If it's red, drink it.

by lukinha_jesus

Summary

The day Azazel's son turns sixteen years old, there's a big party thrown in his mansion to celebrate prince Samuel's birthday. The boy is smart but quiet, and not used to the world outside his dad's home. He also carries a secret that shapes his life and burdens him constantly. While the most important people in town will be there to take part in the event, people like Dean Winchester, the son of the town's mechanic and Azazel's enemy, is definitely unwelcome at the party. Dean, who has a reputation for his great charm and libido, can hardly resist the chance to crash this party and provoke his dad's foe. What happens when Dean, an experienced and seductive lover, lays eyes on Azazel's mysterious and shy son will cause old secrets to surface and change their lives forever.

Notes

Thank you so much Vershiel for being my beta in this!

This is a new story and I'm nervous as heck, but let's go...

Also, I've taken plenty of liberty to play around with the physiology of hormones.
Chapter 1

Dean let his mouth travel over soft skin and elicit the sounds of pleasure that now filled his shack by the beach. The girl on his bed arched up into his touch whenever he used his skilled hands to tease and stroke.

“Hmm,” she moaned when his tongue invaded her mouth at the same time his fingers found her wet entrance. “Oh, God.”

“That good, baby?” Dean’s voice was hoarse when he spoke into her ear, and his fingers moved in and out until her hips followed his touch desperately.

They moved in bed within a sweaty confusion of tangled limbs and urgent breathing, and Dean was about to take her when the door burst open and someone stood right in the middle of the shack.

“Natalie! What the hell?!”

The girl gasped and pulled the sheets up to cover her nakedness, and Dean simply stared at the handsome, shirtless young man standing in the middle of his place.

“Gabriel!” the girl exclaimed.

“My friend saw you come here with this guy, what the hell were you thinking?”

“Who’s that?” Dean asked her.

“Ummm…” The girl seemed embarrassed but hardly sorry. “That’s my, um, boyfriend.”

“Oh.” Dean looked at the guy again and let his eyes study the hard muscles on the guy’s chest and lower belly.

Living by the shore meant Dean had a parade of beautiful bodies walking right before his eyes every day, something the twenty year old boy appreciated very much.

“I can’t believe you’d do this to me!” the guy was saying.

“Hey, listen…” Dean stood up, not bothering to cover his own nakedness and the erection that sprung proudly from between his legs. “Give the girl a break, eh? I saw her, she saw me, we got horny…it’s no big deal. Chill out.”

The guy frowned and took a step back when Dean went close and looked leeringly at him.

“You can stand there and feel pissed all you want, or you can join us and have a good time…” Dean
licked his lips almost unconsciously when his fingers grazed the guy’s naked abdomen.

“What…?” The guy looked perplexed, but Dean heard the hitch in his breath and knew he would get his way.

“You and Natalie…” Dean nodded at the girl. “Are both so fucking hot…damn, I think I’m gonna do both of you…” Dean let his hand cup the erection that was growing firm against his palm and smiled appreciatively at the response.

“You…I…I’m straight….” Gabriel started.

“Shhh…” Dean put a finger to the guy’s lips to silence him and stroked faster until the young man before him was way too aroused to think straight. Dean dropped to his knees and he heard the girl gasp with delighted surprise when he took her boyfriend’s cock in his mouth and sucked.

Gabriel’s fingers flew to Dean’s short hair and he lost all reason and any remaining coherence. That was a mouth that knew what to do.

Dean would have smiled if he wasn’t too busy sucking the guy off. Sex was not only his favorite past time, it was like an art, and if practice made perfection, then Dean had definitely mastered this art through the many partners he had had. He didn’t really mind if they were boys or girls; he enjoyed having his dick sheathed into warm tightness. Dean was drawn to beauty more than he was to gender. And he was drawn to a good challenge more than he was to an easy fuck.

“Bed,” he groaned and pushed Gabriel onto the bed where his girlfriend was now touching herself.

Gabriel fell onto the bed, his head still clouded with pleasure, the need to come buzzing in his ears.

“Change of plans, baby. Your boyfriend will fuck you as I fuck him, how’s that?” Dean’s eyes narrowed with lust and he didn’t give anyone time to reply. The moaning that was once again echoing in the shack was enough answer from everyone involved.

As promised, Dean took a surprised Gabriel and relished the wanton moaning he could elicit from the straight guy as he opened him up on his cock.

For an entire afternoon, Dean enjoyed the company of the couple. They alternated between sex and food and showering, and by the end of the day Dean had taken both the girl and the guy and come until all the muscles in his body were sore and happy.

By the time the two lovebirds left his shack, Dean was exhausted and pleased. He closed his eyes to drift into an easy, dreamless sleep.

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Sam opened his eyes when the clarity of the morning was allowed inside his room. He blinked a few times before shutting his eyes again and tried to ignore the light.

“Morning, prince. Rise and shine. Your father wants you up for the day is long and even longer will be the night.”
Sam took a deep breath, his eyes still shut, and realized he couldn’t just ignore the person opening the drapes further to let the sun spill over the balcony and up to his bed.

“It’s too bright, Crowley. Shut the drapes,” Sam ordered.

“It’s time to wake up, prince. Your father will be here at any moment and you need to be ready.”

Sam waited another moment before he gave in and pulled the sheets off himself. The moment he sat up in bed with his sleeping shorts, Sam could feel Crowley’s eyes studying him. The same thing happened every morning, so Sam wasn’t surprised at his interest. He knew exactly what Crowley was looking for. The same thing he looked for every morning, and the same thing he prevented by sleeping in Sam’s room every night since Sam had turned 12 and was caught touching himself for the first time.

Crowley was there to assure Sam had no privacy. Not in his room, and hardly a few minutes in the shower before someone would walk in on him and make sure he wasn’t doing anything he wasn’t supposed to.

All Sam knew was that his daddy didn’t want him to do that kind of thing. He had made it pretty clear when he had walked in on Sam pleasuring himself three years ago. Sam shuddered at the memory and started to look for his clothes so he could take a shower.

Of course some things were beyond his dad’s control. Sam had never done that shameful thing again, but it didn’t stop him from dreaming. And sometimes, when the dream was too vivid, Sam woke with his shorts sticking to his skin with the evidence of his pleasure. That was what Crowley had been looking for, but there had been no dreams the previous night.

At first, Sam didn’t know exactly why he wasn’t allowed to do what his body sometimes begged him to do, but he knew it had something to do with his blood and the way it tasted.

There had been a time, a little over a year ago, when Sam had woken up with his come drying on his skin and had gone to the shower quickly before anyone could notice. That night, as his daddy walked into his room, he had known it easily. Sam had tried to hide it but failed, and that was the first time Sam understood that whatever happened to that part of him became part of his blood.

Now, Azazel was a good dad to him, Sam knew that. Sam knew his dad loved him very much and did everything he could to give Sam whatever he wanted. Yet, that night when he had tasted something wrong, Sam had feared him. He was able to see, in his dad’s yellow eyes, how irritated he felt at what had happened, and he had made Sam promise that he hadn’t done anything wrong, that it was just a dream his dad’s servants had failed to notice.

So now, whenever Sam had one of those dreams, which happened quite often as he got older, Azazel was informed by Crowley, and that was a night he wouldn’t visit Sam’s room at night.

As he walked into the bathroom holding his clothes and a towel, Sam tried to shrug off these thoughts. It was his sixteenth birthday today, and his dad had planned a huge party for that night. Sam knew it would be an eventful day, but honestly, all he wanted for his birthday was time to himself without his dad’s spies all over him. A little more freedom to leave their posh house would be nice too.

Sam had spent pretty much all his life inside the walls of his father’s beautiful home. While it was truth that he had always had everything he needed, including a bunch of people ready to cater to his
every need, Sam was also tired of living his life in books and talking to the few, mysterious people that would sometimes visit his dad.

He left home once a week to study history, math, chemistry and Latin with his teacher, Bobby Singer. When Sam was young, Bobby used to come to the mansion for his lessons, but since last year Sam had been given permission to go to Bobby’s place to have his classes. Sam enjoyed that very much.

Bobby was more than a teacher; he was a good friend in whom Sam confided. It was Bobby who had explained to him part of what was going on in his life.

Sam hadn’t told his teacher the details of what happened at home, because Sam knew better than that. He was well aware that some things had to remain secret, so when he grew curious and stared asking questions, he tried really hard to make it sound casual. Sam didn’t know whether or not Bobby had read more between the lines of Sam’s curious probing, but he tried not to think too much of it. If Bobby knew what happened he had never shown it. He had, though, answered Sam’s question about the connection of blood to masturbation.

Testosterone, Bobby had said. Then he had spent about an hour teaching Sam about hormones and how they acted in the blood and other parts of the body. They were not supposed to have a taste, or a smell, at least nothing a human could identify, but Sam knew his daddy wasn’t human, and now he also knew why he didn’t like it when Sam had a wet dream and why he forbid him to pleasure himself. It was testosterone he tasted, and he didn’t like that.

Sam opened the tap and felt the hot water against his skin. He closed his eyes and relished the feeling for a few minutes.

Sometimes he wondered what would happen to him in the future. Would his dad keep things that way forever? Sam didn’t know if or when things would change, but he knew that it was really hard to be the boy his dad wanted him to be at all time.

The older he grew, the more it hurt having to repress any feelings of sexual desire. Sometimes he felt so aroused and so hard that it hurt. During most of his days Sam had managed to ignore that part of his biology, but sometimes it was nearly impossible. Without the possibility of finding relief, Sam would sometimes find himself having to spend two, three days hard pretty much all the time, his balls aching, his thoughts a mess. Then there would be a wet dream to help him relieve the tension. If he was lucky.

If he wasn’t…well, there had been that time when he had woken up with a hard on, pretended to be still asleep, and rubbed ever so slightly against the sheets to try and obtain some friction. Of course he had been caught, and the shame of being busted at least helped the feeling of heat go away.

“Sam? Hurry up, your dad wants to talk to you about tonight.” Crowley stuck his head inside the bathroom and took a look at Sam as he washed his hair.

“Ten minutes,” Sam replied. “I’ll be right there.”

“Good,” Crowley nodded appreciatively. “And prince?”

“Yeah?”

“Happy birthday.”
Dean woke up around midday and yawned noisily. He got up, naked, and went to the fridge where he grabbed something to eat. He could still smell yesterday’s sex inside the shack, so he walked towards the windows and opened them.

Then, he went into the bathroom, showered quickly and left. He had promised his dad he would work on the cars today, and he was already running late.

John Winchester was the town mechanic, and Dean helped out at his dad’s garage during the day sometimes. At night, Dean worked at a bar by the beach preparing all sorts of colorful and tasty drinks. Dean made a lot more money with the tips he got from bartending than he did helping his dad out at the garage, but he knew his father appreciated the help, and Dean enjoyed working with cars, too. Not as much as he liked his night job, but then, he supposed there was a simple explanation.

Working at the bar Dean saw different, beautiful people every night, and on very rare occasions did he end up going home alone. He enjoyed flirting. It was like a sport, and Dean was good at it. He took time to run by the beach and exercise his muscles to make sure he always looked good. Dean enjoyed the attention, the chase, the reward. For sure he enjoyed getting off, but it was much more than that. It started with a smile, a few words, a lingering look, and then the animal in him would be tempted to smell a partner and he wouldn’t rest until he got what he wanted.

Dean had never been turned down by someone he really wanted to shag. Whether it was a committed girl or a straight guy that caught his attention, if Dean really put his mind to it, eventually he ended up getting what, or who, he wanted.

