walked into the hallway to grab his jacket and shoes. “I’ll see you on friday.” He shouted into the hallway to tell Seth’s parents goodbye. And like a storm that came quickly, Dean was out of the door quickly again. Seth just stood there in the hallway for a moment, taste of the older male still lingering in his mouth as he smiled a little sheepishly.

If Dean would be like this the majority of times that maybe Seth wouldn’t be too bothered by his little mood swings. Maybe it would be worth it then.

Later that night the whole family was at the table. “Seth I’m going to make some muffins for Dean, his friends and you on friday. Do you know what kind he likes?”

The teen thought back to the day the two of them were at the coffee shop. Dean had gotten a piece of cake there but Seth couldn’t remember what it was so he just wanted to make something up. “Uhm..” He struggled for an idea for a moment.

“You don’t know the favorite food of your boyfriend?” Abigail cut in with her childish tone and made a face at Seth.

“He is not my boyfriend.” Seth answered because Dean had never mentioned such a thing and to be quite honest they had kissed only twice and the other times Seth had been scared by Dean. “I think he would like the banana chocolate ones, mom.”

Abigail was not done yet. “You’re lying. I saw the two of you kissing when mom and dad left the living room. I took a picture with my phone because I knew you would lie.” The 14 year old crossed her arms in front of her chest with a proud smile on his face. “Did you know that?” She
was now looking at dad who was the stricter part of their parents and had denied her a sleep over at a boy’s house just last week because teens in that age were just too dangerous to be left alone together in a house without parents.

Steve gave her a strict look. “Dean had the decency to introduce himself to us. He stops by to say hello every other day instead of sitting outside in front of the door, waiting for you to come outside so the two of you can go outside and secretly do the teenager thing.” Wow that was cool dad. “I believe Dean is a mature man and can be trusted around Seth. If the two of them kiss in our home after having coffee with your mother and I that is a totally different story than your secret dates in the park.” Wow that was REALLY cool.

Seth was still blushing though. His parents and he had never had the talk on him liking boys he was just too shy to bring it up but probably they knew anyway. It was a bit obvious. He’d never brought home a girl or adored one like he adored boys. There were posters of only male wrestlers or male movie characters in his room. He never crushed on a girl or met with one alone. So probably he’d been more obvious than he thought and he was thankful his parents had not addressed it because that would have made him uncomfortable. Sometimes he wasn’t comfortable with that part of himself fully because not everyone was accepting like his parents were. It was a scary topic for him to dive into deeper so he pushed away the thought quickly and was just grateful for his parents to react like this.

“He’s still not my boyfriend..” Was all Seth contributed to that.

“Drop it Abby, he really isn’t his boyfriend.” Jeremy talked now. “You don’t really think a dude like that would be into Seth?” He chuckled.

“You’re probably right. Also he looks kinda greasy so when he will stop hanging around I won’t be bothered either.” Abigail giggled.

That was enough. His siblings made Seth feel bad about himself, he felt discouraged to go see Dean on friday because it was true. Dean could never like someone like him. A skinny teenage boy with those big glasses who was so caught up in his school work and comics. The bad boy needed a hot wild man that could give him fire when the two had a disagreement.

“Dinner was great mom, thanks. I have homework now.” He lied because he didn’t have homework for tomorrow but he wanted to be alone. Seth didn’t want to hear the giggles of his little sister anymore and neither the rude comments of his brother. With his head hanging low he went to his room and sat at his desk. For a little bit he just stared out the window into the garden and let his mind wander.

The comment of Jeremy still stuck to him. “You don’t really think a dude like that would be into Seth?” Ouch. The truth hurt. Seth had always thought he wasn’t so bad. He was polite and smart. He knew some good jokes too and he could be trusted. But maybe those really weren’t things someone like Dean needed. Maybe that wasn’t enough. With a heavy feeling in his guts Seth got ready for bed and laid down early. Hopefully he would hear from Dean tomorrow. That would help.

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Regardless to his hopes Seth didn’t hear a word from Dean all week. No call, no text message, no
surprise visit by the red Stealth. Maybe Dean had forgotten about him already? No.. Come on. Seth tried to tell himself each day that week. The blonde had said he’d be busy all week. He would be there on friday.

Seth wasn’t disappointed. Friday at almost four the car pulled up in front of the house and the tall male got out of it. The teen had heard him park already and was at the door with his bag in one hand before Dean had even reached the door.

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“I watch the chaaaaaaaange in youuuuuuu!” Seth was singing along while they were riding back from the arena. Dean had fed him some beer there which had loosened his tongue once again so he didn’t feel embarrassed on his actions. The older male didn’t seem to be bothered anyway since there was a grin on his face as he listened to the teen singing one of his favorite songs. Like a couple of days back they were listening to the Deftones CD.

When the song was over Dean turned down the volume a bit. “Man I didn’t know you were such a great singer. You should start a band.” For a moment he looked over his shoulder to give Seth a grin.

The teen blushed a little. “Stop making fun of me.” He was still smiling though.

“I’m not. You’re like 20 times better than me and I’m the star in every karaoke bar. You should come with me some time. I promise to give you some beer before. Don’t want ya to to pee ya pants on stage because ya get scared.”

“Dean!” Seth crossed his arms in front of his chest and pouted. “I would never pee my pants. I would cry first.”

“Isn’t that the same? Whether you pee through your cock or your eyes?”

“What?” Seth looked at Dean in confusion.

Between the singing and the conversation Seth had not noticed that they were in a less wealthy part of town now. It wasn’t the worst part of the city but his parents would never allow him around here alone. He looked out of the window to look at the tall buildings reaching into the sky. Even though it was past ten o’clock there were many people on the sidewalks. A homeless was still begging for some money here and there, young adults with way too big clothes were hanging around, drinking beer while keeping their eyes open for police cars. “Do you live here?” Seth asked curiously as he kept watching the people.

“Yeah we’re almost there.” Dean answered and kept his eyes on the street now.

Because the older male drove an old but pretty nice car and was always dressed alright Seth didn’t expect for him to live here. Then again, Dean somehow fit in still. The ripped jeans, the uncombed hair, the rough voice. He wouldn’t stand out if he was between a group of men out there.

The red car pulled into the parking lot of a large housing complex and Dean and Seth left the car. Brown eyes looked around the area for a moment. There were even some little boys still out here playing. They were in the sandbox of the small playground a couple of meters away and were trying to make what looked like a little fire. Something like that would never be seen at Chrystal
Lake.

Somehow Seth got a weird vibe about the area. The night air smelled like gasoline and the outside walls of the houses looked dirty and grey. He didn’t fit in here and it scared him a little so he quickly followed Dean to the trunk to get his bag. Without saying anything now Seth went on to follow Dean into the house. One window of the partially glass-door had a large split and there was graphitis on the bottom floor’s inside walls. The hallway smelled weird too. Like a mix of cold cigarette smoke and lost hope along with some chicken. He really wasn’t sure where the chicken smell emerged from but he followed Dean up the stairs of the cold hallway.

They walked for what felt like forever until they’d reached the third floor. There were four doors here, each leading to a different flat. Dean went through his keys to open one of the white doors. When Seth entered he found himself in a dark, small but much warmer hallway. There were some shoes in the corner and two more doors. One led to a small bathroom, he could see that because the door was standing open. The other, which was a glass door with wood frame, Dean pushed open and they stood in his living room which seemed to be the bedroom at the same time. On the left side there was a king size bed. It was unmade and laundry was laying in front of it on the floor.

Right next to the bed was a shelf which kind of split the room in two, giving the bed some privacy but not blocking the view to the television which was on the wall that Seth had entered through. The only other piece of furniture were the couch and a small table in front of it, right across from the television. That was it. It wasn’t fancy, everything looked old and a little dirty.

Dean threw his bag with his sweaty clothes on the floor and dropped down on the couch immediately. “Not as pretty as your home but ya know, I pay for it myself.” He was grinning wide and looked at Seth who was still taking everything in. “Come on in now. You can take off ya jacket and shoes. There isn’t many cockroaches in here I think.” He laughed when Seth looked at him with big eyes.

However, the teen did as he was told and put his bag down next to Dean’s put his jacket and shoes on top of it before coming over to the couch as well and sitting next to where Dean’s feet rested on the couch. He was still unsure what to make of the flat yet, it was Dean’s home. Everything here smelled like Dean, everything here was Dean’s and Seth dared to glance at the bed into which he’d cuddle up later, smell the sheets and fall asleep to the heavenly musky scent of Dean Ambrose.

“When are Roman, Jimmy and Jay coming?” Seth broke the silence and looked at Dean now. The taller man made a motion with his hands for Seth to lay next to him. There was enough room on the couch anyway. Again Seth did what Dean demanded and laid on his side so he could look at the tall blonde.

Dean reached out and ran his fingers through Seth’s hair. “They’re not coming.” He answered in a rough voice and looked at Seth with eyes that seemed to be unable to look away from the teen’s mouth. “I wanted you all for myself on our first night in my home.” The words tickled in Seth’s chest and his eyes were big and innocent when he looked back at Dean. The dirty flat was long forgotten.

“Why..” His tone was quiet and shaky.

“Because..” Instead of talking Dean pulled Seth closer so the teen had to hover over Dean in order for their mouths to meet. The sentence was never finished. Instead Dean licked into Seth’s mouth, moaning at the taste of the teen which made his young body feel hot as he pressed to Dean’s side.

A strong hand landed on Seth’s lower back, wandered down to a place no one had ever touched him. The older male squeezed his butt cheek between his fingers and palm while he was still
kissing him and Seth whimpered at that. His untouched body was getting worked up quickly and he could do nothing to prevent that because Dean kissed him with such passion that Seth was sure he was seeing stars behind his eyelids.

Eventually though, the blonde broke the kiss but he didn’t stop holding Seth like this. Blue eyes met brown eyes and Seth’s mouth stood slightly open. “My beautiful Seth.” Dean’s voice was even rougher than usually, making the brunette feel so hot in a place the all his blood was rushing to. “So innocent. Hm..” He seemed to be thinking. “The things I want to do to you..”

There was a fire in Dean’s eyes, something the teen had not seen so far. It wasn’t anger and it wasn’t excitement. It was pure lust. And when Dean squeezed his ass again Seth was sure that his own eyes were expressing the same.

“How about you take off your cute lil glasses for me, pretty boy?” Dean asked and ran his fingers through the soft dark looks again with the hand that was not grabbing the younger male’s butt.

Slowly Seth nod and took again with the hand that was not grabbing the younger male’s butt.

Slowly Seth nodded and took them off again with the hand that was not grabbing the younger male’s butt.

Chapter End Notes

Hell ya, go get it Seth! Or is it too early for that? Please guys, leave comments and let me know what you think so far.
There was a fire in Dean’s eyes, something the teen had not seen so far. It wasn’t anger and it wasn’t excitement. It was pure lust. And when Dean squeezed his ass again Seth was sure that his own eyes were expressing the same.

“How about you take off your cute lil glasses for me, pretty boy?” Dean asked and ran his fingers through the soft dark locks again with the hand that was not grabbing the younger male’s butt.

Slowly Seth nodded and took them off, put them aside. When Dean pulled him into an open mouthed kiss again Seth wasn’t so sure if that would be the last thing he took off of his body for the night.

Here we are. This chapter is a bit more fluffy, Seth is haaaaaappy! He deserves it, doesn’t he? After Dean scared him so badly. Anyway, there won't be an update until end of next week because of exams on Tuesday and Thursday. After that I'm ready to drop the bomb of this story on all of you! Enjoy reading.

Seth laid on top of Dean. His hands were at the sides of the older male’s neck and softly held him there. The blonde though had his hands all over Seth. One was resting under his shirt on his back, feeling the soft and warm skin there. The other one on his butt which he still squeezed. He used that hand to push Seth down occasionally. Both men were hard in their pants but neither seemed to want to make the first move to undress the other.

If he was honest Seth had expected for Dean to take off his clothes quite a while ago but the two of them were just laying like that, making out heavily that Seth was sure he would stop breathing in a bit if he didn’t catch his breath. The older one didn’t seem to want to stop though. When he rolled up his hips against Seth a bit the brunette whimpered immediately and couldn’t keep up with the kiss anymore. He accidently bit Dean in the lip which made the blonde chuckle. “Biting, hm?” He mumbled into the kiss.

Even though he had not thought it was possible, Seth turned even more red in the face. “Sorry.” He whispered back shyly.

“’s okay.” Was the answer and Dean leaned up to catch another kiss before just grinning at Seth for a bit. Both of his hands now wandered under Seth’s shirt, wanting to feel more of the warm skin under his rough palms. “You look good with your hair all wild, lips pink and eyes so dark. Hm..” The older one was thinking. About what? Seth wanted to know!

“What does ‘hm’ mean..” He was still whispering, worried that their make out session was already over.
“Think we should order some food?” What?! Dean was thinking about food while their hard cocks were pressed together like this? Was he serious?! All that was in Seth’s head was whether he should try to take off Dean’s shirt or pants first and which would be less awkward or if he should try kissing the other man’s throat but he was definitely NOT thinking about food.

“Uhm..” Seth was too surprised by that to even react properly. His brain had moved to his crotch anyway so there was no point in trying to say something that made sense. As he swallowed hard he tried to recover from that and shrugged.

“I think we should get some pizza.” Dean was so quick. He shoved Seth off of him, got off the couch and adjusted his cock in his pants for a moment before going to his bag and start shuffling stuff around in it. Seth just laid there on his side and looked at Dean with slightly shut eyes. He had to squeeze them a little in order to see better what Dean was doing because his glasses were still on the table. The blonde seemed to have found what he was looking for - his phone.

“You like Pepperoni?” While he was asking he was already dialing some number. Seth grabbed a pillow from the couch to cover his crotch as he sat properly now. He felt a little embarrassed over his hard on now.

“Sure.” He quickly answered and grabbed his glasses from the table to put them on his face again. Dean spoke to the pizza delivery on the phone for a moment before coming back to sit with Seth. Immediately he pulled the younger male back into his lap and ran his fingers through his hair. For a moment both were just quiet and looked at each other. There was still this fire in Dean’s eyes and Seth couldn’t interpret why he didn’t act on it. But then again, he didn’t want to ask because he didn’t want Dean to think he was only here for THAT.

“You’re so beautiful. You’re the prettiest thing in my home.” There he was again, with the sugar coating words and Seth felt his belly tickle from the inside.

“Stop.” He blushed hard and leaned forward to hide his face in the crook of Dean’s neck. “You’re handsome, you have nothing to worry about.”

Dean chuckled and was about to say something but on the table his phone started buzzing. “Hand me that?” He asked Seth who would be able to reach it more easily. As he did so he accidently read the name on the screen. Reby. Oh, a woman. The butterflies in his belly suddenly turned into rock and Seth swallowed when he handed over the phone. Dean picked it up.

“What’s up?” Okay, that wasn’t all too nice. Seth just stayed put in Dean’s lap because the blonde had places his hand on his hip. With his thumb he rubbed over the skin right above the edge of Seth’s tight jeans. “No I can’t come now.” Even though he wasn’t looking at Seth as he spoke he rolled his eyes and threw back his head onto the backrest of the couch. “You just have to figure it out on your own right now, I’m busy.” A sigh and then he shook his head. “You will be fine, stop worrying. I can come tomorrow.” Pause. “Alright. Just stay at Sami’s place tonight. See ya, Reby.” He hung up and put his phone down next to his legs on the couch. “Sorry. Colleague asked if I could pick her up.”

Oh.. Now Seth felt guilty for getting jealous so quickly and just nod as an answer. What had he thought? That Dean had some kind of secret girlfriend? No, no. Sure, the blonde had some issues with his temper but he wasn’t a liar, right? He had not lied to Seth once so there was no reason for these thoughts. More guilt built in his chest but he forgot about it when Dean started kissing him again.
Dean and Seth had moved to the bed after dinner. It was long after midnight and the teen was tired. They were watching a quiz show on television. “You know the answer to this one?” Dean asked with his raspy voice. He seemed a little sleepy himself.

They were all tangled up into each other by now. Seth’s head on Dean’s chest, one of his legs thrown over the hips of the older man while Dean wrapped his arm around his shoulders tightly. “No.” Seth didn’t even read the question because his eyes were half closed. Besides that he had put down his glasses next to the bed. It was just now that Dean seemed to notice how tired Seth was.

“You wanna sleep?” He asked and Seth not tiredly. “You gonna take off your jeans or you always sleep like that?” Even though he was tired the teen managed to laugh softly.

“I’m too lazy to do it.” He admitted and just stayed in his place.

“You’re not gonna sleep in those ridiculously tight jeans. Take’em off, come on.” Seth heard the amusement in Dean’s voice.

“You do it.” He mumbled, too tired to care about his shyness.

“Alright.” Dean shuffled away from him and Seth whined as he missed the touch already. The older male ignored him and instead sat up so he could lan over Seth. He unbuttoned his pants. Suddenly Seth felt less tired and opened his eyes properly to see what Dean was doing. By now the other man had pushed up his shirt a little, leaned down to kiss right under Seth’s belly button. The younger one didn’t know what made his body felt hotter, the sight of Dean kneeling between his legs as he was opening his jeans and kissing his lower belly or actually feeling his warm mouth so close to his crotch. While he kept watching he leaned up on his lower arms a little to see better. Even if the older one noticed, he didn’t look up and instead opened the zipper. Slowly, oh so slowly, he peeled down the tight jeans. His lips moved to place some kisses on Seth’s thighs too and as he pulled the jeans over his ankles Dean bit down on Seth’s inner thigh. Not too hard but enough for Seth to let a moan slip. Within seconds his cock was hard in his pants again yet, Dean ignored it totally.

Instead he moved up Seth’s body again, grabbed for his shirt too to pull it off of him. “You don’t need that.” His young and innocent body reacted to everything Dean did. When he wrapped his lips around one of his nipples and licked it with his rough tongue Seth moaned again. The touch didn’t stay long, instead Dean gave his other nipple the same treatment before uniting their lips again. Even though Seth now closed his eyes to kiss Dean back he could feel that the older male got busy on himself, pulled down his own pants and kicked them off the bed. Their almost naked bodies were pressing together again, skin on skin this time. Seth’s hands stayed in innocent places, one on Dean’s shoulder, the other one on the back of his head. He was still adjusting to the feeling of kissing, got so worked up over the smallest of touches that he felt like he would cum in his underwear from just kissing Dean. His lips and tongue tasted of pizza still, making his own taste just so much more delicious.

Just when Seth had worked up the courage to let his own tongue slide into Dean’s mouth now, the older one pulled back. Like earlier that night both opened their eyes and just looked at each other for a moment. Seth’s mouth was standing open, he wanted to kiss more, wanted to touch more but he shied away. Dean had ended the kiss, he probably didn’t want more now.

And Seth was proven right because Dean rolled off of him and laid next to him again. A small kiss was placed on Seth’s temple as the blonde pulled him into their prior position again. “Sweet dreams, Seth.” He started rubbing the younger male’s back with his large hand but totally ignored...

Seth didn’t understand. Why didn’t Dean go further? He didn’t seem like the person who would wait for the right moment. Rather like the type of person who would meet just to do the thing. The teen didn’t want to say he was disappointed but he had expected for something to happen.

While his mind was running wild on reasons why Dean just stopped their intimate moment, the exhaustion of his body kicked in and he fell asleep.

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“Can you do me a favor?” Dean was hugging Seth so tight that the teen had to stop himself from peeing the bed for the past half hour. Unlike him, who had already been up for an hour or so, Dean had not even opened his eyes properly yet.

“Anything if you will let me go to the bathroom first.” He was squirming from left to right because his bladder was hurting slightly.

“Hm..” Dean mumbled, drifting back to sleep and not releasing his tight grip. It felt nice to wake up with someone. So nice, Seth would have been overwhelmed by it if he didn’t need to pee so badly. He nudged Dean in the shoulder softly to wake him up again. “Hmn..” He mumbled some more. “Make coffee and throw some buns in the oven for breakfast.” Finally he let Seth roll out of bed.

Even though the teen missed the touch already, he stormed out of the room to the small bathroom. God, that felt like heaven. Because he was already in the bathroom he brushed his teeth too and washed his face. The hair he pulled into a tight bun before coming back to the bed/living room. Dean was snoring softly. Ridiculous, it was past 12 already. Seth chuckled and went to his bag to throw on some clothes.

Alright. Breakfast now. There was only one other door in the flat so he figured the kitchen would be there. As he entered, he was right. It was rather small and had a window that faced the inner yard with the parking lot they had arrived at last night. Regardless to the cloudy and rather cold weather kids were outside, playing ball and using the playground. There were many more people outside than they would be on Chrystal Lake in this weather. People there liked their cozy living rooms too much apparently. Seth liked this, seeing the people out there. All of them were living here in this rather miserable spot of town yet, they seemed to have made a home here.

“I don’t hear the coffee machine.” Dean’s sleepy voice shouted from the other room. Seth snapped out of his thoughts and went to work. A smile stead on his face as he was preparing everything. Because he was unfamiliar with the kitchen he took quite a bit to fix the breakfast. When he was done he filled a cup of coffee and carried it over to the bed. Dean had already turned on the television again, was laying on his belly. One of his arms was hanging off the bed but his eyes were open a bit.

It was a beautiful view. Seth wished he could see this more often. His heart was beating quicker at the sight. If he wouldn’t be too young to face those problems he’d be sure he was close to some kind of stroke. “Here.” His voice was soft and he handed Dean the cup. Now, for the first time since the two of them knew each other, Seth leaned in and stole a quick peck from Dean. He figured that in this sleepy state he could get away with it.
“Sugar, that’s how you kiss your mom.” Dean grunted as he rolled to his side and sat up to rub his eyes before he grabbed for the cup and took a sip of the hot black liquid. “Try again.”

His cheeks turned red right away. “Sorry.” He whispered and sat at the edge of the bed again. His hand now came up to cup Dean’s cheek. Then he leaned in and closed his eyes. Maybe he did that a bit too soon because when he leaned in he bumped into Dean’s nose with his glasses so they were pressed into his face in a weird angle and he had to pull back. Seth made an uncomfortable face. Dean though, he took it easy and laughed at the small incident.

“Wanna take those off?” He encouraged Seth again who felt so embarrassed he’d rather quit. The blue eyes that were focussed on him though seemed to have set their mind to making Seth kiss the older male so he took off the glasses.

Before he had worked up the courage to try again Seth breathed in deeply. Again he cupped Dean’s cheek with his hand. When he leaned in this time there were no further issues. Their lips melted together like a puzzle. His free hand Seth placed on Dean’s thigh because from his position it was kind of hard to sit upright and it got even harder when Dean licked into his mouth. This time he tasted like the coffee and like sleep. Encouraged by Dean wanting him to kiss him Seth dared to move his tongue forward too, exploring Dean’s mouth now. The older male seemed to be satisfied and hummed into the kiss until the two of them broke apart. “I feel like you should check on the buns.” He whispered against Seth’s lips with half a grin.

“Oh crap!” He’d forgotten they were still in the oven so he hurried to get them out.

It was around five. The two of them were still in bed. Seth was in underwear again, Dean was in underwear still. All day they’d done nothing but made out and watched TV. The teen was on cloud nine. He loved this Dean. Loved the way their bodies felt against each other, the way they kissed and tasted each other hell even the way Dean tickled his belly when Seth found the jokes on TV lame while the other liked them. “Stop!” He choked out as the older straddled his hips to pin Seth down and tickle all of his belly now.

“It was funny! It was so funny!” Seth screamed out between hysterical laughter and tried to get away from Dean’s hands but there was no way out. The blonde kept the torture up for a little longer, grinning when Seth tried to slap at his hands. Eventually he stopped. Still chuckling he got off of the brunette and laid next to him again.

“Love your laugh.” He leaned over for one kiss before totally laying down again. “I wish you wouldn’t have to go.”

Oh.. Seth was reminded that their time together was almost up. He’d been so on cloud nine that he had paid little attention to the fact that he’d have to leave soon to be home for dinner.

“Maybe.. If I call mom I can stay another night?” He really wanted to, wanted to spend another day with Dean in bed like this.

“Nah.” The blonde shook his head. “Got some business later tonight. Now that we’re speaking of it, would you be okay if I asked Roman to drive you home? I have to leave in half an hour.” Seth fell from the cloud he’d been flying on and landed right on his ass.
“Oh.” He just answered and shrugged. “It’s okay.” But the smile was gone from his face and he looked back at the television. He wanted to stay here with Dean forever. Wanted to share kisses, bake the frozen rolls for Dean, bring him coffee to bed, almost die of tickle-attacks and stay in this messy apartment until they were old.

“Good.” Dean didn’t seem to notice the sadness on the younger male. If Seth was honest with himself he knew he was overreacting. He was just going home, not too far away. But here in Dean’s home he felt safe. No siblings that were mocking him, no homework, no responsibilities. It was a good feeling. While he wanted to use the last minutes and cuddled up to Dean tightly, the other one had his phone at his ear already. “Yo, Rome.” Seth would miss that rough voice the second he’d leave the apartment. Dean was talking for a bit and Seth just laid there, smelled his warm skin and held on to Dean. His belly was still full of butterflies. Every touch of Dean set his skin on fire. Just thinking about Dean made the whole world spin a little faster. Everything would be okay as long as he was with Dean. “Alright.” He was ripped out violently of his little moment when Dean just got up. “He’s on his way. Let’s get dressed.” Nooooooo. Seth didn’t want to. For a moment he considered to suggest to just stay here until Dean was back but now Roman was on his way already so that wouldn’t be polite.

Twenty minutes later Roman was on the couch in the apartment and drank some water from a cup Seth had gotten him. The teen was busy packing his few things while the two older men were discussing when they were going to meet for a workout on monday. He wished he could take part in the conversation. But he couldn’t. Because monday Seth would be sitting in school while Roman got to hang out with Dean. Alright, this wasn’t fair. Being jealous of Roman? That was stupid. But then again, Seth just wished to be in his spot.

“You ready, kid?” Roman asked because he’d finished his drink.

“Yeah, I should have everything.” He nodded.

“Well if not ya have a reason to come back.” Dean winked at Seth and the teen’s knees felt weak immediately.

“Dean.” Roman rolled his eyes and placed his hand on Seth’s shoulder before grabbing his bag with the other. “Then let’s go.” Roman went to the hallway to put on his shoes. Seth looked at Dean shyly. He wanted to kiss him goodbye but didn’t know if it was okay with Roman being around so he just stood there and gave Dean a small smile.

“Do you really think I could come back?” He asked softly and rubbed his palms together nervously.

Dean got up from the couch to walk towards Seth. “Sure.” He said in a low tone. “I’ll let you know when I can. Will be busy for the next two days but we can hang out wednesday.” Regardless to Seth not even knowing what homework he would have to do that day he agreed quickly When it came to Dean he would do his homework late at night if it was necessary. “Cool, sweet cheeks. Then I’ll see you wednesday.”

Finally Dean took the lead and grabbed Seth by the wrist to pull him closer again. Their mouths met for one more kiss. Seth wanted to make it last, wanted to taste Dean again but Roman was shuffling around in the hallway so Dean pulled away. “Text when you’re home.” Seth nod and turned around to leave. As he was doing to a slap hit his ass and he turned around immediately, face already going red again.
“Dean!” He giggled but felt his heart jump once more when the dirty blonde winked at him.

They pulled out of the parking lot and Seth already missed the screams of the playing kids, the slightly oily smell in the cold air, the ugly building that was Dean’s home. He sighed a little and looked out of the window.

“You guys had a good time?” Roman asked as they drove.

“Yes. It was a really great time, actually.” Seth admitted and felt his face going hot again.

“What did you do?”

“Uhm..” Seth felt a little shy. “Nothing special. We watched tv and we talked a lot. Dean almost killed me when he tickled me. Nothing else.”

Roman huffed with a smile on his face. “Sounds like fun.” For a moment he hesitated but then he asked more. “Nothing else, hm? Did you want to do something with Dean? Did he get one of his moods again?”

“No!” Seth answered immediately and maybe a little bit too loud. “I mean, no.” He was quieter now. He’d felt the need to defend Dean right away. “Everything was great. He was great. He didn’t have another moment since the last time.”

With that Roman seemed to be satisfied. The worry that had slightly built up on his face was gone. “So what are your plans for the rest of the weekend?” He changed the topic. The older male had sensed Seth being defending of Dean right away and didn’t want to put him in a funny spot now.

“I have no plans. Just back to my homework, I guess.” Seth shrugged now.

“Right. You still go to school.” Roman laughed a little. “How old are you again?”

“Seventeen?” Seth sank deeper in his seat because he felt like a child now.

“You should come to pool night with me.”

“Hm.” Seth wanted to. He really did. Roman was nice, it would probably be fun. “I would love to but.. I don’t think my parents would allow that.”

“Your parents? Why? Why do you have to ask them? You’re seventeen already.”

Yeah because protective parents worked like that. Seth sighed. “They don’t like it when I hang out with people they don’t know. They think I’ll be abducted or so.” Roman couldn’t help it. He laughed at that. It was such a warm laugh that Seth had to smile along with him.

“You should just call them and ask, Seth. You’re almost a grown up.”

“They will say no, I know it.”

“Come on. You wanna miss out on the fun, big boy?” What a joke that name was.

“No but..”

“Stop with the buts. Just try. You have nothing to lose.” Roman made it sound so easy. But his parents were not that easy to convince. They stopped at a red light and Roman turned to look at
Seth, pat his shoulder and gave him a warm grin. “Try calling them. If they say no I will drive you home now. If they say yes I will just bring you home later. You won’t die over some pool on a saturday night.”

The teen was sure his parents would say now. Then again, Roman was being so friendly, made Seth feel so welcome that he grabbed his phone from his pocket. His mom picked up after a couple of seconds. Good, she would be easier to convince. “Hey mom.” He greeted her.

“Hey baby. Everything okay?” She was worried because of his call immediately.
“‘Yes mom, I’m good. I just have a tiny little question.”

“What is it?” Her tone was worried still.

“Is it okay if I stay out a little longer?”

“Stay out? Out where? Outside?”

“No, no. A friend of Dean invited me for a game night.” That was not really what it was but he couldn’t say they would be going to a bar.

“What friend?” She was curious. Jennifer always got like that, always needed to know who her son was hanging out with.

“His name is Roman. They work together.”

“And he is going to drive you home tonight?”

“Yes.”

“Hm..” She thought about it for a moment. “I guess it’s okay since it’s saturday. But please don’t come home too late.”

Seth could barely believe it. She’d said yes just like that. A huge smile built on his face as he looked over at Roman and nod his head quickly. “Of course, mom! Thank you so much.” The joy was clear in his tone.

“Have fun, sweety. And call if anything is wrong.”

“Sure. Bye mom.” They hung up and Seth smiled at Roman. “She said yes! I can’t believe my mom allowed that.”

“Told ya so.” Roman laughed together with Seth’s smiles and changed the direction so they could heat towards The Cave.
Soo here I am back from exam week and the time I needed to recover after that. I went to see my family last week which was nice because I live quite a bit away from them. That's why I know you won't be mad I made you wait two weeks. Updates will come more regularly again from now on. I'm telling you all, we are getting dangerously close to allllllll the shit going down. Enjoy this chapter and let me know what you think.

It turned out Seth had no talent in playing pool. “Okay, let me show you one more time.” Roman leaned towards the table, showing Seth how to hold the stick.

“Roman just drop it. I suck at this. You guys play and I will just watch, it’s fine.” The Samoan didn’t seem to be satisfied with this answer. He grabbed Seth by the wrist and pulled him back to the pool table just as he tried sitting down on a bar stool.

“Not gonna happen on my watch. Move yo ass back here. Look, it’s Jimmy’s turn now. Pay attention to what he does.” The teen really tried to get into it but half an hour later he was still performing poorly. Regardless of his lacking skills he still had a great time with Roman and his cousins. They were really funny. Especially Jimmy and the way he talked about his wife Naomi. She had called a little bit ago and told him to pick up some fresh diapers for their newborn. When she had noticed the noise in the background and picked up on him being in a bar the horror on his face was bigger than on any horror movie victim’s face. It was hilarious. “Alright kid. Take a break. What do you want to drink?”

It was just now that Roman allowed for Seth to sit down. “Coke.” The teen was feeling a little tired so he needed some caffeine in his system. Both sat down at the bar and Roman ordered a beer, his first one of the night, and coke. “You know.” Seth started speaking and pushed his glasses up on the back of his nose in the meantime. “Thank you for taking me with you. This is really fun. Even though I suck at this a lot. I wish I was a little older so I could actually hang out with you guys without being the weird kid.” He laughed at his own words. It was his idea of their friendship. They were all in their mid-twenties and he was just the weird young boy tracking along.

Roman frowned at his words. “Weird kid? You’re one of us, Seth. You’re always welcome to come here.”

“Roman.. I shouldn't even be in here.” He lowered his voice so the bartender wouldn’t pick up what he said.

The Samoan couldn’t help but laugh at that. “Stop worrying. The owner of this place has a tight connection to FCW. Everyone who is part of FCW is part of the Cave Crowd. Don’t think about it too much. As long as you behave nobody is going to kick you out. And who knows, on good days you might get a free lap dance. Candy over there is a real pro.”

Seth’s eyes widened in shock and he quickly shook his head. “No! I mean.. I don’t think.. No..” He was stumbling over his own words because he got nervous. She was a beautiful woman, sure.
Blonde long hair, a thin body and huge boobs and she danced on the pole like she had never been doing anything else in her life (probably hadn’t) but he had no interest in girls. The older male seemed to pick up on it an shrugged.

“They bring dudes out here too sometimes. Anyway, my point was just, feel free in this place. It’s a really chill location to go to. And you’re always welcome to hang out with me and with the twins too. I don’t know if Dean introduced you to someone else?”

“Uh.. No. Not really. Only you guys. Dean and you are best friends, right?”

Roman hesitated for a moment and shrugged. “Something like it. He doesn’t like people getting too close so I guess I’m just a normal friend.” The Samoan took a sip of his beer. “It’s almost midnight.” It was obvious he quickly wanted to change the topic. Something had happened between Dean and Roman. It was clearly in the air. But Seth felt too shy to point it out. He had no intention to anger the older male. “When you finished your coke I should get you home. Don’t want to anger mom on our first play date.” He winked at Seth who blushed. Very funny.

“There we are. Tell mom I said hi.” Roman chuckled as he stopped the car in front of Seth’s home.

“She will want you to visit if I do that.” He was giggling and pulled his backpack from the floor of the car into his lap.

“I probably should sometime soon considering I’m basically your private taxi.”

Seth frowned immediately. “Please don’t think that’s why I’m hanging out with you.” There was a serious concern in his voice. The older man just laughed about it and shook his head.

“C’mehere, big boy.” The funny name seemed to turn into an established thing. Even though it was a little awkward in the little space, Roman hugged Seth goodbye. A sweet smell was in the long hair of the other man and Seth was this close to asking him what conditioner he used but before things would get even more awkward he said goodbye too and left the car.

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“I can’t meet today, sorry. But tomorrow is fine?” Seth and Cody were walking through the hallway towards their lockers. School had just ended and the brunette was full of excitement when he opened the door to where his belongings were locked in. “We can meet at my place and finish the project.”

“Alright, tomorrow is early enough. Why can’t you meet today though?” The two of them were now putting on their jackets.

“I’m meeting Dean in the city.” Seth told his friend.

The other boy frowned a little. “Is Dean the guy I met you with the other day.

“Yeah, he is.”

“He was. Pretty big. And angry.”
“Ah, sometimes he gets his moods but he is my.. He is really nice.” Seth didn’t want to get too much into detail with it for several reasons. First off, Dean and he had no label. They kissed here and there and hung out but that was about it. And second of all, it was nobody’s business in school that he liked boys. Or more that one boy. Who wasn’t a boy but a man? Way out of his league. STOP! He had to stop himself from even thinking in that direction. Those were thoughts that sometimes kept him from sleeping for hours.

“Okay.” Cody dropped the topic and together they walked towards the bus station. They went into different busses. Cody going home, Seth to the city center. Dean and he would meet at a sandwich bar for a late lunch. After he had been with Dean on Saturday he figured the older male just got up a bit ago anyway.

He waited outside the place they were to eat at and watched out for the tall man with the dirty blonde hair. Dean was only five minutes late for now. It wasn’t really a reason to be worried but Seth’s mind wandered. What if he’s not going to show up? What he if was sick of him already? What if..

His thoughts were stopped when the red Dodge Stealth made a stop in front of him and Dean jumped out of the car. “Will call you when you need to be back.” He let the driver know. And the driver was what made the what-ifs in Seth’s head just a little bit louder. A skinny brunette woman with a very beautiful face and long hair came into display as he leaned to the side a little. She smiled at Dean with such white teeth that it almost hurt to look. Her boobs were obviously bigger than God had made them but not too big to make them look all fake.

“I will be waiting for your call, Dean.” She drove off and left Seth with a funny feeling in his stomach. The other male didn’t seem bothered when he turned to look at Seth with a cheeky grin.

“Hello, pretty boy.” Without mentioning the woman at all Dean leaned in and stole a quick kiss. “You look sweet today. Is that a different pair of glasses?”

Really? Now Seth wasn’t sure if Dean was joking but somehow the question made him uncomfortable. “Uh.. No.” He shrugged.

The other man didn’t make any of it and just went inside. Seth followed on his heels and they sat down, ordered food and drinks and sat there. Unlike Seth, Dean didn’t seem to feel funny about the situation outside at all. “Man, what’s on your mind, Seth? You look at me with those puppy eyes one more second and I might as well go crazy.”

“Sorry!” The teen had not realized he had been looking like that and looked down at his hands. Again he shrugged. “Who.. Who was that girl?” His voice wasn’t loud, he was scared of the answer and it was written all over his body language.

Dean seemed to pick up on his worry but chuckled about it. “Just Reby. Remember? The colleague.”

“And why is she in your car?”

“Because her’s broke down and she needed to get to some promo training at the performance center.” Dean didn’t laugh about the second question now.

“And where were you coming from?” The worry was making Seth’s belly feel so funny that he could feel hiccups building down there already. Maybe that was the reason for his inability to stop asking Dean about the girl.
“Listen.” The older one was definitely annoyed by now. “I didn’t agree to meet you so we could talk about some bitch riding my car. What’s the fuckin problem, Seth? Just spit it out?” His voice was slightly louder than necessary and it made Seth flinch. The restaurant was so busy that it remained unnoticed.

“Nothing, sorry.” He quickly whispered.

“What’s that? Couldn’t hear ya baby voice!” While he spoke Dean rolled his eyes at Seth. “Whatever, come on. Get up.”

What? But they didn’t even get the water they asked for yet. The dirty blonde threw some money on the table and when Seth didn’t move quick enough he grabbed his shoulder to pull him off the chair. “I said get up. Why do you never just do as asked?”

Honestly, Seth could not recall one situation where he had told Dean no but by now he got pretty scared about the rough touch and the angry voice. Quickly he put on his jacket and followed Dean outside. Outside the first thing Dean did was lighting up a cigarette. Seth just stood there awkwardly while Dean smoked and typed something into his phone. His face gave away that he was still pissed.

“Dean?” Seth tried carefully.

“What?” Okay.. Okay.. Not a good time. Seth didn’t say anything else and let him finish the text. Only when he had put his phone in his pocket Dean put his hand on the younger man’s neck and grabbed it tightly. His fingernails hurt as they cut into Seth’s skin and he had no chance but to follow Dean to the bus stop.

“Where are we going?” He asked, voice obviously filled with fear.

“To my place.” Seth wasn’t sure whether he wanted that but he didn’t really have a choice now either.

When they walked over the parking lot this time the oily smelling air and screaming kids were little comforts. On their whole ride here Dean had made him feel stupid about anything he said or did. By now Seth was so nervous about every step he took that he fell over the last step in front of Dean’s flat and hurt his knee pretty bad. Under his jeans he could feel it was busted open and bleeding probably but the older male had no care and just grabbed him by the jacket to pull him inside the apartment.

Alright. Seth made peace with the fact that he would die within the next half hour. He had angered Dean so much that now he would end him. With hot tears in his eyes, he sat on the couch and held his hurting knee. Because he couldn’t please him any way he ignored Dean for now and wanted to check on where he was hurt. The slightest touch made him whimper. “Hey!” Dean snapped and yelled loud enough to make Seth duck his head. “Stop fucking whimpering!” There he was. Moody and scary Dean, so angry that the pretty blue in his eyes had turned cold. “Shut your fucking mouth or I will”

He just nod quickly. The tear had now escaped his eyes. This was not what he had expected of the day. He thought Dean and he would go for some food and share kisses and laugh about their days again. But now the distress on his body was so thick that the blonde could probably smell it.

Without wanting to he was sniffling. The silent crying made his nose run. “Oh my god, I told you
to shut up! Why can’t you ever listen? “Shut your mouth!”

“I’m sorry!” His voice was shaking hard. “But my knee, it hurts. Dean please, I want to go home.” Seth had probably never felt this unhappy in his whole life. Not even when his brother had caught a picture of him naked in the shower and brought it in several printed versions to a huge family dinner. “Please, I can walk home I..” He didn’t even know what. He was sobbing by now and couldn’t see Dean’s reaction through his swollen eyes.

“You’re still talking!” The teen could hear and feel the other male coming closer and hovering over him and a small scream escaped his throat when a big hand grabbed his hair and yanked back his head. “I told you I would shut you up!” That was it! Dean would stab him now. No one would ever find his body out here in this part of the city. Who knew to how many people the blonde had done this before.

“Please, please don’t..!” Seth never got to finish his sentence. Rough lips pressed on his and cut off his oxygen. Dean was kissing him angrily, suffocated him almost, choked back all words in his throat. And he also, even though Seth hated to admit it right now, he also made the pain in his heart die down. So Dean was not going to kill him.

Still, the much bigger male wasn’t exactly careful with Seth either. This kiss was more teeth than lips, more biting than kissing and he forced the teen back to lay on the couch so he could hover over him, lay on top of him. Regardless of his actions, his body language was still angry. Violently Dean rubbed their crotches together. It hurt a little but then again it felt so good and Seth started feeling so hot. The tears dried on his heated face and instead of grabbing hard and Dean’s shoulders and being scared to get killed he almost melted into the violent touch.

“You’re not going to go home. You don’t run from me, Seth.” Dean muttered sharply as he kissed down his jawline. “You’re mine, pretty boy. All mine. I decide when you go where and right now you will stay right here.”

The possessive sound on Dean’s voice would have been sexy if the situation before had not occurred. Now it was just scary. “Dean..” Seth didn’t dare to say it out loud, didn’t want to anger him again.

“Sh..” Dean was now kissing his neck, hips still grinding together. “Just enjoy this, Seth. Stop with all the questions. Just enjoy.” One hand slipped under Seth’s shirt and rubbed over the warm and naked skin of his side up in the direction of his armpit. Before getting there Dean’s thumb and index finger found Seth’s nippled and started rubbing it between the two digits. Immediately Seth made a small moan. His untouched body reacted so quick to everything that Dean did that it pushed down all fear and doubt. “That’s better, baby boy.”

Despite the light aggression in his voice Dean seemed much calmer now. He bit at Seth’s neck, sucked on the skin there until a big purple mark stood out against the soft skin. “Mine.” He whispered again.

Seth’s cock was hard in his tight jeans now. Dean was hard too but that remained mostly without further notice. Instead, the older male pushed his leg between Seth’s legs and he started rubbing his thigh against Seth’s crotch. As a natural reaction the younger man rolled up his hips to meet the friction and yes, this was so much better than a hurt knee and tears in his eyes. This was the Dean he wanted to be with. Touching and kissing and sweet names in his ear.

But as quick as everything had started it was over too. Dean united their mouths for one more kiss before sitting up and looking down at Seth a little breathless, slight smile on his face. “There it is.” He laughed. Dean actually laughed. What the heck? Once again Seth failed to follow what had
happened. “There’s that pretty look again.”

The blonde got off the couch and ignored Seth for a moment. When he came back and sat down next to him he had the remote in one hand and turned on the tv. There was a quiz show again, Dean seemed to love those. Seth was still in shock about what just happened. “Why do you do that?” He couldn’t hold in the question. It was too much to take. The past two hours had been too much to take for his young mind.

“How do what?” Dean grabbed his legs and pulled them on top of his lap so he could lean back while Seth was still laying. His eyes were completely focused on the television.

The younger man hesitated. He wanted to know but then doubts came up in his chest. The whole day was overwhelming and he really wanted to rest. There was no strength for a discussion left in him and he shook his head. He shouldn’t have asked. His eyes closed and he tried to put his thoughts in the right order.

“How do what?” Dean asked again. His voice gave away that he was a little absent.

Just ask. Ask one thing. Man up, Rollins. *You’re almost a grown up*. Hu, that was funny. He was laying on Dean’s couch with a hard-on because of him and heard Roman’s voice in his head. Did Dean even know he hung out with his friend the other night? “I don’t understand why.. Whenever we do something you..” He struggled to find fitting words because his head was still all over the place. “Why do you stop?” Hopefully, Dean would understand what he tried to say.

“You’re underage. As pretty as your ass is, I ain’t going to jail for it.” And again Dean shrugged away such a big thing like it was nothing and just continued to watch tv.

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Later that day Seth was in his room. Dinner had just been finished and he laid on his bed, reading a comic. Or trying to. He couldn’t focus on anything after all the things that had gone down today. His hurting knee was a constant reminder of it too. Luckily it was bruised just a bit so his mother had not noticed.

Today had been by far the worst of Dean’s mood swings. It was hard for the teen to wrap his mind around it. One moment Dean was this monster who he thought would kill him and who had hurt him physically and emotionally. The next moment he was all jokes and laughs and sweet kisses and calling him nicknames. That was the Dean he wanted to hang out with. But apparently, the dirty blonde only came with both sides. If the good part would only be there most of the times maybe Seth could take it. Maybe for Dean he could swallow a bitter pill once in a while. After all the older male had always made it up to him right.. Right?