He had started early, some could say. When he was thirteen years old he slept with his first girl. By the age of sixteen he had an impressive collection of sex stories to brag about.

Some people had tried to point out that his busy sex life was probably trying to make up for some kind of hollowness he had inside, but this usually just caused Dean to laugh. He had sex because he enjoyed it, because he was good at it, and because it was his favorite thing to do in the summer or winter. Whenever someone questioned him about whether or not he fell in love with the people he bedded, Dean just smiled and looked away. It wasn’t like he didn’t believe in love, but he had been with enough people to see the more clinical side of love, the part where you got what you wanted, sated your hunger and went each your separate ways.

He had never felt jealous of anyone he had sex with. Considering he saw the act pretty much as a sport, a hobby, Dean didn’t care much if his partners had other partners, and he hardly wanted to repeat the experience with the same person once he had gotten intimate with them.

Dean didn’t see a problem with that. Life was too short to dwell on such matters. People had different talents, he thought. Some people were born artists, some people were born rich, some people were born to be lovers, and Dean believed he was one of the last kind and thus had accepted his fate.

He left the shack where he lived by himself and walked a few minutes until he was at his father’s garage.

“Dad? Are you there?” Dean opened the gate and walked into the salvage yard.
“Dean?” John showed up at the door after a few minutes. “You’re late. Go get to work.”

“Yes, sir.”

John was aware that Dean was completely independent and didn’t need that job with the cars at all. Yet, he had always been firm with his commands, and Dean let John have things that way. He didn’t mind his dad giving him orders, even though Dean could just turn around and leave. Dean loved his dad. He knew his old man hadn’t had an easy life—Dean’s mom had died when he was just a child—and Dean admired his father’s strength to have gotten through that. Even though he didn’t quite understand the depth of a feeling like what his dad had felt for his mom, Dean respected that, almost worshipped that, and he made sure to visit his father often to spend time with him.

“What are you doing inside?” Dean asked.

“Research…you know, stuff.”

Dean nodded slowly. He knew his father was more than just a mechanic. The people in town might see John Winchester as nothing but an eccentric garage owner who fixed cars and had some very weird ideas about the world. Dean knew that some people thought his dad was crazy because of the things he read about and believed in.

John Winchester believed in Supernatural things. He was convinced that creatures walked among humans, and Dean knew that he had spent most of his life trying to prove it. Some people said that when Mary, John’s wife died, he had lost his mind completely, but Dean didn’t agree with them. He knew better than that. His dad was a smart, strong man, and Dean was very much inclined to believe his crazy ideas about people that were more than just human, people who walked among other people, but with the potential to be deadly in some sort of occult way.

Not that Dean had time to dedicate to that kind of belief, but he took his father’s work seriously, and hoped he would some day find something interesting, something that helped him let go of his past and the pain it still caused him.

Dean started working on the cars and had been working on them for a couple of hours when Benny found him.

“Hey,” he said.

Dean rolled out from beneath the vehicle and looked at his friend. “Hi.”

“Beer?”

Dean got up, wiped his dirty hands on his pants and accepted the beer.

“Thanks.”

“Where were you yesterday?” Benny asked. “You disappeared after you started talking to that girl. Cas and I looked for you, but then I told him you were probably in the shack banging her already.”

“That’s only partially true. Her boyfriend walked in on us.”

“No shit? What did you do?”
Benny’s lips parted and for a few seconds no sound came, but then there was laughter as he shook his head. “You’re the devil. I don’t know why I’m surprised after all these years.”

Dean chuckled. Benny, Cas and him had been friends since childhood, and they were used to each other’s habits.

“Where’s Cas, by the way?” Dean asked after washing down his throat with the cold beer.

“That’s what I’m here to tell you. Remember that party that Azazel will be throwing tonight?”

“Azazel? The richest and most arrogant bastard prick this town has ever known is throwing a party to show off how damn wealthy he is? No, didn’t hear anything,” Dean said with sarcasm. Everyone in town had heard about tonight’s party. It was the birthday of Azazel’s precious son, that was what everybody knew. Yet, few people knew anything about said son, and even fewer people were actually invited into the mansion.

“It’ll be an awesome party, you know? I’m sure Azazel won’t spare any money to make sure everyone who goes is talking about tonight for a long time. Cas even told me there will be live music and fireworks.”

“And how does Cas know anything about it?”

“He was invited.”

“No way!”

“Yes! He was hired to sing at the party.”

“That bastard!” Dean exclaimed. Castiel had the voice of an angel. He was trying to make a career in singing, and a lot of people in town were aware of his talent. Azazel seemed to be one of these people. “Is he going, then?”

“Yep. And so are we.”

“Come again?” Dean frowned.

“Cas got us on the list under fake names.”

“Uh, Benny? I don’t know if you got dumb or what, but pretty much everyone in town knows my face, and you know I’m not welcome at that place.”

Azazel and John Winchester had had some run-ins in the past. There was no love lost between the two of them, and with his power and influence, Azazel had made sure John Winchester was restricted to his cars and his research without having much attention from anyone else in town. The two of them pretty much hated each other, and Dean was sure that Azazel knew who he was.

“Well, that’s where the good part comes. It’s a costume party.”

“A costume party?” Dean’s lips twitched with a smile.
“Exactly. We can both go disguised as something else, crash Azazel’s fancy party, eat and drink ourselves stupid with the finest food and most expensive drinks, see Cas perform and be out of there without them having a clue we were ever in.”

Dean listened carefully to the idea.

“So, what do you say? Let’s go?”

“I don’t know…you know I want nothing to do with Azazel and his nasty bunch.”

“So take this chance to eat and drink on him. He would be so pissed if he ever found out he was opening his home to Dean Winchester!” Benny smiled and provoked.

Dean thought about it and felt himself warming up to the idea.

“It’s his son’s birthday you said?” Dean’s eyes lit up with mischief. “Let’s go wish the kid happy birthday then,” he chuckled lightly. The opportunity to do something he wasn’t supposed to and make a fool of his father’s enemy was too irresistible. “Tell Cas we’re going.”

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tbc..... I guess *feeling anxious*
“Samuel?”

Azazel walked into his son’s room and found him in the balcony, staring into the darkening sky.

Sam turned around and saw the smile on his dad’s face as he studied Sam’s costume.

“Lovely. I knew it would look perfect on you.”

Sam gave a side glance at the pair of feathery wings and shrugged. He had put on the special costume his dad had chosen for him—white jeans, white shirt, silver tie, and a large pair of wings to top off the angelic look. He thought it was cheesy, but he knew his dad was pleased with what he saw so Sam didn’t say anything.

“Are you excited about tonight? About your party?”

“Yes, Dad. Thank you.”

Azazel frowned and studied the boy. “What’s wrong, Samuel?”

Sam closed his eyes and sighed. Where could he begin? Sometimes he felt as if everything in his life was wrong. There were wings on his back now, but Sam felt caged, more like a bird rattling against iron bars, not knowing what freedom tasted like.

“Nothing. I just…I just wish I had more time for myself, you know.”

“Do you want time alone so you can be naughty?”

Sam’s heart skipped a beat and he felt his cheeks coloring.

“No, that’s not what I meant.”

“Good, because you know you’re not supposed to—”

“I know, Dad,” Sam cut him off hurriedly. “I just wanted to go out, to do things other people do. You invite a lot of people in but you hardly let me go out.”
“I see. Well, I do this to protect you. You know I like to keep an eye on you.”

“You need to trust me. I know what I’m allowed to do and what I’m not supposed to do. Besides, you will know if something happens, won’t you?”

Azazel seemed to consider that for a moment.

“I suppose that’s true.”

“So why don’t you give me more freedom?”

The older man sighed and smiled. “My dear boy… I promise I’ll think about it, okay? But tonight let’s forget about thoughts of anything beyond these walls, because the most important people in town and, I dare say, in the country, will be right here tonight to celebrate your birthday.”

Sam smiled without much enthusiasm.

“And speaking of said people, c’mon.” Azazel put an arm around Sam’s shoulders. “Come with me, there’s someone I would like you to meet.”

Sam followed his dad out of his room and down the stairs to the big hall of entrance where a tall man stood under a shiny chandelier.

When Sam walked closer he could see the man’s eyes were intently fixed on him, and a smile came to the man’s lips, a smile that for some reason sent chills down Sam’s spine.

“Samuel, I want you to meet Lucifer.”

“Hello, Sam.” Lucifer reached out his hand.

Sam started at it for a second or two, but before it got awkward enough for his dad to disapprove, he reached out his hand and shook the man’s.

“I can see your father’s words didn’t do you justice. You’re much more adorable than he could have prepared me for.”

Sam looked into the eyes studying him but didn’t say anything. He pulled his hand back and forced a faint smile to his lips not to be rude.

“Samuel, Lucifer is the most powerful business man in the country. It’s an honor to have him here tonight. He came especially for your party.”

“He did?” Sam asked.

“I did, prince.” Lucifer nodded. “I wouldn’t miss it for the world.”

“Is he more powerful than you?” Sam asked his dad curiously, wanting to see the effect of his words.

Azazel chuckled nervously.

“Lucifer is the reason I am what I am today, Samuel. I owe everything I have to him,” Azazel said
humbly, staring into Lucifer’s eyes.

“You’re kind, my friend,” Lucifer smiled widely before shrugging off the matter. “You deny your own importance, Azazel,” he said and then looked at Sam again. “So, prince...your father hasn’t yet shown me all of the place. Perhaps you could give me a tour before the guests begin to show up?”

Sam narrowed his eyes in an analytical way.

“I’m sorry, sir. I’m afraid I still have things to prepare for the night. But I’m sure there are many servants who would be pleased to show you around,” he declined politely. “Now if you both excuse me... Dad? I’d better finish getting ready.”

Azazel seemed disappointed, but he nodded. “Yes, sure. Go get ready. Tonight is your night, you deserve the best.”

He watched as Sam turned around and went back up the stairs, leaving Lucifer and he alone.

“So, what do you think of him?” Azazel asked.

“He’s perfect. Just like you promised he would be. I want him, Azazel. I want him now.”

Azazel chuckled with delight. “I’m sorry, Lucifer, but you’ll have to wait a little. I promised you could have him, but he’s still very important to me.”

Lucifer nodded with understanding.

“How long do you think you’re gonna need him for?” ‘For how long can you keep him a virgin?’, was what Lucifer was truly asking.

“I don’t know. A couple of years maybe. He’s all yours when I’m done.”

Lucifer nodded. He knew he had to be patient. And honestly, now that he had laid eyes on Sam for the first time, he knew that waiting for him to be his would be a delightful experience he looked forward to, one that would pay off completely eventually. Lucifer was patient. He could wait.

“Excuse me. I need to make sure the final arrangements are all set.” Azazel nodded in Lucifer’s direction and left, too.

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The guests began to arrive as soon as the sun set in the horizon. At eight p.m., when Dean arrived with Benny, the party was full of people dressed in the most colorful and inventive costumes. Benny was wearing a black cape and black mask, and Dean was wearing the shining armor of a knight, and a golden mask he held over his face as they approached the entrance.

The two friends slipped in under fake names, and just like that they found themselves inside Azazel’s mansion, being served by his elegant waiters who carried trays with champagne glasses and helping themselves to the many kinds of tasty food served all around them.

“Told you it’d be worth it,” Benny said after accepting one more glass of champagne.
“Whatever,” Dean said before filling his mouth with food until his cheeks popped out. “I’d much rather be getting laid now,” he grinned when his words caused crumbs to fly out of his mouth.

“You’re disgusting,” Benny laughed. “Remind me again, why do I hang out with you?”

“Because I’m awesome, of course. You and Cas, you can’t live without me.”

“Right,” Benny chuckled.

“What time does he sing?”

“I don’t know. I think they’re gonna save the act for when more people arrive.”

Dean sighed and looked around the fancy and wide room around them. There were colors and gleaming outfits everywhere. There was music and laughter, and not for the first time in his life Dean wondered how Azazel had made so much money and whether his dad might indeed be on to something when it came to the arrogant and mysterious owner of that posh house.

“You know, look around…you might still get lucky tonight,” Benny suggested.

“I doubt it. Lots of boring old people in here.” Dean looked at a few faces near him before drinking some more champagne. “Besides, what with all these masks, it’d be really hard to tell whether or not someone is…” Dean let his voice trail off when his eyes found something that made his heart twitch. ‘really pretty’, he finished the thought to himself.

Benny was still waiting for Dean to finish his thought, but no words came out of his friend’s mouth. Dean’s green eyes stared intently at something, or someone, on the second story of the house, and judging by the way his lips parted with a small smile, Benny could tell his friend liked what he saw.

The white, feathery wings adorned such a sweet face that Dean was unable to look away. There were no masks, just the young face of a boy who looked bored out of his mind—his lips almost pouty, his hazel eyes lost in the distance.

Dean felt his heart thud with approval and his smile became larger, and that was when the boy looked down and their eyes met.

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Sam had hardly tasted any of the expensive treats the waiters were serving tonight. He knew his dad didn’t want him to drink, so Sam didn’t even bother looking at the glasses full of bubbles that swept past him at a rapid speed.

He was bored.

It was his birthday and the party was his present. He was supposed to be enjoying himself, talking to people, showing himself off, as his dad obviously intended him to. Yet, one look at the kind of people around him and Sam knew he didn’t feel like talking.

He didn’t know anyone there, except Lucifer, and Sam wanted to keep his distance from that man.
He had asked his dad to invite Bobby Singer, but so far Sam hadn’t seen his teacher yet. He wondered if Bobby would come. It was not lost on Sam that Azazel and Bobby weren’t exactly friends. His dad tolerated his teacher because he knew Bobby was the best one in town, and Bobby, well, he was being paid for his services. Although Sam liked to think that the older man cared a little about him, too. So Sam didn’t know whether or not his only friend would show up.

Besides, there was Crowley, every now and then he was behind Sam, watching him from a distance. Sam didn’t need to be reminded that he was being constantly watched. How could he relax and enjoy his party with the reminder that his life was not his own, that his dad had eyes on him twenty four seven, that he couldn’t make his own decisions?

Sam sighed and went closer to the rail hand where he let his elbows rest as he watched the people moving on the first floor.

He could see an array of costumes and vibrant colors. There were masks and capes and feathers, and at least the people there seemed to be having a good time, Sam thought as he listened to the rising sound of laughter.

And then there was him.

Sam’s eyes had been straying, not looking for anything, no hope and not a hint of excitement until they fell on the knight looking at him.

An icy gust of breath made its way out of his chest and past his lips, and Sam didn’t know how to describe what he felt when their eyes met, but suddenly the beat of the music was fading in comparison to the loud thuds echoing inside of him.

That was the most beautiful stranger Sam had ever seen.

He hadn’t seen many people in his life, that was true, and he definitely hadn’t been around a lot of attractive people, so maybe that was why Sam couldn’t look away.

And when that stranger smiled, because he did smile—a wide, confident, impossibly knowing smile—Sam felt a shudder rake through him and blur his thoughts.

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“What are you looking at?” Benny questioned as Dean’s eyes clearly couldn’t have enough.

“An angel,” Dean spoke softly, his eyes drinking every feature of that face that looked intently at him now.

Benny finally turned around and found what his friend was looking at. Who his friend was seeing. He shook his head playfully and yet with evident disapproval.

“I was kidding before, you know. Can’t you keep it in your pants for one night?”

Dean hardly heard him. The angel boy had just turned around and disappeared in the middle of the people around him. Dean’s smile faded and he narrowed his eyes to try and locate him.
“Where did he go…?” He whispered.

“Dean, seriously. We don’t know who that boy is, but we do know he’s in Azazel’s house. Stay away from him; you’ll get us in trouble.”

“Getting in trouble over that face is the kind of thing that makes life worth it, Benny.”

Dean was already moving towards where he thought the boy might have gone.

“You’re seriously messed up,” Benny said before he watched, helpless, as Dean left him behind and disappeared in the crowd of people.

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Sam moved when he couldn’t keep staring any longer. He felt his knees were growing weak and he could feel his pulse was fast. Who was that stranger? Was he a friend of his father’s? Sam hoped not. And he didn’t really think he was. There seemed to be trouble written all over that leering smile. And yet, Sam felt himself desperately intrigued by it.

When he made his way to the elevator he didn’t really know what he was thinking. He had probably stopped thinking altogether, because it felt like something easy and powerful had taken over his brain and kicked off any rational thoughts.

Yet, Sam wasn’t so careless that he didn’t look around to see whether Crowley was watching him or not, and he was. At the same time he tried to act cool about his hurried steps, Sam made sure he got to the elevator before Crowley had a chance to catch up.

When the door shut and he started to go down, Sam was alone and felt a discharge of adrenaline.

What was he doing? Why was he going downstairs? Did he really want to see that man from up close?

Yes.

Sam didn’t know why he wanted it, but never in his life had anyone looked at him with the same glint in their eyes, and Sam was curious. And eager. And nervous.

~ * ~

“Excuse me, miss. Sorry. Excuse me.” Dean tried to make his way past a lot of people with spacious costumes, and had to dodge waiters and trays of food on his way to the stairs.

The moment he tried to go up, though, Dean realized it would take him way too long. The stairs were full of people talking loudly and coming and going. By the time he got upstairs he didn’t know if he would see his angel there.

And it was then that Dean saw the elevator doors. He frowned at first, because he didn’t quite understand why there was an actual elevator inside a three-story house, but if that thing worked,
Dean was not complaining.

He gave up trying to climb the stairs and walked towards the elevator doors. His hand was raised halfway to the button he would push when the doors opened and revealed an angel from heaven inside.

When the doors parted to show the knight’s face, and the same smile, Sam sucked in his breath and stood still. From this small distance he could look into the green eyes studying him carefully, and feel the way that stranger looked at him…it caused the skin on Sam’s arms to tingle and grow hotter.

Dean drank in the sight before him. The huge, curious eyes, the hair that fell on the boy’s forehead and that he now ran quick fingers through. Damn, he looked beautiful. *Ready to take.* Dean didn’t think twice before slipping inside the elevator and pushing the button that would isolate them from the rest of the party.

The moment the doors closed and they were alone, the two young men stared at each other intently while the world drowned in silence.

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tbc...
Chapter 3

Dean couldn’t understand why that boy made all his senses alert but he did. There was something in his eyes that aroused more than just Dean’s desire. There seemed to be a silent, thick veil of mystery behind those curious eyes, and Dean stepped closer to try and read them.

Sam stepped back and swallowed hard. ‘Control yourself!’ His mind urged, so he took a deep breath and raised his chin a little, which made Dean smile further.

“You’ve just made a believer out of me.”

Sam’s eyes narrowed.

“Is that so?”

“It is. I now officially believe that angels are real.”

Sam’s heart skipped a beat, but he quickly took another deep breath to clear his mind off that strange haze.

“Are you that easily fooled, then?” He retorted, and this time there was a cocky smile on his lips.

That caused Dean to chuckle.

“I believe I am. When it comes to beauty like yours, I’m nothing but a fool.”

They felt the movement beneath their feet when the elevator came to a stop. To Dean’s surprise, the door that opened was not the one behind his back, but the one behind the boy.
They had just arrived on the top floor of the mansion, where a huge balcony held even more people with more extravagant costumes.

Sam took a step backwards, his eyes playful.

Dean was about to follow him out of the elevator and onto that huge balcony when someone else approached them.

“I was wondering where you were. Come, they’re going to start the fireworks.”

Sam felt Lucifer’s hand wrap around his arm, and suddenly he was being guided away towards the opening sky and the people who were excitedly waiting for the show to begin. He looked over his shoulder several times, to the place where the knight was, right behind him, following him closely.

Dean didn’t know who the stranger who had swept his angel away was, but he made sure to keep them within his sight. The way the boy’s head kept turning back in his direction with a glint in his eyes that spoke volumes was enough to keep Dean on the edge, dying to be alone with him again.

The loud noise of firecrackers bursting in the sky caused an uproar from the crowd. Suddenly, all eyes were up in the sky, watching the trails of light that danced with the stars in explosions of brightness.

Dean took the opportunity to get closer to the boy and the man who was now resting his arm around the boy’s shoulders.

Sam looked at Lucifer and smiled when he realized he was being looked at, but his attention was truly lying in the movement he could feel behind him. He didn’t have to look to know the knight was watching him from a small distance. It was like Sam could feel that stranger’s eyes burning on him.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?” Lucifer was asking.

“Yeah. It is…” Sam took a few small steps backwards away from Lucifer’s arm, counting on the show in the sky to keep Lucifer’s mind busy.

He stood still and his breath shortened when he felt a hand find his own. He looked over his shoulder and saw the same striking green eyes studying him as the knight held his hand.

“You should go…” Sam mouthed the words.

“How can I? These fools may be impressed by the fireworks, but even the stars are envious of the light in you,” Dean whispered.

“You are ridiculous…” Sam chuckled softly, but he imagined he was blushing.

“And you are to blame…”

When Sam realized that Lucifer was looking for him, he felt the need to move fast.

“C’mon,” he said, tugging at the hand still tangled with his. “Elevator. Again.”

Dean followed the boy quickly as he led them back to the safety and privacy of the elevator, except this time when the doors shut on them, Dean pushed the one button that could buy him time.
“What have you done?” Sam’s eyes widened when he felt the elevator stop moving and get stuck in
the middle of its way down.

“Just getting to know you.”

Sam could see those green eyes so close to his face, and the moment the knight touched his cheek
with the back of his hand, Sam’s heart slammed against his chest and his lips parted.

Dean narrowed his eyes at the complexity of feelings in the boy’s tentative stare. His hazel eyes were
wide and almost fearful, and yet, the boy’s body was clearly enjoying their closeness.

“If you look this good, I can only wonder what you’re gonna taste like…”

Sam’s breath became short and strangled when the stranger’s face came closer and his breath puffed
against his cheeks. Sam still had time to see the knight’s lips parting slightly before Sam shut his eyes
fiercely and closed his fists tightly.

The kiss was soft. Softer than what Sam was expecting. Hell, he didn’t know what he was
expecting. He had never kissed anyone before, and he didn’t know what to do so he waited, he
waited with his heart beating in every corner of his body as the young man dressed in shining armor
pressed their lips together.

Dean relished the warmth of the boy’s lips on his own, and their softness, too. But it wasn’t enough;
it was far from enough. He let his tongue tease between the boy’s lips, begging for entrance.

Sam parted his lips more out of surprise than because he knew what to do. The moment the
stranger’s tongue was inside his mouth, licking at his, Sam shuddered and it felt like his body had
started to burn.

Suddenly, it wasn’t just the tongue inside his mouth, it was the body pressed against him, pinning
him to the wall behind his back. Sam could feel the heat underneath the armor, and when a pair of
hands ran softly up his bare arms, goosebumps broke on his skin and Sam shook.

Dean felt the tremors and pulled away. What he saw went straight to the core of his hunger. The
boy’s lips were glistening with his saliva, his eyes were wildly lost and drowning with lust, and Dean
could feel the heat against his fingertips.