Well, Seth could understand why Dean didn’t want to go all the way. Maybe, if he was in the position to be the older one, he would be the voice of reasoning too. But what was all the business with this Reby girl about?

His wandering thoughts made his head hurt and without thinking about it enough he had already grabbed his phone and called a number.

“How do what?” A thick voice answered. Obviously, the other man had been asleep.
“Oh.” Seth felt bad about the call immediately. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to..”

“It’s fine. Don’t worry.”

“Okay..” He was still hesitating.

“What’s up?” There was a dramatic yawn at the other end.

“I. I don’t know. I have a pretty bad headache. Today was a weird day. I can’t really sleep I think.”

“Hm.. So you thought you’d just wake me up so you wouldn’t be alone with that fate?” Tired laughter appeared on the other end. “Nah don’t worry. Just fell asleep while watching tv. Can I help?”

“I’m not sure I. Just wanna talk.”

“About what?”

“I’m not sure.” Seth repeated.

“Want to go for brunch tomorrow?”

“I have school.” Seth giggled. That seemed to be forgotten all the time.

“Oh, right. Totally forgot. When do you have the lunch break.” Seth told him the time. “Okay. We can just eat together then. I’ll come to school and we can go together from there.”

A little bit he hesitated. The same thing had gone totally wrong today. “I guess that is okay.” He agreed nevertheless.

“Okay cool. Then throw in a video game now. And tomorrow you tell me about it because I really need some new games.”

The teen giggled again and nod even though the other man couldn’t see it. “I will. So you can go back to sleep now. See you tomorrow, Roman.”

“Sweet dreams, Seth.” Both hung up. Wow. The voice of the Samoan had calmed Seth down quickly. He felt better about the day now, felt like he would actually be able to go to sleep for a while. As the older male had asked him to he started his PlayStation. Maybe tomorrow would be a little bit better than today. Well.. Could things really get much worse right now?

Chapter End Notes

Woah that was a lot to take in. I'm actually as excited as you probably are to see where this is going. Let me know what you think. Should Seth really hang out with Roman this much after what just happened with Dean? What's the issue between Roman and Dean because they're tight friends, right?
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Oh oh oh! Quick update. Shit is starting to go doooooown but first it's tome for some bonding. I just want to remind everyone of looking at the tags because I have gotten some complains about Seth hanging out with Roman. Guuuuuys why would you deny sweet lil angel Seth his Roman. BE NICE BECAUSE HE IS NICE! And have fun with this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I finished the game last night so I brought it with me so you could play it now.” Seth was shuffling around some things in his backpack until he found the game and pulled it out to hand it over to Roman. “You can have it as long as you need to.” He smiled softly and showed off the gap between his front teeth. Seth didn’t do that too often because he felt insecure about the gap. But Roman seemed to like everything he did, whether it was a call at night, his story about school, the game or Seth’s smile. He had complimented it the first moment they had met today.

“Thanks, Seth. I’ll look into it later.” While Roman took the game the waitress came to serve them sandwiches. “So how has the week been so far?” He asked and took a huge bite of his food.

The teen shrugged.

“What was up with you last night, big boy?” Seth blushed at the nickname and shrugged again.

“I don’t know. Yesterday was funny. I hung out with Dean and he got into his mood again.”

“That’s why you were restless last night?”

“Yeah..” Seth admitted. “It was pretty bad.”

Roman shifted around in his seat. Seth could sense the tension in the older man as he looked at Seth worriedly. “Did he hurt you?” The way he asked was almost a little bit too casual. Like it was something that happened often.

Once again Seth shrugged. “Not on purpose. He was mad at me because I asked many questions about Reby so he said we had to go home and couldn’t have lunch. When we were walking up the stairs to his apartment he was dragging me on my arm and I fell on the stairs and knocked my knee on the steps. It busted open a little but it’s okay now.” He tried to give Roman an assuring smile but it was obvious the story made him uncomfortable.

“Did he calm down after that?”

“Not for a while but.. After a bit yeah. He made up for it.”

That seemed to get Roman’s attention even more. “How?” He asked very drily now. Why was it that whenever it was about Dean Roman got so uncomfortable?

“We made out for a while.”
“Just made out?”

“Yeah..” Seth was blushing now. The Samoan probably thought he was nothing but a funny kid.

“Good.” That sounded more pleased than Seth had expected.

“Good? Why is that good?”

“You’re young. Look.. You’re very handsome. I’m sure Dean would love to give that to you. Actually, I know he would love it. But you’re very young. Without wanting to hurt you but I think Dean is in the wrong to touch you at all. But that’s just my opinion.”

Seth didn’t understand. Was Roman not happy for his friend and him too? Did he not want them to be something serious? “Oh..” Was all he replied before taking a bite of his sandwich too. Both men fell quiet for a little bit and regardless of the critical topic that had made Seth a little bit sad, the mood between them had not gone down. It was just Roman’s look to what was going on between him and Dean. He had not been mean about it but he was honest. Seth appreciated that. “Can I ask something?” His words were a little muffled because his mouth was stuffed with food.

“Sure.” The big man looked at him.

“What’s with you and Dean? I thought you were best friends but whenever I bring him up you kind of.. Your mood changes.” Seth looked at Roman with big insecure eyes. He hoped he didn’t cross a line with his question.

Again Roman didn’t look too happy about the topic of conversation. “I think that is a story Dean should tell you.” And once more the dark haired man didn’t answer his question. For now Seth gave up on the topic.

Together they finished lunch. When both were done eating Seth gave his watch a quick check. “I still have twenty minutes. If you want to I can walk you to your car.”

“Charming.” The Samoan smiled at Seth. His smile was so warm and kind that it almost made the teen’s belly tickle. Woah.. Hold up. That was shit he only felt around Dean. No way. No way this happened now. Before he could think about it too much Roman had already agreed to the idea. “I will take up on that. Also, I was wondering what you’re up to tonight?” While speaking he put some cash for both their sandwiches and drinks on the table and got up to put on his jacket.

“Uhm..” Seth thought about it for a bit even though he knew exactly that, like every other night, he had no plans. “I have to meet a classmate after school for a project and then I will just go home and.. Do nothing. As always.”

“Jimmy and I are going to the Cave again for some pool. You can join.” Together they left the restaurant.

“It is a school night. I’m not sure my mom would let me go out. Sorry..” Why? Are? You? Such? A? Child? Seth hated this. He couldn’t go out with his new friends for brunch, not for pool, hell he probably wasn’t even allowed to go to Roman’s house because his parents didn’t know him. It truly upset him and for the first time in his whole life, Seth wished he was over age already.

Usually, it wasn’t a big deal for him but now he just wanted to hang out with Roman and Dean and the Uso twins and he wanted to hang out at FCW and at the bar and drink and he wanted to play pool and kick all of their asses in one night. But he couldn’t because he was just a 17-year-old kid.

The Samoan put his large hand on Seth’s upper back to guide him as they were walking. “Let me talk to mom, hm?” What was with these guys that they were so eager to meet his parents? First
Dean, now Roman. Maybe it was a thing amongst grown ups. They didn’t feel uncomfortable about meeting parents. Maybe because they were adults too. “When do you come back from your friend’s place?”

“Dinner is at 5:30 so I think at 5.” Roman’s hand on his back felt good. Unlike the day before where Dean had grabbed his neck, it gave him the feeling of protection. He didn’t feel so shy about people looking at him. Now they were probably looking at him because of that beautiful man to his side. Ha-ha!

“I will turn up at 6:30 then and talk to her. Believe me, no mom can deny Roman Reigns a wish.” The tall man chuckled and looked down at Seth. That smile on his face made Seth’s smile grow too. “Hey look.” Roman stopped walking and pointed at the store they were standing in front of.

It was a jeweler. The teen didn’t own much jewelry. Only his watch but that barely count because it had no silver or gold or anything. It was made of a leather band. He looked back at Roman with question marks in his eyes. The Samoan pointed at a sign in the window.

*Get two bracelets with an engraving of your choice for the price of one.*

“Come on, let’s get them.” Seth wasn’t sure if Roman was joking or not. Friendship bracelets? Wasn’t that a little childish.. And girly? “Oh come on.” Roman saw the doubt in the teen’s eyes and just rolled his own eyes as he pulled him inside the store. “You’ll have enough time to be a stubborn grown up, believe me.”

They walked up to the counter where an old lady was smiling at them. “Hello, Sirs. How can I help you?” Her voice was a little shaky but it was still welcoming.

“We would like to take up on that bracelet offer.” Roman smiled at her. He was really good with grown-up women. There was an immediate change in the lady’s attitude.

“Of course, honey.” Uhm.. Alright. Could Seth just start calling Roman names too? “We have them made of silver and of gold. There is also a leather one with a black aluminum plate worked into it. It’s your choice.”

Seth would have taken the leather one but Roman was quick to pick gold for both of them. The lady took the measurement of their wrists and Roman paid (again). “Let me give you some money.” Seth didn’t have a lot but he wouldn’t want Roman to pay all of this.

“It’s fine. Don’t worry.”

The old lady cut in before Seth could protest. “The engraving will take a little so I would like to ask you to come back in about two hours. We are open until 6 pm. If you can’t make it today we will keep the bracelet for a week. After that, they will be melted down again since we believe you won’t pick them up anymore.”

“I will be back later.” Roman ensured her and took the bill with their order number on it. They said goodbye and left the store.

Outside Roman put his arm around Seth’s shoulders. It was.. Unfamiliar. Why did Roman do that? Did grown-up friends do that? “Thank you.” Seth looked up to where Roman’s face was.

“No problem. I will pick the bracelets up before I come to your place. Then you will have it later.” The teen smiled and nod in agreement. On their way back to the car they passed a McDonalds and decided to both get a milkshake. Luckily the machine was working. They slurped it until they were back at the car. “You sure you don’t want me to drive you to school?”
“It’s okay. It’s not far from here, just a five minute walk.” The had stopped walking now. Seth felt a little awkward because Roman’s arm was around his shoulders again and held him tight and he didn’t know what to do because on the one hand he wanted to wrap up in Roman but on the other hand.. He was with Dean right?

“Alright, big boy.” That name was still hilarious. “Then I will see you later. Have fun in school.” Roman chuckled and before Seth knew what was happening he had kisses the top of the teen’s hair. Then the big man sat in the car, waved at Seth before he drove off.

Hm. What? That was a little weird. Seth was sure it was not a grown up thing. But then again, he didn't want to make too much of it. The time with Roman was great. He had laughed and he felt happy and he was excited to meet him again in a bit. For now there was no room for Dean in his head. Seth walked back to school, a little high on ecstasy about the nice lunch break.

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“He is a friend of Dean you said?” His mother wasn’t too fond of the idea of her teen son wanting to bring over yet another older friend. Not because she didn’t like Seth having friends but it was weird to her that men who were 5 - 10 years older than her kid wanted to hang out with him.

“Yes. You will like him.” Since the teen had started hanging out with Dean so much Jennifer could tell he was changing. Her baby was growing up slowly. When they talked about his day he showed more confidence. He smiled more. The mocking of his siblings didn’t get to him too much anymore. At least not enough for him to leave the table early or to start crying. It was then that Jennifer decided that regardless to their age, these men were making her son feel confident and happy. So they could not be so bad.

The brunette was helping her to put the dishes into the dishwasher while they were talking. “What are you guys doing when you hang out?” She was a mother. curiosity was in her nature.

“Uhm..” Of course Seth couldn’t tell all of the truth. He couldn’t tell about drinking and going to the bar and about making out. “Roman and I both like video games. We talk about those a lot. And we eat together. Dean and I watch some wrestling sometimes. He loves showing me some old matches.” It was not a total lie. That Dean was sucking on his tongue while the television was on, that his mom didn’t need to know.

“Sounds nice.” They were done with their work and Seth was about to head back to his room when the door rang.

“I’ll get it!” He yelled before his mom or either of his siblings could even think about opening the door first. His dad was at work, luckily. Being a chef included working at the evening often.

Seth walked up to the door and opened it. Hell yeah. Roman looked so handsome. His hair was in a ponytail so some of the long dark strands fell on his shoulder. He was wearing a leather jacket and blue jeans. Under the jacket a sweater. That was necessary in the November weather. “Come in.” Seth smiled and for a short moment they hugged. This time the Samoan didn’t kiss his head.

He walked his friend to the living room where his mom was putting a new tablecloth on the living room table. “Mom? Roman is here?”

The moment they entered the room the charming smile was back to Roman’s face. “Mrs. Rollins?”
He reached out his hand to shake her’s. “Nice to finally meet you. I’m Roman Reigns.” Mom seemed to fall in love with the smile instantly.

“Oh hello. Seth didn’t tell me he was bringing back such a handsome man.”

“Oh my god, mom!” Seth threw his hand over his mouth and blushed.

Roman just chuckled. “Thank you, Miss. I see now where Seth got his pretty looks from.” Both Rollins family members blushed now.

“Now I am the one who has to thank you.”

“Don’t thank me too early. I came here with a request.” Seth’s mother looked at Roman like she would say yes to any of his ideas. It was true. Adult women seemed to love the Samoan. “I am aware that it is a school night but I would like to take Seth for some pool with my cousin. I will bring him back at what time you want him home.”

Jennifer was still a little hypnotized but she thought about his words. “I guess it’s okay but please have him home at ten.”

“Oh course.” He nod and then looked at Seth who was now smiling from ear to ear. “Then go and grab your jacket. I will be waiting here for a moment.” When Seth left he heard his mom and Roman get into a conversation but he wasn’t worried one bit about what they were talking.

“You’re getting better.” Roman looked at the pool table critically. It was true. Seth was slowly getting the hang of it. They had been at the Cave for quite a while now, it was a little before nine now and they would have to leave in half an hour but Seth honestly had a really great time with Roman and his cousin. Jimmy had brought his wife Naomi who was really fun to be around. Seth had almost choked on his laughter when she had started scolding at Jimmy for cheating during his game against his cousin.

Right now it was Seth versus Jimmy and Roman was still assisting him a little because the teen was clumsy with the cue stick. The younger man got close to winning but in the end it was still Jimmy who finished first. He wasn’t bothered by his loss because he was so happy that he had gotten so much better with little practice. Roman and he sat down at the bar and Jimmy and Naomi went to play.

“I’m so happy I can hang out with you guys. Really. I can’t say it enough.” His smile showed his front gap again. Seth took a sip from his fanta and leaned against the bar.

“I’m happy to have you here.” Grey eyes looked down at him sincerely. Being with Roman was really easy. One smile and Seth felt like he couldn’t say one wrong thing. “Oh before I forget!” Roman grabbed for his jacket and searched inside the pockets for a moment. He pulled out a small box and handed it over to Seth. “Here, the bracelet.”

The younger male opened the box and looked at the golden bracelet. Seth & Roman was the engraving. It looked really pretty. Maybe too pretty for him? The Samoan took the bracelet out of the box for him and grabbed for Seth’s arm. His palm felt so warm and smooth against his skin and.. Seth quickly blinked before going down that road of thinking. Instead he watched as Roman attached the bracelet to his wrist. “I knew gold would fit you.” The older man seemed proud of his pick.

“Thank you so much, Roman. It looks so beautiful.” The teen looked at the bracelet on his wrist a
little longer before drawing his eyes to Roman’s face. His heart did something funny and Seth
didn’t want to deal with it so he just stretched to wrap his arms around Roman’s neck. With that the
older man seemed to be satisfied and wrapped his arms around Seth’s middle.

“You’re welcome, big boy.” And there it was again. A kiss to his head. Seth still wasn’t sure what
to make of this.

They were sitting in the car together, both singing away loud to a familiar song on the radio. It
sounded absolutely horrible but both males just laughed about it. Together they were on the way
back to Seth’s home, on time of course. They only stopped singing when Roman put the car in park
and turned around to look at Seth. With shining eyes the younger man looked back at him.

“Alright, I guess I will see you at the show on friday?” Roman sounded full of hope as if he was
really looking forward to seeing the teen. It made his heart jump for a moment. No! Roman was
being friendly and he was asking with the knowledge that if Seth was coming he would come there
with Dean. Oh Dean.. He hadn’t heard from him all day today. Suddenly Seth wanted nothing
more than to check his phone and see if the blonde had texted him or called. A funny feeling
spread in his lower belly.

“I think so.” He tried not to show his concern now. Roman didn’t seem to pick up on it anyway and
leaned forward to pull Seth into a tight embrace.

“Let me know if you need to be picked up or so. I am off all friday so if you want to we can also
meet early and then go to the show together.” Roman kissed the top of Seth’s head but he couldn’t
get that excited about it now. His head was with Dean.

“I will let you know tomorrow, okay? Maybe I have to do some homework after school.” It was a
weak excuse but he just wanted to speak to Dean first. Roman didn’t complain and they said their
goodbyes. The older male only drove off when Seth was closing the door of the house.

Inside his mom was still awake and seemed pleased that he was home five minutes early. He
excused himself and went to his bedroom straight. Dean. Dean. Dean. The funny feeling in his
belly was eating him up by now. It had been so stupid but he’d gotten so excited about going out
for pool that he had left his phone in his bedroom. Quickly he grabbed it. Oh.. 12 missed calls. 7
text messages. All from Dean.

Seth quickly opened them.

6:50pm: Hey sweet cheeks was wondering what you’re up to. I heard Roman is going out for pool.
If you’re up for it we can go together.

6:59pm: Are you there? Because it’s getting too late if I still have to pick you up. Also, are you
coming to the show friday?

7:36pm: I guess that’s a no? Are you okay? I can stop by and we can hang out alone if you want to.

7:44pm: Why aren’t you replying? If you don’t want to hang out just say so.

8:11pm: Alright, whatever.

8:34pm: I stopped by and your mom said you went out with Roman? Interesting.

9:01pm: Don’t even bother calling when you get back.
Seth’s heart sank into his feet. As he was reading tears started building in his eyes. No.. NO! Why did he leave his phone at home?! He was so stupid. Fucking stupid useless kid. With shaking hands he dialed Dean’s number but it went straight to voicemail. He started sobbing heavily right away. Why was this happening? Why couldn’t he have one good day? Not one single day could be okay.

The crying took over and he sobbed heavily enough to make his body shake under the pressure of the tears. He didn’t know what to do. His heart hurt so bad that Seth wished he could scream. Again he tried calling Dean. Voicemail again.

The teen was desperate, he needed to hear from Dean, needed to explain and apologize. He shouldn’t have done it. Not without asking Dean if it was okay to hang out with his friend or if he wanted to join. But now there was no back. Seth had messed up the one good thing he had gotten lately.

Because Dean was ignoring him Seth called Roman’s number. It probably wasn’t the smartest of choices but he needed to tell someone or he would never stop crying.

“Seth?” It sounded like the other male was still in the car. “What’s up? Did you forget something in my car?” Before the teen could say anything Roman picked up on the heavy sniffing. “Are you crying? What’s wrong, big boy?” The concern in his voice was thick enough to make it shake.

Barely able to speak Seth tried to explain. He had to try several times because he couldn’t finish his sentences before another sob would come up. After a couple of minutes he finally got it together.

“Sh, Seth. Calm down. Please, can you do that for me? Take a deep breath in and hold it for a bit and then breathe out. You need to calm down.” The teen tried. It helped. What also helped was Roman’s voice. Again. “Look, I told Dean about going out tonight but he said he wanted to hang out with you so I invited you too but he didn’t say anything anymore and I thought you guys kind of communicated this.”

“But we didn’t!” Seth was still upset and his voice was a whine. Roman could hear the hurt and frustration in the younger male’s voice an he wanted nothing more than to take away that sound.

“I will drive by his house and fix it, okay? I will go there right now and I will explain. It’s not your fault. I should have talked to Dean.”

“It’s all my fault. He will never want to see me again.” He started sobbing more again, breath hectical which gave him hiccups too now.

“No, Seth. Let me speak to him. I know he will call you after that. Promise, okay?”

“How can you even promise that?” The young man was rubbing his swollen eyes to get rid of some tears but they kept coming.

“Just.. Let me fix this, okay? Please breathe. Calm down. I will take care of everything. I will take care of you.” Seth was too upset to pick up on what Roman had said. “I’ll text you later how it went. Try to calm down and sleep a little. I promise I will make everything okay.”

Before Seth could say anything the Samoan had hung up on him and he was laying on his bed alone, crying and with the worst pain of all in his chest.

Chapter End Notes
Damn, what do you think of this? Leave a comment and let me know!
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Two updates in one day? WHAAAAT? I think I'm going crazy. JOKING, HAHA! No I am just as excited about this story as you probably are at this point. I just want to warn you that this chapter contains a paragraph about drinking issues so if you are triggered by that please be careful! However, you will learn a lot about what happened between Roman and Dean and a bit about why Dean is the way he is. ENJOY GUYS!

Ps: lotsa aaaaangst on the way!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The bus ride to school took forever. Of course, Seth could have taken the bike, that would have woken him up at least but he felt exhausted and weak today. Not for one minute, he had been able to sleep. Even though Roman had asked him to calm down Seth had cried and cried and cried until there was no water left in his body to cry out. After that, he’d just laid there and stared into the dark.

It was late at night when Roman had texted him. 4:02 am to be exact. All the message said was: It’s okay now. Seth was still upset. He found no rest. He still wouldn’t regardless of his body being this exhausted. On top of that, it was cold as hell outside, his stomach felt sick and if he could he would still be crying.

In school, Cody tried to speak to him but Seth didn’t want to. He spent the lunch break alone. How should he cope with this? What if he met Dean again and he was going to take revenge on him? The teen remembered how Dean’s mood had scared him two days ago, the memory was still too fresh. It made Seth shake. He was too scared to call Dean now. Too scared of the punishment he would face for this.

The rest of his classes went by without Seth really noticing what the teacher was talking about. No matter how much he tried he wasn’t able to focus. At least the day was over now and he could go home, back to his bed and be alone. When he left the building he wasn’t in a hurry. There was nothing to look forward to anyway. With his head ducked the teen walked towards the bus stop. He had already missed the first bus but that was okay. It was way too packed anyway and the next bus would be here in 15 minutes.

“Seth!” The teen didn’t look up when he heard his name being called. He just wanted to be alone and maybe if he ignored the person he or she would think he wasn’t who they were looking for. His heavy legs carried him further into the direction of the bus stop. “Seth!” There it was again and quickly he ducked his head more, tried to walk a little faster but before he could a heavy hand laid on his shoulder and pulled him back. “Stop running away.” The voice was sharp and familiar against his ear. For a moment no one said anything and no one moved.

“You can’t run away from me.” The voice was sweeter now and now two strong arms wrapped around his skinny body that was wrapped up in his jeans jacket. Dean nudged Seth’s ear with the tip of his nose and whispered now. “Please don’t run away.”

After swallowing hard Seth closed his eyes. Here they came. More tears started building in his
eyes, ran down his face. He waited for it, waited for Dean’s mood to swing, to push him forward or grab his hair. Instead, though two strong arms wrapped around him and pulled his body against a strong chest. “You don’t need to cry. It’s okay.” Dean rested his head on top of Seth’s head but the teen now, he turned around in the much bigger arms and hugged Dean back. Like this, he could hide his face in the strong chest as he softly started sobbing.

“I’m so sorry, Dean. I didn’t mean to ignore you it was.. It was an accident.” His voice was so shaky and muffled because he didn’t take his face out of the taller man’s chest.

“I know, sugar. Roman explained.” The blonde placed a kiss on top of Seth’s head. It was funny that for once it was Dean doing this sweet gesture. Not Roman. And Dean smelled so good too. Like cold smoke and pines and .. A little bit like beer. The beer wasn’t too enjoyable but the rest was all Dean and the teen needed that so much in this moment. “I forgive you.” He whispered. That Dean held him close like this and was being sweet and forgiving helped Seth to stop crying slowly. If he was completely honest with himself and listened to the voice from deep down inside of him, he wasn’t sure what Dean forgave him for. At the end of the day they weren’t dating, he didn’t do anything forbidden with Roman and he had only forgotten to check his phone for a couple of hours and Dean went crazy immediately. But Seth pushed these thoughts far far far away, promised himself he would talk to Dean about this another time when he wasn’t so upset and when the wound wasn’t this fresh.

“Come on. Let’s go home. I’m sure mom is waiting for you already.” One of his hands had found Seth’s neck and massaged it for a moment to soothe the teen and eventually, Dean pulled him away a little bit so he could look down at him and give him a cheering smile. When Seth didn’t take a step backward so they could go he cupped the younger male’s face with his hands and pulled him a little bit up until he was on his tiptoes and Dean could lean down to unite their mouths.

Yes, this was what Seth needed. Dean’s warm lips on his, kissing him and making everything okay. Slowly and soft their mouths moved together. They didn’t stop until Seth was breathing normally again and his face had gone all red with excitement. Once they broke apart Dean gave him half of a smile. “That’s better, pretty boy. I love your face like this. All blushes because of me. So beautiful.” He leaned down once more to place a kiss on his forehead. “Now come on for real. I brought cake.”

“Cake?” Seth’s eyes lit up even more.

“See? I knew you would like that. Because I know you like no one else does.” The doubts in Seth’s chest told him that actually.. No, they didn’t know each other so well because everytime something personal could come up Dean would get into his mood again or he would change the topic. But again Seth swallowed down the doubts. They were still getting to know each other!

“Unfortunately I can’t hang out after the show this week. But we can meet on Saturday, okay? You can come to my place and stay the night. Friday is just not going to be a good day for me. I will be running from appointment to appointment but I will meet you at the show and we will hang out for the rest of the weekend, okay babe?” Dean mumbled.

The two of them were laying on Seth’s bed and watched a movie. For the teen, it was a little funny because compared to Dean’s home his bedroom was so full of childish things. But the older male didn’t complain, he didn’t seem bothered at all so the teen didn’t bring it up either. “What are you going to do on Friday after the show?” Seth asked curiously. Since Dean had picked him up he had
calmed down and was just glad they were laying in bed together now, all cuddled up.

“I have an appointment with some trainers of a higher roster. You know, FCW is owned by WWE, right?” Seth nodded. “They will be scouting a little at the show and let me know whether I have a chance to go to tryouts for the main roster in the next months.”

Seth rolled on his belly now so he could look down at Dean with big eyes. “Really? Dean, that’s so big!” The excitement was clear on his face.

The older male just shrugged though. “It’s still pretty far away for me to go to the main roster. I know that. But it will be good to hear what I have to work on. Like that, I can really improve I guess.”

Seth was surprised that Dean didn’t believe in himself. He was so good in the ring. Of course, his opinion was rather subjective but Dean had many fans and that spoke for his talent. “I think you can do it, you know.”

The older man shrugged. By now the movie was over too and Dean started stretching a little. “I have to go now. Is it okay if Roman will pick you up again tomorrow? I don’t wanna make you wait when I won’t make it in time.”

“No! Why would you do that! You little shithead!” Roman pushed Seth’s shoulder and the teen tried not to drop the controller. They were playing Mario Kart against each other at Roman’s place. It was cleaner and a little bit bigger here than in Dean’s home and Roman lived more in the city center too. The furniture was all second hand and the old leather couch had probably seen better days but it was a place that made Seth feel like home instantly when he had entered right after school.

Second ago he had pushed Roman’s kart off the rainbow road which caused him to giggle heavily. It was the last round and Seth let Yoshi race through the finish line in first place. “Yes! Hell yes! No one can beat me at this!” He jumped up on the couch and made a little winner’s dance by raising his hands above his head and jumping on one spot while twirling on that spot. “I am the master of the rainbow road! I told you so!”

Seth didn’t see the way Roman was looking at him right now. The admiration in his eyes was so obvious that probably a blind man could have picked up on it. Grey eyes were focused on the happy teen and the Samoan wished Seth would always be like that. Always laughing and jumping around. It made him smile too. And it made him feel younger. The ten year age gap between the
two of them just vanished.

They had another ten minutes until they wanted to leave for the arena and Roman had to take upon these minutes. Maybe he wouldn’t get to hang out with Seth alone for a while after the weekend since the boy had been so upset after what happened the days before. And especially after the talk he’d had with Dean..

“Dean, stop playing with him. He’s just a kid and he is so in love with you. He would never understand this.” Roman and Dean were sitting on the couch. The Samoan looked at his friend in concern. As he had expected Dean was totally drunk when he had gotten there. Empty beer cans all over the coffee table, a half-eaten pizza was resting between while some porn was running on mute on the television. “He is too young for this.”

“It’s his decision to make, Roman. Not yours. I didn’t have to beg him to come here or to kiss me or to love me. I didn’t ask for it. He keeps coming back.” His words were a slur.

“Yes because he is a teenager. He’s in love for the first time.” The Samoan had to be careful not to lose his patience with his wasted friend. “We both know you can’t control your anger. Especially not when you’re still drinking!” He was frustrated. Dean and he had had this talk too often. “Look, I know I tell you this every time but I just want to help you.”

“I’m not going to fucking therapy because I’m not a fucking alcoholic. Everyone drinks one or two beers at night.” The blonde snapped at him.

“So you think it is normal that you drink all of this-” He gestured towards the table. “Every night on a daily basis.”

“I didn’t drink when Seth was here. What the fuck do you want Roman?”

The older male shook his head and tried to breathe his own anger away. “I just want you to be okay, man. You don’t see what the alcohol does to you. This could end pretty badly sooner or later.”

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean? You think I will beat the kid up?” The kid.. Yeah. That’s how Dean saw Seth. Or at least it seemed like it.

Roman swallowed hard and looked Dean dead in the eye. “You did it to me so why wouldn’t you do it to him?” The anger rising in Dean’s eyes was so clear, even more obvious now because he had no control over himself when he had thrown back this much beer. “You can get angry as much as you want with me, Dean. Because I can hit you back. And I will if you want to go crazy once again. And I will do it too if you hurt Seth.”

Now the facial expression of the blonde changed. “You like Seth?” His tone was bitter yet curious. Roman didn’t answer to that. It wasn’t the focus of their conversation right now. But that was answer enough for Dean. The younger one started laughing hysterically. “I can’t believe this. You like MY boy.”

“He’s not yours as long as you don’t claim him and we both know you never will.”

“Yet he wants to suck my cock, not yours. So think again.” He was still laughing at it pissed Roman off.

“I didn’t make a move on him.” Kind of a lie. “And I won’t. This isn’t why I came here.”

Dean wasn’t listening to him at all. “You’re unbelievable. You’re such a fucking slut for love. You
just want to be loved so badly but no one wants you. Seth doesn’t. I didn’t. Can’t believe this. Are you going after him to get revenge on me?”

The Samoan hated this. It had been years that he had confessed his feelings for Dean. Four years to be exact. But the blonde was still rubbing it in his face every chance he got. And it hurt. Even though he had accepted that Dean and he would never be a thing it still hurt because Dean was being such a bitch about it and he wanted Roman to hurt for him. Dean wanted the whole world to hurt for him so he could forget his own hurt. “Stop it.”

“Why? Watcha gon do, Roman? Hit me in the face? Come on! I know you want it.” Dean leaned towards him, presented his face as if he waited for the slap but it never came. The older male forced himself to be the calm one in this situation.

“I said stop it. I came here to make clear that Seth didn’t go hang out with me because he didn’t want to hang out with you. I never mentioned you and I just wanted to cheer him up because he was upset because of your fight the day before.”

“Wo-ho. Roman Reigns, the knight in shining armor, fixing all the shit I break. Well god damn, that’s just fucking great.” Dean grabbed a pack of cigarettes from the table and took one of them out of the small box to light it up and take a long drag on it. “You just don’t want me to have something good in my life. Just admit it.”

This was ridiculous. Roman shook his head. “You know well I only want the best for you. That’s why I try to help you. I want you to be better.”

“I am fucking great, Roman! I’m living the life!”

“Really? Are you? Is getting drunk each night it? Wrestling once a week, skipping workouts, jumping from bed to bed, is that what you want in your life?”

“You have no right to judge me for whatever I do with my life. Pay attention to your own bullshit and stay away from Seth.”

Roman took a deep breath. “Will you forgive him if I do?”

Dean smiled and even laughed a little. “You know what? Yes. I will forgive Seth if you stay the fuck away from what’s fucking mine.”

“Can I ask for one more thing?” Dean made a hand gesture for him to speak up. “Don’t make him part of this.” Now he made a hand gesture towards the empty cans on the table. Dean just rolled his eyes as an answer.

Roman stood up in front of the couch. He was almost as tall as Seth now because the teen had not grown to his full size yet. His large hands grabbed him by the waist, pulled him close and he smashed their lips together desperately. For a moment Seth was so stunned he didn’t do anything but once Roman started moving his lips against his the teen melted into the touch.

Thank fuck, Roman thought. He kissed Seth softly yet so urgently because he knew it would be their first and their last kiss. But that was okay as long as Seth would be okay. He wrapped the younger male up in his arms, rolled his tongue into the mouth to taste him just once. Just one time he wanted to know his sweet saliva taste. But before he could decide he could live with them breaking apart like this Seth already pulled back.

“Roman..” His eyes were big and full of shock and fear. “No.. We can’t.. Dean.” His voice started trembling, the teen was getting upset but Roman didn’t regret one second what he had just done.
“It’s okay.” He whispered. For the only time in his life, he ran one hand through Seth’s dark hair. Everything about him was so innocent. His soft locks, his brown eyes, his pink lips. Roman’s heart hurt badly at the idea of seeing all of this for the last time today.

“He is going to be so angry with us.” Seth whispered. The fear was so clear in his voice it made Roman’s heart ache even more. He had to be the strong one now.

“He won’t. You don’t have to tell him.” Now he pulled Seth into a tight embrace to give him some sort of secure feeling and power to go to the show without breaking in in case Dean should try something funny. “He doesn’t have to know.”

They sat in the car quietly. There was no tension but there wasn’t anything to say either. Seth had a funny feeling in his stomach because everything seemed like a goodbye with Roman even though he knew it wasn’t. It couldn’t be because Roman was his friend and he was Dean’s friend too so they would hang out again. Just now they had a huge secret. Dean could never know about this. He would kill both of them, Seth was pretty sure about that.

Once the car was parked they sat in the car for a little bit longer and for quite some time Roman just looked at Seth before he grabbed the teen’s hand and kissed the back of it. “It’s okay, Seth.” But it wasn’t for Seth because even if it wasn’t supposed to be like that, that one kiss meant the world to him. It had felt so right. Everything about being with Roman felt right. And everything about Roman made him happy. The laughs they shared, the soft and caring touches, the way they sat together in the car and sang on top of their lungs. But this funny feeling in his chest told him that that was over now, no matter how often Roman told him it was going to be okay.

They both left the car to get inside the arena now. Their ways parted quickly because Seth was off to find his spot in the audience and Roman went to get changed.

The show was over quicker than he had wished. It was the only time that Seth did not think about the thing with Roman. Wrestling took his mind to a better and happier place until the show was over and he waited for Dean to come out of the locker room. The door opened but instead of Dean, it was Roman coming out of there. He smiled at Seth softly but there was such a weird sadness in his eyes. Seth wanted to fix it! Maybe it would help if he kissed Roman again. But he couldn’t do that. No, he was with Dean. Dean who was just a door away from the two of them.

Regardless of that Roman came over to him. “Waiting for Dean?”

Seth nod. “Yeah. He is going to drive me home.”

Now Roman nod. It was a little awkward right now. “Uh..” The Samoan began. There was clearly something on his mind but he just wouldn’t spit it out. “You know if anything happens with Dean again, ever, please don’t hesitate to call me.”

“Sure.” Seth wanted to say more but now Dean came out of the locker room with his bag on the shoulder and joined them.

“Hey, sugar.” He smiled sweetly and leaned down to kiss Seth on the mouth. It was weird to do this in front of Roman but Seth did it still. When they broke apart he could see the Samoan looking away.

“I’ll see you next week, Roman.” Dean looked at the older man. His eyes were cold and saying
more than his mouth head but Roman agreed and just said a quick goodbye before leaving them alone.

“Is everything okay with you guys?” Seth asked worriedly. He got a funny feeling about this whole situation.

“Of course. He’s just in one of his moods.” Oh? So Roman had moods too? Seth hadn’t noticed before. Dean and he walked to the car.

“Sucks that I can’t have you over tonight but the meeting is pretty important and I can’t bring anyone. Can you believe they reserved a table in a fucking fancy restaurant?” They were driving by now and Dean chuckled. It made Seth forget the funny feeling at least a little bit. “I don’t even own a suit. We will see whether they let me inside.”

“Of course it’s a little sad but I will come over tomorrow and then you can tell me all about how it went, okay?” Seth was probably more excited than Dean was.

In front of the house Seth lived in they shared some more kisses. The teen felt guilty about not telling Dean but Roman had said it was okay. So he tried to rely on that as he watched Dean drive off to his meeting.

Chapter End Notes

DONT FORGET TO LEAVE A COMMENT, GUYS! I NEED TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK!
Chapter 12

Seth was so excited to go see Dean. He was so excited he woke up at 8 am even though he could sleep in that day. There was no rest in the teen’s body. He wanted to know the news about Dean’s talk with the trainers and he wanted to hug him and kiss him and congratulate him. Once he had gotten ready he’d packed his things quickly. The bus he was supposed to take would be at Dean’s place around 1 pm. Seth knew his lover liked to sleep in so he didn’t want to wake him up early but maybe Dean would love a little surprise so Seth decided he would turn up an hour early.

“Please call when you got there save, okay?” Jennifer was still a little nervous about her son driving to that part of the city alone and with the bus. So many things could happen.

“Of course mom.” He rolled his eyes but kissed her goodbye. There was a huge smile on his face and Seth didn’t mind the long bus ride. It had never went by quicker than today.

With his bag thrown over his shoulder, he stepped outside the bus just an hour after entering it. Immediately he felt like he was at home. Not because he fit in so well but this place just had something magical for him. Probably because it was Dean’s home.

Because it was Saturday it wasn’t surprising to see the kids outside again. For just a moment Seth stopped. He wanted to take everything in. The grey sky, the dirty looking houses with the graffiti on the walls, the cold air, the kids screaming and playing, their mothers yelling at them, the smell of gasoline and burned plastic that almost burned the insides of his nose. Yeah, he loved coming here. He loved feeling like home here.

Still wearing the biggest smile on his face Seth went to the entrance that lead to Dean’s apartment. As always during the day the door was open so he went into the hallway and upstairs until he was in front of Dean’s door. There was some nervousness in his stomach. Hopefully, the blonde would be as excited about his earlier arrival as he was. After taking a deep breath to work up some courage Seth raised one hand and knocked on the door loudly. Quickly he took a small step back, not wanting to be in the face of Dean when he opened the door.

For a couple of seconds, he had to wait. Maybe Dean was still asleep? Then he heard footsteps. His smile grew bigger the closer they came. From the inside the door was unlocked, the door swung open and Seth wanted to shout “Surprise!” but the word never left his mouth. Within seconds his guts turned heavier than any rock on the whole world could be, his mouth went dry and he choked on the word as he stumbled backward even further.

“Who is it?” That was Dean’s voice but in front of him, he just had a woman with long brown hair and a body more perfect than any other woman he had ever seen naked before. And he knew that immediately because she was standing in front of him in nothing but panties, chewing on a gum lazily. Reby. Reby was in Dean’s apartment. Naked. She had most likely spent the night here. Naked.
“It’s your little friend. Seth.” She yelled back into the room and gave him a questioning look. “Do you want to come in?” One of her eyebrows danced up on her forehead.

Seth could not answer. His mouth was too dry, his chest hurt, his guts made him feel so heavy and his vision started to get blurry because tears started swelling up in his eyes.

Now, after what felt like years, Dean appeared behind Reby. He was wearing boxers only and looked sleepy. “What are you doing here already?” His face showed clearly that he was pissed off, so much anger in his eyes but Seth didn’t see it and with all the pain in his heart he probably wouldn’t have cared anyway.

“Me?” He finally got out, voice louder than necessary. “What is she doing here? And why are you both naked?” The adrenaline and pain rushing through his veins made Seth feel brave enough to yell this at Dean. “Did you sleep with her?”

Reby just gave Dean a confused look and the blonde placed one hand on his own neck, scratching his skin there. For a moment he squeezed his eyes shut as if he was in pain before he shrugged. “She’s my girlfriend so yeah I slept with her.”

_She’s my girlfriend so yeah I slept with her. She’s my girlfriend so yeah I slept with her. She’s my girlfriend so yeah I slept with her._ The words echoed through Seth’s head as if they were words in a foreign language he tried to understand.

“Kid, I think…”

Seth didn’t let the woman finish her words. “Kid?!” He sobbed. “KID?!” He looked at Dean as if he expected him to take his side but apparently, he could expect nothing of the blonde. He still looked at Seth like he wanted to strangle him right there in the hallway and at this moment Seth wouldn’t have minded if he did. He wouldn’t have minded to die on the spot. Dean had a girlfriend. He didn’t love Seth, he loved Reby. The teen was almost certain he could feel his heart physically break in two.

He didn’t hear exactly what Dean said but he sent the woman inside and stepped in front of the door towards Seth. “Come here.” He demanded in a sharp voice but Seth shook his head. There was no point in trying to please Dean. He didn’t care. He never had. “I didn’t ask, move your fucking ass here.” Dean demanded more.

When Seth didn’t do it he stepped more into the direction of Seth, grabbed for his wrist and pulled him forward. “Why did you have to show up early, hm? Did I tell you to come at one? Why show up an hour early?” Dean’s voice was so angry, it only caused Seth to cry more. The young man was sobbing by now and the grip of the taller one hurt and Seth just wanted to leave. But where could he go? Home wasn’t an option, he would have to tell his mom what happened. Cody? He would give him the whole ‘I told you so’ speech. “You ruined it, Seth!” Now Dean’s voice was loud too.

The brunette couldn’t believe Dean was blaming this on him now. He came here with good intentions, wanted to make Dean happy but now everything was ruined. “No!” Seth screamed. The loud noises in the hallway didn’t seem to bother anyone in the building. Not a huge surprise. “I didn’t ruin it! You did! Because you cheated on me!”

“Cheated?” Dean was almost laughing now and Seth smelled alcohol in his morning breath. It made him flinch away just as much as the loud tone. “I was never your boyfriend, Seth.”

“Let me go!” Seth didn’t stand a chance in a fight against Dean. A fight wasn’t even what he wanted. He just wanted to be away. Everything hurt, inside and outside. “Let me go!” He
demanded again. With all of the strength he had in his little body Seth ripped his wrist free and grabbed his bag from the floor. Never in his whole life had he run so quickly. He hurried down the stairs and luckily Dean didn’t follow.

But he yelled after him. “You’re running Seth! You can’t run from me! You know it!” The words scared Seth to death and almost blind he stumbled out of the building. Away. He needed to be far away. Still as quick as possible he ran towards the bus stop but he had no patience to wait for a bus so he ran to the next bus stop and the next and when he got to the next one he was so exhausted that he just sat down on the sidewalk, hugged his bag and tried to breathe between the sobs and exhaustion.

Where should he go? There was no safe place. Nowhere he could go without having to explain himself to someone nowhere but... You know if anything happens with Dean again, ever, please don’t hesitate to call me. The thick voice hammered inside his head like a drill and it made him squeeze his eyes shut for a bit. He had no clue if there were people around him because his whole surrounding felt white. There was no other way to explain it but Seth in that moment felt so lost and alone that there was nothing around him.

With shaking fingers Seth started digging around in his bag. Phone. Phone. Where the heck was the phone? There finally! He pulled it out and pressed some random buttons in the process. Still, he couldn’t see properly so he took off his glasses for a moment and rubbed his eyes. The few seconds he got until new tears came he used and dialed the well-known number. When he pressed the mobile phone against his ear Seth knew he wouldn’t get out many words but he needed to try if he didn’t want to sleep out here.

“Hey, Seth, what’s up?” Roman’s voice sounded so relaxed and Seth felt a little ashamed to call the Samoan this upset for the third time this week. Crazy.. There had been not one normal day this week. Everything was messed up. Seth’s whole life was messed up. The older male seemed to pick up on the noises on the other end of the line immediately. “Seth? What’s wrong?”

“Dean!” He just whimpered and he heard Roman moving around.

“Where are you?” His voice was hard now, expressing a mix of anger but also of concern.

“I don’t know. I just ran.” He sobbed and rubbed his eyes again with the free hand.

“Seth, big boy, try to breathe for me. I’m on my way. Do it like the last time you called me. Take a deep breath. In and out.” Roman was already putting on his shoes as they spoke.

“I can’t!” Seth’s voice was trembling heavily. He was too upset to concentrate on breathing.

“Baby, please. Please look around you if you see a street name or a bus stop.” The older male was almost begging now.

Bus stop! Seth was at a bus stop! With his shaky fingers, he put the glasses back on his nose and tried to find the name of the bus stop. “I’m at the bus stop St. Martin Hospital.” His body was shaking because of the sobs by now.

“Hold on, Seth. I will be there in no time.”

“Please hurry!” His voice broke under the tears and he hung up on Roman, just hugging his bag and waiting for the time to pass. It seemed to take forever. The teen felt exhausted but his body wouldn’t stop shaking, tears wouldn’t stop falling down his cheeks.

From a far distance, he heard someone saying his name. Again and again but he felt dizzy and sick
and he didn’t have the strength to look up. Strong arms wrapped around his rolled up body and he was pulled into a strong and warm chest. Roman lifted him up with ease and carried him inside the car. From then on everything was a blur until he found himself on the leather couch, wrapped up tightly in a warm and protecting embrace.

“I’m here, Seth. I’m right here.” The deep voice was shaking too a little but the body next to his was steady. A big hand rubbed his back softly and he felt hot breath hit his head. His fists grabbed into Romans shirt. “It’s okay.” Soft kisses hit the top of his head but nothing was okay. Not for Seth.