“God…You’ve no idea how badly I want you right now…” Dean’s voice dropped to something low
and promising before he captured the boy’s mouth in a searing kiss.

Sam’s head was spinning. This time the kiss wasn’t soft. This time he felt like his mouth was being
stripped naked under that stranger’s knowing skills. He let himself be kissed passionately, and as
their tongues rubbed messily, Sam felt himself swell with need.

Dean’s lips moved to the lovely column of exposed flesh on the boy’s neck, and he planted small,
butterfly kisses on his skin before sucking at the place where the angel’s neck and shoulder met,
licking at the skin as if he licked his favorite ice cream.

“Hmm.” Sam squirmed. The ticklish feeling aroused him to the point where he couldn’t hide
anymore. He had never been touched like that, and his body didn’t quite know how to react. The lips
and tongue sucking on his neck made him stiff, and when Sam closed his eyes and panted he
couldn’t remember his own name.

Dean slipped one leg between the boy’s parted ones and smiled against his skin at the feeling of hardness pressing against his leg. He loved that the angel boy was already so hard from so little. Dean could hardly wait to possess him. Right now, he could have eaten him with a spoon.

“Holy heavens…you’re gonna be the death of me…” Dean whispered. “So hot from so little…you make me wanna do things to you, all sorts of things…”

Sam felt the whispered words against his ear, felt the leg pressing against his undeniable erection, and all he could do was grit his teeth not to let any moan escape his lips. His head was clouded, his blood was buzzing. It had been so long, there was so much craving in him…

“You know what I’d like to do to you?” Dean asked, his eyes not so green anymore. It seemed like lust had made his voice thicker, his eyes darker, and Sam caught himself helplessly listening to the words the stranger whispered in his ear. “I would like to lick you…” Dean swallowed hard. “…in places that would make you blush if I told you.”

“Mm,” a strangled moan escaped Sam’s mouth when he felt the knight move his leg, rubbing it rhythmically against his arousal.

Dean could feel the boy shuddering between his body and the wall behind him. He could smell his desire, and it drove him wild.

Sam’s fingers tightened into fists and he thrashed against that stranger’s body. He bucked and rubbed himself against the leg between his thighs. He couldn’t control himself anymore.

Dean licked at his ear slowly and let his lips brush the skin. His hand went lower and grabbed at the boy’s hip when his words came slurred and moist into the boy’s ear. “I’d tease you so softly until you opened against my fingertips like a flower…”

“MM!” Sam blacked out for a few seconds. He didn’t even see it coming. His body bucked forward and his legs faltered. He came so fast and so hard that for a brief second he thought he would fall on his knees.

Dean frowned. Had the boy just…? He narrowed his eyes and studied the blushing cheeks, the fluttering eyelashes, the clipped breathing.

Could it be? Had he made him come with just a few words and a little touching? That was just fucking unbelievable. The thought that the boy was so sensitive to touching was maddening. Dean wanted to push him to the floor and ravish him right now; he wanted to push his way into his body and claim him completely.

Yet, when those hazel eyes opened and looked fearfully at him, with equal amounts of lust and insecurity, Dean’s heart twitched and he didn’t say anything. He leaned over and kissed the boy again, gently this time, surprisingly sweet.

Sam kissed that warm mouth like he was drowning.

When the kiss ended and they looked into each other’s eyes, Sam wondered if the stranger would say something about what had just happened to him. Sam wondered if he would taunt him or make some wisecrack about his loss of control, and Sam felt mortified with shame.
Yet, none of that happened. The knight in shining armor just looked at him with his penetrating green eyes and let his hand cup Sam’s cheek softly before running his fingers through his hair.

Not even Dean understood where the tenderness was coming from, but after the heat that had taken over the boy, there was something vulnerable and scared in his sated look, something that a part of him longed to soothe.

The moment was over when the elevator started moving again. The boys hardly had time to look at each other questioningly before the doors were parting and the rush and noise of the party were all over them.

“There you are! I’ve been looking for you.”

“Bobby?” Sam was surprised to see his teacher there.

“Yes, I couldn’t seem to find you. C’mon, your father wants a word with you.”

Dean felt Benny tugging at his arm and drawing him away.

“Let him go,” Benny whispered to Dean as he watched the boy dressed as an angel be dragged away from him. “We need to leave.”

“What? What’s going on?”

“I should ask. Where were you? You missed Cas singing.”

“He sang?”

“Hey, Dean,” Castiel arrived and smiled at his friend. “Benny told me you were chasing after some pretty angel and didn’t see my show.”

“I’m sorry, I…” Dean still looked around trying to find the boy who had just messed with his feelings.

“Benny’s right, though. We need to leave. I think they realized they got unwanted guests. What did I tell you about keeping the mask on at all times?” Castiel reprimanded.

“I can’t leave, I…” Dean’s voice died when he looked at a point in the distance where Azazel was putting a hand on the angel’s shoulder. Dean would recognize those yellow eyes and sneering smile anywhere. Now, as he stood in the middle of the cheerful people around him, Dean could see Azazel introducing the angel boy to another man by his side.

“That’s the one whose pants you were trying to get into?” Castiel asked when he saw where Dean was looking at. “Forget it. That’s Samuel, Azazel’s son. If anyone knew you got close to prince Samuel they would probably try to kill you,” he chuckled, but there was seriousness in his voice.

“Prince Samuel?” Dean felt his mouth dry and his lips part with disbelief. “That’s Azazel’s son…” He could feel the exact moment when the conflicting emotions began to swirl inside of him and cause havoc in his heart.
Sam could barely listen to a word his dad was saying. He nodded politely when he was introduced to one of his friends, but Sam could hardly wait to get away from them, and his eyes were still looking for the stranger with green eyes who Sam could see from across the room.

Eventually, Bobby realized there was something going on with his pupil and he paid attention to where Sam was looking at. When Bobby saw the same look of curious longing in the eyes of a young man dressed as a knight, he knew Sam was in trouble.

He pulled the boy closer to himself and further away from his observing father.

“That’s Dean Winchester,” he whispered to Sam. “John Winchester’s son. The town’s mechanic, remember?”

“The one Dad hates?” Sam’s heart sank.

“Exactly. There’s only one person your daddy hates more than John’s son, and that’s John himself. You have got to keep your distance, Sam.”

Sam swallowed hard and when their eyes met again there was a different sort of connection. One that felt thick with the weight of realization.

Sam saw two other men pull and tug at the knight—at Dean—and quickly draw him away, out of his sight.

“Do you know him?” Sam asked quickly. “Is he really that bad?” He wanted to know.

Bobby sighed and shook his head. How could he possibly answer that knowing what he did?

“It’s not my opinion that matters, kid, you know that. He thinks he’s bad,” Bobby nodded at Azazel. “And that should be enough for you.”

And then Sam looked at his father and froze when Azazel’s yellow eyes fell on him with a promise.

Sam felt fear creeping inside of him and turning cold all the heat from before.

The night was not over yet, Sam realized, and he had nowhere to run to.

~ * ~

A few hours later, when the guests had been gone for a while, Sam was lying in his bed, staring at the ceiling. He knew Crowley was standing in a far corner of his room, but Sam barely paid him any heed.

His mind was elsewhere.

His mind was seeing over and over again the face of the knight in shining armor.
Dean.

The green eyes that had stared so deeply into his own, the smile that set fire to his spine, and then... the words, the whispered promises that had caused Sam to buck and thrash with need...

Sam shut his eyes and took a deep breath.

He had never felt anything remotely close to what he felt now. His heart kept racing, and it was like the mere thought of that man and his closeness caused Sam’s heart to burst into tiny pieces that burned through his veins.

Sam didn’t know how much time he spent like that, staring at the ceiling but not really seeing anything except for the smile and the green eyes that were haunting him now. And the heat of him, and the smell of his body when they were close.

What the hell could he do now?

Sam felt like he was falling, and though the feeling was scary, it felt like he was falling into something liquid and bright, that wrapped him up with warmth and joy.

He was so lost in his thoughts that he didn’t see it when Crowley left his room and Azazel walked in, closing the door behind himself.

The older man walked slowly into Sam’s room and studied the boy lying on his bed. It took Sam a while to realize he was being watched.

“Dad? How long have you been there?” Sam hadn’t heard the footsteps coming closer to his bed.

“Long enough to enjoy the sight of you,” Azazel smiled and sat on the bed, near his son. “Did you enjoy the party?”

“Yes, I did. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” he said, running a hand through Sam’s hair.

“I’m glad you decided to invite Bobby.”

“Ah, you know. I knew it’d please you.”

“Ah, you know. I knew it’d please you.”

“It did. Thanks.”

“There’s no need to thank me. I just want to make you happy.” He paused and looked into the eyes waiting for him. “And I’m here now so you can make me happy.”

Sam swallowed hard and his heart raced, this time for an entirely different reason.

“Hmm? Are you gonna make Daddy happy, now?” He ran a finger up and down one of Sam’s bare arms, waiting.

Sam swallowed and nodded, sitting up in bed and tilting his head sideways.
“C’mon, Samuel…you know I like to choose a spot, don’t you?”

“Yes…” Sam whispered weakly. “Sorry.”

He stood up and pulled his sleeping shirt off his chest. Then, he lowered his pants and underwear until he was completely naked. Sam wondered what would happen the moment his dad realized what had happened, what he had done. Sam wondered if he would believe him if he said it had happened in the morning and Crowley had failed to report it. Sam was nervous.

Azazel’s eyes were half closed as he studied Sam with evident approval.

“Come here, then. Lie down.”

Sam complied. He lay back on the bed, his body taut with fear and expectation as his dad’s fingertips started to explore his skin.

The fingers ran over the inner side of his arms and legs, and Sam felt a small tug at his right thigh that caused him to spread his legs lightly.

Sam had taken a shower after the party, so he hoped there wasn’t any betraying smell on his skin. He knew it was a useless hope, because as soon as his dad—

“Hm,” Sam moaned faintly when he felt the teeth sinking into his inner thigh. The pain was sharp at first, but Sam was used to it. He shut his eyes and waited for the storm of rage when his dad tasted his orgasm in his blood.

Sam waited, but it never came.

Instead, Azazel drank from his blood for an entire minute before pulling away and licking at his red lips.

Sam looked expectantly at his dad, but he just smiled.

“My, my…you taste exceptionally good tonight, my prince.”

“I do?” Sam frowned.

“You do. I’ll have to be careful not to drink too much,” Azazel said before choosing another spot and sinking his teeth into it.

Sam had no idea what was happening. He was sure that his dad would taste the hormones in his blood and be furious at him. And yet, Azazel seemed awfully pleased as he drank his blood from different places.

Sam didn’t know why that was happening, but he was so relieved he relaxed. It was a miracle, and he wouldn’t question it too much.

Azazel pulled away and looked at Sam’s nakedness. Usually, his feeding on the boy had an effect on his young body. Azazel loved when Sam got aroused from his feeding. Not that he would ever touch his beloved boy in such a way that would taint him, but it pleased Azazel knowing how he affected the kid. Yet, tonight Sam seemed undisturbed by it.
“Are you tired, my sweet prince?”

“A little, yeah…” Sam lied.

“Then don’t worry. I’ll drink enough to put you to sleep. Just relax.”

Azazel shut his eyes and focused on how good the warm blood tasted in his mouth. He choose another place and sank his teeth again, unaware that the oxytocin running high in Sam’s blood was the sweetness he tasted above everything else.

Sam’s eyelids grew heavy as the drinking went on. He never saw his dad leaving. He never saw Crowley coming back and pulling a white sheet over his naked body either.

Sam never saw anything except for that radiant smile and the green eyes of the knight that had stolen his heart tonight.

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$tbc...$
Chapter 4

Dean took another look at Azazel’s mansion behind him and looked ahead as his friends guided him towards his car.

“C’mon, man. Let’s go. Azazel’s dog has probably sniffed us,” Benny said, referring to Crowley.

“I can’t believe the angel is Azazel’s son. How can such sweet perfection have been raised by that douche bag?”

“Dean, let it go,” Castiel intervened. “You’ll never see that boy again. Azazel’s son hardly ever leaves his dad’s house, and that’s pretty much all that anyone knows about him.”

Dean listened to his friend’s advice, but he just couldn’t accept it. His heart was still drumming after his encounter with his angel. Samuel was his name. Prince Samuel. That sure sounded fancy.

Yet, all Dean could really focus on was the look of sheer lust and helplessness on his lovely face as Dean slipped his thigh between his legs and teased him. Dean closed his eyes and tried to remember the small sounds, the clipped breathing, and the small rubbing that most certainly had lead to an explosion of pleasure.

His cock twitched at the thought and his heart raced.

“I need to see him again,” Dean blurted.


“They’ll kill you if you go back in there, Dean,” Castiel pointed out.

“They won’t see me. I’ll go through the backyard.”

“You’re delusional my friend. I can’t let you do that,” Benny argued.

“I need to see him again! Besides, they’ll be too drunk after the party. I can go in unnoticed.”

“Benny, help me knock some sense into him? You’ll get caught!” Castiel insisted.
“Getting caught means nothing if I get to see his face one more time.”

“Honestly, man, if you’re that horny we can stop at another party and you can grab someone…” Benny was saying when Dean took off the heavy part of his knight armor

“Don’t wait up for me,” the man dressed in shiny chain mail was already turning his back on his friends and leaving them behind.

“Dean!” Castiel called out after his friend, but it was in vain. Dean had already disappeared in the middle of the people still leaving the party.

~ * ~

He was soon just another person in a crowd of costumes and colors. Dean didn’t have to hide his face much, because as he expected, everyone seemed either too drunk or just too engrossed with one another to pay him any heed.

He walked back to the mansion, but instead of walking in, he went around it and found himself in the middle of the backyard. There were fewer people there, but Dean barely noticed them. He was looking at the windows on the second story and wondering which one belonged to the boy’s room.

He was aware that what he was doing now was risky and highly stupid, but Dean couldn’t talk himself out of it. There was something alluring in that boy, and Dean just had to see him again.

As he made his way among the laughing people, Dean suddenly felt a large hand resting on his shoulder and making him turn around.

“What are you still doing here?” Bobby Singer asked when he looked the young knight in the eyes.

“Bobby?” Dean widened his eyes. He knew that man. He was a priest and a teacher, and certainly the most knowledgeable person in town. He was also friends with his dad. Or at least he used to be. In the past, Dean remembered his dad being visited by Bobby quite often, but one day the visits simply stopped happening.

“I know you, kid, and I know you’re up to no good. Go home now before you’re in trouble.” although his voice was fierce, his eyes were soft, and Bobby hoped the young man would listen to him.

“I can’t Bobby. I have to see him again.”

Bobby shut his eyes for a second and shook his head. That was not good, not good at all.

“Who is it that you have to see?”

Dean didn’t reply. He let his green eyes study Bobby for a moment until the older man was able to read the answer all over Dean’s face.

“Forget him, Dean. Azazel’s son is off limits to you, and to everyone else.”

“Why does everyone keep saying that?”
“Because it’s the truth.”

“I just want to say goodbye to him, that’s all.”

“I know you better than that,” Bobby narrowed his eyes.

“Where is his room? Which of these windows?”

“You must be crazy if you think I’ll actually tell you…”

Bobby trailed off when he saw Azazel not too far from them. He tensed and looked more urgently at Dean.

“He’s coming. Quickly, you have to leave.” Bobby didn’t want Azazel to see him talking to John Winchester’s son. He had been careful to keep his friendship with the Winchester a secret, and he wasn’t about to let this be ruined now.

“I’m not going anywhere until I can see him one last time. And if you don’t tell me how to do that then I’ll just keep looking.”

“You’ll get caught,” Bobby groaned.

“So be it.” Dean shrugged defiantly.

“Dammit,” Bobby grunted. Azazel was close now. “Go through the backyard until you find a tall wall. You need to go over it, there’s a smaller garden there. Sam’s window is the second to the left. There’s a balcony you can’t miss.”

Dean smiled widely.

“Thank you, Bobby.”

“Just get the hell out of my sight, you idjit,” Bobby whispered. ‘This is not going to end well,’ he thought before opening a fake smile to congratulate Azazel on his party once again.

While Dean disappeared to the place Bobby had pointed him out to, he got closer to Sam’s father and couldn’t help but notice the small red dot on the white shirt he wore under his suit. Was that blood?

Bobby shrugged off his thoughts and greeted him. Perhaps things were already heading towards a bad ending regardless of what he did.

~ * ~

Crowley was sitting in a corner of Sam’s room as he usually did during the nights. The moment Azazel left, Crowley had walked in and taken his position in a recliner in the corner from where he was supposed to watch the boy through the night. The moment Crowley had walked into the room, though, Sam was already asleep. Azazel must have drunk a great deal of blood, because the boy didn’t even see Crowley walking in and sitting down.
That would be an easy night. Sam hardly ever moved, let alone woke up, in the nights after Azazel fed on him. That put Crowley at ease. Those nights he could even allow himself to sleep for a few hours without the fear of Sam waking up and doing something he was not supposed to. And tonight, after having had perhaps a few too many drinks, Crowley was thankful for the boy’s deep sleep, because as he sat in a corner of the dark room, he could feel his eyelids grow heavy and fall over his tired eyes.

That’s why, when a man walked into the room coming from the balcony, Crowley didn’t hear or see anything. He was in a sleep as deep as that from the boy whose bed the stranger walked closer to now.

~ ♀ ~

Dean walked past the open windows of the balcony and the curtains that moved slowly with every gust of wind. The moment he stepped inside the shadowed room, he saw the sleeping form in bed in the middle of it.

Before he went closer, Dean looked around and found what was probably one of Azazel’s guards sitting in a corner of the room. Dean looked in his direction for a moment, his heart beating fast, but the man didn’t move or open his eyes.

When Dean walked closer to the corner of the room where the man was sitting, he could smell traces of alcohol and see a small pool of drool in the corner of his lips. Dean smiled and felt a little more confident when he walked towards the bed.

The moment his eyes rested on the sleeping boy, Dean felt his chest tighten with joy. It was just a pretty boy, nothing he hadn’t seen before, but Dean could barely hide how excited he felt as his eyes studied the closed eyelids, the small, slightly parted lips, the brown hair falling on his forehead and covering his ear.

Dean narrowed his eyes with amusement when he saw what the boy was clutching so close to his body. There was a teddy bear in Sam’s arms, and Dean might have chuckled if he didn’t know silence was essential and if the boy didn’t look way too adorable like that.

Suddenly, the boy stirred softly in bed and Dean was forced to act before the boy opened his eyes and said anything. Dean covered the boy’s mouth quickly with his hand and when a pair of hazel eyes darted open with shock, Dean took a finger to his own mouth asking for silence.

Sam’s heart slammed in his chest and he could barely understand what was happening. The knight of his dreams was real, and he was back. Sam could see the moonlight shining through the open balcony and spilling itself on his chain mail, making it seem like he was glowing in the middle of the night.

Then, as if he remembered something important, Sam quickly looked at the place where Crowley usually spent the night, and he saw his dad’s servant deep asleep. That made him relax a little.

Dean removed his hand slowly and smiled at the boy whose eyes were still wide open in shock.

“What are you doing here?” Sam mouthed the words that were barely above a whisper.
“I had to see you again,” Dean replied, drinking in the sight of his angel boy and his adorable face.

“He might wake up at any moment,” Sam nodded in Crowley’s direction. “You should go.”

“Not without a kiss. Come to the balcony with me.”

Sam felt his heart skip a beat and his body grow warmer under the covers. Then he realized something and pulled the blanket up to his chin.

“What?” Dean whispered.

“Hand me that robe over there, please. I’m naked under this.”

Dean’s lips twitched with a leering smile.

“I wouldn’t mind seeing that…”

Sam just arched his eyebrows and didn’t move, so Dean did as asked and handed him a silver silk robe that was hanging nearby.

He then turned around and looked into the open window and at the stars in the sky as the boy behind him covered his nakedness.

When Sam was done, he hid the teddy bear beneath the sheets, even though the knight had probably seen that already, and followed him outside to the balcony.

“What is it—?” Sam never had time to finish it.

The knight slipped an arm around his waist and pulled him in for a kiss. Sam felt his knees buckle when a pair of strong arms wrapped around him and large fingers cupped his cheek to press him further into the kiss.

The boy shut his eyes and felt his heart slam against his chest as a tongue explored his mouth and set fire to his secret longing.

When Dean broke the kiss their lips were puffy and Sam’s breathing was erratic. Dean smiled at that.

“So you’re Azazel’s son…” Dean murmured.

“I’m Samuel. And you are the mechanic’s son. Dean Winchester.”

Dean nodded.

“My father doesn’t like yours,” Sam pointed out.

“I know. I can assure you the feeling is mutual. My dad hates your dad.”

“Then what are you doing here tonight? Why did you come to my party?”

Dean shrugged. He studied the eyes looking intently at him.
“I have a friend who was supposed to sing here tonight, so I came. I guess you could say I was curious to see the place.”

“You’re friends with Castiel, then.”

Dean nodded. “And you know Bobby.”

“He’s my teacher,” Sam nodded.

That made sense. Even if Azazel wasn’t a fan of Bobby Singer, Bobby was the man with the most knowledge about everything in that town. If Azazel could afford it, and it certainly looked like he could, he would hire the best for his kid.

“How come I’ve never seen you around town?”

“I don’t go out much,” Sam said softly and looked at his bare feet.

Dean stepped closer and put a finger under the boy’s chin to lift his eyes.

“That’s a shame for the entire world, you know? People should be allowed to bask in your presence, to see how lovely you are…”

Sam saw those green, flashing eyes locked with his, seeing deeply into his soul, and he felt his control slipping.

“We shouldn’t be talking. Our parents are enemies. If we’re caught together…”

“I don’t care what happens between our parents. I had to see you again, to touch you, to kiss you…”

Dean framed his face and brought his lips closer.

“Why…?” Sam asked weakly and felt his throat was dry. “Why did you need to see me?”

Dean licked at his lips.

“You put a spell on me, I swear to God. I can’t get your face out of my head.”

Sam shuddered when their lips met again. He was getting used to that feeling, and soon he allowed his tongue to share in some of the same tasting. With his eyes closed, he let his mind drift, and Sam felt himself reeling as the smell of the knight’s skin invaded his nostrils and messed with his thoughts.

“We can’t…” Sam pulled away, breathless. “I’m not…not what you think…” Sam shook his head quickly.

“I don’t care what you are. I don’t care what I am. Forget our families. Come with me, let’s go somewhere. Just the two of us.”

Dean narrowed his eyes and let his nose graze the boy’s neck. He could feel the quickened pulse when his lips pressed against the skin there.

Sam bit back a moan and stepped back. He could feel himself hardening again, and that couldn’t be good. He didn’t know how he had managed to get away tonight, but he couldn’t risk it again. That man seemed to start a fire inside of him and Sam couldn’t handle all that heat.
“We can’t…and I need to go back inside. If Crowley wakes up I’m in trouble.”