He cried and cried and Roman held him for hours without ever once complaining or forcing him to speak. At one point Seth was so exhausted he just fell asleep. He couldn’t do anything about it. His eyes closed and for a little while, he didn’t feel anything anymore.

When the teen opened his eyes everything was dark around him. Dark but not cold. Even though his body hurt in every spot and his heart felt like it was barely beating, Seth was not cold. And he was not alone. A strong body was wrapped around him, hiding him from the world as if it could protect him from all evil. But the evil had already found him and it had broken his heart.

He didn’t say anything. He couldn’t, not even if he wanted to. His mouth was too dry, he would choke on his words. Roman was right there and he wasn’t asleep. Seth felt that immediately because the man holding him was whispering soft things into his ear. “I will make it all okay. I will fix it all. Nobody will hurt you ever again.” Regardless of the sweet words Seth’s heart still felt heavy. Nothing in the world could ever fix him, nothing and no one could take his pain out of his body. He’d been broken in the worst possible way and he felt it in the bottom of his heart, nothing could ever make it okay again.

When he swallowed hard Roman seemed to notice that he woke up. “Seth?” He asked softly but didn’t move. Instead of speaking the teen wrapped his weak arms around the much bigger body. The older man seemed to understand and hugged Seth a little bit tighter. “I’m right here, big boy. I’m not leaving.” As earlier that day Roman started rubbing his back. “I won’t go away.” His voice sounded promising and sincere and Seth wanted to believe in his words but his life had provided proof once again today: Seth was nothing but a little boy. No one would stay with him. Not forever.

Eventually, he managed to move his head a little. Opening his eyes hurt and he probably looked terrible because he could feel that all of his face was swollen. Roman turned his head too a bit so their eyes could meet. The concern on the Samoan’s face was real. Quickly the older male reached out and grabbed a bottle of water. “Seth, please drink some water, okay? I think you lost all liquid that your body ever had.”

It was a little hard for Roman to open the bottle without letting Seth go but he managed and then helped him to sit up a little bit so Seth could drink. The water felt better than he had expected. The young male took a couple of sips before he was done. Roman wanted to put away the bottle but the second he leaned just a little bit away from him Seth grabbed for his warm body again. The strong arms landed back on his body and Roman kissed his forehead. “I’m so sorry, Seth. I wish I could have protected you from this. No matter what he did, I wish I would have been there before all of this happened so you wouldn’t have gotten into this.”

His voice was so soft, soothing the pain in his head at least a little bit. His heart and guts though were still heavy. “Look, big boy, you don’t have to tell me now what happened. Maybe it’s good if you rest some more.”
The teen shook his head. He would get no rest. He knew that already. When his body felt like this, when his mind felt like this, he would never be able to sleep. Hell, sometimes he couldn’t sleep after a little fight with his siblings, this whole messed up situation would sure as hell keep him up the rest of the night. “Can I have more water?” His voice hurt when he spoke.

“Of course.” Immediately Roman grabbed it with one hand and while Seth was drinking more he ran his fingers through the dark hair. For some more minutes, they just sat there like this in the dark of Roman’s bedroom, wrapped up into a tight hug, Roman massaging Seth’s skull as he hoped it would soothe the teen a little bit.

“I went to surprise Dean today.” His voice was just a whisper, the memory too fresh, the wounds cut too deep. “You know we wanted to spend the weekend together and I thought he’d be happy to have an hour more with me. I would have been so happy to have just one more hour with him.” His head was so heavy and fell against Roman’s shoulder as he kept going. It hurt to say out loud what had happened but it hurt, even more, to keep it to himself.

“I walked up to the apartment and knocked on the door. His girlfriend opened the door for me. And then Dean blamed me. I fucked it up, Roman. I came there early and now I destroyed everything and..” The older male shook his head in disbelief. “Roman he scared me so much. He was yelling at me and his eyes and voice were so wild and he said he was going to get me, that I could never run from him and it is.. It is all my fault.”

His young bod tried to sob but no tears left his eyes. He was all dried out. The Samoan couldn’t believe what Dean had done. He was such a jerk. Just two days ago Roman had promised to stay away from Seth if it meant the blonde wouldn’t hurt him and not even 48 h later the pretty boy’s heart was broken.

“I’m so sorry, Seth.” Roman was rocking the young body back and forth softly. “I’m so sorry I couldn’t tell you before. There is no excuse for this. I knew. All the time I knew but I couldn’t tell you. You wouldn’t have believed me.” Seth didn’t blame Roman. It was true. Whenever someone had tried saying something negative about Dean he got really defensive immediately. No one could have made him believe this. Not even with the doubts he’d had. “Let’s lay down, baby. I think.. I guess now is a good moment to tell you everything. To tell you the real story.”
Alright my people, after I did a great job at breaking all of our hearts it’s time to finally understand what’s going on with Dean. Please note, in this chapter I mention: prostitution, alcoholism, and violence. Skip if it triggers you. Stay if you like the pain. Also wtf? Did I write 4 chapters in a day? I am so excited about this story. It is truly the first one I truly planned through till the end and regardless of the huge plot twist we still got a hell of a ride ahead of us.

They did lay down. Seth rested his head on Roman’s chest and closed his eyes because they hurt so much. Not at one second, the older male let him go. With his soft voice, Roman started the story from the very beginning. “When Dean and I met for the first time we were still finishing school. He was this wild kid with all these crazy ideas and all the nonsense he could talk but he was also fun to be around. He always had a joke on his lips. That was in eighth grade or so. We were still kids back then. We quickly grew to be friends. I was a really quiet child back then.

My family comes from Samoa, you know, and my parents always expected a lot of me and they especially expected me to have the same opinions as they did. So this meant that at that time my goal was to go to high school, then university and become the next big thing in football. But it also meant that I often didn’t dare to voice my own opinion. It changed when I met Dean. His crazy energy rubbed off on me so quickly that soon I didn’t want all of these things my parents wanted anymore. I wanted to be everything but not a football player. Dean gave me a lot of courage and I even dared to tell this my parents. But that’s actually not what this is about. The point is, Dean and I became close friends many years ago.

It was quite some time later, we had just started high school, that Dean’s attitude changed slowly. He was more aggressive and he hung around with funny people. Those kind of people that make you switch the sidewalk. He was still so young you know, but these people were grown-ups. People who dropped out of school and lived on the streets and when I would ask him who they were he would tell me they were people of his mom’s new husband. I hadn’t even known Dean’s mom had gotten married again.

What I did know was that they were poor. Very poor. It never bothered me but it was then that I started seeing Dean drift off into this typical vicious circle, you know. He would come to school late if he came in at all. We were like 15 or 16 back then, you know, but he went out to drink every weekend. When I would ask if he wanted to hang out he would always tell me he couldn’t because he was working. And when I asked for whom he told me he worked for his stepdad. Our tight friendship fell apart slowly and after we graduated Dean was gone. He was.. I don’t even know where he was. Not even today. But I remember the last time I saw him before that. I was on my way home after a meeting of us kids who created the yearbook and he was hanging around outside of school, completely drunk. You know, me being his friend I was worried and I went to look and ask if he was okay. I hear his voice saying these words until today. *If you won’t let me suck your cock for $50 then I have nothing to offer for you, Roman.*” The sound of his voice was so bitter, so full of anger too. Seth remained very silent.
It was just then that I came to realization, what exactly he had to do for his stepdad. Before all of this had started Dean once told me as a secret that his mom had a small problem with alcohol and sometimes he would get scared when she started ranting at him whilst being drunk. Back then I didn’t understand everything. I was an innocent kid, a little bit like you. My parents always protected me from everything.

Anyway, Dean and I didn’t meet for three years. He was nowhere to be found and I went to university take on a football scholarship after all. Without the courage Dean gave me I couldn’t resist my parent’s wish. The way I did meet Dean again was a huge surprise to me because one night he just stood in front of the door of my dorm and knocked on the door like nothing had ever happened. But he didn’t look like nothing had happened. He was skinny and pale and smelled horrible.” The older one chuckled a little at the memory but went back to being serious quickly. Seth’s heart ached at the story Roman told him. Regardless to the harm Dean was causing him, no one deserved this. Selling his body.. He had been a kid still.

“I took him in my room and I was there for him. I gave him a place to sleep for several nights, I fed him when he was too weak to eat. But at one point I wasn’t able to keep up with university anymore. I had to pick. Dean or school. Because I didn’t see myself being able to make this decision by myself I talked to Dean about it. Who else? And he begged me not to leave him alone. Begged me not to send him away. And so I didn’t. I dropped out. My parents went crazy on me. I can’t count the amount of times my dad called me a disgrace for the family but it was okay. Because I had Dean, my best friend.

I found a job after I dropped out and was able to rent a small apartment for Dean and I. Actually it’s the apartment he’s still living in. Nothing about it was perfect. In the beginning, all we had was a mattress on the floor, a tiny old television and a fridge. It didn’t bother me because Dean was so thankful. Oh Seth was he thankful. He left out no chance to tell me that and he kept talking about me being his savior who dragged him out of hell. One night I asked what his hell had looked like.” He paused. “Please tell me if this story is getting too much?”

“I want to hear it.” Seth whispered. He had buried half of his face in Roman’s chest. The familiar smell made it a little bit easier to breathe normally again.

“Alright.. Well apparently Dean’s stepdad and his mother too had a rather big issue with alcohol. There was no time that they weren’t drunk. And this habit, this addiction, it was expensive too. And since both of them were too drunk to go to a job it was Dean who had to bring home some money. And because a job as a waiter didn’t pay enough he was forced to offer services. Man, I think we sat on the couch quietly crying together for two days or so. I wanted to kick my own ass for not being there to save him earlier. Guilt was almost eating me up but Dean kept assuring me that it wasn’t my fault. Today I know it wasn’t. But back then.. I just wanted Dean to be okay. And from then on for a while he was.

Once he was healthy again we decided he could find a job too and maybe a year later we could move out of that flat to a better part of town. And living together with Dean, sharing a bed with Dean, laughing with Dean.. All of it, it made me fall for him. I fell so quick so heavy. For me Dean was it. I couldn’t imagine ever being with someone else. Our life was miserable, working day in and out, but at least we had each other you know. We were just 21 and 23 back then. It’s been four years.

Anyway, Dean started looking for jobs but it was hard because his grades at the end of high school had been so low, he barely graduated and then he didn’t do anything for so long so no one really wanted to deal with him. And you know Dean a little, he has no patience for anything. Things have to happen now or he doesn’t want them. And since he didn’t find a job quickly he didn’t want one
anymore. While I was busting my ass each day he stayed home. The more frustrated he got the more he turned back to alcohol and the more aggressive he got. I kept telling myself it would just be a phase. He would be okay. I just needed to be there for him. But he would shut me out whenever I tried to. At one point he started sleeping on the couch instead of in our bed and to be honest I wasn’t too bothered because I didn’t exactly love the way he stank of booze and cigarettes when he came to bed late at night, trying to fuck me even though he was too drunk to get it up anyway.

I tried to save Dean again but at one point I was exhausted. We were fighting most of the times, Dean was so angry, always so angry. The smallest things would upset him and he would turn into a lunatic, accusing me of things I never did. And then one night when he wasn’t all too drunk to hear me I tried to speak to him. I had a whole game plan how I would convince him to stop drinking because his aggression scared me. It was only a matter of time until things would get violent. The issue with that wasn’t that I couldn’t defend myself. I was already into wrestling and trained every weekend. But I didn’t want to. It didn’t want to hurt Dean. Because I was in love with him.

So I sat down with Dean and tried to talk to him. Tried to convince him to let me help him, to let someone professional help him because his behavior wasn’t normal and I told him: Dean, I love you. Please, I want you to be better. I miss you. And he laughed right into my face.” Again his voice turned bitter and Seth started to understand, Roman could relate to his pain. He was also feeling it. He was feeling the same pain and he too could never be fixed again.

“The more I tried to talk sense into him the more he would laugh until he finally snapped. Aggression took over. He beat me down pretty bad. My jaw was broken, my body covered in bruises yet, I loved Dean. And I just wanted him to be okay because this, that monster that beat me up, that wasn’t Dean.

When I got released from the hospital I went back to our home. Not one second did Dean show me he was sorry. So I packed my bags and left. It was the hardest thing I ever did in my life, even telling my parents I wanted to leave university wasn’t that heart but that.. It broke my heart into two.

Now Dean was left to deal with the money for the apartment alone because I immediately went to get my own place. And because this Dean, the person he is now, is this crazy man he hunted me down. He got into wrestling and made sure that I would get reminded every week of what I had left behind. This crazy attitude sadly is something that works well in the ring. So unlike me, who had been training for quite a while by then, he got into the business so easily. Two years ago he and I got into FCW. We started making actual money with wrestling. For the sake of being a professional, I tried to make up with Dean. I apologized and so did he. But our friendship was never able to grow back to where it once was. Too much had happened. Too much shit went down between Dean and I.”

“I’m so sorry, Roman.” Seth whispered now, held on so tight to Roman. Both of their hearts were broken by the same man. And that man did not give a flying fuck about it.

“Don’t be. I should have told you all of this earlier. I could have protected you.” Guilt was heavy on Roman’s chest too. “That first night that Dean brought you back to The Cave I knew this wouldn’t end well. I couldn’t.. I didn’t.. I should have protected you, Seth. I’m so sorry.”

Seth clung to the strong body. “It’s not you who hurt me. You never had bad intentions with me. I know.”

“Look at you, Seth. So smart. You’re so beautiful. You will be able to rule the world one day, I know it.” Roman raised his head for a moment to place a kiss on top of Seth’s head.
“Is he still drinking?” Seth asked. His voice was so quiet, lacked all life and Roman hated that sound.

“Yes. A lot. He is going down the same road as his mother and I hate having to watch it. It’s not going to be long until he will lose his spot on the FCW roster. The coaches told him just last night. He’s lost you too. I know it because I know how it feels.”

Seth was quiet for long. Then he whispered. “He’s not lost you.”

And at that Roman laughed a bitter laugh. “He doesn’t care about that. You know the night when we went for pool and he went crazy because you didn’t answer your phone? I went to see him and as expected he was damn wasted.” Roman told Seth the story of what had happened in Dean’s flat. “He doesn’t need me around. Hell, he doesn’t want me around! He doesn’t want to hear that he needs help. I can’t save him. I couldn’t save you.” The tall man shook his head. “I can’t save anyone.”

Both were quiet for a little, just holding each other, trying to comfort each other regardless of the pain each man felt. Eventually, Seth spoke up. “My dad once told me that we don’t have to save anyone but ourselves. I think it was when I was bullied because of .. Well ya, the way I am. He told me not to rely on others because we can only truly count on ourselves.”

They didn’t speak more after that. Both were exhausted Roman because for the first time in his life he opened up to someone. Seth because of what had happened during the day. Filled with deep sadness they stayed awake the whole night until the sun started coming up. Even then they didn’t get up. Both eventually fell asleep.

The week went by like a movie. Each day was just a picture in his memory. And then it was Friday again. “Is Dean picking you up for the show?” Jennifer asked softly during dinner. She had picked up on Seth’s depressed mood lately. Her son had never been this bad. She just guessed it had to do with the weekend Dean and he spent together, maybe they had a fight but ever since then Seth was quiet. He didn’t mention Dean anymore.

“No. If it’s okay I will go with Roman. I want to stay until Sunday.” It was an indirect question.

Jennifer couldn’t tell her son no considering his mood. It would probably do him good to go outside. It would be the first time in this week, not counting in school time. Once dinner was over Seth went to pick up his things. No bell rang this time. “I’ll be back Sunday.” He poked his head into the kitchen for just a moment before he left the house. Mom was quick to get into the living room to see if he was really going to meet Roman outside. Of course, he was. Her son would never lie to her. It was a funny picture to see his little figure wrap up in the much bigger guy in front of his car so desperately. Something was definitely up but she wouldn’t push him to tell her.

Outside Seth went to sit inside Roman’s car. “How have you been?” The older male asked. He had caught himself much better than Seth. Maybe because he lived with this feeling for longer now.

The teen shrugged. “Depressed. You?”

Roman reached out and put his hand on top of Seth’s as they drove off. He would drop him off at his place before heading to the show. There was no reason for Seth to be in the same building as Dean, not when he could barely say his name without starting to cry.

“I’ve been fine. Don’t worry about me.” Quiet for a moment. It hurt Roman badly to see Seth like
“I went shopping earlier and I bought snacks and a new game for the PlayStation in case you get too bored.”

“I think I will be fine.” Seth would be fine with just laying in Roman’s bed and staring at the ceiling until he was back from the show. They held hands during the rest of the ride but didn’t speak. Not until Justin Timberlake’s Cry Me A River turned up on the radio. Oh, sweet irony. It was the older male who started humming along first. As if it was natural Seth joined soon. By the time the first chorus hit both men were singing along. It wasn’t as happy as usual but at least it wasn’t quiet anymore. When the song was over Seth looked at Roman who was focussed on the road. Maybe... Just maybe with Roman in his life things could get a little bit better day by day. Maybe when he was with Roman he could smile again. He cared for the older male so much and he knew Roman was the same. They had both felt it before the whole thing with Dean happened and both men knew they were glad to have each other in this time.

“Alright, big boy.” Funny Roman still called him that. Seth had never felt smaller than he did these days. “Text if you need anything, okay?” They hugged before their ways parted.

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Seth laid on the leather couch with a bag of chips on his belly and the controller in his hands when Roman came back. He paused the game immediately and sat up. Being depressed was no reason to forget his manners, right? The Samoan seemed tired and exhausted and Seth felt worry creeping up in his belly but as soon as their eyes met the older one gave him a soft smile. “Hey there.”

Roman walked to the couch to sit down with Seth. “Hey.” He said too and scooted right next to Roman. “Tired?”

The Samoan nod. Then he wrapped an arm around Seth’s shoulders and pulled him tight against his side. Soft kisses landed on his temple. “Missed you.”

“Missed you too.” Seth whispered back and it wasn’t a lie. Both men knew they weren’t speaking of the four hours that Roman had been gone. They had not heard from each other all week other than a couple of texts so being able to hold and comfort each other again now felt really good.

“Wanna order some pizza and fall asleep while watching a movie?” Roman suggested as he ran his fingers through Seth’s hair again. He really seemed to have a thing for that.

“I can’t imagine anything more perfect right now, to be honest.” The younger male admitted. Being around Roman really did make everything hurt a little less. And Seth decided that even if for the rest of their lives the two of them would just be depressed together, he would never want to let Roman down. The older man gave him so much, there was barely a way he would be able to give it back to him. Before he could get up to get his phone Seth wrapped his arms around Roman so tight that he probably choked him but he needed this now, needed to tell him now.

“Thank you.” He said. “Thank you for putting up with this. For putting up with me.”

“Don’t thank me.” Roman hugged him back. “I will fix this. I will make everything okay.” Roman kept saying this one thing again and again for two weeks now. He had said it even before the thing had happened. And today was the first day that Seth was able to put some belief in his words.
They deserve something good after all of this, don't they? Please tell me you do. Leave your opinion in the comment section!
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Okay, you put up with all of that pain so let's give our babies at least a little bit good before we deal with the aftermath of Dean's behavior. At this point, I also want to thank everyone who stuck with this story. I'm very happy with every response I get from you guys! Enjoy this chapter and have a good start to the weekend with this beautiful piece of FLUFF!

The teen woke up to the smell of coffee and fresh buns. The smile reminded him a little bit of Saturday mornings at home. His mother would prepare breakfast for her kids and they would sit in front of the television and eat all together. Or at least they did that when they had all been younger and still got along with each other. Things were different now.

Dressed in his plaid pajama and a way too big shirt that belonged to Roman Seth rolled out of bed. The bedroom was very small, there was only the bed in here, nothing else. But that was okay because what else would you need in a bedroom? All the other furniture was in the living room or the kitchen and a little bit also in the bathroom. The wardrobe for example because it didn’t fit in here. It was a little bit funny that the bathroom was bigger than the bedroom.

The wood under his feet was a little bit cold when he emerged the bedroom and before going to find Roman Seth went to the bathroom to empty his bladder and brush his teeth. His hair he left hanging from his head in a mess because he wanted to shower after breakfast anyway. With sleep still in his eyes, he went to the kitchen where he head Roman shuffling around. “Good morning.” He rubbed one of his eyes as he stood in the door.

Dressed in sweatpants and a sweater Roman turned around from where he was mixing eggs with milk and cheese for some scrambled eggs. The look Roman gave him hit the teen now. When the tall male laid his grey eyes on him the concentration and sadness there was all gone. The corners of his mouth went up, his nose wrinkled a tiny bit because of that and his face looked alive more than ever. A beautiful sight to wake up to and regardless of how sleepy Seth still was he also had to smile. Even though he didn’t want to make the comparison, because it was stinging in his heart, this kind of waking up was such a welcomed difference to when he woke up with Dean and almost peed the bed.

“Hey.” Roman let the bowl with the eggs be a bowl with the eggs for a moment and came to meet Seth in the middle of the room for a short but tight embrace. “Did you sleep fine?” He asked when he grabbed a kitchen towel to wipe his hands clean. Seth, in his sleepy head just nod and tried to peek around Roman to see what he was preparing other than eggs. The Samoan picked up on it. “I was about to make some eggs for us and I went to get fresh buns and some stuff to eat with them and..” He then turned around and grabbed something from the kitchen counter. “And I brought you these.” When he turned around he was holding a bouquet of different colored flowers. “They are ..” For a moment he struggled to find the right name. “Chrysanthemums.” The smile on his face grew wider when he got the name correct.

Seth stepped up to take the bouquet from Roman’s hands. The flowers were in many different colors: white, red, pink, orange, yellow, darker red and purple. Because he felt a little bit like he
just dove into a love movie Seth couldn’t help but stick his nose into the flowers for a moment and smell them. When he turned back to look at Roman he smiled wide enough to show the gap between his teeth again. “These are beautiful.” He grinned. “I love them.” Seth reached out with his free arm to hug Roman’s neck again. Unlike usually, it was now Seth who places a kiss on Roman’s cheek and then to his temple. “Thank you. I love them.”

“You’re welcome.” Roman smiled back. “You can find a vase in the cupboard there.” Seth did so and put the flowers in some water before carrying them over to the living room. Here he placed them on the table which he then started to help setting. The living area of Roman was smaller than in Dean’s place but that was probably because his bedroom was separate too. When the table was set they sat down together to start the breakfast. In that moment the world felt okay. For the first time in days, Seth felt okay. He didn’t have a headache, he didn’t feel sick and most important, he didn’t feel like he would start crying any second. “I love your home.” Seth admitted as he sipped a bit of juice. “I wish I could have a pretty home like this.”

Roman looked around with a bit of a frown on his face. This place wasn’t exactly beautiful with the non-matching furniture and the small spaces. “Maybe you can have something like this when you’re done with school.” He shrugged and gave Seth a cheering smile.

“Sure if my parents ever let me move out.” The teen giggled a little. “I think they believe I couldn’t take care of myself.”

Now Roman joined the soft laughter. “Parents are always like that. When I first moved out my mom used to show up every day and bring me some of the food she made for dad and her. She would come into my dorm and start making my bed, cleaning the floor and everything.”

Both grinned about that. “Does she still come here sometimes?” Seth asked then.

Roman shook his head. “We haven’t talked for a while. My parents only call twice a year. For my birthday and Christmas. I told you about the fight with my dad after the whole thing with Dean.”

“That’s so sad. Don’t you miss them?” Seth got busy putting butter on half of a bun.

“Sometimes. But I’m used to it.” He shrugged. “I wasn’t close to them before because of all the expectations. So I feel like I didn’t have a real family until I got into wrestling and met people there who believed in me. There’s this guy, I’ll introduce you maybe someday, his name is Steve Austin and he was more father to me than my own dad really ever was. I didn’t have a family until I stepped into the ring.”

Seth felt sorry for Roman that he felt like this about his family. Even though he fought with his siblings all the time, Seth loved his own family. His parents were so loving and caring and supported everything he wanted to do. “And now you have also me.” He tried to cheer up the mood again.

At that Roman’s face got brighter immediately. “Yeah. Now I got you.” Both fell quiet for a moment. Seth felt too shy to add something and Roman seemed to try finding good words to say. “You know..” He was still struggling a little. “I had to promise Dean not to make a move on you and I tried to distance myself from you but Seth..” Struggle. “I really like you. I love having you around. I love the way you sing with me in the car and how you dance around when you beat me in gaming. It’s really good to have you around. And I will fix everything so you can be that happy every day.”

The younger male was slightly surprised by what Roman said but the words encouraged him. He’d fought this battle inside his heart for long enough. He tried to tell himself he did not like Roman the
way he liked Dean but if he was honest with himself and if he stopped pushing down the doubts all the time, he knew losing Roman would hurt just as much as losing Dean. And being with Roman made him happy just like it had with Dean (most of the time). “I like you too, you know.” His cheeks were heating up. Yeah, even with the confidence he gained from the older male this still happened. Some part of him would probably always be that awkward kid.

For a moment they smiled at each other and under the table, their feet met. The blush on Seth’s cheeks got darker when Roman tangled their legs. His next words he tried to chose even more carefully. “You know.. A lot of shit went down last week but.. I mean you kind of know where I stand but do you also like Dean?”

Seth stopped smiling slowly. The butterflies in his stomach turned into rocks again and he shrugged. “I guess but..” He didn’t know how to express what he was thinking.

“I know.” Now Roman put his hand on Seth’s wrist softly. “I understand. Dean is.. He’s a great man. Unless he drinks.” The teen agreed with a nod.

“I wish we could help him.” Seth’s voice was only a whisper now.

Roman’s eyes agreed with him but he took a deep breath and sighed. “You know.. We can only help him if he wants help to get better. And I have been trying for years. But he doesn’t believe he has a problem.”

“We will figure something out, Roman.” Seth knew they would. If both of them loved Dean they would find a way to help him get better.

“I told you, I will fix everything.” The older man grabbed Seth’s hand fully now so he could place a soft kiss on his palm.

But the younger one shook his head. “No, Rome. We will fix this.”

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“Romaaaaaaan! How many times more do we have to do this?” Seth threw his head back against the backrest of the couch. He was exhausted from playing Mario Kart almost all day by now. They had hit the rainbow road for about 20 times now.

“Until I beat you!” The Samoan seemed to be on a mission.

“Okay, I will let you win next round so we can finally do something else.”

“No! You can’t just let me win. That’s not what I want.”

“Please.. You know you could never beat me!”

“Can do.”

“Cannot.”

“Can!”

“Cannot!”
“Can!”

“Stop it! You can’t!” Seth was giggling now. Roman was so determined to beat Seth in this game but there was no chance in hell anyone on this planet would win a race on the rainbow road against him.

“Brat!” Roman took the controller from Seth’s hand and pulled him towards his bigger body to start tickling his sides.

“NO!” Seth yelped and almost jumped away from Roman but the older man held him tight with one arm and tickled him some more with the free hand. “Stop! Please stop!” Seth was laughing so hard that quickly his belly hurt.

“Say please, big boy. Where are your manners?” Roman was laughing too but he didn’t stop.

“Please, please, please stop!” Eventually Roman did as he was asked but he still held on to Seth and for a moment they just smiled at each other. “You’re so handsome, Roman.” Seth eventually dared to giggle and felt his face going red with it. “Like.. Sooo beautiful.”

“Thank you.” The older one seemed to take great pride in that compliment. “But so are you, big boy.” One of his hands found its way into the dark hair of Seth. It smelled like his shampoo now, he knew that because Seth had showered earlier. “Come here.” Roman pulled a little bit on the hair, not enough to make it hurt, and guided Seth’s face towards his. Their mouths met into a soft kiss. The touch was innocent like everything else about Seth and Roman sighed happily about this feeling. He laid back and pulled Seth on top of his body just to feel his weight against his as their mouths moved together.

For Seth, it was a little overwhelming. Roman was only the first person in his life he kissed and he tasted of the chips they had been eating and of himself and that got to Seth’s heart immediately. It was different than to all kisses he had shared with Dean because Roman’s kisses were so much softer. There was no biting or force behind it and his hands stayed in Seth’s hair and on his back to just hold him close. It was obvious Roman didn’t kiss him because of any sexual intentions but just to underline the statement both had shared earlier.

For quite a moment they just laid there and kissed until both needed to breathe. The older male then tucked the younger brunette’s head under his chin and nuzzled into the dark locks. No one said anything for a little bit until Roman’s thick voice filled the room again. “Bet you couldn’t beat me in a real race.”

Seth giggled. “Of course not. I can’t drive a car.”

“You can’t drive a car? Why? You’re 17.”

“Because.. I don’t know. I’m a bit afraid. I think I would kill someone if let loose on the streets with a car by myself.”

Now it was Roman laughing. “I think almost everyone had this fear. But being able to drive would be pretty cool for you I think. It gives you a lot of freedom, you know?”

“Sure.” Seth wasn’t all about that idea.

“I will teach you.” The Samoan seemed to be on a mission now and made Seth lay next to him so he could get up. “Let’s get dressed. We will drive out of town for a bit and I’ll show you.”

“Do we have to?” Seth’s voice didn’t sound very pleased.
“Yes.”

The teen rolled his eyes. He’d much rather just stay here and kiss Roman. But the big man was already going to the bathroom to put on some jeans.

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“P stands for park. You obviously use it when you parked your car.” The older male instructed Seth. They were an hour outside of the city on a road next to a forest. No car was out here, no car but Roman’s which Seth was supposed to drive now. “So this is an automatic car, you know what that means?”

“No.” The teen whined a little. He had no idea about cars.

“It makes driving a lot easier because you don’t have a pedal for coupling. That means you only have gas and breaks that you have to worry about while driving. The car basically does everything else by itself.”

“What if it doesn’t?”

“That’s can’t happen.”

“But what if..”

“No, Seth. The car will drive when you hit the gas. Now, please hit the breaks and then put the gear stick in drive.” Seth looked at Roman with insecure eyes and the older man put his hand on Seth’s thigh. His smile was encouraging. “Come on, you can do it. Nothing bad can happen. There is no car out here and I’m right here with you for help. Now breaks, yeah? Because if you don’t hit them the car will be rolling by itself.”

Quickly Seth hit them and then put the gear stick into drive. “See that was easy, right? Now switch your foot to the gas pedal and push it down slowly. Not all the way, ok?” The teen was super careful and help on to the wheel for dear life but the car started rolling slowly, very slowly when he put his foot on the gas. “See! You’re driving!” Roman’s voice was full of joy.

“I’m driving!” Seth’s voice was higher than usual but he didn’t bother because he was driving a damn car! HE was driving it. He was so overwhelmed by it that he looked over at Roman with this huge smile and the Samoan looked back before his eyes widened.

“Look at the road, Seth! Always look at the road!”

He quickly looked back and had to pull the wheel to the left quickly because while he was looking at Roman to the right he also pulled the wheel a bit to the right and almost drove off the street into an acre. “Woah!”

The car was back on the road and relief washed over both of them. “I know you’re into me Seth but please stare at the road the way you stare at me sometimes, when you’re in the car driving, okay?” Roman laughed a bit.

Seth did too even though his heart was still pounding heavily. “Will do.” He promised. They practiced a little more until Seth got tired and they decided to hit back to the city. Back there they
went to get some groceries so they could prepare dinner together at home and then the day was almost over.

Because Roman had to train Tuesdays till Thursday Seth and he decided to meet again on Monday after school. That the older male also had a busy schedule within the week was okay because Seth had to concentrate on school things too. With the Samoan putting his lovesickness to ease it became less of a struggle to focus in school. His homework started to look better again and Seth was looking forward to the weekends each week because he got to spend them with Roman, Friday till Sunday. They took two hours to practice the driving each weekend and went to visit Seth’s parents after that sometimes. Things were falling back to normal slowly and it felt good. The routine felt good. Letting himself fall into Roman’s arms felt good. Kissing Roman without having to worry about what could happen with them tomorrow felt good.

The next two weeks went by quickly. November was over. That also meant that exams would come soon because Seth had them before Christmas and it also meant it had been a year since he got the ticket for the FCW show soon. It was incredible how much had happened in that time. Seth’s life was very different now.

The teen was sitting in the living room of Roman’s flat and tried to work some of the school stuff for physics into his head. It wasn’t that he was bad at it but knowing Roman was next door taking a nap was distracting him. He gave up eventually and dropped his pen into the book. Carefully, so he wouldn’t make a noise, Seth stalked over into the bedroom and spooned Roman from behind. The long dark hair smelled of the sweet shampoo he liked to use and his big body was warm and soft against Seth’s chest. “Aren’t you supposed to be studying?” The older male mumbled, still half asleep.

“Can’t concentrate knowing that I could as well smell your hair instead of understanding why I need to calculate velocity.”

“Smelling my hair won’t make you pass midterms. I promised mom I’d make you pass.” It was so sweet, since last week Roman had started calling Seth’s mother mom too. Because the two of them were hanging out so much the older male had grown to be a part of Seth’s family too.

“I can study tomorrow.” Seth whispered. He didn’t care for his physics book right now. Roman turned around so he could face Seth. Instead of speaking he pulled him into a soft kiss. Their mouths fit together perfectly. The teen dared to poke his hands under Roman’s shirt to feel the warm skin under his fingertips too and the older male rolled his tongue into his mouth to taste him. A deep but barely hearable moan left Roman’s throat. Seth tasted so sweet of cotton candy and strawberries and it made him feel a little bit dizzy but he refused to let his mind wander and further than kissing Seth. The teen knew. He understood. It was easier to understand with Roman because he wouldn’t push him as far as Dean used to.

The room was filled by soft smacking sounds until they both needed air to breathe and broke apart. “You know..” Seth whispered softly. “It’s my birthday in May.”

Roman chuckled. “Mine too.”

“Really?” Seth was distracted from what he really wanted to tell Roman. “When?”

“25th”

“Mine is 28th!”
“Sounds like you and I could have a small celebration together.”

Seth agreed and then got back to what he really wanted to say. “And.. I’ll be turning 18.”

“I know.” Roman kissed Seth’s mouth for another short moment.

“I want to..” He stopped because his face was going red and he didn’t know where to look. After everything that had happened in the past weeks it felt so right to be close to Roman and he just wanted to be even closer, wanted to be connected to Roman like he had been with no one else. In his heart he just knew, Roman was the right one for it.

“Say it, big boy.” Roman had started running his hand through the dark hair again. It helped him to relax.

“I want you to be the first one.” Seth whispered and then quickly put his mouth back on the older male’s because he was too nervous for his answer. But he couldn’t kiss him forever and he knew that. As much as he tried to drag out the kiss, the older man pulled back eventually and grinned when their eyes met again.

“It’s your birthday then. You get to wish for anything you like.” He whispered back before they met for more kisses.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

DEAN IS BACK! Oh happy day, Dean finally makes a return in this chapter. But is it the return you were hoping for? Probably not. But I make up for it with some more Rolleigns fluff. In this chapter, you will see how differently our boys celebrate their Christmas holiday. There is some heavy violence and drinking in this chapter so if you’re triggered by that you want to skip the whole part about Dean! Also, I wanted to show you all how I imagine Dean’s apartment so check out this https://imgur.com/dtoGQFs to see how it looks like.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Seth tried to hide the box in his bedroom. There was no need to let Roman find it when he came over in a bit. It was Monday afternoon, just a couple of days away from Christmas and Roman was about to stop by to help Jennifer build up a new shelf for the bathroom. Usually, his dad would have done it but with him being a chef and Christmas approaching the restaurant’s business was booming and there was no chance in hell he would get a day off until it was next year.

The young male put the box in his wardrobe so Roman wouldn’t see it when he came in here. He would get to unwrap it on Christmas. Seth was a little bit nervous because he knew his mom wanted to approach Roman today and ask whether he wanted to spend Christmas with them. He’d told her about his boyfriend (god he loved saying this. HIS boyfriend) not going to see his family and it had truly upset her. “He can’t spend Christmas alone at his home! That’s not going to happen” she’d said and once Jennifer was on a mission there was no turning back from it. Not that Seth wanted it anyway.

Just when he had closed the doors of the wardrobe the bell rang. These days Seth wasn’t scared anymore that his mother would open the door. She got along so well with Roman so when the teen walked over to the kitchen seconds later he wasn’t surprised to see the two of them leaning over a pot of freshly made Tomato soup. “You are definitely staying for dinner, Roman. I accept no No.” He laughed a little. His laugh was the most beautiful thing Seth had heard today and probably for the past years too. Everything about Roman was beautiful. What they shared was beautiful. Even if both shared the feeling that one something was missing.

“There he is.” Roman had turned around and Seth gave him a wide smile.

“I see you’re once again trying to steal my mom away?” The teen tried to look mad but since Roman leaned down to kiss his mouth he just couldn’t.

“We both know I already achieved that goal.” Everyone laughed a little bit.

His mother was stirring the soup when she spoke up. “Seth, can you show Roman the shelf and where I want it? I’ll finish dinner why the two of you build it up.”

He nodded and guided his boyfriend to the garage through the backdoor of the hallway. The shelf was still wrapped up when the two of them started to carry it inside. Seth brought Roman the
necessary tools too and then just sat on the tub edge to see the older male work. “I bought your Christmas present today after school.” Seth was really proud he’d bought it from his own pocket money that he’d been saving up.

“Is that so? I take it you won’t tell me what it is?” Roman sounded amused.

“Of course not. It’s a surprise.”

Their conversation went on. Seth tried to steal some kisses while Roman was building the shelf. Eventually, his mom called him to set up the table for dinner. Because he was the good kid that his mom had raised him as he did as he was told and half an hour later the shelf was put up and dinner was served.

“This is really good, Jennifer. I don’t think I’ve had a freshly cooked tomato soup in.. Not sure if I ever had it.” Roman chuckled and continued eating.

“Thank you. I will make sure to put some of it in a box for you then you can take it home.”

“That sounds great thank you so much.”

“Of course, sweetheart. That’s the least I can do for you after putting together that shelf. Steve had been wanting to do it for three weeks now but you know.. He’s not really a craftsman when it comes to furniture. He’s better at just buying these things.” Seth was so happy to see Roman and his mom interact so easily. It seemed to come really natural for the two of them. “Anyway, Roman, Seth tells me you are spending Christmas alone?”

Alright. Here we go, Seth thought. His palms were getting a little bit sweaty because he was afraid this step might come too soon. He and Roman were only dating for about six weeks now. On the other hand, they had grown so incredibly close in such a short amount of time. It often felt like Roman had been in his family forever. The teen could sense that the older male liked this. He was a family person. That’s what made it even sadder that he didn’t talk to his own family. “That is correct.” He answered to her question.

“I want to invite you to celebrate Christmas with us this year.” That was typical for her. No beating around the bush, just straightforward saying what she wanted.

Seth looked at Roman with a shy smile on his face. He wanted his man to be here on Christmas but he also didn’t want to push him. The Samoan seemed slightly surprised by the invitation. “For Christmas dinner?” He asked.

“For dinner and you could sleep over and be here for when we hand out the presents in the morning. I don’t have to say that Seth would love it but Steve and I would also welcome it if you would be here with us. You’re part of this family anyway.” She put her hand on his upper arm to underline that she would enjoy having him here. “I’m making a really good deer for dinner. You should not miss that.” More convincing from her side even though Seth was almost sure it wasn’t too necessary.

Roman couldn’t help but laugh out loud at her trying to make him come over like that. “I will spend Christmas with you guys, I would really enjoy that.” The older male laughed even more when he saw Seth’s and Jennifer’s eyes light up in the same way.
It always felt like something was missing when it was time for Christmas dinner and Steve Rollins’ seat at the table remained empty. However, it wasn’t like this tonight. The living room smelled of gravy and wine which were served at the big dining table. In the spot of his father, Roman had gotten comfortable. Seth’s siblings were on their best behavior (for once in their damn life) and everyone was dressed up. The white shirt clung so perfectly to Roman’s strong chest that Seth felt even more little in his white shirt and black vest than he usually did. His boyfriend even wore a pair of dress pants and a shiny leather belt. His hair was in a bun at the back of his head and he had shaven his face clean. Handsome. That was what Seth thought over and over again. His mom too wore a special outfit. A dress that she had bought for just tonight. Her hair was put in big locks that charmed her pretty face.

Everyone was leaning back in their chairs with their hands on their bellies because they’d just finished eating. “The food alone was worth coming over.” Roman complimented Seth’s mom. “I think I am almost ready to go to sleep now.”

Exactly that happened a couple of hours later. Seth and Roman were laying together in his bed, wrapped up in each other and lazily making out. “I’m so happy you’re here today.” Seth whispered when their mouths parted for a moment. “It means a lot to me.”

Roman leaned in for more kissing. “I know.” He whispered between pecks. “It means a lot to me too. It’s the first Christmas I’m celebrating in ten years. Thank you for that, Seth.”

The teen struggled to find good words. Well.. Not really. He knew exactly what he wanted to say. The three words were burning on his tongue for days but he felt too shy to just spit them out. There was this feeling in his chest telling him, it was not the right time yet. It was too early. So instead of saying that he just whispered, “Don’t thank me. I want you to join us for every Christmas. And every other holiday too.” For a little bit, he felt quiet and just gave in when Roman started kissing him again. The big hands were wandering over his back, making him feel warm and protected. Yet, something was missing. And he knew Roman felt it too. They both missed the jittery energy, the dirty jokes, the tickle attacks. Missed the smell of cold cigarette smoke and beer. Both missed that raspy voice saying their names. Even though they had each other they missed one person to share their happiness with. But neither of them mentioned it.

“Why do you do this shit so early?” Roman barely had his eyes open when he sat down on the couch. Seth sat right next to him and wrapped them up in his blanket from the bed that he had brought here.

“I don’t know. It’s tradition.” He shrugged.

“Shut up over there, will you?” Jeremy was resting in the armchair next to the window. He was still trying to catch some sleep but Jennifer and Steve had different plans for them. Like every year they brought hot cocoa for everyone and sat down with their kids and Roman for the mess.

Under the blanket, Seth and Roman’s fingers interlaced and the younger male turned his head to look at Roman with his cheeks turning a little red at the romantic gesture. Secretly holding hands, even though they didn’t have to make a secret of it, made Seth blush in excitement. The older male looked back and smiled.

Presents were being unwrapped slowly. Seth was surprised that Roman actually brought gifts for his parents too. He gave them a very beautiful new tea can. The teen was impressed because apparently, Roman had remembered that their old tea can had accidentally been broken a couple of days ago. It was such a nice gesture of his lover to give a new one to his parents because he, and
neither his parents, had expected him to give them anything. On the other hand, they had also
gotten Roman a gift box with hair products which Seth found hilarious but Roman prided himself
so much on the black mane and he got pretty excited over the gift too. So it was a good gift.

Seth had gotten a new T-Shirt and some comics so far when he was handed a gift that apparently
was from Roman. He smiled in excitement when he started unwrapping it and a couple of seconds
later he held a new game for the PlayStation in his hands and a card. Silently he opened it to read
it.

Dear Seth, in the past two months you made me happier than I have been for the last ten years.
You and your family mean the world to me and I want to spend every free minute I have with you. I
hereby invite you for a five day trip to Malibu. We will leave on the 25th of May and come back on
the 29th. Merry Christmas, Roman.

The teen was shocked when he turned to look at Roman. “For real?” He didn’t raise his voice too
much because he wanted to share this moment with only Roman. While his heart jumped heavily in
his chest his boyfriend just replied by nodding. The teen reached out and wrapped his arms around
the neck of his lover to hold him close. He was overwhelmed by this gift, had not expected to be
getting something this huge. “Thank you. Thank you so much.” He got especially excited about the
gift because this meant the two men were going to spend their birthdays together, far away from all
the people here in Orlando, away from school and work and having to leave each other on Sunday
nights. For four days it would be just the two of them. They would have all the time in the world
for anything Seth wished for on his birthday. He heard these words in Roman’s voice in his head.
The teen placed some kisses on Roman’s cheek and one on his mouth until they broke apart. Now
he also wanted to give him his gift. The excitement about the trip was still so present in his body
that Seth felt dizzy when he got up to get the present he’d wrapped up for Roman.

He handed the older male the present that was in the size of a shoe box and cuddled back at his
side under the blanket. His eyes were filled with expectations when he watched the Samoan
unwrap the box.

Inside the older man found a pair of socks first. Happy Socks. A soft laughter left him. Those were
the type of socks Seth loved wearing because they were painted in all kinds of colors. “Look!” Seth
grabbed for them just to turn them around and to show Roman the fabric that would sit at the
bottom of his feet. One sock read: If you can read this. the other one read: Come here and kiss me.

Seth was really proud that he had found these and looked at Roman with a large grin on his face.
The Samoan also laughed at that but did exactly what the socks said and leaned over to peck at
Seth’s lips. “Thank you.” He smirked. Then he went on to see what else was in the box. There was
a card wishing him Merry Christmas and then he got to even more exciting things. He pulled a
smaller box out of there and opened it. Two rolled up wristbands were to be found in it. On the
inside of the lid, it read: Merry Christmas, Roman. From now on there will be no battle you’ll have
to fight alone.

He took one of the wristbands out and rolled it open. One end, the one that would be visible to
everyone, had his ring name on it in white letters. The other end, the inside that only he would be
seeing when he put the bands on showed two signs stitched there with a red string. It was a heart
with an S right next to it. Carefully he brushed his thumb over it. Seth would now be with him in
every battle he fought inside the ring.

The teen was still looking at him with big eyes. Hopefully, the gift wasn’t too cheesy for Roman.
Softly he asked, “Is it too much?”

“Absolutely not.” Seth wasn’t sure but he thought he almost saw the eyes of the older male get a
little bit shiny. He seemed to be really touched by the gift. Again he was pulled into a kiss. This one lasted a little bit longer but not long enough to make it awkward in front of his family.