Sam made as if he would turn around but Dean held his hand.

“Wait. When will I see you again?”

“You can’t see me again.”

Dean paid more careful attention and realized it was fear he saw in the boy’s eyes. He snaked a hand around Sam’s back and pulled him closer gently.

“Sam…” He spoke his name sweetly. “Is that what you want? Because if it is, just tell me and you won’t see me again. I don’t want to bother you, I swear. I just thought that maybe you felt something, too.”

“I do. I did,” Sam blurted. “I…” he blushed and looked away. Suddenly, he was very self-conscious of the way he had humped the knight’s leg in the elevator until he came fast and wet in his pants.

“Then come with me.”

“I can’t…Dean…” Sam let the name roll out of his lips, and he liked the sound of it.

“Then tell me I can see you again. Tomorrow?”

Sam shook his head.

“I can’t.”

“When then? When do you leave this place?”

“I just leave to go to class. I see Bobby once a week.”

“Great. I’ll talk to him then.”

“Do you think he’ll help?”

“I’ll see that he does.”

They fell silent and for a moment just stared into each other’s eyes. Sam had never felt anything like what he did now. His body came to life when Dean touched him, and when he kissed him, Sam felt as if his body didn’t weigh anything at all, and was just a hot, throbbing mass of need.

“I have to…”

“I know…” Dean nodded. “Just kiss me again. I want to save the taste of your mouth so I can dream about you tonight.”

Sam complied. A few hours ago he didn’t even know what went on in a deep kiss, but now he parted Dean’s lips with his tongue and sucked on his lips greedily, as if that was the most natural thing for him to do.
Dean wrapped Sam tightly in his arms kissed his ear softly. “Good night, Sammy…” He whispered and kissed softly at the skin behind the boy’s ear. “I could stay here saying goodnight for hours.”

“You need to go…good night, Dean…”

Sam managed to step away. He was breathless and his blood pumped fast. He knew he should not see that man again, because Dean made him lose control of himself. And yet, Sam was desperately hoping that there would be a next encounter.

Dean studied Sam as he stood before him, the robe drawn tight around his body to cover his nakedness. Dean could hardly wait for the moment when he would lay Sam on his sheets, undress him, and then devour him completely. He could imagine how soft, how sweet it would feel to hold the boy in his arms as he pushed inside of him, as deeply as he could.

Suddenly, there was a noise coming from Sam’s room that startled the two of them.

“Go, quickly!” Sam mouthed urgently.

Dean nodded and turned around. He jumped out of the balcony and moved slowly against the wall when he was safe on the ground.

“What are you doing out here?” Crowley asked suspiciously.

Sam stood very still, hoping his body in front of Crowley’s would hide Dean so he could escape.

“I woke up and needed some air.”

Crowley cocked an eyebrow and studied the boy.

“What? Don’t look at me like that. I’ve been up for five minutes and I haven’t done anything.” Sam looked angry.

Crowley studied him a while longer in silence before speaking again.

“Let me see you, then.”

“No,” Sam swallowed hard with outrage.

“Fine. I’ll go get your father and tell him—”

“Wait,” Sam hated his life. He hated not having control over his needs. He just hoped that by now Dean was far away and could not see or listen to them in the balcony.

Sam opened the belt around his waist slowly, exposing his naked body to Crowley’s scrutinizing look.

The older man went closer and stared down at Sam’s sex. When he stretched out his hand and touched him, obviously looking for any signs of an orgasm, Sam shuddered with shame.

Sam gritted his teeth and felt something hot inside his throat, something that burned inside of him with rage and helplessness.
“It’s alright. Cover yourself and go back to sleep,” Crowley said when he was satisfied that the boy hadn’t been engaged in any kind of naughty activity.

Sam closed his robe and walked quickly past Crowley, his footsteps echoing as he made his way back into his room and covered himself with the blanket.

Sam was shaking when he found the teddy beneath the sheets and clutched it tightly.

He couldn’t see Dean again. It was too risky. He threatened Sam’s self control.

When Sam closed his eyes, though, he spent a long time toying with the idea of a next encounter.

--------------------------------------------

tbc...
Dean was finishing up with the dishes at the end of his night shift when his friends arrived. Castiel and Benny walked towards the counter and watched as Dean wrapped up another night of work at the bar by the beach.

“That’s interesting,” Castiel said casually.

“What is?” Dean arched a suspicious eyebrow.

“It’s the third night in a row that you finish your shift and there’s no one waiting to go home with you,” he teased.

Dean’s heart skipped a beat but he said nothing. He wasn’t going to fall for his friend’s provocation.

“Is it that angel?” Benny asked. “Are you still thinking about him?”

Dean sighed and put down the cocktail glass he had been holding. “What if I am?” he asked.

“Dean…” Cas softened his voice. “You won’t see him again. Believe me, I’ve seen the way Azazel protects him. He’s not leaving that posh prison where he lives anytime soon. Especially not to meet you.”

“You don’t know that,” Dean argued.

“He does,” Benny helped Castiel. “He’s been in and out of that place when they were about to hire him for the party. Cas has seen things.”

“Oh, really?” Dean put his hands flat on the counter and leaned in closer. “What kinds of things?”

Castiel shrugged.

“See? You don’t know the first thing about Sam,” Dean said and he felt a gust of fear when his heart throbbed at the sound of the boy’s name.

“I know he sleeps with a teddy bear,” Castiel chuckled and Benny laughed loudly.

“No shit?” Benny widened his eyes.
“It’s true. I’ve seen that,” Castiel insisted.

“So what? Maybe that was a special gift from someone he loves. Maybe his mom gave it to him. Are you seriously judging a kid because of that?”

“No,” Benny intervened. “He’s judging you. What’s up with you? Are you really not going to lay anyone until you can have him?”

Dean thought about that question and felt tense.

“He can’t have him,” Castiel insisted.

The truth was, Dean didn’t really know what he was doing. Yes, he was waiting for the boy, the angel he had met and kissed. He was waiting to see Sam again, but Dean didn’t know when that would happen, and the truth was, it was sort of driving him crazy with expectation.

He didn’t really think he would stop fooling around because of anyone, but for the past three days he hadn’t felt the need to bed anyone. He wouldn’t tell his friends, but getting home and jacking off to sweet thoughts of Sam and he in the elevator was what he looked forward to at the end of his shift.

“Shut up, the two of you.”

Dean narrowed his eyes and shook his head as his friends laughed lightly.

“I’ll see him again. Wanna bet on it?” Dean provoked, his green eyes flashing.

“I don’t,” Castiel said quickly. “The last time I bet against you I lost a hundred bucks.”

“I don’t either,” Benny added. “God knows what you’re capable of,” he grinned. “I guess we’ll just have to wait and see.”

“Then do that. Wait and see, because I’ll be meeting Sam again soon.” Dean hoped the confidence in his voice sounded louder than the insecurity.

~ * ~

It was ten days before Sam was allowed outside the mansion again. His dad had had to leave on business, and during the time he was absent he didn’t let Crowley take Sam to his classes. He preferred to leave knowing his precious son would be safe within the walls of his palace.

The day he returned from the trip he had taken with Lucifer, Azazel found Samuel asleep in bed, the teddy bear fallen beside his bed.

“Has everything run smoothly on my absence?” Azazel asked Crowley the moment he walked into the bedroom.

“Yes, sir. Nothing unusual. Sam took his classes indoors as you requested. He hasn’t done anything improper.”
“Good,” Azazel spoke absently as he leaned down and picked up the teddy bear. “You can leave now.”

Azazel heard the footsteps when Crowley walked away and left them alone. He sat by the boy’s bed and watched Sam sleep. His fingers toyed casually with the teddy bear before he settled the stuffed animal next to Sam’s face.

Azazel had read up on wild animal trainers who kept feeding big and deadly felines milk bottles during practice, as a reminder of the sweetness they had experienced when they were cubs.

The teddy bear Sam had from when he was a baby was, Azazel hoped, a reminder of the docility of his childhood. He encouraged Samuel to keep his toys, and tried to make sure the boy carried some of his childhood habits with him in the hope that his innocence would last longer.

There had been times when Samuel had shown him a glimpse of the inevitable future by trying to resist Azazel’s commands. There had been times when Sam gave obvious signs that he was growing out of his childish feelings. Yet, for as long as he could help it, Azazel would make sure his child remained pure and virginal.

Sam stirred in bed and opened his eyes. He looked at his dad watching over him and felt the teddy bear that had been pushed against him.

“You’re back,” Sam said.

“I am.”

“When did you arrive?”

“In the middle of the night.”

“How was the trip?”

“Just boring business stuff,” Azazel said as Sam stretched and sat up in bed. “I won’t bother you with it.” He studied the boy and ran his fingers through his disheveled hair. “How were things here while I was gone?”

“Boring, too. I miss going out for my classes. You promised you’d give me more freedom.” Sam thought of that magic night in which a knight dressed in shining armor had made his heart throb. Said knight, Dean, had been making his dreams much more interesting for the past nights, and Sam could hardly wait to see him again.

“Crowley told me you’ve been a good boy. Is that so?”

Sam lowered his eyes to the bedspread. “You don’t trust me,” he mumbled, accusingly.

“I do, sweet prince. You’re just so precious to me; you cannot blame me for being overzealous.”

Sam tensed a little when his dad took his wrist to his mouth and kissed the sensitive skin there.

“I’ll be busy for the next few weeks, Sam. Lucifer and I have important business to take care of, so now more than ever I’m going to have to trust you to be a good boy. Can you do that for me?”
Azazel licked over the pulsating vessel just below Sam’s milky skin.

“You know you can. Now will you let me go to classes? Will you give me more time outside?”

Azazel’s yellow eyes seemed to burn into Sam’s, and for a moment Sam’s heart raced.

“Sure,” Azazel smiled. “As long as you take Crowley with you to assist in whatever you need…”

“I can do fine without him.”

“I know. But either you take Crowley with you, or you can do fine here.” Azazel was reluctant to let Sam interact with other people. He had been protecting him all his life. Yet, he feared that the longer he tried to keep Sam away, the more rebellious he would grow, and he couldn’t have that. Making sure Crowley would be there to keep an eye on the boy was a good idea. Azazel knew that Crowley was terrified of disobeying him, and that he feared for his life for what could happen if he let someone close enough to taint Sam’s innocence.

Sam’s lips tightened. He knew there was no point going against his dad. He would just have to find a way to be smarter than Crowley, but Sam thought he could pull it off.

“Okay, Dad.”

“Good. Now be a good boy and get dressed. I’ll be expecting you for breakfast.”

Sam was about to move when Azazel’s hand tightened around his wrist and held him where he was.

“I meant your breakfast. I’ll have mine now,” he smiled wolfishly and sank his teeth into the skin of Sam’s wrist, allowing for blood to flow into his mouth.

“Hm,” Sam moaned sharply at the unexpected pain. He frowned and then relaxed, watching and waiting as his dad had his way.

A few minutes later, when Azazel let him go, he licked at his lips appreciatively.

“My sweet boy…” The man caressed Sam’s cheek softly. “You taste like paradise on earth. I wish I could have more, but I know you have a busy day ahead.” Azazel usually drank more from Sam before bedtime, because depending on the amount of blood he drained he knew the child would be weak and unable to get up. He needed to wait to have more, even though Samuel tasted spectacularly hard to resist.

“Get ready and come downstairs,” Azazel said as he got up.

“Thanks, Dad…” Sam swallowed hard and started to look for his clothes.

The moment Azazel was gone Sam took a deep breath, relishing being alone in his room. The feeling, though, was as short lived as it always was. Not a minute later Crowley was there to watch him as he changed into his daily clothes.

“I have class today,” Sam said, looking at his dad’s servant. “And you’re to accompany me to it.”

“So I’ve been told, prince,” Crowley bowed his head lightly. “It’ll be my pleasure.”
'And my nightmare', Sam thought to himself, wondering how he would manage to lose his father’s watchdog and meet Dean once again.

~ * ~

Sam had his breakfast quickly and watched his father pace around the living room back and forth as he spoke on the phone. The thought that his father would be too busy to pay him further heed was encouraging, and Sam went up and started to get ready to leave.

He took a shower while Crowley watched him from a corner. The moment was so usual that it shouldn’t bother him anymore, but it did. Sam got dressed quickly and Crowley followed him down the stairs.

“Dad, I’m leaving,” Sam said as he held his backpack over his shoulder.

“Aren’t you going to have lunch first?”

“It’s been a while since my last class. I’ll probably eat something with Bobby.”

“No junk food, I hope. You know how I feel about it.”

“No, Dad.” He knew, of course. Sam was aware that whatever he ate influenced on his blood and the way it tasted.

Azazel stopped what he was doing and stared at Samuel for a moment before letting his eyes focus on Crowley.

“Alright. You take good care of him.” Azazel’s yellow eyes narrowed briefly and Crowley could swear they flashed with a dangerous glint. He servant nearly shuddered.

“Yes, sir, of course.” Crowley bowed his head respectfully.

“I’ll see you for dinner then. Behave yourself.”

“I will.” Sam swallowed hard when he thought of the things he wanted to do. He wanted to see Dean again; he hoped he would. And he didn’t want to behave.

“Have a good class.”

Sam thanked his father and turned around to leave the mansion. A few moments later, Crowley was opening the door and letting Sam into the black limo Azazel owned.

After ten days of longing to be outdoors, Sam was finally on his way to meet his teacher, and he hoped Bobby could give him some information on how to find Dean Winchester again.

~ * ~

John watched from the door as his son worked on the black Impala in the garage. He sipped from a
cup of coffee slowly and let his thoughts swirl away with the smoke coming from the dark liquid.

“Oh, hey Dad,” Dean said when he realized his father was looking at him. “I’ve stopped by to finish working on this beauty.”

“You went to Azazel’s home,” John said slowly, his voice seeming expressionless.

Dean stopped what he was doing and wondered what his father was thinking right now. Was he mad? He seemed mad.

“Yeah, I did. Cas was going to sing in there, so I crashed the party with Benny…you know, free food.” Dean tried to make light of it.

“You shouldn’t have gone,” John said simply.

Dean breathed in and out slowly as he thought of what to say next. He knew he was stepping onto thin ice now.

“It was just a stupid party. He didn’t even know I was there.” For some reason, Dean knew it would be better if he left the fact that he had gotten close to Azazel’s son out of the conversation.

“Still. You shouldn’t have gone,” John repeated.

“Dad, I know how you feel about Azazel and I agree, the guy is a prick, but—”

“You have no idea how I feel about Azazel,” John lowered his voice to something somber, and something in his father’s eyes made Dean stir.

“Well, I would know more if you talked to me about him. All you ever tell me is that he’s not a good person and that I shouldn’t trust the bastard. It wouldn’t hurt to be more specific.”

“Azazel is not a good person and you shouldn’t trust the bastard,” John said stubbornly and Dean sighed.

“What has he ever done to you?” he asked.

John finished sipping his coffee and licked his lips.

“Stay away from that man, Dean. He’s dangerous.”

“His son didn’t seem so bad,” Dean let the words out of his lips before he could stop himself.

John seemed to turn to salt where he was. His fingers tightened their grip on the cup not to let it fall, and his eyes were absolutely unreadable.

“Stay away from him, too,” John said raspily.

Dean watched when his father turned around and disappeared into the house.

“Dad?” Dean followed his father inside. “What’s going on? Why don’t you tell me what’s wrong with Azazel and his family? The people in town…”
“The people of this town are idiots,” John said curtly. “They don’t know the first thing about the man who rules their city.” John carried a rifle and looked for his hat. “I’m going to hunt some foxes. Don’t wait up for me.”

Dean watched as his father walked past him and into one of the cars in the salvage yard.

Not for the first time in his life Dean found himself wondering what it was that had happened between Azazel and his dad. Sam had told him that Azazel hated his dad, which meant that John’s feelings weren’t one sided.

Dean might have given it further thought, but soon Castiel and Benny were rushing into the garage and looking expectantly at him.

“What do you want?” Dean asked at his friends’ grinning faces, his mood foul.

Castiel and Benny exchanged a knowing look and chuckled.

“Is John in?” Benny asked.

“No. My dad’s just left. Why?”

“We come bearing news,” Castiel snickered.

“What kind of news?” Dean frowned.

“Guess who’s just been seen walking into Bobby Singer’s church for his classes?”

Dean’s heart seemed to spiral into his chest, in a clear threat of trying to steal his breath away.

“Holy shit, man. You’re eyes have just sparkled,” Benny teased.

“Shut up,” Dean said quickly, barely paying the provocation any heed. “Is Sam there? Is this a joke?”

“No. It’s no joke,” Benny said. “Castiel here has just seen the black limo stop and Azazel’s son get off and walk into the church.”

Dean looked at Castiel, his eyes craving a confirmation.

“It’s true,” Castiel said. “Your precious angel is now talking to Bobby.”

“Hey, where are you going?” Benny asked the moment Dean dropped the tools he had been holding and made it for the house.

“Shower. I can’t meet my angel covered in oil, now can I?” Dean flashed a radiant smile and his green eyes lit up the gray morning.

 tcbl...
Chapter 6

Sam arrived at the church where Bobby Singer lived and where he kept a neat classroom and library one could reach by taking the stairs behind the altar and going down. He got out of the car and Crowley followed him to the entrance.

“You can stay in the car,” Sam said.

“I must go everywhere with you, prince.”

“Not to class. Bobby will be there with me.”

“I can’t see Bobby anywhere, and until I do…”

“Hi, Sam,” Bobby showed up at the church door and smiled at the youngster. “Ready for class?”

“I am.” Sam’s eyes lit up when he saw his friend and teacher.

“You can leave him under my care, Crowley. We’ll let you know when class is over so you can take him back.”

Crowley narrowed his eyes at Bobby and Sam thought he saw the hint of smile that was half disgust and half sarcasm.

“Alright, then. See you later, prince.” he bowed reverently and went back to sit in the car.

Sam sighed with relief when Bobby walked him into the church and towards the classroom in the back.

“Good to see you, Sam. It’s been a while,” Bobby said as they walked into the room that had a black board, an old wooden desk, a few chairs, and a tall bookcase filled with all sorts of titles.

“I know. Dad wouldn’t let me come sooner.”

“I see…” Bobby studied the kid. “I hope all is well, though…?”

“Yeah, everything’s fine. Thanks for coming to my birthday party.”
“You’re welcome. It was a magnificent event.”


Bobby looked at the sad smile on those boyish features and wondered what was really going on inside the boy’s head. It wasn’t that Sam looked sad, it was just…there was something about him, some sort of shadow in his bright eyes that always made Bobby curious.

“I’m sure he does. I hope you had some fun, though.”

Sam sucked in his breath and his heart raced when he thought of the knight and him in the elevator, and how it had felt when they kissed, and when Dean—Dean Winchester!—had touched him…

Bobby was organizing the chairs when he looked up and frowned. Sam’s features had shifted to something different, and Bobby wondered if John’s kid had anything to do with that. After all, he did remember Dean asking him about Sam’s bedroom at the end of the party. Bobby hoped he was just imagining things, because the thought that Dean had anything to do with Azazel’s son was nothing but trouble.

“So, I’ve been thinking about our next lesson, and I think we might talk about ancient laws today. There’s a fantastic Greek book somewhere in here…”

“Do we have to?” Sam asked quickly. His heart pounded in his chest with a doubt that had been visiting him during his time awake.

“Uh…” Bobby shrugged lightly. “We never have to study anything particular, Sam. That was just a suggestion. Why, is there something else you would like us to talk about?”

“Chemistry, maybe?” Sam offered. “You know…the part about hormones and stuff…”

Bobby narrowed his eyes and it wasn’t lost on him the way Sam seemed slightly edgy. He wondered whether the kid had something he wanted to ask him.

“All right. What kind of hormones do you have in mind?” Bobby probed.

Sam licked at his lips nervously and thought carefully about his next words.

“Once you told me that hormones have no taste. Not that we would notice anyway…”

“Yes…” Bobby remembered telling Sam that it was nothing a human would be able to taste, but he choose not to say anything about that.

“Well…so if we could…maybe some hormones would taste bad, right?” Sam frowned. “Like…say…testosterone?”

“I suppose… I honestly don’t know something like that.”

“I wonder if there is…you know,” Sam went on despite Bobby’s puzzled look. “A hormone that might actually taste good?” ‘You taste exceptionally good tonight’, the words echoed in Sam’s mind, the words his daddy had spoken to him the night after the party. Sam had had an orgasm, and yet, when Azazel drank his blood he tasted something good, something that overlapped the taste of the
testosterone released in his blood.

“That’s a tricky question considering I don’t really know what hormones might taste like.” Bobby wondered what it was that lay behind Sam’s question. What did the kid really want to know?

“I know…” Sam seemed frustrated. “But if there was one hormone that tasted good, which one would it be?” Sam asked, and then seemed to have a better idea. “What is the greatest hormone of them all?”

“I’ve told you before, each one has a different function, and they’re all equally important…”

Sam looked disappointed.

“But…” Bobby went on and he could swear the kids’ eyes lit up at that but. “I suppose that if something tasted good it would probably be the love hormone.”

“The love hormone?” Sam felt his heart race.

“Oxytocin, remember? We talked about it.”

“I guess…” Sam tried to think hard about their previous classes on the subject. “Isn’t it the one responsible for women giving birth and then breast-feeding?” He didn’t understand the connection.

“It is,” Bobby seemed pleased that the boy remembered. “But it’s also the hormone which levels will increase dramatically when one falls in love.”

Sam didn’t blink.

“I’ve read some studies that have shown high levels of oxytocin in people who claimed to be madly in love with someone else, and said levels were particularly high when they were exposed to the object of their affection. So yeah, maybe this is something that would taste good if we could, you know, taste it.”

Sam nodded slowly and fell silent. That made sense. That made a hell of a lot of sense. The night Dean showed up at his house his feelings had been wild. Sam didn’t know if he was in love, but he knew his heart had raced erratically, and his blood had seemed to pump several degrees hotter the night he and Dean Winchester met and kissed.

“Why are you so interested in hormones?” Bobby asked casually. He had some ideas, but they were almost too terrible to even let his mind near them.

“Never mind…”

“You can tell me, Sam. You know that whatever you want to say to me it’s between us, right? I won’t have to tell anyone.” ‘I don’t answer to your father,’ Bobby had thought of saying but then chose to stay silent.

For a moment Sam felt tempted to say something. As far as he was concerned, no one had any idea what his father really was. Sam wasn’t entirely sure what to think of him. He knew his father sometimes drank his blood, and he certainly knew there was something supernatural about his dad, something other people couldn’t know about, shouldn’t know. And it was his dad, and he was good to him; Azazel loved him. Sam had to be careful about what he spoke of his dad to others, even if
Bobby did seem like someone safe…

Sam’s thoughts were cut off when someone started banging on a small door at the back of the room.