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“Wake up!” Dean growled in annoyance and pushed forward his knee to make it hit Reby’s leg. The brunette was still asleep even though it started getting dark outside again. The two of them had spent Christmas Eve in a club not too far from here and had gotten back when normal people would have lunch usually. “Get some water.” He growled. His head hurt badly and his mouth felt dry. He kicked at her again with his knee and finally, she showed some signs of waking up.

“Stop it.” She mumbled and was about to roll out of bed. Oh no. No chance in hell someone would be speaking like this to him. Especially not a woman. Regardless of the pain in his body Dean reached out for her brown mop and grabbed her hair, yanking her body back down on the bed.

“You don’t fucking talk to me like that.” His voice was sharp and angry. Sometimes this mood was exhausting for him because he couldn’t control it. Rage would eat up all his brains, making it impossible to think straight and he could only find a way to get away from these feelings when he was drinking. “Now go get some water. And a beer.” He was still pulling on her hair. Reby’s face showed the discomfort but she nodded in agreement and he let her go.

While she went to the kitchen he pulled his pillow up a little so he could sit slightly and turn on the TV with the remote. Who turned off the damn thing in the first place? It was always running. “What the fuck ’s taking you so long?” He yelled because impatience was already creeping up in his belly.

Reby came back with quiet steps. She looked horrible. Her make up was all over her face which wasn’t a surprise considering the way he’d made her sweat when they’d come home. The bruises all over her body showed that too. Bitemarks were clearly visible on her pale skin just as some bruises that would turn blue in a bit. Without a comment, he grabbed the can of beer and the glass of water from her hands.

The water he drowned quickly before opening the can and slurping from it. Tasing the beer almost made him feel easier on the spot.

“Hey!” Reby tried to get his attention because his view had been going in tunnel mood as he stared at the television and sipped his beer like other people would do with a cup of coffee. “It’s Christmas, Dean.”

“So?” He didn’t look at her while he was speaking.

Her hands were fumbling around with her purse that she’d brought to the bed now. “I got us a little something. It’s a day of celebration and sharing love with the people we care about so.” The high voice she was speaking in was annoying and Dean wanted nothing more than to be drunk again already. His fingers were feeling cold and his body shaking a little bit. He was so on edge, could barely keep his shit together before going crazy.

Since the incident with Seth, he’d been drinking more than he did anyway. Even when he turned up for the shows at FCW he was drunk most of the time. Three weeks ago the general manager Regal had picked up on it and he’d not been scheduled for a match since then so he’d stopped
showing up on Friday nights at all. There was no reason to go there anyway. No wrestling, no Dean. Also, he couldn’t stand one more of Roman’s pitying looks towards his direction. It made him feel sick to the stomach and poked that demon inside of him just so much more. “What the fuck are you speaking about?” He growled at her.

“This.” She pulled out a small plastic bag from her wallet now. It was see-through and Dean spotted the different colored pills inside of it immediately when he turned his head to look at her. “Let’s have some special fun tonight.”

“Where the damn fuck is this from?” He sat up straight now, tried to force himself to breathe. God, the anger was so strong today, he was getting so hot and so cold at the same time, finished his beer in one sip so he could throw the can through the room and yell again. “Where the fuck does this shit come from, Reby?”

The girl was in shock about his reaction and quickly put the baggy back in her wallet and then her purse. “I bought it from this guy in the bar. I wanted to give you a present and.”

“And what? You thought you can just bring some drugs into my house and I’d thank you for it?! You stupid, useless piece of shit!” He raised his hand and landed it down in her face with a hard and loud smack. It wasn’t the first time he lost control like this with her. His girlfriend pissed him off every other day. “Do you do this often, hm?” He was still screaming at her. “Tell me!” There was no turning back from his anger, he couldn’t hold himself.

“Just sometimes..” She whimpered. Reby couldn’t lie to him at all, he knew it because he knew she got scared of him when he got like this.

“Get out of my fucking bed!” He yelled but gave her no time to react and just pushed her out of the bed so she would fall to the floor in front of it. The much taller man was on his feet just seconds later, grabbed for her hair and yanked her up to her feet. “You’re a fucking addict! I knew it all the time!” He started mocking her voice. “Babe, can you give me some money? I need new makeup. Yet you keep running around looking like the biggest whore out there each day! You spend my money for drugs, don’t you? I can’t fucking believe this!” Again he raised her and smacked her face before putting his hand on her throat and forcing her back into the shelf that was right next to the bed. His fingers closed down tight around her throat as he leaned right into her face, screaming so loud that spit flew from his mouth. “Next time you need a fucking shot do what you look like you’re doing. Go out there and sell your ass for the drugs but don’t you ever dare coming back into my home. I want nothing to do with that kinda shit. And now get the fuck outta my house!”

Her face was covered in tears and it was all red because she couldn’t breathe. Reby tried hammering against his chest, begging for oxygen without words but Dean ignored her needs completely. “If you ever dare to come back here I will fucking kill you, Reby. I’m not joking. I’ll throw you outta my window without looking after you!” With these words, he finally let go of her throat but he pushed her back into the shelf which made her moan and cough in pain as she sank down to her knees. The girl could barely catch her breath again between all of this. From the impact that the push had had some stuff fell out of the shelf but Dean didn’t care. He was still screaming around, ranting as he threw around some stuff that he could grab from where he was standing. All of it he threw right at her. “Get your shit and go!”

But she wasn’t quick enough for his taste so instead, he grabbed her by the hair, grabbed her purse and her bag with her clothes that she’d bought for the holiday and pulled her towards the door. He didn’t have one bit of care in his body that she was screaming and begging for him to let her go. She was in pain obviously but Dean heard none of it. When the door was open he threw her stuff in the hallway and pushed her out there too. With one last kick to the guts, he didn’t even need to use
a lot of force, he sent her skinny body to the floor and threw the door shut. Now his apartment was quiet. But he wasn’t, the anger was still too present, still coating his brains so he couldn’t think straight.

When he came back to the living room he stood in front of the outside of the shelf again. Dean raised his fists and punched away at the wall of the shelf until he broke the wooden surface of it. Some trophies he’d won in his time in wrestling fell off the top shelf but he didn’t care. Angrily mumbling about how useless and stupid Reby was he went to the kitchen to look for more beer. “Merry fucking Christmas, Ambrose.” He congratulated himself as he got ready to drink himself to sleep once again.

Chapter End Notes

Wow, what the heck was that?! Looks like Dean's life is going downhill slowly, right? Well, at least he didn't take up on Reby's offer. Are you glad he kicked her out of his life? Or should he just have given in? It's not like he has a whole lot to lose. Leave a comment and tell me what you think. How will the three of them reunite? And more importantly, when?
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Okay okay, enough with the fluff and happiness! Valentine's Day is over! Happiness for our boys? Not going to happen! Ha! Joking.. But this is a necessary step so we can get our boys back on track, right? When I wrote this chapter I was listening to Silence by Marshmello ft. Khalid which kind of reminded me of Dean in this fic so you might want to check it out and then have fun with this chapter!

PS: I have barely any idea about the American court system so please just note that this scene is based solely on how I imagine it to be. Sorry if it might not be applicable to how it looks in reality.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I don’t know, Roman. I’m worried. I don’t think I should go.” Seth shook his head. They were laying on the couch in Roman’s flat and watched TV. The older male would have to leave soon to go to the FCW show, the first one of the new year. “What if Dean will be there?” For the past two hours that he had been hanging out here his boyfriend tried to convince him to come with him and watch the show.

“Babe, Dean’s contract ended with the new year and Regal already informed all of the roster that he won’t come back.” Roman had told Seth about the way Dean had been behaving at work and also that he stopped showing up. Regal had gotten so annoyed with Ambrose that after the third time missing he decided not to give him a new contract for the upcoming season. “Please, Seth. I just want to see you in the front row again, cheering for me and enjoying wrestling. I know you want to come. I promise Dean won’t show up. There is no reason for him to be there.”

Seth didn’t look convinced at all but then again, it was so hard to tell Roman no. He could never do it. “Alright..” He agreed. Roman’s eyes lit up immediately as he leaned down and gave Seth a big kiss.

“Perfect.” Before Seth could say some more the big male rolled off the couch, suddenly he was full of energy and went out of the room for a moment.

“Ro? Where are you going?” The teen didn’t get an answer, just heard Roman shuffling around in the bathroom for a little until he came back with a fresh t-shirt in his hands. Was it really necessary to go change in the middle of their conversation? Roman came back to the couch and sat down at Seth’s side.

He put the shirt down on Seth’s body. “Brought you this. Should fit you just right.” From where Roman had put the shirt down on his chest Seth now grabbed it and unfolded it. Oh, it was Leakee merchandise. And it was new too, the teen had not seen this shirt before.

“Woah, that’s pretty cool. They gave you a new shirt?” Seth knew this was exciting for his boyfriend. With Dean gone he would definitely be the new fan favorite, they both knew it, even though Roman never admitted it. He would never let such thing get to his head. One night when they’d just been laying in bed and talked, his boyfriend had told him that even if he kept wrestling mid-card matches here in Orlando for the rest of his life, he’d still be doing what he loved and that
was gift enough for him.

“Yeah. And you’ll be the first one to wear it tonight.”

“Wait, how did you know I would come with you?”

Roman shrugged. “I just know you can’t say no to my charms.”

“You’re ridiculous.” Seth rolled his eyes and laughed but both knew that the older male was right.

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“Don’t tell your mom!” Roman winked when he handed Seth a beer. Usually he didn’t get his boyfriend any alcoholic drinks. With Seth being underage and Dean having his issues, the Samoan generally didn’t drink often and didn’t want Seth to think it was normal to drink at each possibility either. “It’s just because you’re finally back here with me and because I have a pretty big match.”

That was true. FCW had decided they wanted to mix the cards up, wanted to give the new year a fresh start so they had set up a tournament for the FCW Florida Heavyweight Championship. Roman would have his first round match tonight and had decided not to tell Seth the outcome of it before. He wanted his boyfriend to be surprised by it.

“Roman.. Just tell me what’s going to happen. I’m nervous.” Seth took a small sip of the bitter liquid.

“Not going to happen. You just sit here and wait. I’m going to get warmed up.” They shared a quick kiss and then Roman went backstage, Seth remained in his seat.

He was on his legs and screamed on top of his lungs. “Checkmate!” Seth raised his fists in the air and jumped around on the spot, cheering so loud for Roman, that his voice stood out in contrast to the others. He leaned over the barricade slightly and clapped his hands when the referee waited for Roman to get up and then raise his fist in the air.

“Here is your winner by three count: Leakee!” The ring announcer shouted into the microphone and Seth was sure the roof of the building would come down any second because of the heavy reaction that Roman got back from the crowd. Seth was so incredibly proud of his boyfriend getting one step closer to winning the big title and when their eyes met the teen saw that Roman too was proud. The Samoan rolled out of the ring and winked at Seth when he passed him. This man was unbelievable, he should have just told him that he was advancing in the tournament. Seth would have prevented getting this close to a heart attack.

Since the show was over now, Roman’s match had been the main event, the people started to leave. The teen too, got up. Just like when he first came here outside of the arena, where the merchandise stand was, some wrestlers were giving autographs and taking pictures with the fans. Seth quickly went to find Roman there too but left other people the chance to talk to him first. After all, he’d have the Samoan for himself all weekend.

When he was the only one left Seth threw himself into Roman’s arms and hugged him so tight, the older male couldn’t breathe for a moment. “You were so great out there! And you should have told
me that you get the win! Why didn’t you tell me? I almost died because of a heart attack!”

Roman laughed. “Because of exactly that. Wrestling would be no fun for a fan if you always knew
the outcome already.”

“Ugh.” The younger brunette just shook his head and stole a kiss from Roman’s mouth. “You need
to get showered so we can go home. You stink.” Seth referred to the sweat on Roman’s body. Even
though it didn’t smell too much now, he just wanted to be home soon so they could celebrate with
another beer and intimate kisses.

“Right. Be back in a moment. Don’t go running.”

“Won’t!” Seth giggled after Roman who vanished in the locker room. He probably could have
waited in there but Seth was worried he’d make the other performers uncomfortable.

A voice from behind caught his attention. “Big win for him, hu?” The teen spun around to see who
was speaking to him. Behind the merchandise stand he found a new face.

“Uhm, ya.” He smiled softly at the blond girl standing there. His cheeks turned red a little since he
had not realized someone was watching them.

“Will he win the tournament?” She asked. Her positive smile made Seth feel comfortable on the
spot. Yet, he had to shrug as an answer because he didn’t know. “Well I wish him the best. Cool
shirt you got there. I didn’t know he had new shirts. I wasn’t selling them tonight.”

“That’s because this is the first print of it. I think Roman mentioned they’d come in for the end of
the month or so.”

“Ah, I see. I’m Renee, by the way. I will see you around more often I guess?” She was still smiling
at him.

“Yeah, I think so. Oh, and I’m Seth.” He went over to shake her hand, not to be impolite. Because
there was nothing else to do, Seth started helping her to clear the merchandise stand. Talking to her
was pretty easy and the time went by quick. They got done with the work and Renee said her
goodbyes. Now Seth was sitting there on the table she’d been working at alone and waited for time
to pass.

He heard some feet down the hall but could hear they weren’t Roman’s so he didn’t bother looking
up from his phone on which he had started playing Snake. “Well if that isn’t pretty boy Rollins.”
Now the teens head snapped up and he turned to look who it was. Oh! He swallowed hard and slit
off the table to stand, quickly put his phone into his pocket. “Of fucking course, you’d be hanging
out here waiting for your petty boyfriend.” Dean’s words were a slur when he walked up to Seth.

Even with a meter between the two of them Seth could smell him, could smell the beer and the
cigarettes and the sweat. Greasy hair hung low in Dean’s face and his eyes were half-lidded. He
was totally wasted. Seth got nervous because he’d never really seen or experienced Dean in this
state and from what Roman had told him, he didn’t really want to either.

“Wha-at are you do.. Doing here?” Seth’s voice was so small and he stumbled over the words
because he was so nervous, could barely think straight. This was exactly what he had been scared
of, that’s why he didn’t want to come! Roman wasn’t here, in fact no one was here, and Dean had
that look on his face.

“I told you, you can’t fucking run from me, Seth.” In reality, Dean had just come here to pick up
some stuff of his and have a last conversation with Regal but in the state he was, he didn’t think
straight anymore. His mind just yelled at him to take Seth with him, take him back to his house, ruin that beautiful innocent boy, make him scream and cry for him. “You should come home with me, Seth. You’re almost 18 now, aren’t you? I will make it worth to finally be overage.”

“No.” The younger male just shook his head. Dean came closer and Seth tried to lean backwards but since the table was behind him he didn’t exactly have a place to go. Not that running would have been an option, the blond would be right behind him in no time. He was quicker with his long muscular legs.

“Come on, don’t be a bore. Man up. I’ll show you what makes you feel good. You love me, right? You always love me, Seth.” Dean was close enough now to reach out and touch Seth’s face. The younger male tried to pull away but Dean didn’t allow it, grabbed for his chin and buried the tips of his fingers in Seth’s cheeks as he pulled him a step away from the table. “We’ll have some beer and enjoy each other’s company like big boys, okay sugar?”

Seth had missed the way Dean called him that so much. He’d dreamed about it, his heart had ached for it but not like this. Not with the word sounding like shrr instead of what it really meant to say. “Let me go!” The smaller man tried to work up some courage. He felt stronger when Roman was there, hell he felt stronger by himself too since Roman was there but Dean was so clearly dominant that he knew he’d stand no chance. “Let go, Dean!” He was talking louder now, tried to push at Dean’s chest but the blond didn’t do what he asked for.

“I told you, you won’t get away from me, my little Seth. I will always be in your life. You love me, I know it.” Dean’s voice was rough as if he’d been smoking all his life long and it was hard to make out what he said.

It hurt so much. Because yes, he did love, Dean. But not like this. Seth had struggled with Dean in this mood sober but he couldn’t take it when Dean was drunk. And he didn’t want to either. Hot tears started building in his eyes when he looked at the blue eyes that couldn’t really focus on his face. “Stop it!” Seth was screaming now. He too, couldn’t really see the man in front of him but not because he was drunk, only because the tears took his sight. “Go away!” He pushed at Dean again and this time the drunk male had to take a step backward, almost fell over his own feet. That seemed to cause him getting even angrier.

“You little fucker, you didn’t just push me, did you?!” He was screaming too now, spit flew from his mouth as he looked at Seth like he wanted to stab him right then and there. “You’re nothing but a little stupid bitch! You don’t get to send me away, you do what I demand. Let’s fucking go!” Dean had now grabbed for Seth’s wrist and pulled the teen with him towards the exit.

The younger male was screaming no over and over again on top of his lungs, tried to pull away but Dean was too strong, he couldn’t do anything. “No, Dean! Please leave me alone!” He sobbed, voice high pitched and shaking.

“There is no getting away. Stop fighting this, useless little fuck.” Dean was crazy. Seth was sure he was completely out of his mind. The wrist of the teen hurt by now and it only made hims cream more. “Shut your fucking mouth before I do it for you!” But Seth totally ignored what Dean screamed at him. He was too caught up in his crying and sobs.

“You scare me, Dean!”

“You should be fucking scared of me, Seth! Not move your little ass outta here, come on!”

“No! Let me go!” There was still fight in him and Dean seemed to recognize it. It didn’t sit right with him, he couldn’t stand when someone showed him resistance. With rage in his eyes Dean
raised his hand, was about to bring it down on Seth’s red face but just when he was about to land his hand on the soft looking cheeks a huge figure tackled him down to the floor. Because he was still holding on to Seth all three of them fell, Seth screaming because he knocked his head on the floor, Dean grunting and trying to push the tall figure off.

“Get the fuck away from me.” He threw wild punches but didn’t even look at who and if he hit the other male.

“Dean!” Roman’s voice was so loud and thick and angry when now he was the one slapping Dean in the face who was laying under the Samoan on the floor. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing?! It’s Seth!” Again he slapped him. “You’re so out of your fucking mind! You shouldn’t even be here, your drunk ass shouldn’t be here!” The oldest of the three had grabbed Dean by the hair and pulled him back to his legs. In the ring, this scene would have been interesting. Out here it just made Seth cry out more. When Roman made a fist to punch Dean in the ribs Seth screamed out loud even more.

“Roman!” The Samoan wanted to hit again but now Seth on his shaky legs was quicker. “Stop!” He hugged Roman’s strong arm to stop him from punching Dean again. “Stop! It’s still him! Stop!” With red eyes, he tried to capture the attention from the Samoan. He whimpered when Roman’s angry eyes turned to look at him. This was even worse than Dean being mad at him. Luckily, the second Roman recognized who was in front of him, his eyes got softer.

“Seth.” Now his voice was full of fear. He totally seemed to forget Dean was still there and just pushed his drunk ass away. This time the blond did fall and he groaned in pain as he hugged his own body. Roman’s fist had hit him hard and possibly broke a rib or two. “Baby, are you okay?” The hair of the Samoan was still wet and so was his shirt so he probably just got out of the shower when he’d heard the screaming.

Immediately the younger male shook his head. Nothing was okay. Everything hurt. “Baby..” Roman quickly wrapped him up in his arms, tried to comfort the teen somehow. “I’ll fix it. I promised.” He kissed the top of Seth’s head when the teen cried into his chest.

“Look at you. What a fuck up of a friend you are. Promised to stay away now you smash his ass every weekend.” That Dean really had the nerve to say that even though he laid on the floor and couldn’t even get up himself, it was ridiculous.

“You never know when it’s enough, Dean. You need help.” When Roman was speaking sirenes of a police car came closer and within seconds three officers stormed into the entrance of the arena. Finally. Roman had called them the second he’d heard the screaming and done his best to make sure Dean would stay in place until they were here. Probably not in the best way but he’d managed.

“We’ve been informed of physical assault.” One of the officers said. Roman did quick work of explaining what had happened and the officers helped Dean back to his legs. They put the handcuffs on him for now, just to prevent him from going crazy again. “Have you been arrested before, Mr. Ambrose?” Dean just growled at the officers, didn’t manage to say a proper sentence. “We will have to take you to the station and wait until you are sobered up.” Two of the officers guided Dean outside to the car while he was screaming still, yelling at Seth and Roman that they were letting him down and they were the worst people he knew.

One officer stayed with Seth and Roman for a little bit longer. “Do you know if he has been arrested before?”

Roman sighed before he nod. “Mostly because of him being too loud when he’s too drunk and once
because he got into a bar fight.” Not a huge surprise. Seth listened and held on to Roman’s arm as if his life depended on it.

The officer wrote down what Roman said. “Well, due to that history I believe this time he will be seeing a judge and most likely he will be going to jail for a while. With what you’re telling me it’s probably going to be six weeks. Maybe three months. Or, if he shows some cooperation, they might ask him to go to rehab. You’re telling me he’s been having issues because of drinking?”

“Yeah.”

“Then that might be another option. Do you know any of his family that you could contact for him? He, of course, gets to make a call from the station too but it might be helpful if you could do that in advance.”

“Dean doesn’t have anyone to call, I think.” At least no one who could bail him out.

“I see. We will be contacting you in case he will have to go to court. You might have to tell the judge about what went down. May I please write down your names and addresses?”

Seth didn’t want to. If he got a letter from court to his parents house they’d ask about what happened and then he would have to explain and he felt ashamed of telling them what was going on with Dean. After all, it was still Dean, his Dean and he didn’t want mom and dad to think badly of him. “Is it.. Maybe possible..” He sobbed still slightly. “To contact me under Roman’s address too?”

The officer gave him a questioning look. “Do you live there?”

“Uhm..” Seth couldn’t lie to the officer so he looked down to the floor. All of this was a mess and now his parents would get mad at him getting in trouble and he wouldn’t be allowed to stay at Roman’s place anymore and everything was going downhill. The teen wished he hadn’t come to the show. He should have stayed home, played the new game until Roman was back. But he didn’t and now he had to deal with this.

The officer seemed to pick up on Seth’s anxiety. “If it is alright by you, Mr. Reigns, I will note down that you live together.” He tried to give them a cheering smile but there was nothing that could fix the situation right now. Maybe it could never be fixed.

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It was only about two weeks later that Seth and Roman sat in the car, both wearing suits, as they drove in silence to the courthouse they had been ordered to. It was Thursday and Seth was just happy he would get to stay at Roman’s place tonight. Because of a teacher’s conference, there would be no school tomorrow so his mother had allowed him to go and stay with Roman for a day longer. Lately, even before the thing with Dean happened, Seth was getting really annoyed by having to ask his mom for everything. He just wanted to be able to go out whenever he wanted to. After all, he was almost 18. There shouldn’t be a reason for him to be afraid his parents would go through the little mail he got. Or for him to ask whether he could go hang out with someone. Almost being 18 should give him the right to make his own decisions too.

Luckily he had been able to hide from his parents how he and Roman would be spending the afternoon. “I wish there was a better reason for us to wear a suit.” Seth sighed and looked down his
own body. He wished that too. As if the whole world knew what was going on today the weather was a mess too. The sky was grey, the wind fresh and it would probably start raining soon.

“Seth..” Roman’s voice sounded so serious. “I know it scares you. It scares me too. But.. Please promise me not to get defensive over Dean, today. He wanted to hit you. In the face. We need to make sure he gets help. This isn’t okay. He’s hurting himself too.”

The teen swallowed, still looking down. “I know..”

“You will tell the judge everything that happened, right? Also before. Everything you told me. Please promise me that.”

Seth struggled. Dean would hurt because of him if he did that. He would be sent away and be all alone. Without even doing anything right now, Seth started feeling bad. guilt rose in his chest, making his jaw clench when he tried to push it back. But he couldn’t. “I don’t want him to hurt anymore. You see what happened to him because he was always hurting.”

“Seth, Dean can only stop that if he gets help. You’re not adding hurt, you’re helping him to get rid of it. You have to tell the judge everything.” They’d had this conversation over and over again on the last weekend.

“I already told you I would, please stop.” Seth felt a little pressured and he knew Roman didn’t mean bad by that but it didn’t exactly make this situation easier. It wasn’t too much later that they arrived and went to the room they were ordered to.

Roman and Seth would not be in the courtroom at the same time. The judge didn’t want the witnesses to influence each other with what they had to say. Roman would be going in first. Nervously Seth held on to his hand as long as possible but then the older male was asked to come inside. “Baby. It’s going to be okay. Just tell them what you told me.” Roman kissed Seth’s forehead before he left.

Time wouldn’t pass. It seemed to take forever until Seth was asked to come inside the courtroom. On shaky legs, he entered, walked up to the witness stand. He had to swear that he would tell the truth only before he was allowed to sit down. From his spot, he had a good look at Dean. His former lover looked bad. His skin was even paler than usual. He wasn’t wearing a jail outfit which meant that at least he didn’t have to stay at the prison until his hearing had come. That was a small relief. This case probably wasn’t big enough and extreme enough for that.

The blue eyes pierced right through Seth as he was sitting there. Nothing but anger in Dean’s eyes. Seth saw Dean’s body but nothing of Dean in his face. It made his heart hurt badly in his chest. Every beat of it felt like it was being stabbed and he quickly turned his head away to look at the lawyer for him instead. Question after question he answered, told everyone in the room about Dean’s anger towards him, about the mood swings, the night after the show. He told them every detail they wanted to know. Seth had hoped that would lift some of the heavy pressure off his chest but with every piece of truth he spit out it just got worse.

Even though he wasn’t looking at him the teen could hear Dean laugh a quiet but bitter laugh. He muttered something and Seth immediately ducked his head. The judge picked up on the small gesture and made a note quickly. Then Seth was done. He left the room and when the door closed behind him he let out a shaky breath. Now he could let go the tears he’d been holding in when he was in there. Now he could breathe. Without moving further or saying anything he just stood there and felt the hot tears run down his soft cheeks. This was probably the hardest thing he’d ever done in his life. He was a traitor, had let down the man he loved. One of the men he loved. Even if it was the worst moment of them all to realize it but Seth did love both, Dean and Roman. Both in a
unique way but he did love and need them both.

The teen brought up one hand to try drying his face with the back of his hand. “Seth.” There it was. Warm and caring. The voice of Roman who now wrapped him up in a tight hug. “It’s okay, big boy. It’s all okay.” Soft lips met his temple when he hugged Roman’s waist and held on to him just as tight. Even though he couldn’t see, he could hear in Roman’s voice that he probably lost some tears too. For quite some time the two just held on to each other until they went to sit down. They would be called back when the judge would be ready to read out the decision that was made.

Until then the two brunettes just sat there and held each other’s hand, trying to find comfort in the presence of the other. Why did everything have to be so miserable? Whenever Seth felt like he was on top of the world something happened and he fell down right on his butt. And it was always Roman who had to put him back together. “I’m sorry.” Seth whispered. Roman frowned.

“What for?”

“If I wouldn’t have come into your guys's life, this wouldn’t have happened.” The teen leaned his head against Roman’s shoulder now.

“Don’t say that, Seth. And don’t apologize either.” A soft kiss landed on top of his head. “You coming into my life was the best damn thing that happened to me in forever.”

Just like it had before Christmas, three little words were burning on Seth’s tongue. He wanted Roman to know, wanted to tell him but he didn’t dare to just throw it out there. Especially now, that they were dealing with this. Before he could say anything else anyway, they were ordered back inside to hear the decision of the judge. Roman and Seth found a spot in the audience, they held on to each other’s hand to provide some more comfort.

“Mr. Ambrose your case concerns being drunk publicly, assault and battery. After hearing the testimonies I came to the decision to send you to the Orlando Recovery Center for 30 days. If you do not attend the assigned sessions scheduled by a psychologist you will have to spend 60 days in the state prison of Orlando.” He took the hammer to make the decision final. “Case closed.”

Seth swallowed hard when he turned his head to look at Roman and the Samoan too, looked exhausted. Both tried to tell themselves, this was for the better. They did this for Dean. This was the last way to help him.

Said man was now guided through the audience to leave the room and be escorted to the said facility immediately. He had almost left the room, only needed to pass Roman and Seth now. Seth looked down at his shoes but the Samoan didn’t. He looked Dean right in the blue eyes, saw the storm inside of them. It assured him that, even though it broke his heart, they did the right thing. Dean though, obviously didn’t agree. Regardless of the officer that had cuffed his wrists he stopped walking and looked at Roman with nothing but pure hate on his face. “You did this to me. This is your fault.” He spit out, words so bitter. Roman wanted to say something back but Seth was quicker.

“You did this yourself, Dean. You need help. You..” A soft sob left his mouth and even though Roman couldn’t see his face from where he was standing behind him, he knew Seth was crying. He could easily hear him sniffle. “Please, get better Dean. We miss you. The real you.” Assuring Roman squeezed Seth’s hand. It was the right thing to say. Even though he probably wouldn’t have been so nice about it.

“You don’t care about me. You never did. You-” Before he could say anything else Dean was
forced out of the room. Roman and Seth were left with nothing but a hurting heart as they watched the door close behind him.

Chapter End Notes

So.. What do you think?
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

In this chapter, we see how Dean's first moments in the ORC go. He meets the doctor that takes care of him and all. Please note, I have not myself gone through a process like this, so everything I wrote down here is based on some research I did online and on my imagination. Hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean was glad he at least had a last night in his home before the hearing but that was over now. Immediately after the judge had presented his final decision he was pushed outside of the room. For now things were okay, there was still some alcohol in his blood when he had been sitting there, listened to what Seth and Roman had told the judges. Beer for breakfast had been the best damn decision of the day. Reby had been there too but who the fuck could take her drug addict ass even serious anymore? Even Regal had been invited but he, at least, could only talk about his behavior at work, that he’d gotten sloppy and irresponsible and therefore he didn’t get a new contract.

But Seth and Roman, they had really put on a show. Both of them were so dramatic, Seth almost crying and shaking like a fucking little baby and the big dude looking at him with these petty eyes. God, there was so much anger in Dean’s head, his brain pulsed against his head from the inside. He wanted to scream and jump over the table he was seated at, wrap his hands around Roman’s throat and just squeeze until he would stop talking. He wanted everyone to stop talking about him for just one fucking time.

There was nothing wrong with Dean. A drink here and there didn’t hurt. It hurt no one. And when he was drinking at least he wasn’t hurting either. But apparently everyone wanted him to hurt so they deserved it too. Especially the young boy and the big guy. Traitors. Neither of them had ever loved him or cared about him, otherwise they would have accepted him the way he was. Yet, he was sitting here in the back of this van that brought him straight to the Recovery Center. Fucking Recovery Center, he had nothing to recover from. He felt just fine, healthy as ever.

The van came to a stop. As of now, the blond felt like they treated him like a prisoner already. Yeah, these people all believed he’d be going to jail in no time anyway. “Watcha looking at?” He mouthed at the officer that opened the door of the van and stared right at him.

“Ambrose, exit the car.” His voice was hard like the look on his face.

On slightly wobbly legs Dean did as he was told. There wasn’t a huge chance for him to get away now. Three officers were there, his hands were still tied behind his back. Fuck. The doors of the van closed and through his slightly blurry vision Dean’s eyes pinned the large building in front of him. It looked nice, a little bit like a hotel. But that wasn’t what it was and that was what made Dean want to stay out here.

Still handcuffed, the blond man was escorted inside the building. He tried to slow down his steps, wanted to be out here for as long as possible because he knew, the second he got in there, freedom would be a unfamiliar concept. But the officer left him with no choice. He was forced to enter the front door, dragged forward to the front desk.
“Good afternoon, we bring in Ambrose.” The officer put Dean’s file on the front desk. Behind it a pretty young man was seated. With the dark hair that was pulled into a bun and the glasses on his face he reminded him of Seth a little bit. Seth, the stupid little bitch, it was all his fault that Dean was here now. Without really acknowledging Dean the man took his file and looked at the front page of it. It was only then that he turned his head to look at the blond for a moment. His eyes were critical and almost judging.

“What?” Dean snapped, breath so heavy that it almost hurt his lungs. He was ready to go, hands tied to his back or not, he would knock that bitch out if he wanted to.

“Welcome to the facility, Mr. Ambrose.” His voice was so fucking nice, way too nice considering the look on his face. It didn’t matter that Dean’s vision was too blurry to make it out directly but he just felt like the eyes of the brunette were judging him. “Officer, I believe he is drunk. Would you mind guiding him to the sobering-up room? I will lead the way.”

“I’m not fucking drunk!” Dean’s voice was way louder than it needed to be but he didn’t care. He just wanted to go home, lay in his bed and watch TV. He wanted to be left alone but his wishes remained unheard. “Let me go!” He demanded but no one reacted to it. Before he could do anything about it the door to a room was opened. There wasn’t much in there. A sink, a toilet, a bed. Seemed like this was prison after all. The officer pushed him inside and turned him to look at the younger male from the front desk.

“You will stay in this room until you are sober, Mr. Ambrose. You might want to sleep a little. Later today a doctor will have a closer look at you and a psychologist will create an analysis of your state as well. The more you cooperate with us, the quicker you will recover.” Now he was freed from the handcuffs but being in this room made him feel even more imprisoned as that.

Seconds later he was alone. It was quiet but the storm in his head was loud. There was no television in here, no radio, nothing that could distract him from this, from being alone with himself. The tall male sat on the bed and started down at his shoes for a moment, just stared at the way the black shoes stood out against the blueish floor. He tried to breathe properly, tried to keep down the rage creeping up more and more and then he snapped.

Dean jumped up and started pacing back and forth, mumbling words he couldn’t understand himself. Then he stopped, right in front of the wall, formed a fist and smashed it against the cold stone there. He did it again and again before his muscles were too exhausted to keep going and his knuckles were swollen and bloody. Dean could feel how hot his face was and he ran the sleeve of his sweater over his face to get rid of the wetness there. No. No one could break him. No one had for 25 years and no one would now.

When the blond male sat down on the bed he was shaking slightly. Slowly he was sobering up. It made his whole nervous system anxious. Inside his head it was still so loud and his body felt so hot that he couldn’t even differentiate anymore whether the wet on his face had been some tears or whether it was sweat which he definitely felt on all of his skin. “Fuck.” Even though he was sweaty and hot on the outside, his body felt cold so despite his disgust for the bed he was sitting on, Dean wrapped the blanket around his body. He laid down and curled up, covered by the blanket. No one would break him. He wasn’t sick. He didn’t need recovery. He would show them all that he was okay. Over and over again the voice in his head screamed it at him, so loud that he wanted to scream in reality but he knew, if he opened his mouth now, only a sob would escape from his exhausted body. Dean closed his eyes, exhausted from the battle he fought with himself and fell asleep.
When the blond opened his eyes for the next time he felt uncomfortable even more than before. His clothes were wet from the sweat and clinged to his body. In his head it was quiet now but it still hurt and felt heavy - oh so heavy. And his stomach was killing him. It felt uneasy, made weird noises and every now and then a sharp pain went through it. He knew this feeling. It was the reason for him to never sober up completely. But that was normal right? One does what makes him feel better and with a couple of beers Dean felt happy and healthy as ever.

Beer.. Fuck. His head started calling for it. Beer. Whiskey. Rum. Fuck, he’d even drown some of these fuzzy girl drinks now if he would be offered one. Everything just to stop feeling like this. Just to take off the edge.

A nauseated feeling crept around Dean’s belly area, hell he never got this. He never felt sick from drink but now, he knew he couldn’t stop it. The noises from his belly warned him and with the little strength that he felt right now Dean rolled out of the bed over to where the toilet was. He made it just in time before his stomach started cramping and liquid shot up his oesophagus. Since he had not eaten anything this morning all that left his mouth was a bitter fluid. More cramps his but barely anything got out of him. How should it? The last time he’d eaten was.. Dean didn’t remember. It didn’t matter either.

Once his stomach decided to calm down he flushed the toilet and washed his mouth. Regardless of his damp clothes making him feel uncomfortable he made it back to bed and hid back under the covers.

When Dean woke up the next time he felt no better, if any he felt worse. His stomach was still cramping but there was obviously nothing in there to throw up anymore. What had changed was what was going on in his head. He was clearer now in his vision but that also allowed for the pain to shoot through. It wasn’t just a physical pain now, headache and cramps.

The blond felt his heart beating too quick, it was raising inside of his chest and no matter how many times he took a deep breath to force relaxation, it hammered away without mercy on his tired system. It felt heavy even though it was running a marathon, hurt inside of his chest and made him squeeze his eyes shut. What a fucking nightmare. If this was what being sober felt like he didn’t want it. He’d rather die of drinking too much than feeling this.

A knock on the door made him open his eyes again. Most of his body was covered under the sheets so he didn’t even infold his body from the rolled up position. The blond expected a lock to turn but the door opened almost by itself and a man in his fifties or so entered the room. He wore a dark blue polo shirt. On the left side of his chest it said Orlando Recovery Center in yellow letters. Under that, in smaller letters, it read Doctor Angle. “Ah, you’re awake.”

Dean was a little confused. What the fuck? There was no lock? He couldn’t believe that. “The fucking door was open all the fucking time?” He snapped with his rough voice. It was easy to hear that he’d been throwing up and his throat must feel sore from it.

The doctor turned around for a moment to look at the door as if he had not noticed himself. “Of course it was open.” He turned back to look at Dean. “This isn’t a prison, Mr. Ambrose. People here can walk around freely. We are here to help you, not to punish you. In fact, only the front door, bathrooms and locker rooms in this place have locks. All other doors must remain open at all times.”

What the fuck, he repeated in his head again and again. This didn’t make sense. Dean tried to sit up but he felt too weak to do so. Because of that he moved back a little so the wall behind the bed
could support him.

“What if I’d been taking a piss and you just walked in on me? What the fuck, dude?” Dean frowned at the thought of it alone. The doctor seemed slightly amused of what he had said and that pissed Dean right off again. “What the fuck are you smiling about?” His tone was aggressive and if he wouldn’t have been so weak the blond would have slapped the smile right out of the doctor’s face.

“Take it easy, Mr. Ambrose. I’m just here to check on your physical condition. I’m here to help. My name is Doctor Angle. However, I would like you to call me Kurt. In our facility everyone goes by their first name. Because of that I would like to ask you whether you agree with me to call you Dean?” The older man had checked the name on the file in his hands. He didn’t give away that by this small gesture it was easier to gain access to the patients. It made them seem more like they were in a friendly place.

“Well, Doctor Kurt, I’m fine so you can fuck right off.” Dean growled and looked at the man with the frown on his face still.

“Kurt alone is enough, Dean.” He looked the blond thoroughly. “That hand over there doesn’t look like it’s okay.” The doctor gestured towards Dean’s broken skin on his knuckles.

“It’s nothing.” He looked away. Dean didn’t want to deal with the doctor. In fact, he didn’t want to deal with any of this. He just wanted to go home and lay in his own bed and have a beer and order some pizza which he wouldn’t eat in the anyway. He wanted to pass out to a stupid quiz show and wake up when it was dark outside again.

By now the doctor has sat down at the bottom end of the bed and kept looking at Dean. “If it’s nothing it wouldn’t bother you to show me, right?” The blond almost hissed at him, the conflict written all over his face. He wanted to proof that it didn’t hurt at all but when the doctor would see it he would know Dean must be in pain. For a couple of seconds blue eyes stared angrily into other blue eyes that were much softer and filled with concern and care. Fake. All of this look must be fake.

“No.” Dean put his hand under the covers so the doctor would stop staring. But the older male wouldn’t let him go so easily.

“Dean, what do you think you will be doing in your time here? What is your goal?”

“I don’t have a fucking goal, I don’t want to be here and I don’t need to be here. I don’t have a fucking problem and I just want to go home.” He looked away again.

The doctor looked at him though, looked at him until he opened Dean’s file and started reading from it. “Patient Ambrose has been convicted with assault, battery and being drunk publicly on more than one occasions. Three victims of his violence uttered harmful physical contact especially when Ambrose was drunk. Furthermore, they described him as moody and out of control when being drunk. Apparently he does not know his limits. Next, William Regal, former boss of Mr. Ambrose, stated he is unreliable, irresponsible and shows little signs of respect. He appeared at his work space intoxicated several times. In addition to that he has been involved in two bar fights, both too caused by losing control due to drinking too much.

We come to the conclusion that Mr. Ambrose does have an alcohol addiction. He will be sent to the ORC to go through the withdrawal and recover. It is the aim to resocialize him and integrate him back into society once the withdrawal passed by.” Now the doctor looked back at Dean. “So these things are not true?”
“I don’t remember doing half of these things.” Dean moaned back. His heavy head throbbed in pain. The conversation with the doctor was annoying and he felt weak and just wanted to sleep more, wanted to sleep and never wake up.

Angle made a note in his file about what Dean had said. “Why are you writing that down?” Dean asked curiously.

“Because, even if you will deny it, not remembering these things is another proof for that you have been drunk during these occasions.” The doctor got up now. “I will need to check whether you are sobered up now, Dean. Please follow my instructions without resistance so I will not have to call any further personnel to hold you down while I check on you.” Dean looked at the doctor with as much hate as he had in his body right now but the older man didn’t seem impressed.

Instead he came closer. With a small like he checked on Dean’s eyes, seemed pleased by it and moved on to check on some other things, making notes about them. “Later a nurse will come to take a blood sample from you. I ask you kindly to cooperate with that smoothly too.”

“Why would you need a fucking blood test?” Dean growled.

“Because we need to check whether your liver suffered permanent damage.”

“I’m fucking fine.”

“Really?” The doctor wasn’t annoyed and kept a straight face. “Let me just make you aware of a couple of symptoms you’re showing right now, Dean. You’re sweating but wrapped up in the blanket which tells me you probably have a fever. Your hands are shaky that’s why you hide them from me. Well and because you tried to bash in the wall with your fist which just underlines the raging aggression that the testimonies spoke of. You have been throwing up, the smell in the room gives that away and I take it you still feel sick. Because you haven’t asked for a cup you probably barely drank any water in the past hours meaning you’re most likely dehydrated. So I take it the wall has to help you keep up your head because either it is in too much pain to hold it up yourself, or your body is simply too weak after spending all of its energy on emptying your stomach. Lastly, you’re swinging back and forth between curiosity and being defensive. Your eyes tell me a whole lot more so I take it anxiety is starting. As a wild guess now, your heart is probably running so quick inside your chest that this is the reason for your heavy breathing. But the breathing won’t calm it down. Am I right, Dean?”

The blond looked at Angle pissed. Was he really that easy to read? “Hmpf, you know nothing.”

The doctor took a deep breath. “Dean. You’re here for a good reason. I know you cannot see it yet. I know the withdrawal is making you feel anxious and sick. These things are normal. But you will get better. Now come on. Let’s go.”

“Go?” Dean now turned his head to look at the doctor in surprise. He still wasn’t buying into this whole thing. “Where?”

Confusion was thick in his voice when he looked at the doctor who’d gotten up already. “To your room of course. Did you think we’d let you stay in here the whole time?” To be quite honest Dean had not thought about it at all. When he shoved his heavy feeling body off the bed he grabbed for the sink with one hand because he felt dizzy. “Let me help.” Angel reached out but Dean immediately shoved his hand away.

“Don’t fucking touch me.” He growled and let go of the sink. “I can walk myself. I’m fucking fine.” Angel looked at him, not trusting what he said but he then lead Dean out of the room. It was
bright outside. Fuck, how long had he been asleep? He’d gotten here around five, it shouldn’t be this bright outside. The doctor seemed to pick up on Dean’s confusion. “You slept for about 15 hours, Dean. It’s Friday morning, about half past nine.”

This surprised Dean. 15 hours? That was pretty long. Being caught up in the thought he barely noticed anything they passed as they walked to an elevator, rode up two levels and got out there. Dean and the doctor passed some doors until they had reached the last door on the hallway. Without a comment the doctor opened the door. Right, no locks.

Together they stepped inside and Dean looked around. There were two windows, because his room was on the outside corner of the building. The light falling in was dimmed by curtains. Luckily, because more light would have made his head hurt even more. Furniture in this room was limited. A bed, a desk with a chair, a shelf above it and a wardrobe. Another door lead to what he guessed would be the bathroom.

“There is clothing in the wardrobe, we provide this for all of our patients.” The doctor checked his watch again. “The nurse will come to check on you and to take the blood in about an hour. You have an appointment with your psychologist at four. Lunch takes place between twelve and three. You’re not allowed to take food to your room. This is all for now. Take your time, take a shower and sleep some more. Get settled.”

The doctor was about to leave the room when he stopped for another moment. “I know you have no family on the outside but I would like you to write down any personal belongings that you need with you. And please write a contact person down which we can call to bring these things here. I will see you later, Dean.” And then he was alone again.

The room was ridiculous. All walls were in a light yellow, his bed sheets in a comforting green just like the curtains. It felt more like a hospital than it probably should. Even though Dean was tired and exhausted he first went to take a shower and then put on some of the provided clothes. He went for the sweatpants, dark blue, and a white t-shirt. His head told him to sleep but he wanted to make a list first. If he would be stuck in here, he might at least get some of his stuff.

Dean sat at the desk and took the notebook that rested on there. He opened the first page. Okay.. What did he need? On top of everything, beer. So Dean wrote down beer. Anything you need, the doctor had said. Any of your personal things. He continued his list:

- my pillow
- Forest Gump book
- gym shoes
- bathroom utilities (everything that’s there)

That was it. What else would he need? He didn’t plan on staying longer than necessary. Now who should he write down to get these things? There was no one out there that cared whether he had these things or not. Or.. No they didn’t care of him. They put him in here. Roman and Seth didn’t give a shit about him. With anger rising up in his chest again Dean closed the notebook. He’d think about it later. For now he wanted to lay down.

Chapter End Notes

Oh that looks like a rough start for Dean. Do you think he will come around? Let me know how you see this going. And what do you think is going on with Roman and
Seth in the meantime? Leave a comment! I'm curious about your ideas.
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Dean is going to therapy and Roman and Seth are busy picking up the past of the blond man. This chapter is a bit more positive, everyone is finally making some progress. Let's see how this goes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

His arms were crossed in front of his chest and Dean pulled an annoyed face. Why again was he forced to sit here and listen to the stories of others? Group therapy had first sounded nice, maybe there was someone cute that Dean could smash secretly in the backyard of this place. It was only his second day in the recovery facility and he was already bored. Yesterday he had slept a lot because his body was still exhausted from being sick. The only time he had sat up in the bed was when the psychologist had entered the room.

Regardless of the prejudice Dean had towards the shrink before he even met him, Adam Copeland was pretty cool. He had long blond hair put in a bun and his eyes told a story that the lunatic wanted to find out. But Copeland had done nothing but asked him questions and made notes about what he answered. The talk wasn’t really therapeutic but then again, it was just an examination of how Dean was doing.

Now, that he actually started his first therapy session the blond had expected some more though. It was incredibly boring. They were a new group of people and it was sort of an introduction in which everyone should say their name and why they were here. Most of the dudes sitting there struggled with drug addiction and depression and looked like death on two legs. Luckily Dean had kept his good looks, ha!

He had just considered to close his eyes and relax for a while when a young man with dark hair spoke up. The male had a thick Irish accent that made Dean feel funny. This accent was something that Dean hated to listen to so it kind of pissed him off even though the other male didn’t do anything to him. It just made him feel annoyed and he wanted to walk over and put his hand over the mouth of the other male. Irish wasn’t pretty. Sounded like someone who’d been stuck in the middle ages or so.

“Hey, I’m Finn.” The man introduced himself. He was probably a bit older than Dean, in his 30ies or so. “I am guest—” Haha, guest. Sure. “—at the ORC because I suffer from a dissociative identity disorder. Uhm..” His fingers fumbled with the hem of his shirt. Talking about his problem seemed to make him nervous, “Sometimes my mind will.. I don’t know, turn off? I have no control of that and when I wake back up I don’t know what happened in that time but I found out that Prince Devitt takes over during those times. And.. That he isn’t very nice to people. I am here to learn how to control the blackouts better and maybe how I can be the dominant one in my head again. Uh.. That’s it.” He smiled to the other people.

Interesting. This dude seemed to have issues that weren’t as plain and boring as the other people here. Dean picked up on it. He wanted to meet that Prince Devitt. Maybe he’d be more fun to be around.

The therapist that guided them through the session thanked him for telling his part and then he
turned towards Dean. “You are next on my list, Dean. Tell us why you’re here.”

“You can wipe that smile right off ya face.” He growled at the bearded male. “I’m Dean and I have no business here but I don’t wanna go to jail so I gotta.” His arms were still crossed in front of his chest as he looked the therapist in the face with resistance in his eyes. There was no reason for him to be here.

“We are all here for a reason.” The dude with the two personalities spoke up. Hm, seemed like he had some balls.

“Dean, we want to hear your story. Everyone opened up, why don’t you try it too?” The voice of the therapist was so calm it pissed Dean off even more.

“No. Why don’t you fuck off. All of you.” He looked back and forth between Finn and the therapist. “I don’t need your fucking help.” Now he pointed at the therapist. “And I don’t need your fucking pity.” Then he pointed at the dark haired male. He got up from his chair. “In fact, I don’t need any of this because I don’t have a fucking problem.” And with that he stormed out of the room. Anger was thick in his brain, rage making his chest feel tight, so Dean stormed outside. Out of the building to the backyard of the building. It was pretty warm outside already. 10 o’clock in the morning but Dean could walk around in the blue polo shirt out here just fine without getting cold. From the pocket of his sweatpants he grabbed a cigarette.

Fucking recovery center, only allowed five cigarettes per day. Fuck them. He could decide himself when he wanted to smoke and how much. He lit one of the cigarettes up and took a deep drag, filling his lungs with the burning smoke.

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Seth had dozed off half an hour ago. Roman went to the gym after breakfast and he just stayed in. First he had done some homework but that was finished quickly. The television was running and the teen had fallen asleep slowly. That was until he heard the key in the lock. Roman was back! Quickly he rubbed his eyes to make himself wake up quicker. “Babe, I’m back!” The Samoan shouted from where he was taking off his shoes.

When he entered the room Seth admired the view he got. Wet hair was put in a tight bun and the grey sweatpants made Roman’s body look so much more delicious. A tight shirt clung to his broad chest that Seth loved to rest his head on. The tall Samoan was so sexy and some wild thoughts started running through Seth’s head. They made him blush immediately and he tried to push them away. Three more months. Then they would go to Malibu.

“Hey.” The teen smiled happily and Roman came to the couch, stole a kiss from his mouth. “Brought us some food. Your mom called and insisted on me picking up some of the potatoes and chicken she made. There’s also veggies and sauce. We can eat in a minute.” From where he had placed his bag next to his feet now, Roman grabbed the mail he had put on top of it.

There were three letters and some advertisement flyer which he tossed on the table quickly before one of the letters seemed to grab his attention. Roman opened it quickly and read through it. Seth didn’t ask what it was, he was in no position to do so. It was still Roman’s private mail. Yet, the teen studied Roman’s face for the reaction the letter would cause. Once he was done reading he took a deep breath and shook his head. “Is everything okay?” Seth asked softly.
Rome grabbed for his hand and placed a kiss to his knuckles. “It’s fine. It’s a letter from the ORC. They’re asking me to bring in some of Dean’s things since I’m the only one who has a key for his flat.”

“Oh.” Seth was surprised. The mail delivery must have been quick since Dean only went to the facility two days ago. “Will you do it?”

The two of them looked at each other now. Clear conflict was written over both of their faces and Roman shrugged. “There’s no one else who can do it, right?” Still they were holding on to each other’s hand and now Seth sat up, took Roman’s hand in his lap. A little nervous he started playing with his fingers.

“Do you.. Do you think we did the right thing? He’s all alone in there. He’s all alone out here too. He has so much hate for us yet, you’re the one person he contacts to get his personal belongings.” Seth looked down at where his hands were busy.

Roman took his time to reply to the younger male. “I think this is a good sign, Seth. He must be sober now and he knows that I care about him. He knows that I will do it.” For a moment he paused and just studied Seth. “Do you still have doubts, big boy?”

Seth swallowed hard and shrugged. “I feel bad for this. All of this happens against his will and he is all by himself. And..” He struggled to say it, didn’t want to disappoint Roman but he also didn’t want to lie. “And I miss him.” His voice was only a whisper now.

When the Samoan took away his hand the teen whimpered for a moment but then strong and warm arms hugged his figure and pulled him into a hug. Roman kissed the top of his head. “I miss him too.” Then he nuzzled into the dark hair. “That’s why he needs help. So he can come back better and healthier.” Seth knew that his lover was right. But it hurt to admit it. Seth was hurting for Dean. “If you want to, you can come with me when I get his things. I will do it after we ate I think.”

Without using words Seth nodded and cuddled into Roman’s hug for a little longer, needing the comfort his man was providing.

The children were loud where they were playing. They had dragged out the water hose from one of the building’s basement and were splashing each other in the warm sun. Seth almost asked Roman if he could just go and play with them instead of entering Dean’s apartment but he needed to be brave now. For Roman and also for himself. Together they walked up the stairs. It smelled weird in here today, made Seth’s belly feel heavy but maybe that was because of the last memory he’d from being here.

Roman opened the door to the flat and they entered. The air made Seth choke on his own breath for a moment because it smelled like old beer, cold cigarettes and sweat. Dean probably hadn’t opened a window for weeks in here. Quickly, the Samoan went for it and pushed open both windows of the living room. The place was a mess. Empty beer cans everywhere, old food on the table, two full ashtrays too. The bed wasn’t made, stuff was spread all over the floor, even worse than when Dean had still actually been living in here. The shelf was broken on one side and some trophies had fallen down on the floor and couch. Seth pressed his lips tight together and shook his head. “No way we will find all his stuff in here.” He looked at Roman.

“Let’s clean this mess up a little bit. We will find everything we need.” And with that, the Samoan went to the small kitchen to grab some garbage bags and get to work. This was something Seth
admired in his boyfriend. He didn’t think much. If there was work to do, he’d just do it and he wouldn’t stop until he was done.

Together they filled the bags with the trash. Seth got a bucket with hot water and a sponge to clean some surfaces from dust and spilled beer. He even stripped Dean’s bed and threw some laundry in the washing machine. What a surprise that the blond even owned one.

Once the place was looking slightly better Roman had found a gym bag of Dean’s and started tossing some stuff in there. First, he got the things from the bathroom, then the book. He added two other books too. Probably Dean would read one book in a day or so, to keep his head busy. The Samoan added shoes and grabbed the pillow too. That was everything.

“I think we got it.” Roman turned to look at Seth who was going through some stuff on the shelf.

“I think there is some stuff here we should add.” The teen walked over to Roman and handed him an envelope.

“What’s that? Money?” He took the envelope and opened it. It was old and he was a bit afraid to rip it when he pulled out the papers from in there. Some were pictures, two were letters. Roman went through everything. The first picture showed Dean on his first day of school. He looked so excited, had a big backpack on and his hair was combed. The memory made the Samoan smile. It was the next picture that surprised him. A much younger Roman Reigns and Dean Ambrose were ginning into the camera. They leaned against a blue VW Golf, Roman held the keys for it in one hand and rested his other one on Dean’s shoulder. The blond had a smoke in his fingers and the other hand pushed in his jeans pocket.

“That was my first car.” Again he smiled at the memory. “Dean and I went to pick it up and he asked me why I bought such a shitty thing. But it carried us to wherever we wanted to be for years.” Roman went to look at the next one. Dean and he in the ring. And then again the next one. It was a rather new picture and a beautiful one too.

Seth and Dean were laying on the couch, the teen’s dark hair spread over the pillow under his head. The older male had wrapped his arm tight around the teen and showed off his dimples as he looked into the camera with his blue eyes.

From where Seth was standing next to Roman he looked at the picture too. “That was when he first invited me here.” There was no bigger story to it, Seth didn’t have as much history with Dean as Roman did. “I think the stuff could help him, you know.”

Roman agreed and put the pictures back in. Then he took a closer look at the letters. Both of them were of Dean’s mom. Reading just the first paragraph made him feel sick.

My sweet Dean, I hear you are doing alright for yourself. Joey saw you in the gym the other day and he told me he tried to talk to you but you sent him to hell. I don’t understand why. We love and miss you in our home. I also hear that you started a career. Does it pay you enough? You should come home. We could all support each other.

The Samoan didn’t continue reading. The words of Dean’s mother made the anger in his chest rise. “We’re not adding the letters. They’re terrible.”

Seth hesitated because he didn’t like to stand against Roman’s word. “I think we should. They could remind Dean of how he never wants to be.” The Samoan hesitated but Seth’s words made sense so he did add them.
Dean was still outside. He had tried to go back inside but it only made his head hurt worse. A drink could fix this. Just a tiny shot would make the hurt go away. It was still early in the day and he didn’t have any smokes left anymore, so he couldn’t even take off the edge.

“Didn’t you say you don’t want to go to jail?” Copeland approached Dean. He sat next to him on the bench that Dean was resting on.

“Fuck off.” Was all he growled back.

“Nah.” The therapist shook his head. “We need to talk.” Both just sat there and stared into the distance where some people were playing tennis. “Why did you storm out of group therapy?” First Dean didn’t answer anything. Why should he? It had been the right thing to do. But Copeland didn’t let go. “Do you truly believe the life you are living is healthy?”

For a moment Dean let the words sink in. Being sober sucked. When he was drunk he didn’t have to think about all of these things, didn’t have to deal with himself. The blond leaned forward, rested his elbows on his knees and laid his hands on his face. As an answer, he just shrugged.

Adam decided on another approach. “You know, I was a patient here once too.” And that seemed to work. It caught Dean’s attention. He sat up again and raised one eyebrow at the therapist. “I was similar to you. I was always out there, one party after another, drinking, sometimes drugs. Had a beautiful girlfriend too. But on the other hand, I had no job. I lived off my girlfriend in her apartment. I almost even cost her the job she was doing and then she kicked me out. And I got so frustrated that I went to party even more and then one day, I had no money, I decided to rob a small store a little outside of town. I just needed the money to support my habits. That day I got caught.

Similar to you, I didn’t understand why I had to come here. I refused help and was alone in my room most of the times. But at one point it struck me. I didn’t want to be alone. I didn’t want to feel like shit and I could be better. And even if it felt stupid to open up to a shrink and to the crazy people running around here, once I started, it helped me.”

“Good for you.” Dean crossed his arms in front of his chest.

“Do you feel healthy?”

No answer.

“I hear you got pretty angry today. Are you still angry?”

“Yep.”

“I want you to try something. Come on. Stand up.” Copeland was on his legs now and waited for Dean to follow. Both men now stood there in the sun. “Where do you feel your anger. Physically I mean.” Dean looked at the doctor and shrugged. “Come on, dude.” Ok, not pretty formal but maybe it would gain some more of Dean’s trust. “When I get angry, I feel it in my belly. It feels like I drank acid and it’s bubbling in there. Where do you feel your anger? Take a moment and listen to yourself. Where is your anger located?”

Alright, Dean decided to just track along. Maybe the doctor would leave him alone then. He took a
deep breath and listened to his body. “Mainly in my chest. And in my head. My brains just scream at each other and I can’t think straight anymore I just.. I snap. There is nothing rational about it. I just need to get it out.”

“And how do you get it out usually?”

“I punch my way through it.” Dean shrugged.

“Okay. We will try something different now. Put your hands on your chest where you feel the anger. Yeah, just put them on there.” Adam waited for Dean to follow. “Instead of hitting someone in the face now I want you to inhale deeply ten times. And when you breathe out formulate one sentence to why you are angry. They don’t have to be all different. It can be only one thing if it’s only one thing that angers you. I will breathe with you.”

The doctor too put his hands on his chest and together they started breathing. Inhale.

“I am angry because I can’t drink.” Exhale.

Inhale.

“It pisses me off that people say I have an issue because that’s my shit to deal with and I don’t see it as an issue.” Exhale.

Inhale.

“I am fucking annoyed because I have to do therapy.” Exhale.

Inhale.

“I am angry at Roman and Seth for putting me in here.” Exhale.

Inhale.

“I am angry at that mouthy kid from group therapy.” Exhale.

Inhale. This time Dean inhaled more deeply. He took his time.

“I am angry that I am starting to be like my mom.” Exhale.

Inhale.

“I am angry that I lost my fucking job, because I love wrestling.” Exhale.

Inhale.

“It’s fucking bullshit that I’m not allowed to use the sports facilities in here.” Exhale.

Inhale.

“It angers me that Roman and Seth are dating while I sit here in this shithole.” Exhale.

Inhale.

“I just wanna get fucking outta here.” Exhale.

Copeland and Dean stood there in silence for a moment and let sink in what had just happened. With each exhale it had somehow become easier to open up to the therapist. Dean had just shared
some of the things he barely allowed himself to think about. They took two more breaths together until the doctor lowered his hands.

“That is a lot to be angry about, Dean. Thank you for sharing this with me. How does your chest feel now, that you told me all these things.”

For a moment Dean was confused by the question because he felt like always but when he gave his body a minute and listened to the anger in his head, it was quieter now. His chest didn’t feel so tight, his head didn’t hurt so badly anymore. “Uhm.. Feels better, yeah.” The doctor seemed satisfied.

“Next time you feel the anger coming, I want you to allow yourself to step back from the situation and do exactly this. Find a quiet spot for yourself where you can go to and address your anger. You don’t need to share it with others if you don’t want to. If this happens during a session, let the responsible therapist know. They will understand.”

“Okay?” For now Dean wasn’t all over with the idea but it had helped him to let some of the frustration in his body go so maybe Copeland did know a little bit about his issues.

“I have some homework for you until our next session on Thursday.” The doctor went to where he had placed a bag next to the bench they had been sitting on before. “You have a notebook in your room, right?”

“Yeah.”

“In that notebook you can write the requests you have and bring them to the front desk. We then decide if you can have these things. You did that already when you got here, right?”

“I did.” Dean thought back to who he had put in the request as a contact person and it made his stomach feel weird.

“Good. I brought you another notebook. Until our next session I want you to write down five things that have angered you and then add how you coped with the anger in these specific situations.” He gave Dean the bag with the book inside. There were some other things, he could see it on the shape of the bag but he didn’t look inside of it yet. “Oh and I can solve one of the things that anger you right now. For each therapy session that you visit you get a coin to use the sports facilities. This is giving and taking, Dean. You give us something, we give you something back. It’s all in your hands.” Copeland clapped him on the shoulder. “Now come on. We got your stuff at the front desk. Let’s go pick it up.”

That made Dean’s eyes light up. His things were here already? Typical for Roman. He would do anything for Dean. He always had and always would regardless of how Dean treated him. With the anger gone from his chest another feeling started to spread in his body. Guilt started to make Dean’s heart feel heavy.

Chapter End Notes

A lot going down here. Dean opening up, Seth and Roman admitting they miss Dean regardless of what happened. What do you think? Will the guilt now start eating Dean up or will he learn to cope with it. And if so, how should he ask Roman and Seth for forgiveness? Should he at all? Maybe it's better for him to start all over and leave
everything in the past.
Let me know what you guys think!
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Hello friends. Damn, has it really been two weeks since I last updated? I'm really sorry. I forgot to mention in the notes that I had to undergo surgery and would be out for a little. Those of you who follow me on tumblr might have known. Anyway, I'M BACK WITH YOU and I'm happy and healthy so don't worry your heads. Instead, dive back into this story. I know, lately, we've been hearing of Dean a lot but I can tell you, this chapter will put us on the right track even more. Dean has more therapy sessions and makes a friend. On replay, while writing this chapter: Miley Cyrus - Malibu
TURN IT ON TO GET IN THE RIGHT MOOD FOR THIS

Dean was sitting on his bed. He stared at the bag to his feet which was still unopened and tried to breathe calmly. No one else was in his room which was flooded in sunlight. Once again his chest felt heavy but this time it wasn’t with anger. It was his heart which felt like a rock, which was beating so slow it almost hurt. The lady at the reception had been nice and pretty but that wasn’t what caused this mood swing.

When he and Copeland had gotten to the front desk he had seen the door close behind the two men. One tall with his dark hair in a bun, the other male short with his hair open. They were outside and he was in there. Dean had stopped in the middle of the hallway as they were approaching the front desk and just stared at the figures. Both men had wrapped an arm around the other, held on tight to each other like they were afraid the soft breeze outside might shove them apart. He had been standing there for only a couple of seconds when the shorter figure had turned around.

Blue eyes met brown ones immediately and Dean could see it all. Could see the hurt and the sadness, the worry and the sorry. It was all there regardless of his faraway Seth had been. The blond had opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something but realized the teen was too far away anyway. Before anything else could happen Roman and Seth were out of sight and he was alone again. Ever since then his heart had been beating slow.

Some part of reality was catching up to his brain which was clear for the first time in so long. Seth loved him. And Roman loved him. Whatever he did, these two loved him and they were with him, no matter how far away they were from him. Through everything they were still the ones taking care of him, making sure he had as much of his home with him, as he could in here. Dean had treated both so badly, like they had no worth to him but that was a lie. Every second he had shared with Seth had been precious, had made his life feel less miserable than it was. It was so easy to laugh with the young boy yet, it had been him who broke his young and innocent heart without ever feeling bad for it.

He thought back to the first time Roman had hugged him. Home. That’s what he had thought back then. If home-home didn’t feel like a secure and happy place, Roman’s arms always had. And they had always been there, always. For year. And his drunk ass had used the older man with no second thoughts. Guilt was so heavy in Dean’s body, his eyes started burning. No.
Waking up for his trance he shook his head. Dean Ambrose did NOT cry. Not even now. In order to push away the guilt he leaned down and opened up the bag. Dean spread all of his things on the floor, laid out what had been in the bag. There was more than what he had asked for. Roman and Seth knew him. They knew him. All of him. The gym shoes, Dean saw Roman in his head as he spoke to him. In case you want to get back to trainin g, the Samoan said. And some more books in case you get too bored in there.

“Fuck.” Quickly Dean grabbed the envelope that was there, still avoiding what his body was begging for. It ripped apart because his fingers were shaking now and the pictures and letters fell on his lap. Roman and Seth’s face were right there. Smiling, ever so happy. And he was with them. “Fuck, fuck, fuck!” He wanted to be there right now. In Roman’s arms, with Seth in his arms. “Fucking, fucked up shit!” As quickly as he could Dean went to the small bathroom to check on himself in his mirror. It was really happening. Hot tears were streaming down his unshaved face, made his eyes look red and puffy as a soft sob escaped him. For the first time in over fifteen years Dean was crying. And even more, he didn’t try fighting it.

The blond sat down on the closed toilet seat and leaned his face into his hands, sobbing away heavily. He had fucked up so badly. It was his fault. His and no one else’s fault that he was sitting in here with no way out other than getting sober, getting rid of the thoughts. But maybe Copeland had been right. Maybe this was his chance. He didn’t have to be like his mom. Dean could be better. He was better. He’d get through the thirty days, he would do it to get better and he would go and see Roman and Seth and tell them he loved them too. Because even now, there was nothing that he wanted more than his boys. Not a beer, not Reby, not even wrestling. Dean only wanted to be with Roman and Seth, kiss them all over and tell them again and again. I love you. Both of you.

With tears still on his face but his body feeling slightly calmer slowly, Dean went back inside the room he lived in. He sat at the desk and grabbed the notebook that was for his wishes.

I want to see Seth and Roman.

That was all he wrote down. With that note in his fingers he went downstairs to the front desk for a second time today.

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“I saw him.” Seth held Roman’s hand in his as they sat on a bench in the park. Both were licking on the ice cream they had gotten and enjoyed the sun on their faces. “He was right there.”

“Who?” Roman looked at Seth with a questioning face. The strawberry ice cream had made his lips even pinker than usually.

“Dean.” Seth spoke so casually, as if Dean was still around them each day. As if he had met him at the supermarket or gas station.

“What? Where?” He was completely surprised by this.

“At the ORC. He was there when we left. I turned to look back for a moment and he stood right there and looked at me.” The teen starred in the distance as he enjoyed the cold and sweet treat.

“What did he look like?” Excitement was clear in Roman’s voice. He wished he’d seen him too.
“As always. Just with funny clothes. I guess the facility’s clothes. And he had a beard. I didn’t know his beard was ginger. Has it always been?”

Roman was just thinking for a moment and shrugged. “No. Only when he turned older.”

Now Seth turned to look at Roman. “I think when he comes back things will be okay, Roman.” The older male looked back at him. “I think Dean will come back and be with us. I have faith, he will.”

Silence fell down between the two of them for a couple of seconds only before Roman nodded. “Yeah. I believe so too.”

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Thursday morning. Group therapy. Dean was sitting there, listening to his peers. They talked about the things they had done since the last session and the two hours they were supposed to talk all together were almost over. He was still silent the whole time but today he didn’t feel so annoyed anymore. Instead he listened and tried to reflect on himself.

“Dean, maybe today you would like to share something too?” The therapist turned his head and looked at him. So did everyone else and for the first time in his life Dean felt something like nervousness.

“Uhm.. ‘m Dean.” His voice was low, barely anyone would be able to hear him so he sat up more straight and cleared his throat. “I have a drinking and an anger issue. Have no control over either and I’m here to get rid of the alcohol part and to get better at dealing with the anger.”

Okay, enough. He didn’t manage to share more. His throat felt too dry and his body was suddenly exhausted. The therapist seemed to notice but gave him an encouraging smile and left him alone.

Half an hour later Dean was sitting outdoor’s. There was still an hour until he had to go meet Copeland and he just wanted to enjoy what prison would have taken away from him. Freedome. Even if he couldn’t leave this place, it felt less like a jail each second that he was here. His hands were pushed in the pockets of his hoodie and he closed his eyes, letting the sun warm his face.

Yeah, this was nice. When he was out of here Dean would take Seth and Roman to the lake. He’d sit in the sun too and watch his men splash each other with water. Fuck, that view gave him so much hope. More than it should because he didn’t even know whether Seth and Roman would forgive him.

“Mind if I sit?” Ugh, that ugly Irish accent woke him up from the daydreaming and he looked at the other male with an almost plain face.

“Sure.” Dean scooted over and closed his eyes again. He wanted to go back to his happy place with the two men but the new company didn’t let him.

“Was kinda expecting you to eat the therapist alive today after what we saw earlier this week.” When the blond opened his eyes to look at Finn he frowned slightly.

“Didn’t I mention I ain’t going to jail?” His tone wasn’t friendly.

“Yeah right, you did.” The brunette seemed to shy away. Fuck. Dean couldn’t keep scaring people.
He’d lose everyone he had, he would never meet any new friends. Plus, Prince Devitt still made him curious.

“How does that other dude come out?” He asked directly. “Kinda wanna meet him.”

Finn shrugged and looked down at his feet. “I don’t know. Sometimes my mind just goes blank. “I can’t force it or anything and I’d rather have this part of me just go away.”

“Boring.” Dean rolled his eyes and looked into the distance again. Together they sat there for a moment before he spoke again. “How does your anger feel like?” It was such a random question, with so much meaning to him.

“I can’t feel it. When he comes out I can’t feel it and when I get angry I just walk away from things. I don’t know what happens if I let all of those things get to me. Maybe it triggers him too.”

“You that scared of that Devitt dude?”

“Yeah.”

“Man, what did he do?”

Finn wasn’t replying right away. “Made me lose someone that once was my life.” Usually Dean would have made a joke about it but with what he went through not too long ago he didn’t want to comment on it. So for him the conversation was over.

He was just about to get up and leave when Finn spoke up again. “Want’a smoke?” The older male offered.

Hell, should the day ever come that Dean would say no to a smoke he should be locked down in this place forever. Since he had just stood up he sat back down again, took the offered cigarette and lit it up. Fuck yes, great feeling. Even though he knew he only had five cigarettes per day, the blond usually smoked all of them in the morning already so he was glad if he had an extra one.

“Did your anger make you lose someone too?” It wasn’t any of Finn’s business. Hell, the brunette barely knew more about Dean than his name yet he wanted to walk all of this personal business. On the other hand, Dean had asked too.

“Yeah.” Was all he gave back. Finn turned to look at Dean and gave him an understanding smile. That was it. They finished smoking and Finn left him alone again. Hu. Funny. Dean felt completely fine. Nothing hurt, there was no anger. Maybe opening up was doing him good after all.

Adam Copeland and he had met in his office this time. Dean had expected the typical set up that he knew from TV but the office was the complete opposite. It was bright and looked almost casual. Nice. A place where he could feel comfortable. For the past half hour they had discussed the incident in Dean’s bedroom. The therapist seemed positively surprised by this and even told Dean that it had happened a lot earlier than he had expected it.

“I want to talk about one more thing today, then you’re free for today.” Copeland was going through some of his notes.

“What would that be?” Dean felt like he had already talked about everything that needed to be addressed for today.
“I picked up your note at the front desk.”

“Oh.” Dean shifted in his seat a little bit. It was a big demand, he knew.

“So you want to see Seth and Roman. Who are these two to you?”

The blond shifted. It was clear he was struggling to find the right words. “Uhm.. I know Roman for.. I don’t know, a decade or so. Seth I met a year ago.”

“Okay. Who are these two to you?” The doctor repeated.

Dean stared down at his feet. “I don’t know.” He eventually said in his rough voice. “They used to be my friends.. Lovers.. I don’t know.”

“Who are they to you now, Dean?” Copeland didn’t let it go. The therapist gave his patient time to think, time to find the right words.

And it worked. Eventually, Dean looked up at him and answered very clearly. “They are my reason to get better.”

Adam nodded and looked back at Dean. “Okay. It is good you have something to hold on to. There is a visiting hour each friday and tuesday. How about, you write a letter to the both of them and invite them?” The blond didn’t really react to that. “You don’t think they would come?” Copeland asked as he saw his struggling patient.

“I’m not so sure. I hurt them.” With a deep breath he sighed. “I pushed them away. Maybe they don’t want me anymore, I don’t know. They triggered my trip here so maybe they just wanted to get rid of me.” He shrugged.

“Or maybe they care about you and love you and want you to be good, Dean. Don’t you believe that is possible?” The words were clear but seemed so uncertain in Dean’s head. He wanted them to be true but didn’t allow himself to get up his hopes. “You have the whole weekend to think about it. You and I will meet again on Monday so we can see how you feel about it then. Because you want to get better for them and you obviously want them in your life you should know, it is typical in here to integrate a person from outside in the therapy of our guests. We strongly believe that providing the possibility to be around a family member or whoever might be closest to you, will contribute to the outcome of the therapy. Usually we only invite one guest but maybe I can arrange you getting two guests.”

“Make them part of my therapy? How?” Dean wasn’t over with this. Here was kind of his private place where he opened up and talked about his feelings. He had never done that before. To no one.

“As you said yourself, you hurt them so maybe they want to forget that pain too. Whatever that arrangement between the three of you is, but inviting them here and including them in one of our weekly sessions will mend the bond you have with them. I can promise you that.”

“Do you really think it could work?” Wow, Dean had never felt this insecure about anything ever in his life. Letting Roman and Seth see him with his guard down like this, it would give them so many things they could hold against him if they fought again. Or.. As Copeland had put it, it could mend their relationship.

Again Dean saw them all at the beach, all of them splashing around in the water, playing ball, wrestling in the sand, laughing and kissing each other. Fuck it, he had to try. He had to try for the sake of himself and of them.
Before Copeland could reply Dean shrugged. “I’ll write the letter. I’ll invite them.”

“Great. That is really great, Dean. When they come to visit for the guest hour I will join for a couple of minutes, introduce myself and then you can invite them to our sessions.”

“Wait what? I have to invite them?” Shock was written all over his face.

“Dean.” The doc smiled at him in an encouraging manner. “They will be here for you. It is you who wants to get better. Ask them. If they care about you the way you seem to care about them, they won’t hesitate to say yes.”

“Hm.” Dean didn’t say anything more to that. He’d have to open up to them sooner or later but he’d rather do it later. It was just now that he was trusting this man in front of him and the older male asked him to do it to two more people? Even if it was Roman and Seth, it seemed like a hard thing to do. They didn’t know what was going on in here, maybe they wouldn’t understand.

His mind was wandering and Copeland saw that. Instead of putting Dean in sorrow he crapped a brown pouch from the table and opened it. He didn’t even announce the change in topic he just went on naturally. “So here I have the coins you have earned so far.”

“What coins?” It caught Dean’s attention immediately.

“You wanted to go work out, right?” Adam Copeland counted five of the coins and handed them over to Dean. “There you go.”

“Dude these are way too many? I get one per session, right?”

Copeland shrugged. “Fuck the system. You opened up to me so quick and well, you deserve it.”

Dean couldn’t help but started laughing about the words of his therapist. This was not professional at all but it sounded so natural. He almost wished he had met Adam Copeland under different circumstances. “Thanks, man. I appreciate it.” And it was true. When he was with his therapist Dean felt easy, felt thankful that someone took away the hurt and listened to him without laughing about his issues, without being annoyed too.

“I know. Now go. I have to work.” Copeland was laughing too. Dean got up and left the office.

What a day, full of so many new things. Last week this time he’d been sitting in a courtroom, drunk and angry at the world. Funny, how things changed so quickly. Funny, how life without alcohol could look like. Maybe he should have quit drinking earlier.

With the coins in his hand Dean went back to his room to get changed for a nice workout. Hell yes, he’d get strong and healthy. And next week he’d meet Seth and Roman again. Full of courage and put in a good mood, the blond used the short time he wanted to spend in his bedroom now to pin the two pictures of his boys and himself to the wall right next to his bed. He’d see them. He would make sure to see them next week.

Chapter End Notes

Sounds like our boys will be back together soon, right?! Do you think Seth and Roman will show up after they read Dean’s letter? What will he even write in there? And damn, how cool is Adam Copeland?
Leave a comment and let me know what you think about this!
Here we go! Next update will come during the following week instead of the weekend because my mom travelled here to come visit me so I will spend some time with her before feeding you with more updates.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Hey Roman and Seth,**

*I guess the two of you live together now so I don’t bother sending Seth a separate letter to his parents house. Thank you for dropping by my shit the other day. When I came to the ORC I had promised myself that I would never contact you again because I blamed you for putting me in this spot. But my opinion kinda changed. It’s tough to explain it in a letter so I just wanna ask the two of you to swing by on friday. There’s some time to visit during the day and maybe we can talk.*

Dean

Seth had read out the letter for Roman and himself. When they had picked it up from the mailbox first it was a surprise that it was addressed to both of their last names but now that they knew the content it wasn’t such a huge surprise. Dean only knew that Roman and Seth were dating and that they seemed to spend a lot of time together. He knew nothing about the arrangement with Seth only being here on weekends. Even though, for a moment Seth was reminded of what he had thought about many times too.

The teen came to Roman’s place almost every day after school now and only went home for dinner and to sleep there. Sure, they dropped by his parents twice a week or so to spend some time with them too but sometimes it truly felt like he was already living with Roman. And if he wasn’t so afraid of breaking his mom’s heart over it, he probably would have asked if he could move in with his boyfriend. Their relationship was steady, Roman was making good money with wrestling the closer he got to the title and Seth’s grades were on point even though he hang out with the older male so much.

On the other hand, there was a lot the teen had to figure out now. In a couple of months he would graduate. He’d be finishing high school. He’d turn 18 too and travel to Malibu with Roman. Whenever he thought about that he got a little nervous. It was clear that his boyfriend had given him that gift to get the two of them some privacy, but what if Roman wouldn’t like what Seth had to offer? What if he’d be in too much pain to do it or get so nervous that he couldn’t get it up.

No, no, no. He always pushed away these thoughts. The Samoan loved him, loved him so much that he wasn’t even bothered not to share more than kisses for now. He was involved with his family and everything was alright with the two of them. Everything apart from one piece that was missing. And now that they had read the letter, that was more present than ever.

With big eyes Seth turned his head to look at Roman. The older male’s mind was working, he was biting the insides of his cheeks and hummed as if he wasn’t sure what to say now. Because he
didn’t say anything, Seth had time to work up some courage. *Say it. He wants it too but he’s too scared. Be brave. For both of you.* He told himself again and again until he screamed them at himself in his head. “I’ll go.” Seth said in a determined tone. “I want to hear what he has to say and I miss him like hell. And you should come too because you miss him just as much and you need this like I need it too.”

Roman now looked back at Seth. He didn’t seem to be over with the idea. “Stop it. Stop overthinking this. See, that’s a problem grown ups have. You think too much.” Seth now cupped Roman’s cheek in his hand and gave him a soft smile. “Remember when you told him he needs to be in there to get better?” The older one nodded. “Now he is in there to get better and we should keep supporting him to do so, right?” He nodded again. “So even if he just wants to get closure, we should go. Maybe we will also get the chance to either say goodbye or.. Maybe things can work out. We won’t know until we go and see him.”

“I don’t know, Seth.” Roman finally said. “He might hurt you again.”

“Then I will have you there to protect me, right? You’d never let anyone hurt me.”

“Never.”

“See. Come on. If you don’t want to do it for him, please do it for me.”

The Samoan thought about it some more before he took a big breath and swallowed down his worry. “I’ll pick you up from school tomorrow and we will go there immediately. We can only stay for an hour because I have to go to the arena earlier.” Since the finale of the tournament was coming up in a couple of weeks Roman was even more focussed on his matches.

“Thank you.” Seth leaned in to hug Roman and nuzzled into the crook of his neck. “It’s going to be okay.” Seth couldn’t promise but he had high hopes. After all this was Dean, his Dean. *Their* Dean.

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“I don’t know, Copeland. Don’t think they’ll show up. I’ll go back to my room.” The two men were sharing a table in the public area of the ORC and were sipping some coffee. Dean was a nervous wreck today. When he had shown up to his therapy session in the morning he could barely sit still and had kept walking around in the therapist’s office.

“Dean, sit down. We have waited for less than ten minutes. Visiting hour just started. And didn’t you say Seth got off school at two anyway? They will need some time to get here, right? Just sit and wait. I’m here with you.” The doctor tried to calm Dean down.

It was just a little past two and Adam was probably right but Dean had no patience for this today. He barely slept because he’d kept thinking about ways to approach the two of them. Maybe they’d only show up to tell him he should never contact them again. Maybe they’d come and tell him they hoped he’d never return. Or maybe they just wouldn’t show up at all. The dirty blond was nervous and was chewing on his fingernails instead of drinking the coffee that was in front of his nose.

Time just wouldn’t pass and Dean kept staring at the clock on the wall. Sometimes his eyes wandered to the door that lead outside, or inside depending on the side one was coming from, but Seth and Roman were nowhere to be seen. It took another thirty minutes until he heard it. It was so clear he could not be mistaken. Dean couldn’t make out the words but he could clearly hear Seth’s
voice and seconds later the teen stepped into his sight.

Their eyes met immediately and Dean’s mouth went dry. He looked good. His hair was open, curled all around his head because the wind had blown the dark strand around wildly. As usually he wore his skinny black jeans and a hoodie of some band or whatever that logo was supposed to mean. There were ridiculously cute glasses on the back of his nose as he looked right back at Dean and that shy and carefully smile that begged for no one to hurt him. And fuck.. He’d hurt him. Hurt him so bad that maybe he could never fix it.

Seconds later another figure stepped into sight. Tall and all muscles under the dress shirt which dared to spring open any second. Roman. Handsome as ever. Dressed well, hair put in a bun. Dean’s heartbeat picked up so heavily that it almost hurt inside of his chest and he had to grab his shirt where his heart was pounding behind his skin and bones.

By the hand Seth pulled Roman into the room towards Dean. The dirty blond wanted to get up, wanted to jump right into their arms but Copeland had talked to him about that earlier. Regardless of the doctor’s opinion that things would work out, he needed to give the two of them the space to decide how much they trusted him now.

The two figures came closer and Dean got up from the chair he was sitting on. He wanted to look at the two of them properly if that was the only thing he’d be allowed to do. The eyes of the dirty blond felt hot and his fingers were ice cold, so cold they were slightly shaking. With the two of them looking at him with expecting eyes he didn’t even know who he wanted to address first. Dean forgot every single word that he had prepared in his head to say to the two of them and when he opened his mouth he choked on his own tongue.

“You must be Seth and Roman, I take it.” Thank fuck Copeland existed. The doctor got up and reached out his hand to greet the guests. “I’m Adam Copeland, Dean’s therapist. Nice to meet you.” There was a friendly smile on his face which Dean didn’t see because all he could do was stare at these beautiful men.

It seemed like Roman wasn’t exactly sure what that look meant and after shaking Copeland’s hand, introducing himself and sitting down with Seth he wrapped his arm around the younger one in a protective manner. He didn’t want to speak for now, wanted to hear what Dean had to say. All his guards were up regardless to how he felt right now.

Dean looked good, looked healthy and sober. He had shaved and a healthy skin color. Still, he was skinnier than usually but that could probably be fixed. Roman’s stomach felt slightly sick. He had to be so careful around Dean even though he still felt it, still felt the love he had for the other man.

“How are you?” Seth was the first one to speak. He was the youngest one here yet, to Roman it appeared like he was also the bravest besides the therapist of course. “You look good.” The innocent voice was see through. Roman heard all the hope and excitement. Sometimes Seth was like a puppy, forgetting what he felt just minutes ago. It had only been back in the car that he was close to tears because he had finally admitted that he was also scared to see Dean. Of course Roman had comforted him, took over as the strong man he was and hugged Seth, told him he wouldn’t let anyone hurt him. Now he seemed to be only concerned and full of hope.

Dean too, was behaving a little strange. Almost stiff like he wanted to make completely sure Roman and Seth could see that he was better. But knowing his friend this behavior could mean anything. Dean’s issues were never really understandable because he always reacted differently. Usually loud and violent but you could never know when he would strike.

“I’m good.” And the words sounded so sincere, clear and honest. Roman wanted to believe them
but maybe he had believed Dean once too often already. “I feel really good.” Short silence. “How are you? Seth?” Then he turned his head and the blue orbs focussed on him. “Roman? How are you?” The Samoan didn’t feel ready to speak up just yet. Suspiciousness was still too thick in his head.

“We’re really good, Dean.” Seth answered for the both of them. He sensed his tense Roman was. “A little surprised to be sitting here now but..” Seth looked down at the table, not sure whether it was okay to say it. Hopefully Roman wouldn’t get mad. “But.. Also glad we came here. Glad to see you. You look good.” Silently Roman took a deep breath. For a moment he wished he had some more of that childlike innocence that Seth had. Maybe he could open up to Dean more easily but there was so much pain and anger in his chest too that he could barely reach through to the love. All this time he had missed Dean and now that he was right there, he wanted to tell him all the things he did wrong. But he couldn’t. For Seth’s sake he wouldn’t.

Copeland sensed the tension at the table. For now he wasn’t in the position to really utilize his knowledge about how to make people open up because he technically needed Roman’s permission first but the whole situation was too heartbreaking. Dean had been so nervous all week, talking about barely anything else than what would happen if they came here and now nothing really happened because one was so excited that he couldn’t breath in a normal pace and the other one refused to speak at all. He needed to help the situation, wanted to so badly but he needed to stop to get personally involved into this.

“How are dad and mom doing?” Dean tried to bring up another topic, obviously didn’t want the conversation to die but struggled to address what he really wanted to say.

“They are fine. Dad is working a lot, mom is at home taking care of everything. You know how it is.” Seth replied again. Under the table he squeezed Roman’s leg because he wanted to encourage him to say something too but the oldest seemed to refuse still. Ugh, his boyfriend could be so stubborn at times.

Dean turned his head to look at Copeland. He could need some encouragement too and in his therapist he would find it. Adam had helped him so much in the past two weeks and he wasn’t leaving him alone with the situation now either. The doctor gave him a smile, nodded and looked at the other two again. It was important that Dean knew someone was on his side in this.

“Look.. Uhm..” Dean was searching for the right words to say but there was only one phrase that would express it the right way, one sentence that he had never used and meant it. Not since he was a little boy seeking the forgiveness of his mom. For three days he had practiced in front of a mirror had looked at himself and said it over and over again but now it was just as hard as it had been the first time. He needed to push through though. There was no other way. One more deep breath and then he looked up, right into their faces, first Seth and then Roman to make sure he heard each word. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry for everything I put you through. I. I have no apology for any of the things I did to either of you other than that I was a stupid asshole. It’s my fault.”

And there it was. It was all out in the open. Dean had let down his guard and was ready for Roman to explode and put him down, tell him he’d never forgive him. Ready for Seth who’d probably cry soon the way he knew him. Because no one else was speaking Dean sensed that he should say more. It wasn’t enough. He wished it would be but it just wasn’t.

“I should have listened to you Roman and should have dropped the alcohol long ago. I should have been more honest with the both of you, I..” He couldn’t finish his sentence. Not without swallowing own the lump in the back of his throat. “And I want to fix things between all of us because.. Because I fucking miss you and.. Ah fuck.”
Dean threw up his hands and leaned back in his chair. He’d promised himself after that breakdown last week that he would never cry again but his eyes were burning so badly and his mouth was so dry he could feel the tears building within seconds. “Fuck guys, I just want to apologize and make things right. I want to come home.” It didn’t matter that he’d feared letting his guards down the whole time. It was too late now. The wetness was running down his cheeks and his voice was trembling. “I know you can’t forgive me just like this but please, give me a chance.”

Okay enough. Copeland had to cut in before what Dean was doing would turn into begging. Besides, the second Dean had started crying he had finally seen a change in the older male that was sitting across from him. His eyes had turned almost surprised. “I will cut in quickly before this goes down the wrong way. Dean and I talked and I originally advised him to be the one asking you guys but things are going a little different now apparently and as I take it everything with the three of you is a little different anyway.” Hm, could the doctor really sense the triangle of love between them? Maybe they were more obvious than they thought. “Speaking from a doctor’s perspective now, you helped Dean a lot by bringing him in here already but I believe he could use some more of your help. And this I also confirm with just my personal opinion. I think…”

“No!” Now Dean interrupted him. Even though his voice was shaky and he wiped away some tears he looked at the doctor and shook his head. “I need to ask them. Just give me a second.”

And now, for the first time, Roman spoke up. His voice was completely different than what Copeland had expected. He’d expected to find all the anger and grief there but it was nothing but warm and welcoming and caring. “Dean? What’s wrong?”

The blue eyes were surrounded by red now but he had managed to look back at the Samoan. “I need your help. I know it’s a lot to ask but I need it for the sake of all of us.”

“What do you mean?” The tall male reached out for one of Dean’s hands. Copeland had advised Dean to avoid physical contact for now because it could easily irritate the tense situation but he saw how it seemed to calm Dean down, that he didn’t break into heavy sobbing but swallowed and breathed away most of the tears.

“Fuck, I just want all of us to be okay. I want to fix everything. Not you, Roman. I know you probably said it a hounded times to me, if not a thousand, and you probably told Seth too. But I want to fix this. And I need to because I broke it and…” He swallowed again. It seemed to be a huge deal for Dean to ask. Maybe he really did recognize what damage he had done and that he was in no position for demands.”… And I just need one more thing of you.”

Now Seth reached out too, put his much smaller hand on top of the two connected hands. In every other situation Copeland would have found this a little funny but now it seemed so fitting and it seemed to work. Within seconds Dean seemed calm enough to speak properly again. “Please come to therapy with me.”

Oh. It wasn’t what either Seth or Roman had expected because they had thought something bad would come up now but in their ears this sounded maybe slightly difficult but not bad. “I want to fix us.” Dean looked at both of them, sincere and with all of his emotions visible on his face. For the first time in forever he felt relieved. Even if not everything was said, nothing was fixed and he didn’t know their reaction yet, he had put out there what he truly felt.

Copeland’s words from this morning were true. *If you keep swallowing Dean, one day you’re so full, you’ll throw up*. And Dean had just done that. He’d spit out all that he had to give right now and now, even though there was a loud storm inside his head, he felt calm.
Oh snap! Dean put it all out there. FINALLY he opened up to the people he loves most.
But how will they react?
What will they say?
What do you think how things will be going?
Let me know in the comment section!
Hello guys! Returning from a three-week hiatus that I did not tell you about. Sorry! But I have to say, writing this chapter was really hard for me. I don't even know exactly why I struggled so much with this but I had a hard time to find the transition for where we are heading now with this. I hope the wait was worth it.

If I ever happen to stop updating within a week again, feel free to visit my blog justicehound.tumblr.com and ask me about it. Most likely, I'll reply within a day or two.

Anyway, enjoy what I did here! Oh, and I hope everyone had a happy easter!

For another time, the mood at the table changed. Seth could feel Roman going tense next to him again. He could also feel Dean’s cold fingers shaking under both of their hands which were supposed to calm him down, not make him even more nervous. The teen didn’t think about it, when the words fell from his lips. “Of course, we will support you with everything. We want you to come home.”

“Wait.” Before Seth could continue, Roman had interrupted him and he looked at the Samoan quickly, eyes going wide and were filled with questions. “It’s nice you want to do that Seth but since we are all being honest here right now, I don’t think I want to do this.”

Seth was shocked by what Roman said but the older male took his hand off the pile they had formed and instead crossed his arms in front of his chest. “Both of you know I care, I care so fucking much that I probably gave up more of myself than I should just to make it better for you. Seth is right, we want to be supportive, but Dean… therapy? That’s too much to ask for. I have loved you for years and you barely needed me enough to keep me around as a friend. You pulled so much crap on me, broke my heart again and again and you can’t put this on the alcohol. The only reason you did that for was, that you didn’t care enough. I want you to be healthy and you deserve happiness but if I recognized anything in the time that you were gone from home, it’s that you have to fix yourself. I can only try to help fixing whatever is happening between us, but you have to fix yourself. So sorry, I won’t go to therapy with you. That’s your job.” Roman shrugged and looked Dean in the eyes to make sure the blue eyed man had understood every word he said.

Seth was in shock. He had not expected that. Again and again the two of them had talked about being with Dean, making sure he would be okay, being there for him when he needed it and now this. With eyes full of fear the youngest man looked at Dean. He seemed to be just as shocked, his mouth stood open a little bit and his eyes were shiny. “I understand.” The dirty blond swallowed hard. There was not the tiniest emotion in his voice now even though, he looked like he might cry any second. “Doctor, I would like to go back to my room now.”

Copeland was disappointed in the outcome of this meeting. Dean was devastated and probably felt like all the progress he had made so far was worthless now. “Alright, I believe that’s for the better now. Seth, if you are interested in joining, I will give you the schedule for which session I’d like to include you in and then you can go. Dean, you might go back to your room now.”
The blond mob nodded, eyes focussed down. He got up. Everything that was displayed in front of Seth’s eyes shattered his heart and the teen got up too. No chance he would let Dean go back to his room this upset. Roman shouldn’t have said these things, there would have been a nicer way to deny and not hurt Dean in the process.

“Dean!” The blond had already turned his back to Seth when the teen grabbed for his wrist. He didn’t care who else was in the visiting area and what Roman or the doctor thought. Even though he was much smaller than Dean, he pulled him into a tight embrace, wrapped his thin arms so tight around the neck of his former lover, that he almost choked him. “I’ll be there, Dean. I promise.” As he spoke the words he felt strong arms wrapping around his waist. Dean seemed to smell the skin on his neck, held on to him just as tight and for the first time in their broken relationship it felt like Dean needed Seth more than he had ever needed the blond.

They walked back to the car together. Both had yet to address the situation that just happened inside of ORC but Roman was too stubborn to say something first and Seth was still caught up in the feeling of hugging Dean - His Dean, the way he had met him and learned to love him. Even on the whole drive back neither of the brunettes seemed ready to say something and just sat there in silence, both occupied with their own thoughts.

Once they had made it back inside Roman just flopped down on the couch and turned on the television as if nothing had happened. Seth stood in the door frame and looked at his boyfriend confused. Slowly he was coming back from the cloud he’d been surfing on. “What did you say these things for?” His voice was quiet and for a moment he wasn’t sure whether Roman had even heard him over the television. “Didn’t we agree on something else?”

The Samoan took a deep breath and didn’t look at Seth as he shrugged. “Seeing him changed my mind. He did this to me too often.”

“What? He cried to convince you of something?”

“No. I haven’t seen him cry before I think. ut just begging for my forgiveness and telling me he needs me. Dean guilt tripped me every time he’d be in trouble. I’m just tired of his lies.”

“Roman..” Seth’s voice was shaky now because he didn’t understand what was happening. Did Roman not want to have Dean back? The mind of the teen ran miles in a second and he frowned so hard, that his whole face started hurting. “What are you saying? You don’t love Dean anymore? You don’t miss him anymore? I thought we..” He trailed off, to afraid to address the possible future the three of them could share.

“I miss Dean.” Roman snapped now. His dark eyes showed some anger when he finally looked at Seth. “But I can’t fix him. I have tried, believe me, I have tried so many times but he doesn’t give a damn about anything I ever did for him. I love him and I want him to be here. In fact, I have loved him longer than you have even known him, I have known him longer than you are alive for probably, so don’t doubt me. I said what I said. I’m not going to go to his therapy. Dean needs a wake-up call and maybe being alone with this for once might help. I’m not going to defend myself in front of you for that. You would understand if..” Now he trailed off and just rolled his eyes.

Seth was shocked by how Roman talked to him. For the first time he had made the older male angry and it hurt. He wasn’t too scared, Roman didn’t appear aggressive or tried to intimidate him, but his words hurt and they mostly hurt because they were true. Seth was the intruder here, he had crashed this whole thing going on between Roman and Dean and maybe he had messed it up because he was egotistical enough to want both of the men for himself. “I would understand if
what? If I was older? Like you and Dean?” His voice was higher than usually now because he was
certain it was what Roman had wanted to say.

“I didn’t say that.” The Samoan got defensive immediately.

“But you wanted to.” Seth could feel his eyes heating up. “You think I don’t understand because
I’m a kid, right? Just a stupid schoolboy. I get it. Well, you could have just said it. Just say when
you don’t want to hang out with someone that much younger than you.” Seth almost choked on his
words, voice trembling and fingers grabbing for the pockets of his jeans just so he would have
anything to hold on to.

“Seth, I wanted to say..” He didn’t get to finish because Seth was too afraid of what was to come
next. Instead of listening, he turned around on the spot and went to the bedroom. Roman didn’t
need to see him cry. Seth slammed the door shut louder than he wanted to but his emotions simply
overwhelmed him. Immediately, he went for the bed and buried himself between sheets and
pillows that smelled too much like Roman right now. Softly he started sobbing. Why was it always
him who ended up crying? It shouldn’t be a huge surprise to him, that Roman thought he was a
baby still. Every little thing made him cry or scared him, he got so nervous over stupid thing and
had to ask his parents for permission to do anything.

“Babe..” The door to the bedroom opened but Seth didn’t move. Roman’s voice was smooth again,
warm and caring and the teen felt the bed dip slightly. Roman had come to sit with him, put his
giant hand on his small shoulder. “I shouldn’t have said that. I’m sorry. I.. Look, I’m also
overwhelmed by this whole situation. All I want is for the three of us to be happy.”

“Then why won’t you help D-Dean?” Seth sobbed into the pillow. “And why did you have to
be so m-mean to m-me?”

“I’m sorry. I really am. Come here.” Even if Seth had wanted to protest, he stood no chance against
the tall male who pulled him into his lap and wrapped his arms around his small figure. Roman
dropped a soft kiss to Seth’s forehead and wiped away the tears from his cheeks. “I shouldn’t have
used your age against you. You’re actually really grown up for your age. You put up with all my
grown up stuff and you handle the whole thing with Dean better than me, I guess. I admire this in
you, baby.”

His eyes were still red and swollen and some last tears fell from Seth’s eyes while he listened to
Roman. “Please don’t ever do this again. It’s.. It’s really hard for me, Ro. To be this much
younger. I feel like I put you through some super childish stuff and I worry that you get annoyed by
that..”

“I’m never annoyed by your stuff, babe. Whether you ask me for something with your homework
or you need to be driven somewhere or your mom needs me to do something. I love doing those
things because I feel like you need me.”

“I need you for a lot of things, Ro. But most of all I need you to be with me.”

“I’m right here, not going anywhere.”

“I know but.. But I mean we need to be on the same page with things like.. Like Dean.” His voice
was still a little shaky but Seth calmed down more each second.

“What do you mean?” Roman frowned now.

“Sheep come with me..”
“To therapy?”

The teen just nodded. “Please. I... I think it’s going to help all of us. Not just Dean. They told us about something similar in this family study workshop we had in school. Even if just one family member is the patient, bringing in the closest family members will mend the relationship. I mean... I. We aren’t like a real family but...”

“. We belong together.” Roman finished his sentence for the teen. Seth just nodded. Struggle was written all over Roman’s face and for the first time in all his life, other than with his parents, Seth put on the biggest puppy eyes he could, trying to convince Roman. “Oh come on, that’s not fair.”

“Puh-puuuuuhplease, Roman!” Seth whined, eyes still wide.

The Samoan squeezed his eyes shut and clenched his jaw. “Hm.. Fuck, alright. But I’m going because of you for now. Not because I believe my presence will help Dean.”

“You will see, it is going to help!” Tears had tried by now and Seth wrapped his arms around Roman’s neck.

“Yeah, we’ll see.” Then big hands started grabbing at Seth’s side. “And don’t ever pull that trick on me again, you monster.” Roman started tickling Seth, aimed to bring back the wide smile. He was successful and seconds later Seth tried to shuffle out of Roman’s lap but there was no chance for that to happen.

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“I don’t know what to do now.” Dean was sitting on his bed, hands folded in his lap and stared at his sneakers. “I don’t think I can do it without this. I needed you there to show him. I really want to show Roman that I am sorry. Seth too but... But Seth, I don’t think he is mad at me anymore. He is just scared I could flip my shit any second.”

“Did it happen this week?” Copeland had followed Dean to his room to evaluate what had taken place earlier. Usually he did these sessions only in his office, but Dean seemed truly upset and he didn’t want to force the blond more out of his comfort zone that he had already went today. It was a lot to take in for his client. “Did you get angry this week?”

“It happens all the time.”

“And what do you do?”

“I use your technique. It helps really well, I guess. But a beer would help better, ya know. My head still keeps telling me that.”

Copeland made a note to his papers. “It is going to be like this for a while, Dean. But it is important that you don’t give in to that wish. And even though he said no for now, I think he will come around. I have only know both of your friends-” Ha, friends. “- for a couple of minutes but their care for you is rather obvious. Seth said yes right away. From what I understood that you told me, the two of them are dating?”

“Yeah.”
“Then Roman will come around. I can give you that on paper, Dean.”

“Hm.” There wasn’t much hope in his huff.

“I understand it’s hard to believe what I say right now.” For a moment it was quiet between the two of them, Adam looked at his client who was truly devastated. “Do you read, Dean?” He then asked out of nowhere.

“Huh?” The blond looked up, confusion written all over his face as the approach didn’t fit the conversation.

“If you enjoy reading.”

“Didn’t use to read a lot at home but in here? I do.”

“I have a book in my office, I think you should read it. It’s not an exciting adventure book or anything but.. I think you need it to figure out some things that I personally believe are bugging you. Mind to walk with me?”

“Sure.” He seemed to have lost all will for today.

The doctor and Dean left his small bedroom and wandered down the hall together. Dean threw back and forth thoughts about what had happened today. Had he broken the bond Roman and he had shared for so long? Fuck, why did he have to be such a fuck up? And Seth.. That pure boy, so full of hope and believe in Dean, when he couldn’t even believe in himself. Before the blond could even finish his thoughts, they had made it to the office of the doctor and together they entered. By now, Dean had been here several times and he stepped inside without making a funny face. In the beginning he had hated being in a shrink’s office. Now it felt like his comfortable and free space, a room that was protected and where nothing could hurt him.

Copeland went to the shelf that rested against the wall. The books there had never interested Dean much but this time he followed. He read over the titles of the backs of the books. What kinda science book could Copeland possibly want to give to him. “Let me see..” The older man studied the books too until he seemed to have found what he was looking for. “Aha!” He grabbed it and then handed it over to Dean. “Before you judge it, read it. Take your time. When you are done, we should talk about it in a session. Now, I think you are free for the rest of the day. Go to the gym, get a big dinner and then have a look at this.”

Dean was dismissed and found himself walking back to his room. On the whole way his eyes were focussed on the title of the book. Polysemy - A modern approach. Polysemy? He had never heard that word, but maybe reading into it would really help.

In contrast to what the doctor had told him, Dean didn’t go to workout. He wanted to know what the book was about. The blond laid on his bed, once he was in his room, got comfortable and then opened the first page.

Preface:

When I picked up my daughter from a class trip in sixth grade and she told me she was dating a boy from her class now, I was surprised but not shocked. Most kids in their early teens start developing interest for the other gender. However, I was completely surprised when, just two days later, she would tell me she was dating another boy now. First, I blamed it on the age. Kids at 12 or 13 fall in and out of love within an hour, as it seems.
I didn’t fully understand, not until one day I came to pick her up from school like I had done many
times before. My sweet little girl came out of the building, two boys holding on to each of her
hands. “Mom.” She said. “I want to introduce you to my boyfriends.”

Because I had a hard time understanding why my daughter would be dating to guys at the same
time, I went on the internet and I stumbled upon polysemy.

What is polysemy? I wondered the same thing. With this book, I aim to help people who are eager
to understand and answer this question as much as I was try to do so.

In short, polysemy is defined by the dictionary as to describe something that has several meanings.
For instance, the color red can stand for love but also for anger. The polysemy that I was looking
for though, did not necessarily concern something that had several meanings, it rather concerned
the fact, that my daughter liked several boys.

In a modern world, in which society is accepting of all kinds of sexualities, may that be gay, bi,
asexual or any other kind, we still struggle to understand someone who feels attracted to more than
just one person. Yet, this is a relevant topic. It probably happens to more people than we know
simply because those people often do not allow themselves to live out what they feel. I personally
believe, there is a small amount of people in the world who would accept that their partner was
seeing other people too. We expect of our lover to be true to us and we hope they want to spend
their life with only us. But we have to understand, polysemic people do not share this feeling.

Here, it is of highest value to understand, a polysemic person does not love one only half as much
only because he or she keeps around another person. Instead, when I asked my daughter about
this, they feel no difference between their lovers. Both (or more, if so) are equally important. It
appears to me, as if a person with a preference for polysemy has even more love to share than us
“normal” people.

Dean put down the book for a moment, paused his reading, before going back to the top of the page
and reading it again. Why the hell would Copeland give him THIS book? Why would he even
think that Dean needed this in order to get over his issues? He wasn’t polysemic. He just didn’t like
to stick to just one person. With Reby he’d kept Seth and Roman around because.. Because..

Before he could get too deep into his thoughts Dean went back to reading. He lost a lot of sleep
that night because he couldn’t put down the book. When he was in the shower or at the gym this
weekend, he thought about the stories this lady had told. Sunday afternoon he sat outside on his
usual bench and scanned the last paragraph of the book.

Today, that my daughter is in her early thirties, she is living with a man and two other women.
They have two babies and I don’t think I have seen my girl this happy in all the years that I got to
share with her.

With this, I hope to encourage those, who are confused and scared to admit to what they truly feel.
It is a tough topic to address but if your partners love you, they will understand. And who knows?
Maybe they don’t feel that much different than what you feel. Let’s face it, love is a strange thing
and it is impossible to explain but a song I used to listen to when I was a teen taught me something
that I consider to be true now more than ever: In the end, everything turns out good and if things
aren’t good yet, then it’s not the end yet either.
Chapter End Notes

REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW PLEASE
And I'd love to hear your ideas of how the first therapy session with the boys will go? I actually have not decided on it yet, and might include some of your ideas. So don't forget to leave a comment.
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

I said I was gonna update quicker and I didn't. You're allowed to be annoyed but as mentioned before, this story right now is a little bit hard for me to write and also it was my birthday so I travelled to my hometown to meet my family. With this whole piece of work though, I'm not completely certain which approach to take to make Roman forgive Dean. Hopefully, with this chapter, I made a good start. I don't know if I ever mentioned it before but this story is very similar to something that happened to me only two years back and I wasn't able to get through the whole forgiving process yet so I this that's why it's really hard for me to write this story now. Anyway, in this chapter, we also find more angst woooohoooo. Because it took me so long to write this, I made it longer than my usual chapters.
We get an insight on why Roman is so stubborn in this chapter and Seth is getting a stone. I hope you enjoy it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

„Can you at least try to smile a little? Your face can be very intimidating at times.” Seth poked his boyfriend’s side and tried to force him to lighten up. They were on their way to ORC for the first scheduled therapy session and the teen was nervous. Hopefully, this would go down smoother than their last meeting had.

“What? I always look like this. Not everyone can look pretty without any effort.” Roman rolled his eyes.

“You’re pretty too but you also look like you could rip someone’s head off any second.” The younger one crossed his arms in front of his chest. “Plilplease. Your smile is so handsome, come on.”

“Is that so?” Now Roman chuckled and dared to take his eyes off the road for a moment to look at his lover.

Now Seth rolled his eyes. “Quit it. You know you’re beautiful.”

They had almost reached the facility, Roman was grinning wide now. “Well, if you think I’m that nice to look at I think you should give me a kiss.” The Samoan pulled into the parking lot and stopped the car. He turned his head to look at Seth with his wide smile still there.

“You’re ridiculous. You should be thankful for your looks otherwise I would have punched you in the nose now.” Instead though, the younger man leaned in and stole a kiss from those soft and warm lips. Before he could pull away Roman had forced his large hand into the dark locks and made sure the kiss lasted a little longer.

“Rmn..” Seth whined into the kiss because the longer their mouths were attached to each other the hotter he got.

A little bit later Roman let him go but leaned his forehead again his. “What’s that, big boy?”
“You know what.” His voice was still whiny.

“Tell me again.” The older one insisted.

“Why do you need me to push your ego so much? Can’t you make out with a mirror or something instead?”

“No, I need it to come from my boyfriend.”

Seth took a deep breath and sighed. His cheeks were burning. “My dear Roman, please quit making out with me so heavily until May because you make me feel the need to sleep with you very badly and that is not fair because you won’t touch me until I’m 18.” His cheeks heated up as he gave his boyfriend what he had asked for.

“Hm.. I love making you feel that though.” This asshole had the nerve to run his free hand up Seth’s leg but stopped right before he could touch his crotch.

“I hate you!” Seth pulled away from Roman and climbed out of the car. Awesome, he’d get to Dean’s first therapy session with a half hard dick resting in his pants. That would surely make a great picture for Copeland. The older man jumped out of the car as well. He wore a smug grin on his face when he wrapped his arm around Seth’s shoulder.

“Don’t be sour. You know I’ll make it worth the wait.” After dropping a kiss on Seth’s temple they entered the facility. In here it was much colder than outside, thanks to the AC. Since it was the afternoon, it was pretty warm. Warm enough for Seth to wear shorts along with his FCW merchandise. For a little moment, he got caught up in his thoughts. Make it worth it .. What did that even mean? Seth had seen Roman’s cock a couple of times when they had changed in the mornings or when he’d come out of the shower while Seth was brushing his teeth. Even when it wasn’t hard, it was pretty big. The thought alone made him bite his bottom lip. Would he even be able to take it up his backside? It would be painful, he knew that.

Seth had zero to none sexual experience. He jerked up seldom, felt too shy and embarrassed about it. It had been a couple of times that he used one or two fingers just to get a feeling for whether he liked it or not and it was really enjoyable but he couldn’t really reach to those places inside his body that he wanted. The stretch hurt too. He had only used spit as lubricant maybe that’s why it had been hard to make it work.

When he thought back to these times, the teen got scared. Probably he wouldn’t be able to make this wait worth for Roman. Maybe he’d even be too nervous to get a hard-on for his smoking hot boyfriend and that would be a whole new level of embarrassment for him.

As they walked down the hallway, the younger male tried to collect his thoughts and tried to quit stressing about the topic. There were still a couple of months left until his birthday. 72 days to be exact. Psh! He shook his head to get rid of the mess in his head and got back to their conversation. “You should be this nice to Dean when we get in there.” Seth pointed to the door of Copeland’s office. Roman got quieter now and just shrugged before he came to knock. Together they entered.

Dean was already sitting there and so was Copeland. The situation was slightly weird because it seemed like they were having a laugh. Dean Ambrose hanging out with a therapist for fun? That sounded like a big lie but it was exactly what they saw. “Great seeing both of you!” The doc declared and got up from where the two of them had been sitting on the couch. Seth could sense how suspicious Roman was. He had to admit, it was funny to see Dean smile when just a couple of days ago he had been devastated and cried. What had happened since the three of them had parted? “Please, come to sit with us. Dean and I were just talking about a book I borrowed to him recently.
How have the two of you been?"

Everything seemed surreal. The mood here was so light. But this was therapy?! When Seth thought about therapy he always imagined people laying on a couch, crying about the questions the therapist asked them.

“Good, good.” Roman answered first. “Seth too. He’s getting ready for exams so everything is busy.”

“Yeah.” Seth snapped out of his thoughts. “But I’m fine. Mom is making sure I eat and sleep enough. You know her. And Roman too, of course.” The teen seemed to be going along with the good mood in the room regardless of his surprise of the situation. Both men joined Dean and Copeland so they could sit together in a little circle. Seth was positioned next to Dean and he was close enough to brush the back of his hand over the skin on his lower arm. Both of them got goosebumps. Dean grinned, Seth blushed. Roman overserved with an annoyed expression.

None of the boys seemed to be completely sure of what to do next so all of their eyes went to focus on the doctor. “You guys all seem to be nervous. We need to get rid of that before we can start this session. Please get up. Let’s do some activities to get everyone more comfortable.” Copeland stood up from where he was sitting and the three men did the same. For a couple of minutes they did some breathing exercises together and then some stretching which was funny to Seth. Those were things he would expect at physical therapy but not mental therapy. Even though those things were weird to the teen, they did help to make him feel a little bit more comfortable because of all the moving around in the room. Some type of freedom and protected atmosphere grew in his chest.

“That was good. Now, let’s sit and talk a little. Does either of you want some tea? Or water?” Seth asked for tea, Roman didn’t want anything. It was now, that Seth sensed Roman didn’t seem to be as comfortable as he felt. He would need some more help to get around.

Everything Copeland did appeared so casual. The doctor was really good at making this feel like a normal get together. He walked over to the coffee machine in his office which could also boil up some water for tea. “So Dean, how have you been doing? I know we talked earlier but I didn’t get to ask you yet.”

The way Dean was sitting on the couch looked so natural. It was obvious he felt good at this place. “I feel okay. I worked out this morning that was nice. I’m getting back to my old in ring shape now, I think. But that’s also because you guys feed us nothing but healthy shit. You should introduce hot dogs. I really miss those.”

“Is that all you miss?” Copeland chuckled a little.

“Hell no. There’s a lot from outside that I miss.”

“Like alcohol?” Roman cut in. His face was blank and he looked at Dean seriously.

The blond was taken aback for a moment and didn’t know what to say. Suddenly the air was tense, the doctor observed the situation critically from where he was preparing the tea and Seth got a little bit anxious. Roman had promised to at least try to be nice but this didn’t look too good. Luckily, Dean reacted the best way he probably could. Carefully he smiled before shrugging. “I miss it like hell. My brain keeps telling me to just go and find a beer, just run away and get fucking wasted. But then I see the..” He trailed of and shrugged again. “Then I remind myself why I’m doing this and I manage to stop thinking about beer and instead I think about my goal.”

Roman just nodded. He didn’t seem to be satisfied but at least he shut up. “How are you feeling,
Seth?" Adam had made it back to place the tea on the table and sat down again as well.

“Uhm..” He wasn’t sure whether he should be honest about his emotional situation. Seth didn’t want anyone to think he wanted to make a big deal out of himself because he was here for Dean.

The doctor seemed to pick up on that struggle quickly. Of course he did. After all, it was his job.

“Teen life, hm? Lots of things going on that old dudes like me don’t get?” Shily the teen smiled at him and shrugged. This whole situation was slightly intimidating to the teen even though before he’d been the one encouraging Roman to come here and he really wanted to help Dean but he had not expected to have to deal with his own problems too.

“I hang out with people who are older than me a lot and I just don’t really like to bother with my teen problem.” Just saying this made him feel slightly uncomfortable. It was weird to open up about these thoughts in front of Dean and Roman even though the other day his boyfriend and he had just fought about this. “You all have your life together, you don’t have to worry about grades or coming home in time or things like that and I don’t really like to keep going on about these things over and over again.”

Dean snorted next to him before breaking into a little laugh for a moment. “You really think I have my life all together? I’m figuratively the reason you had to come to therapy.”

“I hang out with people like him all day. I probably don’t really have my stuff together because you must be a little crazy to do this stuff.” Copeland smiled at him too. Seth could hear Roman sighing but he didn’t say anything. “Believe me Seth, barely anyone in my generation has their life all figured out. We just got better at covering it up. And maybe we have different kinds of problems. That doesn’t make yours worth any less. I would really appreciate if there was just one thing you could share.”

Seth really wanted to hold Roman’s hand. The older man always made him feel strong and secure and when he was on the verge of panicking he could easily ground him. “It’s just some stuff at school. Nothing that isn’t normal, I guess.”

“Deadlines for finals?” Adam kept asking.

“That too. And some kids talking but I guess it’s normal. Everyone in high school talks about everyone.”

“What are they saying about you?” Now Dean asked. Seth turned his head to look at him. There was a slight shade of that fire he had seen there so many times, rage growing behind the blue.

“It’s not important.” He quickly wanted to cut off the topic but Dean had other plans.

“Tell me.” He kept pressing the issue in a slightly sharper tone and Seth, without noticing, leaned back a little bit because the look in Dean’s eyes grew. Apparently, the blond noticed and immediately leaned away a bit too and turned his head to look away. “Excuse me I didn’t mean to make it sound like this.” Dean obviously took some seconds to breath and calm himself and Seth was surprised. It made his heart beat quick as he observed slightly scared but also slightly curious. This had never happened before, he had almost expected Dean to get up and yell at him again but instead the blue-eyed man just took some deep breaths before looking at him again and smiling in an apologetic way. “Uhm.. But you’re holding up okay? Even if they say things? I know you’re a little bit sensitive to those things.”

It was such a surprise that Dean’s eyes were nothing but soft again that Seth couldn’t even speak. He just nodded.
"We can talk about it next session, Seth. If you want to." The doctor smiled. It appeared, he was as happy with Dean as the teen felt inside his chest. He just couldn’t show it now. “So, Roman. How are you?”

The Samoan took his sweet time to reply, cleared his throat before taking a deep breath. “Actually everything is going pretty great for me. Things with Seth work out so easily. The job is going really good too, I might get promoted soon.”

“Really? You’re going to be champ?” Dean looked at Roman and from his position Seth couldn’t see what was happening between them properly but he saw that Roman refused to look at the blond.

“Maybe. There is a tournament going on right now and I made it to the quarterfinals but I’m not spoiling who’s advancing.”

“That’s pretty cool, man.”

“Yep.” Roman cut Dean off. His tone was distant and everyone could probably sense it. Dean tried to smile but looked away to seek Copeland’s help. Seth was getting a little bit annoyed. Of course Roman wasn’t saying anything wrong or impolite but his tone made it obvious - He wanted to rub it in Dean’s face how good his life was right now.

Before he could keep going the doctor interrupted them. Probably because he could feel the mood drop slowly too. “So I prepared some papers here. I want all of you to write down to expectations you have to this session. and then we will all read them out.” He handed over some blank sheets of paper and some pens and gave them all a little time before they got ready to say out loud what they wrote down. “Seth, I’d like for you to start.”

“Okay..” He was blushing slightly mostly because while writing the blond’s arm kept brushing against his. Since it had been such a long time since he had seen Dean regularly the teen has almost forgotten how intoxicating his touch was. “From this session I expect to learn about the things Dean has been doing in here and how he feels about that. And as a second one I wrote down that I expect to learn something about how I can behave to help Dean get better.”

No judgment from Adam’s side, he just moved on and looked at Roman. “What are your expectations?”

“I expect to see progress that Dean made. And to be honest I don’t have another expectation. That’s really all I need to see.” His tone was so hard. Dean ducked his head and swallowed hard. Where his and Seth’s arms were touching slightly he had gone all cold and Seth could hear his breathing get more irregular.

“Come on, Roman.” Seth whined because seeing Dean like this was putting him in a new kind of pain. A pain he didn’t know existed in his body.

“What? I came to see if Dean was finally done with all of his bullshit. I said it before and it stands, I can’t fix Dean. I tried so many times, sober or drunk, his ass doesn’t give a crap about my opinion.”

“Do you really think that, Ro?” And suddenly it was like Adam and Seth weren’t in the room with them. “Do you really think I don’t care about anything you say?”

“I definitely do. And you can bet your ass I only came here because Seth asked me too. I can’t help you, Dean. You even admitted in the beginning of the session that you can’t forget the alcohol.
Even now you still want to drink. Even now that we put effort into this, all you wanna do is drink. Drink, drink, drink - It's all you ever care about.”

“What the hell did you expect, hm? That I come here for a day and I’m magically cured? I have been drinking for so many years, I wasted so much time on that and I’m not able to suddenly forget about something that I did all my life. Could you just quit doing your weird breakfast rituals? I don’t fucking think so. I’m doing my best here, man. Gimme a fucking break with YOUR bullshit for once.” Now Dean rolled his eyes even though his body still openly showed his anxiety. He tried to cover it up.

“That’s nothing you could ever compared. I like to drink coffee before eating because after eating I don’t like the taste. You’re a fucking alcohol addict.”

“Is that all you can see in me for the rest of my life?” Dean was getting a little bit louder, Seth looked at Copeland for help but the doctor just observed. Why didn’t he stop them? They were so clearly hurting each other that even Seth would like to step in if he wasn’t too afraid to catch a hand in the process.

“You gave me plenty of reasons to only want to see that. And it was your goal all the time. Just admit it then at least I can finally get over it.”

“What do you want me to say, Roman? That I did love being drunk more than I was able to love you? Well, it’s fucking obvious, why do you need me to say it?” Both men were so heated now that Seth knew rage was growing in Dean’s eyes without him actually seeing it. “You just want me to lose my shit? Is that it? Do you want to prove to yourself that I cannot get better? That I don’t deserve another chance? I know I fucked up big time and I know I did it more than once but I’m damn sorry, Roman! I’m doing all of this because I’m sorry! I don’t want to be that anymore. Even though I want to drink I don’t do it, okay? I want to get better for you and for Seth and because I want to wrestle and all that stuff. Wanna go to your ridiculous 7 am workouts on Thursdays and I wanna go to Seth’s funny family tea time. I am getting better for so many reasons. Can you please just give me a chance?”

“I can only believe it when I see it. And don’t you even try to make me feel bad for this. I tried so many times. I tried over and over again and you treated me like the most worthless person on this earth and I-”

“Okay, stop this.” Finally! Copeland stood up. “Dean, please go outside. I think you need to do some of your exercises. Seth, I would like you to leave as well. I need to speak to Roman alone for a little bit.” The blond wasted no time to get up. He stormed outside without looking back and for a moment Seth looked after him. His eyes were wet now when he looked back at Roman.

“You promised to me, Ro.” Before he could start crying the teen left the office and closed the door behind himself. Outside a couple of chairs were next to the door and he dropped down on one of them buried his face in his hands immediately. This whole session had been nothing but frustrating. How would they ever mend their relationship?

There were footsteps in the hallway but the teen didn’t bother to look who it was. It couldn’t be Roman yet because the door hadn’t moved. Someone sat next to him but the teen was too caught up with himself to truly care.

“I came out of that office feeling the same quite a couple of times.” This person had a very funny accent that made Seth look up from his puffy eyes eventually.

“I’m sorry?” His voice was shaky.
“Copeland really knows how to find out those things that hurt you the most, hm?”

“Oh.. Uhm, yeah no.. It’s not really that.” Who was this kind stranger?

“Well whatever it is, it upset you quite a lot. Here.” He pulled something out of his pocket and handed it to Seth. It was just a grey stone but it was nice to look at because it had no edges. “I found it in the backyard earlier. It’s nothing special but getting gifts feel good so here you have a cool stone I found outside.”

“Thank you..” Seth mumbled automatically.

“You’re Dean’s friend, right?”

“You know Dean?”

“He usually has the private session with Adam before I do and we talk sometimes at dinner or in the backyard but he doesn’t really like to share a lot.”

“Oh.. That’s Dean.” Seth shrugged.

“I think you need this tea more than Seth did.” Adam tried to help Roman to calm down slowly. The Samoan man had gotten truly upset. He was sitting on the couch, chewing on his bottom lip.

“This is all so stupid.” He shook his head but took the tea nevertheless. “It doesn’t make any difference whether I’m here or not. I can’t contribute to Dean’s wellbeing or happiness.”

“You think that because it never worked out?”

“Of course. I gave Dean everything I had to offer, I would have jumped off the highest rock out there if he asked me too but he always does his shit.”

“I think you underestimate how much Dean cares about you and how much he cares about what you think of him.”

“How much he cares? Has he told you about all the things he did to me and Seth?” Roman was still raging.

“I’m not allowed to talk about what Dean and I discuss in our sessions but we talked about all of his past and we are working on him digesting the things that have happened. But I think you and I need to work a little too. Right now you are not open to see any of the progress he did already.”

“He still thinks about fucking alcohol. It pisses me off so much. Seth and I come here for support, I mean I came because of Seth but you get the overall intentions, yet he would have rather spend his time with a can of beer.”

“I think you have to understand that drinking when he feels anxious is a pattern Dean used in order to protect himself. Can you see that?”

“He drinks when he doesn’t want to deal with the shit he’s annoyed with and then he loses his fucking mind and destroys everything good around him.”

Copeland paused for a moment. “I have been a doctor for some time. Through my work I meet many different people and I hear a lot of stories. I learned for myself that I don’t really think an approach where I tell my clients how to look at things really works because it doesn’t actually
change their minds. It just puts an idea there. However, I think you are so full of grief that you might not get to have a different view on things now.

I’m going to try to try you how the whole alcoholism thing works. A persona like Dean is often insecure about many things and that can have many reasons. Maybe they got pushed around by people they care about, maybe they never really had someone to trust, maybe they were abused of some sort. This can have so many reasons that it would take me days to mention them all. When a person gets the outcome of those things settled into their heads they have a very wrong idea of themselves. Often these people think that they are not good enough to matter to other people and they decide they will just have to live with that even though they are craving the love of someone else so deeply.

This causes mental and physical pain which can be really overwhelming. More than you think, believe me. When a human gets to this point, it is natural to look for a way to cope with it. People who don’t recognize their problem will turn to things like hurting themselves, pushing away people who come close because they just cannot believe that someone could care, alcohol or other substances, some people get addicted to sports, others quit eating. There is a lot of bad behavior that can result from this.”

“Dean knows I love him, I always have.” Roman sounded bitter.

“He says he does but this is not how the human mind works. At a very young age Dean was put in a position where he was a no one. He mattered to no one but you helped him. And, he didn’t say that but I know it because I obviously do this for a living, when you helped him it was probably one of the few good things happening to him through his young live but because he wasn’t able to give you back what you gave him, he beat himself up again. Again he wasn’t able to do something good, to please someone and he got really frustrated with that and needed to cope. The mind of a person in this state of depression just needs to cope. When did he start drinking?”

“When he couldn’t find a job.”

“When did he start to be abusive.”

“When I tried to make him stop drinking.”

“See, you tried to take away the only thing that gave him salvation. The only thing that made him feel better. I’m not justifying his problem here but I’m trying to give you a better idea of why he would do these things to you, okay?” Roman leaned back on the couch now but kept listening. “Forgiving Dean isn’t going to happen in one day just as Dean’s healing process isn’t going to be done within a day either. But I invited you to come here because all three of you deserve a chance. Everyone here has something they need to deal with in order to make this thing between you three work. Whether it is as friends or whatever else you want to make of it. Dean’s problems are obvious. You need to work on forgiving him. Seth needs to work on opening up. But all of this is a working process, that’s what I’m trying to say.”

“Hm.” Roman was thinking now but his face was still blank.

Copeland had only one more chance. He grabbed for the little paper with Dean’s expectations on them. They had talked about it a little earlier and it was going to be helpful with Roman. “I’m going to tell you what Dean wished for in this session. I think you should really try to burn these words into your head because they mean a lot for the three of you.” He looked at Roman to make sure he was listening. “1. I expect to show Roman and Seth that I can deal with my anger now and that they don’t need to be scared of me. 2. I expect to hear about the things Seth and Roman do outside while I’m stuck in here because I can’t wait to participate in their lives again.” He paused
to let those words sink in. “It’s really important to him to have both of you in his life. Every day he walks around the facility telling the people he talks to that he can’t wait to finally see you guys. It’s his light at the end of the tunnel. Think about that until our next session, okay? This was a lot for our first session and I only have a couple of minutes before my next client. Since I would like to talk to Seth for a moment too, I’m just going to give you this to take it home. Maybe it helps to get this new view a bit better.” Copeland handed over the paper. “I’ll see you in a couple of days, Roman.”

The Samoan got up and both men shook hands before he left the room to send Seth inside.

Chapter End Notes

Phui, so much going on here, right? Do you think Copeland's talk changed Roman's mind? And what do you think he will have to say to Seth? Does Dean even want to try again after this? Please review!
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

Finally, I update quicker again. Let's pray it stays like this. Before you read this chapter please take a moment and vote in this poll https://www.poll-maker.com/poll1954984xE1364ac0-53 because when I first uploaded this story, I didn't really consider whether the name was fitting or not. I picked the first title of a song that came to my head. While writing this the song Bleed Like Me by Garbage has more and more become my inspiration and I think the name fits a little bit better, however, I'd like your opinion on that. This voting is open for about two weeks and then I'll decide whether I'll change the name or keep it as it is right now.

Okay and now have fun with this story. I feel like lately all I'm writing here is therapy, haha. But promise, we are moving on now. Thank you all for bearing with me through this story because I know you all are probably hoping for some smut or at least you were when you first started reading it and I left you hanging a bit, haha. But through writing I just got really soaked into the story itself so I decided to put that in the foreground. Maybe I will consider writing the second part one day. More smut would probably happen there but we will see. For now, enjoy this chapter! Soundtrack for this chapter: Bastille - No Angels (feat. Ella)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Adam had put a container with tissues on the table. “You can use them all if you need them.” There was an assuring smile on his face as he sat down with Seth. Intentionally, he sat down next to him and not across from him. The doctor got the feeling that the young man needed a lot of reassurance and he’d gladly give it to him. “That was a rough start, hm?” In one hand he was now holding a mug because he had poured himself some coffee a minute ago.

“I hated this. It’s so stupid. Roman loves Dean but he just won’t try to give him a chance. I asked him to come here and just not say anything if he can’t contribute something positive but he gets so worked up over this.” His sad eyes his the floor.

“All of you boys need to understand that this all takes some time.”

“Do you think we can make it, Doctor? Because I feel like whenever I try anything to bring us closer together it just puts us apart even further.”

Copeland thought for a moment before he tried to meet Seth’s eyes again. “You guys will make it. I’m pretty sure of that.”

“But how?” The teen's voice was shaky and he was obviously on the verge of tears.

“You all have to deal with your piece of mind. That’s also why I wanted to talk to you. It’s not so easy for you to talk about yourself, is it?”

Seth blushed now. His face was red all over, eyes puffy, cheeks heated. “I just don’t like to bother with my stuff.”

“You probably heard this before but communication is the number one necessity for a working
relationship.”

“I know but my stuff is boring and Roman got so many other things to worry about that I really don’t want to be another burden.”

“Well, if you think that then maybe you can tell me what has been bugging you lately. I know it’s been long since I have been a teen but I’m sure I know an advice or two.” Copeland smiled softly again. There was something about this man that did make Seth feel comfortable but then again his usual shyness was holding him back.

He shrugged. “Just stressing over finals I guess. Scared I can’t please Roman because we are so different and our lives are so different. Worrying I might not ever get to hang out with Dean again. Some stupid bullies being annoying in school and siblings doing the same when I’m home. It’s just usual teen drama.”

“I don’t think a lot of teens have to deal with someone in their closer environment getting treatment for an alcohol addiction. There is a lot going on in your young life, a couple of things that you shouldn’t have to worry about. When it comes to Roman, I don’t think you have to worry about that because the way I see it he would sell his soul for you. He came here even though right now he wants nothing to do with Dean and all just because he wanted to make you happy. If your fear regarding that goes deeply I would suggest you, him and I meet alone once or twice so we can talk about that.

About Dean, that is on you, you know. When he leaves this facility he will hopefully be strong enough to start a different life. It is you who decides whether you want to be part of it or not because I know that if it was on Dean, he would love to have you there.

But I wanted to talk about that last issue, Seth. School and siblings. Nothing you say in this room will ever leave these four walls so I would really appreciate if you could tell me about what’s going on. I’m not going to lecture you on how to behave but it’s a worrying topic.”

Seth took a deep breath. Breathing almost hurt in his lungs and he tried to wet his throat by swallowing. “Uhm.. It’s really just stupid talk in school. Small minded people. I mean.. Of course, they see when Roman picks me up, you know? So they like to joke around about that.”

“Because of your sexuality?”

First, the teen shrugged again, not wanting to admit what was happening but eventually he nodded. “They sometimes say nasty things about Roman and.. And..” His voice started shaking more, eyes getting wet again. “I just hate it so much. Roman is the greatest person I have ever met. He never tried to change anything about me and he puts up with all of my stuff and drives me to places and hangs out with my parents and he makes me feel so loved but the people in school don’t understand.”

“It upsets you when they talk badly about him?”

“Yes! It hurts me because they don’t even know him.” Tears were streaming down his red cheeks now.

“I know this probably hurts a little bit more but I would really like you to tell me what they say.”

“It’s stupid things. Some kids asked me.. They asked whether I call him daddy at home or how his .. His you know what tastes and what my parents think of that. They insult him often as.. You know, the old guy likes a young boy. It’s just disgusting things.” Seth couldn’t say all of the things,
they made him feel so sick and he now grabbed one of the tissues because he wanted to wipe his nose.

“Have you tried to talk to someone in school? Maybe a social worker?”

“I don’t want that. I’m leaving school in a bit and it’s not worth the stress, I think.”

Adam couldn’t pressure Seth into doing it but it annoyed him plenty that this young and innocent male hat to go through these things. The doctor chose his next words wisely. “I understand. To some extent at least. And I won’t force you to tell anyone. But what I can offer is some help from my side, okay? The sessions that we are doing here are meant to make you all feel closer to each other again, right? But I also want to brace you for the daily life again and especially with the three of you I can see these kinds of things happening here and there. With school, you’re soon rid of those kids but when you start university or college or a job training, you might not be able to get out of harm’s way. So what I can offer is to help you to feel strong and confident over what the three of you or just Roman and you share.”

Seth was sniffling, trying to clean his face but there were still tears running down his face. For a little bit, he was just quiet. Just took in the protective energy of the doctor and this office as he tried to calm. Eventually, he managed to look the older man in the eyes. “Do you think three people at the same time can be together? Because you keep saying these things but like.. That’s not a real concept, right? Relationships happen between two people only.”

Copeland shook his head. “It’s interesting that you worry about that. What does your heart tell you? Do you think you want Dean or Roman more in your life?”

Seth was quick to shake his head. “No, I want to have both men with me.”

“And Roman? Despite his struggle to forgive Dean, has he ever said he wants to be with only you?”

“No, he.. He also said he wants Dean back.”

“And Dean? Did he ever say something?”

“Well.. Earlier he said he wants to spend his life with both of us, right?” His sobbing had stopped by now.

Copeland put a hand on his upper back and nodded at him. “Then why the hell not? Really, Seth, I know as a teen this is hard to understand, but the rules of the grown-up world are really ridiculous. Unless it’s law, don’t let anyone tell you how to live your life. You have to do what makes you happy and if having two boyfriends is that and they aren’t bothered by that, then why the hell not?”

The brain of the teen seemed to work, his face showed that clearly. “Thank you..” He whispered eventually. “This was.. Really nice.”

“Don’t thank me. The three of you are actually nice to work with. Now, I don’t want to throw you out but I have my next appointment now. I will see you in a couple of days, right?”

Seth nodded and got up from where he was sitting.
They were sitting on the couch, each a plate full of pizza on their laps and stared into the television. It was the weekend now, Roman would leave for the show soon and Seth would have to start studying. It wasn’t until June that he would have the final exams but with him and Roman going on vacation right before that he would probably lose some time to study there and within the week he was often too tired to get any work done. Seth wanted to be absolutely sure he would get through all of the exams without any resits. No way he was going to this school any longer than absolutely necessary.

While Seth was busy thinking about where to start with his stuff today, Roman took the remote and turned down the volume of the television. “I’m.. I’m super sorry for my behavior during the therapy session.” The teen was ripped out of his thoughts and looked at Roman surprised. “I know I promised and I fucked up, kinda.”

After both of them had talked to Copeland individually, neither had addressed what had happened inside the room. They had taken some time apart, not long but long enough to let it sink in. Still, Seth was completely surprised by what Roman said now. “I think I.. I’m just so damn butthurt by all the things Dean did that I couldn’t really see clearly but I think I see it now and I want to try again, okay? I want to go to the next session.”

The teen was slightly suspicious. “What changed your mind?” He asked.

“I thought back to the session and I guess Dean already showed a lot of progress that I just didn’t recognize with all the anger inside of me.” The Samoan didn’t mention the little note with Dean’s expectations that he kept in his wallet now. “When he got angry about you not telling him what was happening in school, he calmed himself down. Without any help. And I guess it’s true, he didn’t walk out of OCR yet. Knowing Dean he probably could find a way but he didn’t. He talked to us about his goals and feelings and I guess I’m just an ignorant ass.”

Seth grabbed Roman’s large hand. “He broke many parts of you with the things he did in the past. But.. I think at this point all of us just want to get better. Right? We don’t want to be miserable, we’ve been that for so long. And we don’t want to be separated either. At least.. I don’t want that.”

“Me neither.” Roman was quick to answer and squeezed Seth’s hand with his. “It’s maybe a bit weird but I..” He trailed off for a moment and laughed at himself. “Okay, don’t laugh at me, yeah? But like, now that I came to realization a bit and I really want to look forward I just.. I need both of you in my life. No one contributes to my happiness like the two of you. Dean with his stupid humor, god he can be so annoying with that. And you with your innocence and all the smiles and giggles. I love family time with your mom and dad and to be honest.. The two of you, Dean and you, you are my family. It’s going to be a while until we can behave like that but in the bottom of my heart, I feel it. It’s you, him and I.”

Seth started to feel his heartbeat in his whole body while Roman was talking. They had been sitting down with Adam Copeland twice now. Both times went terrible yet, it seemed like all of them were finally showing progress. Even if they had a long road ahead, Seth felt salvation. Freedom from all this hurt and pain was in a graspable distance. The teen’s eyes started feeling hot and wet. God, crying was really all he did lately. It was a huge surprise he didn’t die of dehydration yet. However, for the first time since long, these tears weren’t an expression of pain. The three of them were finally moving forward, the burden making his heart oh so heavy seemed to be lifted slowly.

“Come here.” Roman could sense the younger man was overwhelmed. He put the plates on the coffee table and pulled Seth tight into his arms, kissing his temple. “I’m sorry we put you through this. You’re doing so great and without you, nothing would have worked out. You’re our glue,
Seth. You stick the three of us together.” The teen hid his face in the crook of Roman’s neck. He breathed in the familiar scent, felt at home, felt loved and secured. For the first time in days, he felt good. Not perfect but good enough to smile softly.

“The two of you are the best thing in my life, Roman.” He whispered. Those three words rested on the tip of his tongue yet, they remained unsaid. It didn’t feel right with Dean not being around. The teen swallowed them down and just allowed himself to be wrapped up in Roman for a little bit longer.

“I want to make a suggestion.” The older man said softly. Curiosity rose in Seth and he turned his head to look at his boyfriend now, yet still holding on to him. “Dean is supposed to get out of the facility in about two weeks or ten days or so if everything goes according to plan of course. If.. If he manages to get through the program in time how would you feel about him coming to Malibu with us?” And again Seth was overwhelmed. “It could be like a reward maybe? That he pulled through and we could show him that we support him in a new and better life. I think he would really appreciate that.”

Because his vice decided to not work, Seth just nodded. His eyes felt sore by now but it didn’t matter. It didn’t matter because things were getting better now. Roman was here and they would get to see Dean on Tuesday and he would be done with school soon and he had parents that cared for him regardless of what he did and there was someone out there who wanted to help them all to be happy. There was light coming into his life and there was hope. The teen leaned forward to kiss Roman’s mouth. He kissed him again and again until he couldn’t breathe anymore and just hugged him as tight as possible again. Roman held him through it all.

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Tuesday, 4:30 pm. Roman and Seth were sitting outside of Copeland’s office, waiting for him to finish his appointment with another patient. Dean was nowhere near yet but that was probably just his usual weirdness. Both men were pretty sure the blond would be outside smoking.

15 minutes later they were all sitting at the coffee table in Copeland’s office, each holding a mug of tea in their hands. They had done some warm-up activities and today the whole mood in the room seemed so different. All three of them seemed to be eager to work with the therapist. “Today we are not going to write down expectations but I want you guys to tell me one thing you dream of when Dean leaves this place. Dream as big as possible. Make it ridiculously huge. Dean, maybe you can start today.”

For the blond, it seemed to be completely easy. “I want to stay away from alcohol for the rest of my life and I want to spend my life with Seth and Roman. I want to get back into wrestling and earn my money with that only.” It wasn’t a really unreal dream but for Dean, it was more than he had ever imagined.

“Thank you.” Copeland said and then moved on to Seth. “What do you dream of?”

There was still some shyness on his cheeks and Seth didn’t look at anyone when he spoke because he felt a little bit embarrassed about his dreams. “I want to be with both of them forever and get married to both of them too. I want us to have our own family and I want to.. Yeah, I don’t know I want to find a good job and all.”
“What job?” The doc asked.

“Seth hesitated. Should he really say it? Maybe Roman and Dean would be annoyed. “Uhm.. I want to get into wrestling, I think.” He admitted. From where his boyfriends were sitting next to him he could sense the surprised looks.

“Thank you.” Copeland continued and then turned to Roman. “What about you?”

“I want to buy a house for Dean, Seth, and I. I want to be able to provide for our family and I want to support them in whatever they want to do. I.. Maybe I want to have kids. And I want to move on to a bigger wrestling promotion. That I want to do with Dean and, if he manages to catch up with us, I guess with Seth too now.” He chuckled and turned his head to look at the youngest man.

Even though during the session they came to some points when Dean rolled his eyes in annoyance, Roman huffed and shook his head, Seth got a little scared and wanted to hold someone’s hand again, overall it went better than last week. The new mindset of the three of them was clearly visible.

When the boys left a while later, Copeland sat at his desk for a little while to keep up his journals. He had to give himself a clap on the back today. His work contributed to the relationship of these three men and truly, this was the reason why he was doing this job. On the other hand, he was a little sad too. The good progress also meant he’d have to let Dean go in some time. Of course, this was normal procedure but the blond was so similar to how he had been in his younger days, that he felt a little sad. They had grown to be some sort of friends even though their relationship was professional. Sessions with Dean were the most enjoyable because regardless of his thick head, the younger man cooperated. All Adam could do now, was to make sure to send these boys on a good way once he was done taking care of them.

Silently the doctor grabbed a paper. Final Patient Examination it read on the top.

Application form for Dean Ambrose for a final examination on his mental health. Hereby I suggest Mister Ambrose for the upcoming examination date of March 26th. Kind regards, Adam Copeland.

The doctor signed the paper and looked at it for a little longer. He filled in all the necessary gaps and put the letter in an envelope. Tomorrow he would send it to the commision of OCR and then they would decide over Dean’s fate from there on. Even though it would be rather sad to let the long go, he deserved to finally move on from all of this. Copeland would happily see him integrate back into the public life.

As Dean had been his last patient of the day, Copeland closed his file and took the letter with him to make sure it would get to the responsible people quickly.

Chapter End Notes

POWER OF POSITIVITY! What do you think of all the things our boys dream of? I think it's cute. Let's see if things work out. Please review this chapter, let me know how you like it!
Next time: We find out whether Dean will be leaving OCR any time soon or not and we will see how Roman and Seth react to that.
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Hell yes for quick updates! I'm giving you a happy chapter now because I feel happy today and we deserve to move forward with this story. Soundtrack for this chapter was BAUSA - Was du Liebe nennst. Ya'll probably won't understand a single word from this song but maybe the sound alone brings you in the right mood. Seems like our boys are craving for some physical action. Let's see if they can be good.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Don’t worry about it, I got everything prepared. But you know you don’t have to stay there alone if you don’t feel like it, right? I mean, Seth is sleeping over at my place on the weekend but I’m sure we will find a spot for you to sleep at too.” Roman smiled at Dean softly. One more night. One more night and Dean would leave OCR. The past two weeks had rushed by even though they’d been more frustrating than anything.

At the beginning of this week, on their Tuesday appointment, Roman and Dean had been at each other’s throat again and Seth ended up crying as he tried to separate the two of them so the fight wouldn’t continue. It had been such a stupid topic to fight about, Roman had gotten all worked up over the fact that Dean said he missed going to The Cave with friends after the shows to have some drinks. To the Samoan it was frustrating that Dean couldn’t quit thinking about alcohol, to Dean, it was frustrating that the older man refused to see the fact that he was staying away from any substances and he planned on doing so outside too regardless of how much he missed it. Luckily, Copeland had taken care of the situation.

“Dude, your flat is small. You have like.. One bed and your couch is barely big enough for the three of us to even sit on it. I’ll be okay, I can sleep at my place when I get out of here.” He tried to assure Roman. The older man took a deep breath. Obviously, the idea of letting Dean alone now didn’t sit right with him. “What’s bothering you, man? Think I’ll fall right back into my pattern once I’m outta here. I told you so many times by now that I want to-”

“That’s not it.” Roman shook his head. On the table, the blond reached out for the other man’s wrist and squeezed it to force him to look into his eyes. He gave the Samoan a moment but didn’t want to let this one slip. “I don’t know, I just want you home with us, that’s all.”

“You miss me?” A grin grew on Dean’s face, cocky as ever and he wiggled with his eyebrows.

“I get to see you three times a week, Dean.” Roman rolled his eyes but on the table, their hands found a way to hold on to each other now. During the therapy sessions, it had become clear that they all missed each other and probably wanted to be together but no one had really said it out loud now. The three men were dancing around each other, dancing around admitting their feelings. This location just wasn’t the right place for that.

Dean chuckled. “Come on, you miss me at least a little bit, hm?”

Again the older male rolled his eyes but on his face too, there was a smile. “I do, of course, man. What do you think why I’m coming here all the time?”
“Because your little boyfriend asks you to maybe?” He wiggled his eyebrows again. Since he had heard that he would be released from the OCR this week, Dean had been in an incredible mood. He wasn’t sure if he had ever looked forward to something this much before. Just the idea of seeing the other two men whenever he wanted, of going to a real gym, of going to the grocery store and take to eat whatever he wanted, all of it was so appealing that he might have lost a tear or two the other night.

“As you can see, Seth is in school and I’m right here.” Now his voice got a bit quieter and the smile on his face showed how amazed Roman was by the way he felt when he was hanging out with Dean now. “I’m here because I want to be here with you.” He huffed and looked a Dean before shaking his head.

“What?” The blond asked.

“I don’t know I.. After all the things you and I got through, it’s just.. I never thought I could look at you again and think that I don’t want to spend one single day without you ever again.”

Dean squeezed his hand as if he wanted to assure him that he wouldn’t laugh about him opening up about his feelings. “Dude..” Sometimes it was still weird to think that he was in love with the other man. Seth? Yeah, that was easy. The two had kissed so many times, shared a bed so many times. But Roman? Usually, their get-togethers had resulted in one of them being hurt and frustrated. Because of that, it still felt a little funny to give him cute nicknames like he did with Seth. “I felt like that too but here we are so let’s just not look back there, yeah?”

During the month Dean had spent here at the OCR he had learned to let his past go. It didn’t always work out how he wanted but Copeland, Seth and usually Roman too, they were all supportive so he was getting better at it. “Yeah, of course not.” Roman agreed and smiled wider again. “Okay, I’ll let you stay at your place but you’re coming to my place for dinner, okay?”

“Alright, big man. But you know, we could just go out for dinner.”

“Let’s figure it out when you’re out, okay? We will see what you want then.”

“Yeah, that’s fine.”

“Anything you want me to get for you? Or to prepare for you? I have the afternoon free mostly so I can still get some food or water to put in your flat?”

Dean dramatically sighed. “Man, I feel like I’ll come home to a completely new apartment and it’s going to scream Roman Reigns all over.”

The older man laughed. “It’s also going to scream Seth Rollins, promise.”

“Hm..” A spark was lit in Dean’s eyes. “Maybe I’ll make the two of you scream Dean Ambrose sometime soon.” He winked at the older man.

“That’s so fucking inappropriate, dude.” Roman laughed a bit louder than he had intended to.

“What? Am I not allowed to dream a bit? You guys are fucking hot and I haven’t gotten any in over a month!”

“Dean!” Quickly the Samoan looked left and right to see whether someone was overhearing the conversation.

The blond was amused and chuckled more. “Come on, don’t act like you’ve never thought about
“Seth is a minor, so of course not!”

“Liar! You can’t wait to see him bouncing on your-”

“Dean!”

“What? I definitely can’t.”

“You’re ridiculous.” Regardless of Roman shaking his head, he had to reach under the table with his free hand and adjust himself a little in his pants.

Dean’s eyes grew a little and he laughed even more. “Man, you’re not getting hard now, are you?”

“NO!? Stop it.”

“Dude, you’re so fucking horny, I can’t believe you share a bed with him all the time and NEVER do anything.”

“I’m not talking to you about this.” Roman wanted to be sulky but the conversation was so lighthearted that he couldn’t.

“Well, then lemme just say that the second I step into my home I expect someone naked on my bed.”

“Yeah, don’t get your hopes up, man. There ain’t nothing happening before Seth isn’t 18.”

“When was that again?”

“End of May.”

“How do you expect me to get through that time?”

Roman rolled his eyes and shook his head again. Dean was ridiculous. “You’ll figure it out. Now, I have to go in a bit. Sure you have no other wishes than someone naked in your flat?”

“I think I’ll be fine.”

“Alright. Seth and I will come to pick you up around four tomorrow, okay? I wanted to come earlier but he has classes and he wants to be here when it happens.”

“Yeah, it’s fine. I have therapy in the morning and I’ll just go to work out a bit and pack my shit.”

“Good.”

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“Can we stop by McDonald’s?”

“Babe, we have to go to your home and pick up your things and then go and get Dean. I don’t know, you really wanna waste time on that?”
Seth crossed his arms in front of his chest and leaned back in his seat as he was pouting a little. “Come on. Don’t be booooring. I want a cheeseburger and we could get a McFlurry for Dean.”

“We’ll see.” He chuckled. The Samoan had just picked up his boyfriend from school. It was Friday and the day of the days. Dean would come home today. “Mom is still not suspicious?” In order to protect Seth from the possible drama at home, the three of them had agreed not to tell Seth’s parents the truth. It probably wasn’t the right thing to do but it was easier to hang out with Dean if the two didn’t know the things that had happened. Seth and Roman had explained to them that the blond went to a special wrestling training camp abroad in order to improve.

“Nope. I think she even made a cake or so for Dean that she asked me to take when we get home.” It was minutes later that they parked in front of the house which they then entered. “I’ll quickly get my things.”

“Sure babe.” Roman trailed into the kitchen. Jennifer sat at the table with a cup of coffee and the newspaper on the table. “Hey, mom.”

The woman smiled at Roman and got up to hug him. “Hey, sweetheart. You want a cup of coffee?”

“Ah, no it’s fine. We’re just stopping by to get Seth’s things and then we will go to pick up Dean.”

“Oh right, I forgot he was coming in the afternoon already. I prepared some cupcakes, you need to take them.”

“Right, Seth mentioned something about cake.”

Jennifer went to the fridge to get the sweet treat and prepared it to be taken to the car. In the meantime, Seth came to the kitchen and smiled at Roman happily. This, the way everything was right now, it felt good. Hopefully, they’d be able to maintain it when Dean was responsible for himself again.

Cupcakes were packed up, a bag loaded into the trunk and Seth waved his mom goodbye again so they could make their way to the OCR. Roman did stop by a McDonald’s and Seth got a late lunch and something for Dean as well. “He will be so happy about this.” The teen giggled.

Half an hour later they were sitting in the lobby waiting. Dean was in the office of Adam and signed some last papers before the two of them walked down the hallway for one last time. “I won’t lie, Dean. I’ll miss our sessions.”

“Well thank you.” So did Copeland. “Then just give me a call so we can set some appointments. I think you got the biggest and most intense part of your treatment done so from now on it should be enough to talk twice a month or even just once a month if you feel confident enough.”

“I’ll call and we will see.”

They stopped before they entered the lobby too. “Alright, my man. I’ll let you go from here on. I really hope the only reason you come back here is for our private sessions.”
“Promise, doc. I’ll be good.” It felt a little strange but Dean and Copeland hugged. They hugged longer than they probably should and to the younger male it felt a little bit like he had found the father that he’d never really had.

“I’ll see you around, Dean.” Copeland let go of him and turned around to walk back to his office.

“See ya, doc.” Dean had just started walking too, wanted to get to the lobby and leave when a hand landed on his shoulder.

“Hey, you’re going home?” The blond turned around to see who was speaking to him. It was Finn which brought a smile to his face again.

“Yeah, man. I’m going home today.”

The brunette smiled at him softly. “That’s good to hear. I wish you the best.”

“What about you though? You were at the final examination too, right?”

Finn still smiled softly but he looked down and shrugged. “Yeah, but I didn’t get the yes to leave so I’ll be here longer I guess.”

Now Dean frowned. “Really? But you seemed to be doing good.”

“I thought so too but apparently I’m just not there yet. Hey, don’t worry Dean. It’s your day today. You get to see your friends again.”

“Dude, you’re my friend too.” Those words lit up Finn’s whole face, the smile he showed was huge. “I’ll come visit, yeah? And when you’re outta here too I’ll show you some of those wrestling moves I told you about, okay?”

“Sounds good, my friend. I’ll see you!” They too hugged and Finn trailed off. Okay. Lobby. With big steps, Dean walked down the rest of the hallway into the lobby.

Seth immediately jumped out of his seat when he saw him. Now, he didn’t have to hold back anymore. During visiting our body contact was only allowed to a limited amount but now that Dean was a free man, the youngest couldn’t hold back anymore. He jumped right into the arms of the blond and wrapped his arms around his neck to hold on tight to him. “Hey!” Dean dropped his bag from his hand because he wanted to wrap his arms around Seth too and hold him tight to his chest. Just when he pressed his face close to the crook of the teen’s neck and smelled his familiar scent, strong arms landed around the both of them and a kiss was dropped to the top of his head. For a moment the three of them just stood there in the lobby, holding on to each other tightly without anyone saying anything. A small **aww** was audible from where the ladies were working the front desk. “Fuck, I didn’t know I’d ever miss a fucking hug in my life.” Dean laughed softly into Seth’s neck.

“There’s gonna be so many hugs for you from now on.” Seth giggled back.

“Let’s get you home, Dean. You probably can’t wait to see something else than this building.”

The blond nodded and now the three of them let go of each other. That didn’t last long because while Roman took Dean’s bag Seth grabbed the older man’s hand tightly and interlocked their fingers. “I brought you some McDonald’s, it’s in the car.” He smiled proudly as they left the building.

“Fuck yes!” Dean smiled happily.
Roman was in the bathroom and Dean and Seth laid on the couch. Their bellies were well filled, everyone was in sweatpants and the television was running an episode of Seinfeld. “I haven’t watched television in over a month. Any good new shows?” Dean asked. Even though the television was running, he couldn’t stop looking at the beautiful boy that was resting in his arms now. The little physical contact got his body so excited that he felt like he had a fever.

“Hm.. There is a new quiz show, you’ll probably like it.” Seth was trying to find the right channel to see if it was on but he never got to finish what he was doing because Dean took the remote from his fingers and just put it aside.

“We can check it out later.” The teen was a little confused and turned his head to look at Dean.

“Everything okay?” He asked, worried immediately.

“Absolutely okay. I don’t know if things have ever been this okay for me.”

“I’m glad.” Seth smiled. It had been only a couple of hours that Dean was free now and the teen had expected him to want to go outside and do stuff but all Dean had suggested was a night in with the two of them.

“I really missed you, Seth. Every day in there I looked at the pictures you and Roman put in my bag when I got to the OCR and I reminded myself that if I only ever got to kiss your lips again for just one time, it would be worth quitting alcohol. If I only got to hear Roman say he loves me one single time, it would all be worth it. And now that I’m out here with you guys, I feel very confirmed.” A blush crept up on Seth’s face. He wanted to say something but wasn’t completely sure of what he wanted to say. Dean didn’t seem to mind. When he was all sober and had such a huge control over himself he was still cocky and made weird jokes sometimes, but he also appeared sensitive. With one hand he stroked through Seth’s hair.

Dean was laying on his side, free arm wrapped around Seth’s shoulders while the teen was laying on his back, looking up into those blue eyes. They didn’t say anything now. Dean just took in the beauty of the younger man until he felt enough courage to lean down and place his lips right on Seth’s. The sensation was overwhelming for both of them when Dean started kissing Seth at a lazy pace. There was nothing rough about the kiss aside from Dean’s stubble tickling the teen’s chin.

“Hm..” Happily, Dean hummed against Seth’s mouth as their lips moved together.

“Unbelievable!” Roman’s voice appeared from across the room. “I leave you alone for two minutes and the two of you couldn’t even wait for me.” Without looking, Dean tried to wave off Roman, didn’t want to stop kissing this sweet mouth. The oldest of the three of them seemed amused and came over to lay on the other side of Seth. Again he wrapped his arms around the boys. Now, it was his hand that pushed back some of Dean’s hair as he watched them kiss. “Not gonna lie..” His voice was quiet now. “That’s probably the hottest thing I ever saw.”

From his position, he could see Seth blushing even more if that was even possible. Slowly the two of them ended the kiss but Dean wasn’t done yet. He let go of Seth’s hair and grabbed Roman’s chin to pull him closer. “Don’t you worry.” The blond chuckled. “I didn’t forget about you or anything.”

Roman hesitated. It was an intimate moment for him, for the first time in forever Dean wanted to kiss him. And he didn’t want to kiss him to manipulate him or fuck him he just wanted to show affection. The Samoan wanted to take his time to soak in every little thing that was happening but beneath their faces, Seth whined softly. “I think someone is a little bit impatient to see this.” Dean
laughed slightly and dared to look at Seth for a moment.

“Oh my god..” Seth tried to hide his face behind one hand.

“Nah, you look at this. It’s May soon so you might as well get used to this sight.” Dean laughed more and pushed away Seth’s had. Then he and Roman finally leaned in. When their lips met, Roman felt the fireworks in his chest explode. He’d been thankful that Seth had forced him to go to therapy before but right now he felt it more than ever before.

Carefully he kissed Dean’s mouth, grabbed the blond hair a little tighter and didn’t wait too long until he licked into the mouth of the blond. At the taste of his lover, Roman almost moaned. He could have gotten lost in the kiss easily because it was so addicting but got pulled back into reality quickly when Seth shifted a little between them. He could feel Dean’s evil grin against his mouth as their heated kiss slowly broke.

“It’s not fair.” The teen whined. The older men both laughed softly and now Roman leaned down to peck Seth on the lips soon.

“Patience, babe.” He chuckled then. The two of them had yet to tell Dean about the trip to Malibu but Roman already had a plan in his head of how he would break the news that they would all be going on the vacation. “Gotta hold on a little bit longer.”

Frustrated, Seth sighed. “Okay. But you guys don’t get to make out like that until then!”

“Are you kidding me? I waited for this for weeks!” Dramatically Dean whined.

“Then it won’t hurt to wait a little bit longer.” Roman laughed a little even though he would have loved to continue. The kiss had a rather visible effect on his body but he didn’t address it. When he dared to look down it seemed like they all felt the same way.

“You two are so fucking annoying.” Dean rolled his eyes and sighed louder than he normally would. “If hanging out with the two of you is going to be like that I might as well die!” Playfully he shook his head.

“You’ll be fine.” Roman patted his shoulder and laughed. So did Seth and Dean eventually too.

Chapter End Notes

So much happiness, wow! A little overwhelming, right? So what do you think? Will Dean stay at Roman's home for the night? How will Roman break the news about Malibu to him? Also, are things going to be this happy from now on? Please leave a comment about your thoughts and PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE VOTE FOR A NAME OF THIS STORY. You can vote right here https://www.poll-maker.com/poll1954984xE1364ac0-53 I would really appreciate that.


Chapter Notes

You guys truly deserve better than me making you wait AGAIN. But I got to admit that right now I'm still not entirely sure how many chapters I still want to write. I have the end all planned out but what might happen before that? Not really sure yet. I think you will have to have a little more patience with me. BUT ANYWAY HOW ABOUT WE APPRECIATE THAT I FINALLY GOT THIS CHAPTER DONE AFTER FOUR WEEKS!? Enjoy a little romance, a little fight and a little present!

Song for this chapter: Not Dead Yet - LEDGER

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“‘Yes mom, yes. Everything went fine.” Seth assured his mother on the phone. “He was very exhausted last night and we all went to bed early. Sorry, I know you wanted me to call.” The teen took a deep breath and sighed. His parents had become more trusting about him not being home the better they’d gotten to know Roman but when Seth didn’t stick to agreements they had they would still go angry at him sometimes. For a moment he was quiet to let his mother finish. “Around five? Uhm.. I’ll talk to them and send you a message, okay? I don’t think it should be a problem for Dean, he doesn’t really have anything to do this weekend and just wants to hang out I think. For Roman.. I don’t know if he has to go to the performance center for something because he took the night off yesterday, you know? They’re at the gym now. When they’re back I will let you know.”

Jennifer went on for another moment and then switched topics to ask about school. Yesterday, she had not seen her son because Roman had picked him up after classes immediately. “‘Everything went fine. I was about to study a little when you called. They published the exact dates for the exams last night but I didn’t check yet.” More mom-talk was following. “Mooooom.” Seth was close to rolling his eyes dramatically. “‘I’m on time with my study schedule. Trust me a little here. I’m almost 18!’ The thought of that brought a grin to his face. Seth was already thinking about Malibu. Jennifer finished her lecture and worrying after a little while. “Okay, I’ll talk to you later, yeah? Love you too, mom.” Both of them hung up and Seth took a deep breath. When it came to school his parents were so sensitive even though he had never given them a reason to worry about his grades.

The teen came to sit at the table in the kitchen and opened Roman’s laptop. He had forgotten to bring his own this weekend but it really wasn’t a big issue. All his notes for school were on paper anyway and he just needed to go to the school’s website to check the exam schedule. After a couple of clicks, the right link was found and Seth downloaded the PDF file, opening it immediately. Quickly he grabbed his school calendar and a pen to fill the right open spaces with the right exams. To the teen’s surprise, exams were earlier this year than the years before. Once he’d written down all necessary information he noticed that all four final exams were to be written shortly before they would travel to Malibu. A wide smile grew of Seth’s face. That meant he’d be able to enjoy every second of the trip without worrying about the stupid tests.

The teen closed the computer to get to his notes instead, happy about the change in the exam schedule.
Two hours later Roman and Dean returned from the gym. Seth was reading up on some of his Math notes in order to solve an exercise. Dean walked up behind him and leaned down to kiss the top of your head. “Hey, big boy. Getting some work done?” His blue eyes scanned what Seth was looking at.

“Yeah, just some math. Hey my-” He turned around to look at the two men but was shut down by a kiss before he could really start. Dean made it last for only a couple of seconds before grinning at the teen proudly.

“Dean, let him get his things done.” Roman chuckled as he entered the living room too now. However, he walked over to kiss Seth’s forehead and run his fingers through the dark hair of the younger man. “We brought burgers. Are you hungry yet?”

“Very! Let me just finish this quickly and I’ll join.”

“Sure thing.” Roman and Dean went to sit on the couch in the living room and started their lunch already. Only a couple of minutes later Seth joined. He dove right into the good food. Studying done, food ready to fill his belly, his boyfriends hanging out with him. It didn’t get much better. “Hm, my mom called.” Seth was still chewing on some of his burger when he spoke. “She asked if we want to come over for a BBQ tonight. I said I’d ask you guys first but I think they’re really curious to see you, Dean.”

“Did they buy the whole training camp thing?” The blond asked.

“Pretty much. In the beginning they were a bit confused that we didn’t mention it before but we stuck to the story so I don’t think there’s anything to worry about now.”

Dean shrugged and stuffed some curly fries into his mouth. “I’ll come then.”

“Me too. What time did they invite us for?” Roman asked.

“Five I think.”

“Okay good. I have to go to the grocery store, Seth can you help me?” The Samoan looked at Seth with meaningful eyes. Seth wasn’t quite sure why and what it was supposed to mean but he just nodded and went along with it.

“Great. I’ll run by my apartment then. Or maybe you can drop me off?” Dean looked at the other two and finished the rest of his fries.

“No problem. Did you want us to pick you up after or you wanna drive to Seth’s place by yourself?”

Dean thought about it for a moment. “Let’s just stay in contact. I don’t know if the tank of my car is filled. Or if my car is still in that god damn parking lot.”

“I don’t think anyone steals a car like that.” Seth giggled.

“You got a problem with my car, big boy?” Dean gave him a playfully angry look.

“No but you gotta admit it has seen better days.” The teen giggled more.

“Probably. But that’s not my fault. Nobody took my baby out for a ride while I was gone.”
“Who should have?” Seth was still smiling. “Roman has his own car.”

“Well, what about you, hm? How’s your license thing going?”

Seth blushed slightly and shrugged softly. “I didn’t go for the test yet but Roman and I practice sometimes.”

Dean looked at them for a moment before he shrugged too. “You should. It’s not hard to get your license. Even I got it.” Dean laughed slightly and leaned back in the couch.

“Maybe after finals.” All of them seemed to agree on it.

Roman pulled into the parking lot of Walmart and together they left the car to enter the store. “So what was that look all about?” Seth asked and softly nudged Roman’s side.

“Hm?” It seemed like he had ripped the Samoan out of some deep thoughts.

Immediately the teen got worried whether Roman was alright. “Is something bothering you?” He laid his hand on the big lower arm of his lover to squeeze it in an reassuring manner. “Yeah I’m good. Just like.. Leaving Dean alone in his apartment. Feels a little weird.”

Seth looked at him but nodded. “It still brings back a little scary memories. I feel the same. You think.. You think he would go back to drinking when he’s alone?” The worry in Seth’s voice was audible.

Roman though, shook his head immediately. “Not really. He and I talked a little in the gym. First time without Copeland and also without you. More like back when we were a bit younger and all, you know? And I don’t think he wants to be like that anymore. Just worried that he might lose control of himself. You know? It’s an illness after all so maybe he wants to stay sober but then when the stuff is put in front of his nose..” Roman shrugged. “Just worried he could disappoint himself. Seems like he’s really proud that he made it out of OCR so I want him to use that energy and turn it into something good, you know? Get back into wrestling or something.”

“Yeah I understand.” Seth nodded. He did understand. Of course, in the facility it wasn’t too hard to stay away from alcohol because there was none served. But out here in the real world Dean would be confronted with drinking constantly and it might not be as easy. Both, Seth and Roman, wanted to trust Dean on this but the worry was there.

“Whatever, we just have to be patient and supportive as Copeland said and hopefully it works out. Now, let’s go and find some bathing shorts.”

“Bathing shorts? But you own those blue ones. I really like them on you.” Seth looked at Roman confused.

“Of course you do because they make my backside look even bigger than it is.” The Samoan laughed and pushed some of his long hair behind his ear. He hadn’t bothered to put it in a bun after the gym and just let it dry. Seth blushed and giggled too. “But the shorts aren’t for me. They’re for Dean. We’re gonna put together a little surprise package for him to invite him along for Malibu.” He and Seth had agreed on taking the blond along with them. He shouldn’t have to miss out on anymore couple action. Especially not this one.

“Oh that was what that look was about?”
“Yeah right.” Roman laughed. Together they went through Walmart and found some trunks for Dean along with new sunglasses and sunscreen, a big beach towel, a book to read at the beach and some other small utilities for the beach. In the end they picked up a big gift box to put everything inside and a nice looking postcard to put the news on.

Once back in the car Seth sat at the edge of the open trunk of the car and tried to get the price tag off the items to put everything in the box. With a pen that he’d found in the front console he write down some nice words on the car. In the meantime Roman called Dean to talk about the plan for the rest of the day. After a couple of minutes he came back from where he’d walked around a little and hung up. “Alright so Dean asked to pick him up in about half an hour. I say we stop by the flourist and get mom some flowers and then drive by his apartment.”

“Sure. When did you want to give him this?” Seth gestured towards the present.

“I think when we pick him up. We can do it at his place. I don’t want to do it after the BBQ because your parents or siblings might say something about the trip.” Seth agreed.

After they had picked up some flowers they made it to the apartment complex. It was the first time in a while that Seth came here and didn’t feel like his heart had the weight of a rock. As always kids were playing outside and some moms that put some blankets on the ground to have a little picknick out here. Regardless of the oily smell, the screaming coming from the kids and the hot air, everything seemed peacefully. Roman and Seth went to the door and opened it with the key. They climbed the stairs and then opened the door to the apartment. “Hey, Dean!”

From the kitchen they heard some shuffling, the door of the fridge was shut and the blond quickly shut the door of the kitchen behind himself too. They met him in the living room. “What’s up?” He asked. His hair looked a little messy and Dean seemed somewhat stressed.

“What’s up?” Roman raised his eyebrows.

“Everything okay?” Roman countered. It seemed suspicious to some extent. The way Dean had quickly closed the kitchen door, the way he appeared to be so nervous.

“Nothing important. It's nothing.”

Roman stepped closer and wanted to push past the blond. “If it’s nothing I guess it doesn’t matter if I see it, hm?”

Seth could feel the air shift, Roman was getting just as nervous as Dean was. “Dude, no. Don’t go in there.”

The Samoan raised his eyebrows and stopped. “Why? Are you hiding alcohol in there?” His voice was sharp now as he looked Dean directly in the eyes. “Were you drinking in there?”

It seemed to anger Dean as he spat out his following words. “What the fuck, Ro? We talked about this in the morning. I ain’t going back there.”

“Then why the hell can’t I see your kitchen, Dean? What are you hiding, hm?” Seth vinced when Roman raised his voice but the mood was getting too worked up for the other two men to notice.

“Because I say so, man. Trust me on this one.” Dean pushed Roman back by the chest a little. Not forceful, just enough to get his personal space back.
“Let me see.” Roman insisted, voice annoyed. Again he tried to push past Dean and this time the blond allowed it, too annoyed to let the fight get any worse. Roman stormed into the kitchen and was greeted with a sweet smell. There was no sign of alcohol instead, on the small counter, there was a baking sheet with cookies on it that looked like they came fresh out of the oven. The Samoan stopped immediately, guilt crawling up his neck as he swallowed hard.

“You ruined your own surprise man.” Dean entered the kitchen behind him and crossed his arms in front of his chest. Seth too stepped into the small space.

Roman’s whole body language changed and bit his bottom lip a little bit. “I’m.. Sorry.” He looked to the floor. Dean took a deep breath and sighed. Luckily, he didn’t seem as angry as a minute ago.

Instead he reached out and patted Roman’s shoulder. It was a surprising action that Seth had not expected because back in the days Dean would have gone completely crazy over an incident like this. He probably would have grabbed the hot tray and thrown it through the room, not caring whether it burned his hands but now he just seemed to focus on his breath and made sure not to stop touching Roman’s shoulder. “It’s okay man. It’s whatever. We gonna get there.”

For another moment Seth watched and felt like Roman and Dean had talked about a lot more at the gym than Roman had told him. But what exactly it was, he didn’t know. He didn’t need to know. The teen just stepped forward and wrapped his arms around the bodies of both of his boyfriends, pulling them into a hug. Right now, the small fight didn’t matter, the air was cleared again and all that was important was the way they had handled it. “God I’m glad you two didn’t start wrestling on the floor. No idea how I would have stopped that.” The teen lifted up the mood by making both of his boyfriends chuckled. Almost at the same time, they kissed the top of his head.

“I feel like you deserve the first cookie for that.” Dean reached out with one hand and handed it to Seth so the teen could try it. The treat was tasty when he took his first bite and he smiled widely at Dean.

“Didn’t know you could bake!”

Dean shrugged. “There’s a lot of things you don’t know about me yet. But don’t worry. It’s less screaming from now on and more of those kinda things I guess.” Unbelievable. Bad boy Dean Ambrose was turning into a soft teddy bear now that he was sober. A huge smile found its spot on Seth’s face as he munched away on the cookie.

“Well, thanks for those cookies.” Roman said with a much softer voice now. He leaned over and kissed Dean’s cheek. “And one more time, sorry for that.”

“It’s fine, really.” Dean looked at the cookies for a moment now. “So I’m going to pack those into a box or something so we can take them to your place.”

“You wanna stay again tonight?” Roma asked.

“Yeah I’ll stay until the weekend is over. I talked to Regal today and he said he’d be open to meet me on monday. So I guess I’ll be participating in normal daily life again and then I’ll come back here.” Roman nodded in approval.

“Fine by me.” Dean went to start packing up the cookies and got ready to leave the small and rather empty apartment again. After Roman and Seth had thrown away so many things it seemed like his personal belongings weren’t enough to fill up the space of the flat anymore.

“Are we ready to go?” Dean asked as he left the kitchen.
“Nope.” Seth was sitting on the couch and texted his mother. “We brought you something.” The teen put his phone aside and pushed his glasses up the back of his nose. Roman exited the kitchen right behind Dean and laid his hand on the blond’s lower back. “Right, we got you a present. Let’s sit.”

The two men joined Seth on the couch and Roman placed the box in Dean’s lap. “Before you open this just know, if you don’t like it you can say no and give it back, yeah?”

Dean huffed. “As if.” The blond opened the box and looked at the things inside. His face gave away that he wasn’t quite sure what those things were for but he took them all out slowly and inspected each other them a little suspiciously. “You trying to send me away or something? I just got home man.” He laughed cluelessly.

“No! Read the card.” Seth giggled slightly.

Dean did as he was told, fished the card out of the box and started reading it. His boyfriends looked at him with big eyes, expecting his reaction any second. Slowly, Dean lowered the postcard and turned to look at his boyfriends as if he was sure they were pranking him. “For real, man?” One of his hands went to his chest and pressed away on the flesh behind the shirt he wore. “You guys are inviting me to your little sex holiday and think I would say no to this!!?” Roman broke into a big smile and rolled his eyes. Seth blushed and laughed softly. “Of course I’m coming!” The blond leaned forward to capture Roman’s lips first. “Thank you, Ro.” With a cocky grin on his lips, he leaned over and kissed Seth’s mouth too. However, he took more time for that, made it last longer and hummed a little seductively. “Saying no to this.” He eventually huffed into the kiss. “As if I’d say no to finally getting a good grip of your pretty ass. Been waiting long enough.”

“Dean!” Seth ended the kiss and punched the blond in the shoulder. His blush was covering all his face by now.

“You see that, Roman? I think our little one is getting a bit out of hand.” The blond put his hand where Seth had punched him and made a face as if he was in a lot of pain. “I can’t tolerate this any longer. He has to be punished.”

The teen looked at the other men in shock and shook his head. “Don’t you dare, Dean. Don’t you.. Roman, don’t let him!”

But it was too late already. Dean put the box aside and leaned over Roman’s lap to get his hands on Seth. He started tickling the younger man aggressively, almost laid on the Samoan’s lap now to get to Seth more easily.

“Help! Help!” Seth was laughing loud and hard. The tickling was bringing tears to his eyes but Roman just laughed as well for quite a bit. Eventually, he spanked Dean’s bum once which caused the blond to stop tickling for a moment and he made a noise of surprise. His mouth was shaped like an O when he looked into Seth’s face in surprise and then turned his head over his shoulder. The O turned into a half grin. “Kinky, Ro. Didn’t know that was something you’re into.”

Instead of being surprised by those words, the Samoan just rolled his eyes and shook his head with a grin on his face.

“You’re unbelievable, Dean.”

“Yeah and you guys love it.” Dean turned around to lay on his back on Roman’s legs. His head he rested on Seth’s thighs now as he stretched out over the whole couch. “You just can’t get enough
of this.”

“Sometimes I wish you were wrong.” Roman laughed again and Seth leaned down to kiss Dean’s forehead. “We should get going though. It’s almost four and you should change before we go to Seth’s house.”

“Why?” Dean whined.

“Because you got flour on your shirt.” Seth giggled and reached for Dean’s chest to rub his fingers over the white spot.

The blond looked down his body and sighed dramatically. “If you insist.”

Chapter End Notes

WOwoowowowo what a wild ride but hey, Dean is coming to Malibu! How exciting is that? Please review this chapter, I really need to hear what you guys think might happen at the BBQ and how Seth's finals will go?! Will Dean get his job back or will he have to try to find something new?
Hello my lovely readers, I have returned from summer hiatus. I went on a great trip to Spain and I worked a lot to get money for the new semester ready. I hope everyone had a great summer and is happy to see that Cry Me a River is BACK! In this chapter A LOT of things happen. But go and see for yourself.
Song for this one: Sweater Weather - The Neighbourhood

Roman and Seth were hanging out on the couch while Dean had decided to take a quick trip to the shower. It still bugged Seth a little that he didn’t know what Roman and Dean had talked about it. He wasn’t sure whether he should ask or not, felt too shy to just ask straight out but then again.. Communication is the key. That’s what people always said, right? Maybe people weren’t so wrong. Maybe, in order to make things work, he needed to try. Roman and Dean were both doing their parts so he should too. And if he thought about it logically, he did deserve to know. They were all in the same boat together. His boyfriend was toying with his hair a little, so Seth didn’t turn his head in his direction. Maybe also, because the insecurity was still there. “I meant to ask.. What did you and Dean exactly talk about earlier? I feel like I’m missing a piece.”

He could feel Roman’s body tense up slightly where they were leaning against each other. The Samoan cleared his throat but didn’t move away. “I asked him whether he had plans for what to do now that he is basically free. He doesn’t have a job. He could do whatever he wanted. And as I understood, he wants to get back in the ring which, if you ask me, is really where he belongs.”

Seth smiled at that thought. It was true. Dean did belong between those ropes. For a moment, he remembered the first show he had visited with his father. So many things had changed since then. He had grown older by a year and soon he would turn 18. He was close to finishing school. His parents trusted him so much at this point. He had two handsome boyfriends and together they had gone through tough times more than the good ones. Nothing was perfect yet. All of them had a long road ahead of them - parts of them they had to master by themselves, other parts they would do together. Even though Seth found himself far from the goals he wanted to reach, he felt at peace with his life. Things would work out if he only had Roman and Dean with him. Seth found himself distracted from his original question however, he knew he had to ask again. Otherwise, he would worry about it for days. “I think so too. But did you guys talk about.. His illness?”

“We did.” It seemed like Roman didn’t really want to elaborate on it.

However, Seth was determined. “So what did he say?”

The older man allowed himself to think back for a moment before he spoke quietly. Next door, the shower had been turned down and he didn’t necessarily want Dean to overhear their conversation. “I was curious whether he believes he will manage to stay away from alcohol. You know what Copeland said: One sip and the addiction is back. And to be honest with you, I also told him that, I don’t think he could win this battle for another time. I gotta admit.. Dean was really relaxed about this. I’m wondering what they did to him in the ORC but whatever it is.. It’s a bit of a miracle.”

“Rome, what did he say now?” His voice was getting a little annoyed. Did Roman not want him to
“He said, *I know I will have to face it. And when I do, I will say no.*”

“That’s all?” Seth wondered.

“Well..” His boyfriend hesitated but the teen didn’t let it go. He remained quiet to let Roman speak. “He asked me to have a little faith in him. And I guess he is right. I just get so worried for him.”

“Because, you love him.” Softly, the teen smiled.

His and Roman’s eyes met now. Grey orbs looked into the brown pearls kindly. “Yeah.. I do. So, I’m working on it. And I asked him to give me some patience in return for the faith I’m putting in him.”

Seth nodded. He was glad he had taken Copeland’s advise by heart and didn’t remain quiet about his worries and feelings. “I love you for that, Roman. I love you a lot.”

The Samoan looked at his younger boyfriend amazed. He had not exactly expected Seth to say it so openly. Seemed like, the therapy was doing them all good. “I love you too.” It was peaceful, the way they said it. Their first proper and direct I love you. Three words, that summed up all they felt. “You’re the glue between the three of us.” Roman went on. “Without you, we would have fallen apart.”

The teen blushed and shrugged. He leaned into Roman again and rested his head on his shoulder. That was enough of his feelings for now. He felt slightly exhausted. With his lover holding him, he rested for a moment and then sighed. “You know, we haven’t figured out how to make clear to my family how the three of us are working. I’ve been thinking about it for a little and.. I can’t think of a smooth way.”

“Smooth way for what?” Dean entered the room, rubbing his blond and wet hair with a towel.

“What’cha all talking about?” He curiously asked.

“Seth is trying to figure out a way to tell his parents that he doesn’t date just me but you as well.”

Dean nodded. “I can tell them. Jen and I are great friends.”

“Are you?” Seth chuckled a little.

“Yeah, she always made that apple pie with extra cinnamon for me so I’d say we’re on good terms.”

“You didn’t see her for a while..” Seth hesitated.

“Babe lemme do it.”

Roman intervened. “Well, he is good with people and talking them into things so I say we give it a shot? I mean, what’s the worst that can happen? Either they get mad or they.. Don’t.”

Seth wasn’t completely sure about this idea but both his lovers seemed so on board with it that he decided not to fight it.

They had just sat down at the large table that was standing in the backyard not too far away from the BBQ. Seth’s siblings were inside, forced to help their mother to finish preparing some things.
Every now and then they would step outside to put some things on the table - plates, salad, ketchup. Dean and Steve were standing at the BBQ, making sure nothing burned. They were engrossed in a conversation about cars. Apparently, Dean wanted to get a new one soon because he was sure his wasn’t going to be working for too much longer and he heard Seth’s dad out on advice for that. It was good to see that the parents didn’t suspect anything. Dean had them both wrapped around his finger the second they had arrived - as always. “Why isn’t he ever this charming with us?” Roman had muttered playfully.

For a moment, the teen allowed himself to take in the moment. Again, he felt like everything was okay in his life right now. It was a strange realization he came to almost every day now.

“So, tell me, will you get back in the ring around here? Or has your little trip improved your skills enough so you’ll wrestle some bigger stages.” Steve asked curiously. “I sure would like to come along for the second time.”

Dean laughed a little. “I haven’t had any talks with my boss yet but we will see. I will let you know when my next fight is, how about that? I’ll make sure you and Seth get front row tickets.”

“That’s a great offer. What about you Roman?” Steve turned a little to look at the table where Seth and Roman were sitting. “Got anything coming up?”

The Samoan cleared his throat, a smile creeping on his face. Seth knew, his lover didn’t like to pose with his accomplishments when he wasn’t in character. Roman was humble where Leakee was more of a braggart. “Kinda. The tournament for the heavyweight belt is coming to an end so I’ll be in the finale in two weeks.”

Even though Seth hadn’t anything to do with the ring, he smiled proudly. Steve nodded. “We should have a little party if you win. Here in the garden maybe.”

“Let’s wait and see.” Roman appreciated the offer but he didn’t want to give away the outcome of the match.

Dean and Steve went on with their conversation and came back to the topic of cars. “Maybe, you can quickly show me that in your car?” Dean asked. Dad agreed and put Roman in charge for the BBQ while the two of them left.

“How do you think Dean will tell them? And when?” The teen asked. Roman shrugged. He had no idea what Dean had planned but when it came to things like that, to big announcements, Dean was a pro at making them sound meaningless. So maybe it was truly fine that he took the task.

The two of them should find out rather sooner than they had expected. Roman had put the food from the BBQ in a container and placed it on the table when Dean and Steve came back. He looked a little pale. Dean clapped Seth’s dad on the back. “It’s truly a great thing. Aye, and that extra about the car, I’ll really consider it.”

Steve nodded and grabbed his beer from the table to take a huge sip of it. It was just now that Seth realized his dad was drinking. Why were so many things happening at once suddenly? His dad acting weird, his dad drinking in front of Dean.

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“Everything good, dad?” Seth asked carefully.

He nodded. “Is.. Everything good for you?” His father asked. There was an honest concern in his voice. Seth wasn’t surprised that his decision was doubted yet, it stung a little in his soft heart.

“Yeah..” He nodded, trying not to look at Roman and Seth. “This is.. It’s all really good.”
His father was close enough to stand right next to him now and rested his hand on Seth’s shoulder. “I guess, son, then it’s good for me too.” Knowing his father for so many years, seeing him through so many different eyes - as a child, an early teen and today - Seth knew he was being sincere. It surprised him but whatever magic Dean had used, it worked. “We just want you to be alright.”

“Thanks, dad.. I know.” Roman and Dean allowed father and son the little moment they shared. Because Steve worked a lot at times when other families got to be together, he and his kids had a special bond. And today, Seth had seen for the first time what that meant. He wasn’t exactly sure for what reason but somehow, his life was coming together beautifully. Maybe, some higher power was seeing the struggle he went through the last year. Maybe, it was finally time for some positivity in his life.

“Well!” Steve replied and took the last sip of his beer. “I think dinner is ready now, hm? Don’t you miss my food? It’s been so long since you visited the restaurant.” True. Between the drama with Dean, finals and everything else, Seth had not managed to eat at the place his dad was working at. “You guys should all come together some time.” He stepped towards the door that lead into the house. “I’ll see how far Jen is so we can eat.”

“Sure.” They nodded and were left alone. Seth immediately turned towards Dean. “How did you do that?”

“Did what?” Dean asked and fished a leaf from the salad bowl to put it in his mouth.

“He didn’t even ask about it? What did you say for him to be so chill?” Seth was still fully surprised even after the sweet moment.

“I told him that I’m your boyfriend.”

“And?”

“And he said that he thought Roman was your boyfriend.”

“And?” Rome and he were asking at the same time now.

“So I said Roman is also your boyfriend. And also my boyfriend.”

“And?!!”

“Nothing. Then we came back and talked about cars.” Dean truly had the talent to make the most obscure things appear as totally normal. Seth admired that. He couldn’t even read out his homework loudly in class without feeling insecure. Dean just had this swagger energy on him.

Steve came back with a couple of beers at hand. He placed them on the table. “They will be out here in a moment.” The first bottle he handed to Roman. Then, the second one to Dean. And suddenly, it was like the time had stopped. Dean’s eyes were focussed on the bottle, Roman and Seth both stilled their every movement to see Dean’s reaction. Worry and fear were all over the Samoan’s body language, Seth could feel his own fingers go ice cold. He heard his pulse in his own ears and swallowed hard.

And Dean? He just smiled in an appreciating matter and shook his head. “Thanks, Steve. I’m good. I stopped drinking during my timeout. It’s better for the training, you know?” Steve shrugged and thought nothing of it. Instead, he turned towards his son.

“It’s still a little bit until your birthday but I guess we’re at home and this is a bit of a celebration
anyway so if you want to..” He offered the bottle to Seth now. The teen’s eyes grew. His parents had never allowed that. It seemed like they were truly recognizing that their son was growing up. He thanked his father and took the bottle. Something about that whole day was special. It was the first perfect day in a long time. Hopefully, not the last.

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Roman was leaving his heart and all of his soul in that match but Claudio Cesaro refused to stay down. He hit him with most of what Seth knew from his boyfriend’s moveset, had even tried some things off the ropes which was completely out of his nature. Nothing wanted to work. Anxiously, Seth was jumping up and down on his spot. Why had the higher-ups decided that this match would have no time limit? Why was there no special stipulation to make it go by quicker? Why was he watching his boyfriend sitting in the corner of the ring, eyes half closed and heavy gasping leaving his mouth after Cesaro hat kicked him in the head.

This is awesome was chanted through the arena loudly. It was. The whole match was awesome but it was so nerve wrecking that Seth wanted to climb in the ring himself and do something. Cesaro got up from where he was laying on the ground too. He started measuring Roman, obviously collected his last strength for a finishing strike. Seth’s heart sank to his stomach and he threw his hands over his mouth. Cesaro started crossing the ring with quick steps, ready to his Roman with double knees in the corner and then.. The Samoan was quicker. He jumped out of that corner, hugged Cesaro’s waist with his arms and slammed him down on the ground. It looked like he had tried running right through the other man. They landed with Roman on top of the other male.

“ONE! TWO! THREE!” The crowd counted along before the bell rang and everyone was off their seats. Fans cheered so loud, Seth felt like his ears might fall off his head. However, he was one of the loudest people in the warehouse with the ring in the middle.

The ref brought the title over to Roman who was still laying on top of his opponent, breathing heavily and shaking a little. Was he crying? It looked like it from Seth’s position but he couldn’t know for sure. It didn’t matter either because Seth himself was so close to tears. No one deserved this more than Roman. He had worked for his opportunity for so long and so hard. And everyone in that building knew it.

He managed to get up from his spot on shaky legs. The referee raised his hand in victory as Roman was announced the winner. He held that title high up in the air so proud, so thankful, so happy. It was a look that Seth wanted to savior, wanted to remember it forever.

Roman was celebrated by the fans until the sound of loud electric guitars his the room. This wasn’t Roman’s music. Everyone in that room knew. They all knew. They all had waited for it to happen. Seth was sure he would faint any moment. It was too much for the teen to take in when Dean pushed aside the curtain and walked up to the ring - hair wet, trunks hugging his slim waist and the grey jeans jacket covered his shoulders. He looked pissed off as ever. So Jon Moxley was still there. He was still part of Dean - of a much better Dean now.

The dirty blond climbed in the ring and got right into Roman’s face. He had a microphone at hand. It was almost a little scary how easily Dean seemed to slide back into his old role but after all, Jon Moxley was part of him. He always would be. “Congraaaaaaats.” He sang into the mic. For a second he chuckled, cockily, never sweet like he did when he was alone with his lovers.
Immediately though, his face was serious again. “Don’t get comfy on the throne, camp.” His finger pointed at Roman’s belt. “I’m back. And I’m taking this from you.” With that, he dropped the microphone and both men stared at each other.

Seth knew he could feel it, they would much rather hug and maybe even kiss right now, but they remained in character, glaring at the other. Roman slowly started nodding. Regardless of the hard-fought battle, he was ready to defend his belt. And both of them were ready to create something big and magical in the small ring where they had found each other.

Chapter End Notes

YEEEEEEY Roman did it! And Dean did it! Isn't that just great? I hope everyone enjoyed the chapter and I hope everyone is glad they stuck with this story for so long. It's been literally years that I have been working on this piece and I still have some things to fix here and there. But you all stayed with my slow ass writing and I love you for that.

At this point, it's time to inform you that we are getting closer to the end of this story. There is only 4 chapters left until it is time to let our boys rest for a while. However, I did already start working on a new story that is going to be called OKAY. Maybe, I can get you all on another journey with me and our favorite ship. Until then, let's all enjoy what is left to come! Thank you for reading.

Ps: PLEASE REVIEW THIS CHAPTER I LOVE HEARING WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT MY WORK AND I LOVE IMPROVING MY WORK TOO!

And one last thing: I broke 100k words with this chapter, how cool is that?!
And here we are! Smut season starts in THIS chapter! Enjoy it as much as you can. I didn't have a song to listen to this time but maybe you have your own music that puts you in the mood!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

That leads to the conclusion that \( x = 0.657 \) meaning there will be a 66% increase in sales. Seth set the dot behind his answer and stared down at the paper. That was it. The final exam of his whole school career. The last time he had calculated for a test, the last time he had to worry about studying - he was done! Okay, better not get ahead of yourself, he reminded himself and started going through all of his answers. There was a little time left before they had to hand in the exam and Seth planned on using all of it.

For the last days, it had been tough to focus on his study. The closer the vacation in Malibu seemed to get and the closer he was to turn 18, the more heated the mood between him, Roman and Dean seemed to be. More kisses were exchanged, more butt grabbing was involved in their weekly routine. It was exciting to the teen who had never experienced the love of this kind. His two boyfriends made a huge deal out of their love and desire for Seth. It appeared like it was the hardest thing in their life right now to not get intimate with their younger lover. Seth didn’t necessarily think that this was to blame on his sexappeal, really, he wasn’t sure whether he had any at all. But, there had to be something about him that attracted Roman and Dean.

Focus - Seth found himself not reading his answers and thinking about kissing Dean’s mouth instead all while Roman hugged him from behind and let his lips ghost over the teen’s neck. Ugh, AGAIN. Having two extremely attractive boyfriends was harder than one should expect it to be.

It took him another 20 minutes to make sure that everything was correct in his eyes. Seth raised from where he was sitting and carried the test to the front, handing it over to the teacher. And with just that, he had finished high school. Well, hopefully. It depended on whether he would pass now. But his lovers and his family had been so supportive and boosted his confidence that Seth was certain, even if it wasn’t with a good grade maybe, he would definitely pass.

After picking up his things from the small table, he left the room and had to take a deep breath to realize the whole situation. This was good. This was moving forward. Seth found his phone in his backpack and typed a quick message to Roman. “I’m done. How about you guys?”

Ever since Dean had made his shocking return to FCW and him and Roman were feuding for the heavyweight belt, both men went to train at the performance center every day. They had come up with a lot of interesting aspects to their story and they had discussed with officials a lot. It seemed like things were going smoothly right now. So, even though Dean had just signed his new contract, he had gotten the days off for the trip because it had been planned for a while before. Also, Roman was getting better to trust Dean. He let him do things alone now with a much easier mind. However, none of the three really wanted to be without the other. So, most times they still hung out.

Roman didn’t reply so Seth decided he could just go home and wait there. After all, it didn’t really
matter where they met. They wanted to go out for lunch anyway. While he walked out of the
building, he took off his glasses to clean them with the hem of his shirt. Before Malibu, he still
needed to get contact lenses so he could wear them to the ocean. When he left the building and
walked towards the direction of the bus, he saw a car with someone in front who was holding
balloons. It was probably a surprise for some student who also finished their exam today. What a
sweet gesture. The teen put the glasses back on his nose to carry on towards the bus stop.

It was then, that he turned his head towards the balloon person again and he stopped. Oh! Roman
was grinning at him widely, balloons in one hand while he waved at Seth. Ops, that was a bit
stupid. Seth giggled but jogged over to his lover immediately. He threw his small figure into his
strong arms, hiding in the frame of his strong body and wrapped his own arms around Roman’s
neck. Their lips found each other and while he was still giggling, hey exchanged a few pecks.
“Congrats, baby.” Roman smiled into the kiss. “You did it! You’re done!”

Seth wasn’t ready yet to let go and held on to his lover a little longer, smiling at him too. “Yeah, I
did it.” He replied. Roman patted him on the back without ever letting him go.

“Well, welcome to the adult life now.” It was just now that they parted a little bit so Roman could
hand over the balloons. “Now there’s only one last step needed until you’re really one of us.” He
winked, referring to Seth’s birthday. “Come on, we’re going to Dean’s place. We will meet your
parents for dinner at your dad’s restaurant.”

Seth nodded in excitement. The plan for dinner had been up ever since the BBQ they had. It
surprised Seth that his siblings had nothing to say about how things were now. Maybe, hopefully,
they were a little intimidated by his boyfriends. After years of teasing, the teen believed that he
deserved this relief.

Together they squished the balloons in the back of the car and Roman offered. “Do you want to
drive?” They had been practicing a lot lately and Seth had actually signed up for the test. He
passed the writing part easily. The actual driving test would be in two weeks but if he was honest,
after all the lessons he had been given by both Roman and Dean, he was sure he would pass. So,
Seth took the driver’s seat to transport them to Dean’s place.

When they entered the flat, the smell of baked goodies hit him in the face immediately. This was a
nicer slap than Dean’s yelling or worse. This was a slap that he loved getting used to. “Honey,
we’re home!” Roman sang in a high pitched voice, giggling about it right after.

“Isn’t that delightful.” When Dean came around the corner, Seth and Roman broke into laughter.
They had gotten their lover an apron on which the body of a naked man was printed. When they
had bought it as a joke, neither of them had expected him to actually wear it but it appeared that
Dean did actually like it. He used it every time he was busy in the kitchen now. “What are ya’ll
laughing about?”

Seth just pointed at Dean’s chest, still laughing when he leaned in for a kiss. “The apron..” He
shook his head right after.

“What? I think I look sexy like a sexy chef.”

“Oh, sexy you are.” Roman nodded, still grinning too. They also kissed. There it was again. The air
around them heated up. Seth was sure, all of them could feel it but no one addressed it. Three more
days until the trip - three more days. Seth tried soothing his horney teen brain and followed Dean in
the kitchen.

“So, who’s ready for some red velvet cake?” He went over to the fridge and carefully took out the
The frosting was black and in red letters the cake said: Cool. You did it.

Again the two of them broke into laughter. This was the most typical Dean thing to do. “Cool you did it?” Seth giggled. It was hard to describe how much into Dean and Roman he was. Physically and emotionally, they were his ankers. They had taken a huge part to shape him into the young man he was by now. When he had met with Copeland before the exams last week, they had talked about that. About some key aspects that provided the framework for their relationship. Helping each other grow, seemed to be a huge part of that.

They sat together in the living room, enjoying the cake and started mapping out all the things they wanted to do in Malibu. Seth was only half listening. He was far too busy enjoying the cake in that moment.

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It was still early in the morning when they sat together in the cab. The sun had yet to rise and Seth was exhausted. It seemed like all of them were. Because Roman didn’t want them to lose a whole day for traveling, he had booked flights overnight. Now it was 4 am and they were on their way to their holiday home. It was an unspoken agreement that they would take a nap once they were there. Even though Seth was tired like he’d never been before, he looked out of the window and scanned the countryside. Even in the dark, Malibu was beautiful. On the other side of the back bench of the car, Dean had fallen asleep against the window. Roman, in the middle, redted his hand on Seth’s thigh and leaned over. “It will be even more beautiful when it’s not dark anymore.”

Seth turned his head and smiled at Roman sleepily. “It’s already perfect, Ro.” Their hands met and Seth took Roman’s large one into his. Lovingly, they exchanged a look before Seth looked out of the window again.

When they arrived at the house, none of them really paid attention much to the house. Instead, they found the bedroom, stripped to their underwear and slid under the blanket. Seth laid in the middle, hugged from behind by Dean, facing Roman who laid his thick arm over both of their bodies. They passed out almost on the spot.

Five hours later, Seth stirred and slowly woke from his sleep. Even though he had gotten less sleep than usual, he felt good. Maybe it was the excitement for Malibu, maybe it was just the warm and soft space between his boyfriends. It didn’t matter. Roman, who he saw first when he opened his eyes, was still sleeping. He snored softly. From behind though, a hand was stroking his chest and big circles. Carefully, not to wake up the older boyfriend, Seth turned so he could face Dean. Sleepy blue eyes looked at him from under blond bangs. Without saying anything, the teen leaned in an wanted a little kiss. He could kiss better than speak when he had just woken up. Dean was similar as he was absolutely no morning person.

Said man groaned when Seth pulled away so quickly and sighed slightly. Still, no one was speaking and they just looked at each other for a moment. The older man reached out now to push some of Seth’s dark locks back. After falling asleep they curled all over his head. Dean then brought his hand to his own mouth and put his finger over his lips. “Sh..” He softly hissed out and then brought his hand back to Seth’s head. The teen found himself pulled into another kiss.
It was a little lazy, lips meeting lips and tongues meeting tongues too. The morning breath didn’t matter too much right now. Far more important, how quick the kiss made his heartbeat. Dean turned his head a little bit just to get better access to the mouth of his lover. He sighed happily about Seth’s taste and let his hand wander down the naked back of the teen. Roman still didn’t seem to wake up, just made sure their bodies were squeezed together tightly by his thick arm.

Dean’s rough hand ghosted down south, over Seth’s ass to the back to the teen’s thigh. Dean pulled it closer so Seth had to throw it over his lover’s waist. Their crotches met under the blanket and the brunette could clearly feel Dean’s morning wood press against his crotch now. It sent hot shivers down his spine, blood rushed towards the middle of his body quickly and within seconds his own member started swelling up. Seth had no idea how he was supposed to last three more days until it was his birthday without getting any action while Dean was here getting him all worked up with a little kiss and dry humping.

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The older male rolled his hips against Seth’s and sighed into the kiss. Slowly, their lips broke apart however, Dean didn’t stop rubbing his crotch against Seth’s, which was hard now too. “You know, babe.. It’s Rome’s birthday.”

“I know.” Seth’s voice was breathless. Dean seemed less affected by what he was doing but then again, he had more practice with this.

“I say we give him something nice to wake up to, hm?” His hand found back to Seth’s bum and he squeezed the flesh between his fingers. The only thing holding back the skin on skin contact was the thin material of their briefs.

“Dean.. It’s three more days.”

His lover rolled his eyes. “Oh come on. We’ve been good for so fucking long. You want this. We want this. Why the wait? You ain’t gonna put us in jail for taking apart your sweet, beautiful body now, are you?”

They both knew the answer to that. Dean wasn’t wrong. This whole trip had the purpose to give them the privacy they wanted to have for this. “You’re right..” He nodded softly. Seth wasn’t sure whether he would have decided differently if Dean wasn’t pressing their hard cocks together so tight but knowing himself, knowing his feelings for his boyfriends, the answer would always have been yes. “So.. What do you..” Seth trailed off. He wasn’t sure what Dean had in mind.

The man in front of him leaned in again, soothing Seth with a kiss again before he could even think about getting nervous. Deliciously, Dean sucked on Seth’s tongue, tasted him and moaned a little at that. There was no more need to hold back now so his hand slipped past the elastic that was keeping up Seth’s underwear to where it belonged and he pushed it down. The fabric slipped past Seth’s backside however, the front got caught with his stiff cock. It didn’t seem to bother Dean at all. He was calm and relaxed, not forceful but fully enjoying what was happening. Instead of stopping to kiss Seth, he brought his hand between their bodies and tucked down the briefs so now, Seth’s dick was free too. Letting the underwear be, for now, Dean’s palm hugged Seth’s shaft and gave it the first tug. The brunette stopped the kiss but didn’t pull away. He could feel his shaky breath meeting Dean’s face as he started rubbing his swollen member up and down.

His eyes were closed when Dean’s mouth started exploring Seth’s jawline with wet kisses. “I’m gonna suck your sweet cock, Seth. I’m gonna taste you ‘n you’re going to moan my name so sweetly, that you’ll wake Roman.” Dean left no room for questions. Instead, he helped Seth to turn on his back fully now. His fist was still massaging his penis under the blanket but when Dean came to lean over the teen, he shoved down the blanket enough to expose Seth’s body. He sat up, Roman’s arm fell to the side now so they had more space. “Look at you.” Dean took in what his
lover had to offer. Tan skin hugged a body so pretty, that Dean’s fantasies were immediately going a little wild with him. Seth wasn’t nearly as buff as Roman, wasn’t thick like Dean, but he certainly wasn’t a kid anymore. His belly showed that he ate healthy as it was flat and even showed a little bit of muscle. A dark trail of hair guided the way to Seth’s cock that he was jerking off.

The teen blushed slightly however, he was so busy to not just cum right in Dean’s hand, that he couldn’t focus on what the rest of Dean was doing right now. A hand with rough skin touched Seth’s cheeks. “Look at me.” Dean’s sleepy voice spoke to him and the teen so. His lover leaned down and kissed his mouth again before looking him in the eye. “You’re so fucking beautiful. I don’t think Rome or I am going to let you leave this bed the next days. I have so many ideas for this pretty cock.” Lips found Seth’s jaw again and wandered down to his neck. It gave him goosebumps when Dean’s beard scratched over the sensitive skin there and it was a good distraction from what was happening in his crotch area.

The blush on his face grew, because of Dean’s words too. However, there was enough confidence in him to allow himself to enjoy the touch for now. “Dean.” Seth whimpered softly. “If you wanna put your mouth down there I suggest you don’t take that much longer because I don’t think I can last.” He was a little bit embarrassed about that but Dean seemed little to not at all bothered, kissed his chest now instead.

“Just relax, baby. I know what I’m doing.” He met one of Seth’s nipples and grazed his beard over it like he had done with Seth’s neck. Then, he poked his tongue out to lick over the nub before wrapping his lips around it.

Seth moaned now. It was a shy sound, quiet and innocent. “I know.” He muttered. “That’s why!” The teen admitted and grabbed Dean’s blond mob with one hand. His lover made out with his nipple sucked on it and massaged it with his tongue. When he leaned back from it, a trail of spit stayed connected and Dean smiled in satisfaction. The nipple was hard and red and glistening under his spit. “Can you just..” Seth opened his eyes and raised his head off the pillow, looking down his own body. Dean looked overwhelmingly hot towering over his body.

“Pushy..” The blond chuckled but he recognized Seth’s need and followed the trail of dark hair towards his lover’s crotch. Dean came face to face with the stiff cock he was rubbing with his hand and smiled when he saw the precum on the tip. Without further hesitation, he leaned in and sucked the tip into his mouth. The sweet satisfaction of Dean’s soft lips and the warm and wet tongue that hugged the tip of Seth’s dick now drew a louder moan from the teen. His head was close to Roman’s so Dean was sure if they continued, their lover would wake up.

Seth couldn’t hold up his head any longer. He dropped it back and squeezed his eyes shut, both hands in Dean’s blond hair as he received his first blowjob. His lover sucked on the tip and fisted Seth’s shaft at the same time, smearing the spit that was running down from his mouth all over the sensitive skin. Shamelessly, he slurped on Seth’s member and soon, he started bobbing his head. At first, those were small movements but he took Seth deeper into his mouth with each time that he went down.

More moaning escaped the mouth of the brunette and, without noticing, he had grabbed Roman’s hand and held on to it tight. “Dean, I’m..” Seth was already so close after only a couple of minutes. In encouragement, his lover squeezed his thighs with his large hand. It didn’t matter much whether he’d shoot early. They all knew this would happen. Maybe, just maybe, Seth should have practiced before the trip but he had been so caught up with other things and now it was too late anyway.

He felt a rush of hotness overwhelming his body, the tip of his dick touching the back of Dean’s throat once, twice and then he just couldn’t hold himself back. His hips bucked and the hot wetness
that was wrapped around his shaft so tightly send him over the edge. Without intending to, Seth pushed his cock deeper into Dean’s mouth when his juice shot against the back of his lover’s throat, filled his mouth. And Dean? He moaned shamelessly, obviously enjoying Seth’s orgasm just as much as the teen had enjoyed it. Thoroughly, he sucked Seth through his orgasm, made sure not one drop of his cum was wasted. Dean had waited for this too long to allow that. When he could feel Seth’s body relax against the sheets slowly he released the cock of the panting teen, licked the mixture of spit and cum that had run down onto his balls with his skilled tongue. “Fucking perfect..” He mumbled between that. Only when he was sure that Seth was all cleaned up, Dean came up to bring their mouths together into a heated and wet kiss. Seth was still so caught up in his orgasm, that he could barely follow.

They were so caught up in the kiss though, that both of them jumped a little when a smack landed on Dean’s ass. “Egoist.” A thick and sleepy voice spoke next to them. Roman had smacked Dean’s backside hard. The lovers which had been making out now looked at Roman and smiled lazily. “At least share the taste.” Roman waved Dean closer and the blond gladly smashed their mouths together into a messy kiss. Seth could only watch in amazement. It felt like, even though he had gotten his release, he was not done. His cock was already fattening up again as he watched his lovers making out. Roman sucked the rest of spit and cum from Dean’s lips and tongue greedily.

“Happy birthday.” Seth choked out but smiled too.

Roman chuckled into the kiss and let go of Dean to lean forward and kiss Seth too. “Yeah, happy birthday.” Dean grinned proudly. He had already grabbed Roman’s hand and guided it towards his own crotch. “Don’t worry, big man. Don’t think we’re done here yet.” Dean winked at both of them and Roman rolled his eyes where Seth groaned. At times, Dean could be so cheesy.

Chapter End Notes

Was that hot or was that hot?! I think it was pretty hot. A good start for a promising vacation. In the next chapter, they’ll go all the way and explore Malibu too. At least a little bit. Review this chapter, yeah? I’m a bit bad when it comes to writing out smut buuuuut let me know what you thought. Stay tuned for more!
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

The three boys get to the dirty. Warning: All of this is NSFW.

Chapter Notes

Just so you know, my people, writing smut is not my strength but everyone was patient with me so HERE YOU GO! Don't forget to leave a comment at the end! We're on the home run with this baby!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dean had switched his position in order to lean over Roman now. It was easier to kiss him this way even though, the big man was now busy with Seth’s lips. It wasn’t too much of a bother now because that hot palm rubbed over his covered crotch and filled his stomach with a warm feeling. But, it wasn’t enough to satisfy him. The dirty blond had plans - plans to corrupt his lovers where they had tried to be so good for so long. As he dared a look down Seth’s body to see how he was holding up, he wasn’t too surprised to see his cock half hard, resting on his stomach. After all, he was a teen - a horny one - even though he would be too shy to admit it. And, Dean loved that. Just like earlier, his hand wandered down the younger body and hugged the shaft to start pumping it slowly. Seth moaned against Roman’s lips in surprise and the oldest amongst them three broke the kiss to look for the cause of that noise. He almost rolled his eyes at Dean, however, turned his attention back to Seth. “Only if you’re ready, baby. You can still say no.”

The younger male’s eyes were big and a bit glassy. “No.. No.” When he realized what he said, he shook his head, unable to think straight because he was overwhelmed by what was happening. “I mean yes. I.. I want it. And no, I don’t wanna say no.” Roman didn’t seem completely convinced and searched Seth’s face for any further doubt. But, instead, the teen pecked at his lips. “I’m as ready as I’ll be in three days.” He whispered against those soft lips, to make sure Roman got his point.

“God, you’re so cheesy.” Dean rolled his eyes where he was sitting on top of Roman. “Can we just get to the fucking?” His eyes shined bright at his own idea and he smiled at the two laying men in excitement. As an answer to that, Roman squeezed his cock hard, causing Dean to shift on top of him. “Careful, big man. I need that to go up Seth’s bum still.” His words were followed by another wide grin but, they brought Seth to realization. Brown eyes wandered down to the crotches of both his boyfriends. Even though the material of their underwear it was obvious. They were massive. And one of those thick cocks would take his virginity. Would that even fit? Wouldn’t that rip..

Before his thoughts could go there, a big hand grabbed for his chin.

“Are you panicking?” Roman’s soft voice asked. He was so kind. Too kind. Seth needed to be pushed a little bit to finally get out of his comfort zone. For a moment, he sucked his bottom lip into his mouth, pressing his teeth into it as he shrugged. “You can still say no..” The older male offered again. But, even though worry spread in his chest, he shook his head.
“How could he say no after my mouth sucked his cock? Are you doubting my oral skills?” Dean bickered, hitting Roman in the chest.

“I wish I could say so.” This time it was Roman who rolled his eyes and it brought a little smile to Seth’s face. He loved it when the oldest of them was being goofy. Even if it was only a little. “But my mouth isn’t that bad either.”

“Prove it.” Dean now let go of Seth’s fully erected dick and crossed his arms in front of his chest. Again, Roman rolled his eyes and pushed Dean off of his body. Instead, he sat up now, looking at the youngest of them again.

“Can you get on all fours for me, baby? This man’s got something to prove.” Seth was confused because how would Roman suck his member if he was on all four? It wasn’t exactly the best position for a blowjob but, being the one with the lacking experience here, he followed the instruction. It was a funny feeling. His backside was exposed and the fresh air between his legs was an unfamiliar experience. Seth almost pulled a face but, before he could, strong hands laid on his hips and pulled him backward on the sheets a little. It was so easy for Roman to just push him around like this and there was a certain sexiness to it but, it was also a little scary. Seth tried to let the excitement overpower the fear. Again, he didn’t get a chance to get caught up in his own head because just as he was diving into the thought, something wet and warm hit that tight ring of muscles between his cheeks. His eyes grew, his mouth fell open and a surprised noise left his throat. Dean chuckled next to him but Seth couldn’t throw a snarky comment back at him because the wet tongue of Roman hit his entrance again, making it wet and sticky with his spit. Not the oral affection he had expected, but equally overwhelming.

Never in his life would Seth have expected that a gorgeous man like Roman would be licking his backside just to prove a point to their other boyfriend. Lips came into play too as they sucked on the sensitive flesh around the hole. More wetness was spread between his cheeks, where Roman was massaging his entrance with his tongue again and again. Hot palms kept Seth’s cheeks spread and he couldn’t help but close his eyes. Breathing through his nose wasn’t enough so he opened his mouth wider, sucking in the air sharply and exhaling it with noise again. Seth couldn’t see Dean, he couldn’t see Roman either but he could feel the older male. He was right there behind him, working his shivering body, filling the room with wet smacking sounds. Where Seth’s body had tensed up when he had first felt the tongue meets the untouched area of his body, it was starting to relax now. There wasn’t much of a chance for him to show any resistance with the care and sweetness he was being treated with. Roman wasn’t demanding at any second. It almost felt like he was completely enjoying what he was doing without getting anything out of it.

Seth wasn’t ready to form any sort of sentence, was just trying to keep his legs from giving in. Because he was so focused on that, his arms started to give in. Now, his ass poked in the air, his cheek meeting the soft pillow he had been sleeping on a while ago. The longer Roman was working on him, the more noises left his throat however, he didn’t dare to make them loud. Seth felt shy about this. Insecure. Was this sexy? Was he doing good? “Alright, alright. Your mouth is good. I’ll give that to you.” Dean speaking up did bring him back into reality for a moment. After blinking briefly, he managed to open his eyes and located the dirty blond male. He was right there behind him, kneeling briefly, he managed to open his eyes and located the dirty blond male. He was kneeling not far away from Seth’s head, rubbing his own stiff dick with his right hand. When had he taken off his underwear?

“I told you so.” When Roman spoke, Seth could feel his hot breath hitting the wet skin between his cheeks, almost making him blush because he got reminded just how exposed he was right now. “Now give me the lube. It’s there.” The teen couldn’t see where his lover was pointing but it didn’t matter much. Nothing seemed to matter much when the hot tongue distracted him so well, kitten licks now as if it just wanted to ensure that Seth’s entrance stayed wet. Dean shuffled off the bed,
came back seconds later and then the noise of a tube being opened filled the room momentarily. “You keep relaxing, baby.” A large palm had started rubbing his lower back. It was soothing in a way, made him melt in the touch like this hand was made just for the purpose of touching him.

Seth had just closed his eyes when something cold hit his crack, followed by a finger rubbing through it. Lube was rubbed into his skin, a digit massaging his entrance now. This was it. This finger would enter him in seconds. Just, as Seth was ready to get too nervous, lips started kissing his neck, sending a shiver down his spine that was distracting enough to allow Roman to push in his index finger. In comparison to what it looked like, it felt huge, stretched his entrance as it started pushing the lube inside his channel too, never stopping just moving in until knuckles pressed against his cheeks. Then, Roman slowly started pulling back. “You feeling fine, Seth?” The deep and silky voice hit his ear where half of his head was pressed into the pillow. Because the younger male was overwhelmed by the new sensation, he nodded and allowed for it to continue.

From porn that he had seen, Seth had expected that being fingered would be able to make him shoot within seconds. But in reality, he had to admit that it took him a couple of seconds to get used to the feeling before feeling any sort of sensation. Roman took his time, added more lube while he kept working Seth open with his finger. In the meantime, Dean was still busy making out with the younger brunette’s neck and shoulder. “You look so fucking sexy, Seth. I bet if you would see yourself, you’d be so proud. You should be anyway. If you touched my cock now, I think I could cum from just looking at you.” The raspy voice mumbled when lips brushed over his ear, hot breath tickling him there. With his hand, Seth’s lover brushed through dark locks, pulling his head forward just a bit so he could kiss his lips shortly, before letting him relax into the pillow again.

Brown eyes fluttered shut as a second finger was inserted. Roman had used enough lube to make every movement fill the room in a funny wet noise. The more Seth’s body got used to being touched on the inside, the more blood rushed into his crotch. He was doing this. HE was really doing this. He was having sex. With TWO men at the same time. Two men who made him ENJOY it. Two men who made him feel LOVED. Seth wanted to tell himself that it was a weird moment to realize how deeply connected their three hearts were when he had two fingers up his ass and Dean jerking himself off right in front of his face. But maybe it wasn’t as odd as it sounded. Because this intimate moment was the crown to the connection that they had felt for so long already.

When Roman twisted his fingers to stretch him even further, his body started burning. It didn’t necessarily hurt but it was a lot to take in. Seth squeezed his eyes shut for a moment but didn’t mention his discomfort. As expected, it vanished after a couple of seconds. Roman did another movement with his fingers, causing the same reaction before, after the third time, he hit something inside Seth that made him yank up his head and open his mouth in surprise. A moan escaped him. Next, to his head, Dean laughed softly and Roman hummed in approval behind him. “There we are. That’s good, isn’t it?” Seth couldn’t answer. Roman hit that special spot again, causing his legs to shake and his mouth to go dry. Yes, the fingering so far had been great and arousing him in ways he hadn’t thought existed but as his lover kept attacking the bundle of nerves inside of him, it felt amazing. Seth wanted to come right then and there but he knew in that exact moment, the only thing he wanted more than a quick orgasm, was to sleep with his lovers.

“What… Are… You… Doing?!” The teen eventually managed to pant before burying his face in the pillow completely, fingers digging into the white fabric below him.

“It’s your prostate. Wait until I get it with my cock.” The wide smile on Dean’s face had made it to his words and Seth wanted to shake his head at him but he couldn’t. He couldn’t concentrate on anything but the heat running through his body and the sensation of being stretched so well. Just, when he was sure that it wouldn’t get much better than that, Roman added a third finger. The
expected discomfort didn’t come, the stimulation overpowered it at this point, causing more moaning. “That’s enough, Rome. You’ll make him cum. I also want a piece of his ass.” Dean growled, almost jealous now. But, the oldest amongst them laughed it off. There was more mumbling behind them but Seth couldn’t make out what they were saying. His focus was somewhere else. He was hot, sweat had started to build on his skin and he must have been red in the face and neck. It felt like he might explode any second. And just as he was about to do so, just as he wanted to allow it, fingers stopped massaging his prostate, his hole was abandoned and the air around him got cold for a couple of seconds.

The teen brought his head up from the pillow, eyes shiny and red as if he had cried but in reality, he was just lost in a world of his own. Lost in a world of lust and greed that he was not sure yet how to express. Before he had the chance to ask why Roman had stopped, his lovers helped him to lay on his back. Immediately, Dean leaned over him, had found a place between his legs before he started kissing Seth’s lips passionately. No questions were asked, Seth immediately melted into the touch, arms wrapping around his lover’s neck now to pull him just a little bit closer. The two of them kissed until their lungs burned and they were forced to stop.

And even then, his boyfriend’s lips wandered towards Seth’s neck, sucked on the flesh, marked him. “Dean!” Roman eventually mumbled. Now, when the younger brunette opened his eyes, he could see that the oldest of the three of them was sitting right behind where Dean rested on top of him. His hand, busy with the dirty blond’s backside which explained his sudden rush. The sudden rush of kissing Seth so greedily, so demanding.

“Yeah, yeah.” Dean wanted to sound annoyed, half a smile on his face when his blue eyes met brown ones. But instead, he sounded like the next greatest pornstar. The dirty blond moved his hips forward and now, Seth could feel his thick and hot member slide between his cheeks where it was wet and warm. He got reminded of the feeling Roman had left behind, got hungry to be filled again. There was no more fear inside his head. Seth was ready for his lovers, he wanted to be with the two of them. Expecting eyes stared back at Dean who seemed to drink motivation right out of them. Again, the older male grabbed for the lube, sat up only a couple of seconds to spread some of the lubricants over his cock which had already been wrapped into a condom. “You’ll love this.” He grinned with enthusiasm before throwing the bottle aside again, all focus on Seth now. In contrast to Roman, who had been giving Seth a lot of time to adjust and was constantly checking on whether the teen was feeling fine, Dean was more confident that what he was doing would work out perfectly anyway. And he wasn’t wrong either.

“No tensing up, pretty boy.” Dean winked. Seth wanted to ask why, wanted to wonder why but when the tip of his lover’s member pressed against his wet hole which he had thought was stretched so wide, he realized what exactly Dean had meant. A short but sharp pain rushed up his spine when Dean split his open. It lasted only a couple of seconds but it made him close his eyes immediately. Before his body could try to squirm away from the dirty blond, a familiar palm wrapped around his chin. Automatically, Seth opened his eyes again to see blue eyes still staring at him. There was something on Dean’s face, he couldn’t tell what it was, but it brought butterflies to his stomach which overpowered any sort of pain he had thought to be in.

His lover leaned forward but he never stopped pushing until all of him was inside Seth, stretching his entrance wider than he had ever thought was possible. The younger male was breathing heavily, fingers clinging to the sheets underneath him. A sharp breath was sucked in, before lips parted and, “Holy crap… That’s…” He couldn’t finish the words, his voice too shaky, too thin and when Dean moved just a little bit and he could feel where he was buried inside of him, Seth pressed his lips together to avoid a pathetic whimper. The cock inside of him felt huge. And it seemed that Dean knew. A cocky grin appeared on his face when he grabbed for one of Seth’s ankles to bring it up against his shoulder. “It’s okay. Just relax. We’ll take care of you.” We. Right. Roman. Where…
Ah. The Samoan was still kneeling behind Dean, looking over the shoulder and down between their bodies, right where Dean was now stuck in Seth’s body. His eyes were dark and his mouth hung slightly open. It was probably the hottest thing the teen had ever seen, causing him to whimper AGAIN but nod in Dean’s direction too.

In a moderate pace, he started to move his hips back, only to move them forward again after a while, filling Seth yet again. This time, Dean didn’t stop when he had hit the back of Seth’s leg with his hips and just kept rolling his hips against the teen’s body. Roman now, had come to lay next to Seth, lips connecting with a wide openly standing mouth that had dared to dry out. Their kiss was slow and sloppy, more spit than anything else but Seth simply couldn’t focus completely with the way that Dean hard started fucking into him. The noise of skin meeting more skin had started to fill the room, a teen hand came to connect with Samoan hair, grabbing it to hold on to Roman while Dean was taking him apart. It was a sweet sensation that ran through his body, his senses being stimulated by the two men he loved. A puddle of heat sat deep in Seth’s guts. Thrusts got a bit stronger, rocking his body up and down in the sheets until they were forced to break off the kiss, chocolate eyes meeting each other with both of them breathing heavily. “You’re so fucking sexy, Seth. I need to have you too.”

Usually, Roman was the calm and reserved one between the three of them. But it seemed that he could get just as dirty as Dean liked to be. Maybe his boyfriends weren’t all too different from each other after all. But, Seth figured, there’d be another time to think about that. Because right now, Roman was ducking his head down to where the younger brunette was connected to Dean so tightly, spread wide open, with both his legs resting against Dean’s shoulders now while the dirty blond thrust into him over and over again. He had thrown his head back, obviously drowning in arousal himself, groaning deeply with his raspy voice.

Roman didn’t hesitate to go through with his own plans. Wet and soft lips wrapped around Seth’s stiff cock which had been resting to peacefully against his own body that the teen hadn’t even noticed the puddle on precum it had made. The sensation of getting fucked by Dean and being sucked off by Roman became too much quickly. A loud and uncontrollable moan left Seth’s throat, resulting in him trying to cover his mouth with his hand. But, just as he had muffled the noises, Dean’s head snapped forward. Ice blue eyes were fixed on Seth, eating him up when Dean licked his lips and eventually slapped his hand away from where Seth was covering his lips. It was barely surprising to see that Dean was demanding and knew exactly what he wanted in the sheets. Even though Roman had seemed to be able to go to that point too, he still appeared more relaxed. Like he wanted to take his time and make sure to soak in every second that he got with Seth, while Dean wanted to touch and fuck and hear and be surrounded by nothing but heat and lust.

Again now, loud moaning left his lips and Seth’s fingers dug into the dark hair of Roman once more. His eyes were squeezed shut now in a weak attempt to hold back the orgasm that was suddenly approaching quickly. But, with the double sensation, the brunette had no chance. All control he usually had of himself slipped and then it was right there. An orgasmic high shook his body heavily, muscles tightening, voice giving up as he could feel his own cum fill Roman’s mouth and Dean’s movement get a bit slower and more powerful instead. Neither of his lovers stopped their actions, not until Seth’s body went limp and the sensation became too much. “Ah..!” Was the last moan that left him before Roman let his softening cock fall from his lips. Instead of drawing his attention towards the teen immediately, the Samoan leaned up and pressed his mouth onto Dean’s, kissing him and sucking on his lips. When they parted, Seth could see why. Some of his juice now stuck to Dean’s beard, some to Roman’s and even though he’d just had an orgasm that had gotten close to knocking him out, the brunette was sure that THIS was the hottest thing he’d ever seen (though, that seemed to be a reoccurring theme whenever he watched the two of them).
Dean pulled out of Seth too, smiled when their eyes met. Tired and exhausted, the younger male tried to smile back. He started getting a little cold because of the short break his orgasm had caused. Roman was the first one to actually react. His red and slightly swollen lips met Seth’s (wow he could still taste himself, another first he hadn’t thought would come so early) before he too smiled. “You gonna be able to stay awake to watch me and Dean finish?” A large hand brushed through Seth’s messy and sweaty hair but he nodded, blissed out and on cloud 9, unable to refuse anything right now. The Samoan chuckled, recognizing that Seth was rather out of it and instead, turned his attention on Dean.

They sunk down onto the sheets right next to Seth. Roman on his back, Dean having a new condom and more lube at hand which he both applied on the oldest of the three of them before positioning himself on top of the brunette. In a smooth motion, he slid down onto Roman’s cock. Both of them were close to their orgasms too after watching Seth go through such a heavy one. There was nothing graceful about the way that Dean was riding Roman who was trying to thrust up into him at the same time but it didn’t matter. It didn’t matter because when Seth, who had thought he’d never be able to move again, rolled to his side and reached out between their bodies, Dean nodded to encourage him and Roman stopped moving his hips for a moment. Too high on his orgasm to think too much about what he was doing, Seth pulled the condom off of Dean’s cock. He didn’t need it anymore. Instead, he wrapped his palm around the thick and swollen shaft so, when Dean started moving on his lover again, he thrust up into the fist every time when he didn’t sink down on the stiff member that filled him.

Roman was the next one to reach his orgasm, with fingers digging into Dean’s thighs hard enough to bruise, and a deep growl that could have come from a bear as much as from his man. Dean followed seconds after, painting Seth’s fist and the chest and stomach of his other lover. The dirty blond rolled off Roman and eventually, all three of them laid there, catching their breath as they stared at the ceiling. Only, until Dean set up, rubbing his hand over his sweaty and messy hair before looking over at the two exhausted brunettes. “That was awesome. Let’s go again.”

“Are you out of your mind?” Roman mumbled, barely able to make a full sentence. “I’m ready to pass out for another two hours.

When they looked over to Seth, the youngest of them had already closed his eyes, making a motion with his hand before rolling over. The cold sweat didn’t matter. The stickiness between his legs didn’t matter. Taking a shower didn’t matter now, Seth drifted back into sleep within seconds.

Dean rolled his eyes but grinned. After sex, he always felt energetic but today, he supposed, he could at least try to stay in bed and enjoy the presence of his two lovers. It was the only thing he really needed anyway, nowadays. Roman had grabbed his boxers, cleaned up his torso with it before using one arm to pull Seth into his side, using the other to do the same to Dean. After dropping a kiss to both of their foreheads, he took a deep breath. “Wake me up with your lips around my cock and you might as well get another round.”

Immediately, Dean’s face lit up. “Ngh…” Seth stirred. “Nah, I wan’ do ‘t.” He mumbled, eyes still closed, barely awake. Roman and the dirty blond looked at him for a second before looking at each other, chuckling slightly. Dean shrugged.

“Seems like the boss spoke.” He dropped his head back onto Roman’s chest now, allowing himself to be cuddled until he eventually went back to sleep too.

Chapter End Notes
Sooooooo what do we think about this? Was it what you expected? Was it what you hoped it would be?

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!