“Who’s it?” Sam asked while looking at said door. That wasn’t the door he had walked through before. That door probably led to a different street from the one the limo was parked. It couldn’t be Crowley, could it?

“I don’t know. I’m not expecting anyone.” Bobby walked towards the door as Sam watched him intently. “Who’s there?”

“Bobby, it’s me.”

Sam felt a discharge of adrenaline travel his body and stood perfectly still.

“Dean?” Bobby walked closer to the door. “What are you doing here? Go back home, I’m busy.”

“Open up, Bobby. I know who’s there.”

Sam could swear his heart slammed loudly in his chest.

“That’s why you should go home. Come back later,” Bobby tried.

“Let him in,” Sam heard himself saying.

Bobby looked the kid in the eyes as the knock on the door came back, more insistent this time.

“Are you sure? We have a class to study now. He can return later.”

“It’s okay, really.” Sam tried not to seem as excited as he felt.

When Bobby sighed and opened the door, Sam’s hazel eyes were able to see that wide, provocative smile that had already smiled upon him, and the flashing green eyes that locked on him instantly. He swallowed with some difficulty and allowed himself to stare back.

“Does anyone know you’re here?” Bobby asked.

“No. I avoided the butler by coming in through the back.” Dean winked playfully and Sam might have smiled, he didn’t know. He was too nervous to pay attention to his body’s responses.

“Crowley, you mean,” Bobby said.

“Yeah. Whatever. He’s in front of the church, so I used your secret way out.”

Bobby rolled his eyes. It was true, though. Few people knew about the back entrance to the church. Bobby had always thought that a secret way in and out might come in hand someday. Maybe he was just paranoid, but he liked having options. You could never know what tomorrow would bring.

“I told your father about this entrance to use in case of emergency.”

“Well, it is an emergency,” Dean smiled leeringly and walked closer to Sam.
Sam felt his breathing increase when they were standing close to each other. Part of him had desperately wondered whether this young man, Dean, would still have the same effect on him when they met again.

“How are you, prince?” Dean took Sam’s hand and kissed it with an amused mix of mockery and reverence.

Sam chuckled and retreated his hand. He thought he might have blushed. Yes, the knight from his birthday party apparently still had a strong effect on him.

Dean devoured the boy with his quick moving eyes. He drank from the shyness and wondered at the eagerness he could see lying there, just waiting for a moment to show itself. Prince Sam—whatever the hell he was prince of—was still alluring, and Dean’s whole body could hardly wait to be closer to him, to let his fingers brush over his warm skin and his tongue lavish over his soft lips.

“Dean, what is it that you want?” Bobby cut through the moment. “I have a class to teach Sam, and you can bet your ass his butler, as you called him, will be far from pleased if he finds out you are here right now.”

“That’s why he doesn’t need to know, right Sam?” Dean smiled and took a few steps back, his eyes, however, were still connected to Sam’s, as if there was hardly any distance between them.

“Right,” Sam agreed.

Bobby looked from one of the boys to the other, and something stirred inside of him, something he couldn’t quite put his finger to yet.

“I was thinking, since Sam is here and hardly leaves home, and since it looks like the sun is coming out, maybe I could walk him to the beach, show him some nice spots,” Dean licked quickly at his lips and his eyes danced with unspoken promises.

“No way in hell you’re slipping Prince Sam out of here.” Bobby frowned.

“Actually,” Sam spoke. “It does sound like a good idea,” he challenged his teacher. “It is a nice day and I feel like going for a walk.”

Dean smiled wolfishly at that and Sam and he exchanged a long, meaningful stare.

“Sam?” Bobby seemed outraged. “There’s no way that’s happening. You know I’m not allowed to let you out of my sight. If your father finds out…”

“That’s why he won’t, right Bobby?” Sam begged into the older man’s eyes.

“You can’t expect me to let you out with Dean,” Bobby sounded exasperated. “Crowley might come in at any minute and—”

“He won’t dare,” Sam interrupted him.

“If anyone sees you outside…”

“We’ll be careful,” Dean said. “As long as they think Sam’s here it’ll be fine.”
“No, no way!” Bobby shook his head vehemently.

“What if I order you to let me go?” Sam narrowed his eyes.

“Kid,” Bobby stepped closer to the boy and put his finger on his face. “You might be the prince of the whole fucking world, but I swear to God you won’t have that attitude with me, so just drop it.”

Sam smiled embarrassedly. He loved Bobby. No one would dare talk to him like that, and yet Bobby was fearless, and he cared for him, and Sam respected him for that.

“Please, Bobby…” Sam dropped the act and showed how much it meant for him. “You know what it’s like for me…” Sam didn’t have to say a lot, he knew Bobby understood exactly what he meant. His teacher knew he had no friends and no social life. “It’s just a walk outside. I’ve never really seen the beach up close. I’ll be back soon.”

Bobby looked intently into Sam’s eyes and could feel the moment his heart won the battle with his reason. He would be fucked if he let Sam out and someone found out, he would be really fucked, and ruined, and perhaps, if John Winchester’s theories had any truth to them, dead. But Bobby would be damned if he could resist the amount of loneliness that boy carried within. There was so little in Sam’s life that brought him joy—Bobby had known that for a while—it broke his heart saying no to him.

“If the two of you get caught…” he started but before he could go on Sam was hugging him.

“Thank you!”

“Let me finish!” Bobby pushed the boy away and pretended that demonstration of affection hadn’t warmed him inside. “I mean it. If the two of you get caught, I’ll say you ran away after tying me to a chair.”

Dean and Sam laughed.

“And if you aren’t back in a couple of hours, you know Crowley will grow suspicious, and I won’t be able to hold him off for too long.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll be back before that,” Sam reassured him.

Bobby could see the beaming smile on Dean’s face and it sent chills down his spine. So Sam had made a friend. It was terribly ironic that it had to be the son of his dad’s worst enemy, but Bobby understood how charming Dean Winchester could be. Like father like son. He just hoped this friendship wouldn’t get anyone in trouble.

“You!” Bobby walked towards Dean and grabbed his shoulder firmly. “You bring Sam back here in time or I swear to God I’ll kick your ass all the way back to your father’s garage.”

“I’ll take good care of him, don’t worry.” Yet, there was a teasing glint in Dean’s eyes that caused Bobby to feel exactly the opposite of relief.

Dean walked towards Sam and took his wrist gently.

“Let’s go?”
Sam felt his heart drumming in his chest and mirrored the adventurous smile on Dean’s face. He nodded because he couldn’t find his voice at the moment.

“Just…don’t get in trouble,” Bobby said as the two of them turned around and left through the door. “And come back on time!”

“Don’t worry!” Bobby heard one of them say, but he didn’t really know which. When Sam and Dean were out of his sight, he wondered how the hell he had agreed to something so crazy, and he hoped for the sake of everyone that Dean would keep his promise and deliver Azazel’s son to that church safe and sound in a couple of hours.

~ * ~

Outside the door Dean led them through a narrow and dark hallway.

“This underground passage will take us to Oak street. Far away from whoever is watching you.”

“Good,” Sam whispered, looking at the dark corridor Dean rushed him through.

They had been walking for about five minutes when Dean stopped abruptly and pushed Sam against the wall.

“What happened?” Sam’s eyes widened. “How much more until we leave?”

“We’re almost there,” Dean said. “That’s why I stopped.”

Sam frowned. Then he felt a pair of hot lips covering his mouth and wetness when Dean’s tongue licked his lips open. Sam’s knees buckled and he kissed back just as passionately.

When the kiss broke they were short of breath and their panting echoed in the stone corridor around them.

“I just had to do that before we’re out there,” Dean confessed and Sam smiled a little.

Dean closed his eyes for a moment and tried to control his urges. The boy still looked, smelled, and tasted like the angel he remembered. Dean could hardly wait to discover all Sam’s secrets and make him scream and lose his mind on his bed.

“Are we going to the beach as you said?” Sam asked tentatively.

Dean smiled appreciatively at the question.

“Of course we are. Don’t you trust me?”

Sam looked into the knowing eyes studying him and became very much aware of the way his blood rushed to certain parts of his body he desperately needed to keep under control.

“I do.” Sam heard himself whispering before Dean took his wrist again and led them out of that dark corridor.

The problem was, Sam felt the warm fingers touching his skin and the kiss that still tingled on his lips
and wondered whether he could trust himself, too.

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Azazel sat behind his desk in his office and looked over some papers. The more he expanded his business, the more he had to be careful with his numbers and staff members. Running a network of hospitals wasn’t easy, but given the way he was quickly rising to be one of the wealthiest people in America, he could be proud that he was doing a good job with it. Of course, none of that would have been possible if it weren’t for Lucifer and the investment he had first made in his business. Lucifer knew what he really was, and that didn’t seem to bother him one bit. On the contrary, the moment Lucifer had met him, he had seen in Azazel a loyal supporter who could help him expand his profitable business of making money off human diseases.

Money and power were Lucifer’s drugs, and since Azazel had joined him, he had provided his boss with plenty of both, increasing their numbers to astronomic proportions and making Lucifer the supreme emperor of hospital business across the world. Being able to offer hope to desperate people put him in an extremely powerful position, one Lucifer certainly enjoyed to find himself in.

Money and power. And boys. And girls. Particularly boys, though. Azazel knew his master had peculiar tastes when it came to achieving his sexual satisfactions. Thus, every now and then Azazel would present his sponsor with a lovely gift. A sweet looking boy in his early teens was usually enough to please his boss and sate his hunger. In return, Lucifer was aware of Azazel’s visits to their blood stash, where Azazel could sate his hunger without being too obvious about his nature.

The fact that Azazel was a vampire fascinated Lucifer more than anything else. There had never been a spike of fear in their relationship, it was like vampire and business director had simply connected as old best friends from the first time they met. Lucifer had seen the potential in Azazel, an ambitious doctor with striking yellow eyes that seemed to strive wherever he started working at. They had similar goals in life, now more so since Azazel had introduced him to his son, Samuel.

Lucifer knew what went on between them. Azazel had told him that vampires sometimes liked to keep virgin teens and drink their sweet blood from time to time. In a way, Lucifer had pointed out, Azazel and he weren’t much different when it came to their secret preferences. Azazel, however, wouldn’t have said anything in front of Lucifer, but he hardly saw himself as sharing the same wicked tastes. Samuel wasn’t a sex toy for him. On the contrary, Sam’s innocence was the sweetest, most precious thing about him, and if Azazel could, he would make sure Samuel stayed like that for his entire life.
That was unrealistic, and Azazel knew it. Therefore, when that wasn’t possible anymore, Azazel had promised Sam’s hand in marriage to Lucifer. Of course that had been just a vague idea until the moment Lucifer had actually met Sam. Azazel could then see in Lucifer’s eyes all the lustful admiration and desire to possess the boy. Indeed, after having lived over a thousand years of his immortal life, the vampire knew for sure there were few young men like Samuel in the world. Hence, Azazel couldn’t have been happier that his precious Sam had triggered Lucifer’s affection. If everything went well, perhaps in two, maybe three years, Azazel could see himself parting with his boy and handing him over to Lucifer’s eager care.

But those were thoughts concerning the future, and right now they didn’t bother Azazel much.

“Excuse me, sir?”

A knock on the door pulled him out of his reverie.

“Yes?”

“The CEOs are here for the meeting. They’re waiting outside.”

“I’ll be right there, thanks.” Azazel saw the man nod and leave quickly.

In the beginning he had been feared, that was true. When Azazel first came to Glasstown, with his impossibly yellow eyes, he knew people were tempted to judge him and reject him. But he worked hard. Azazel worked hard on his story and on his skills, and he kept his nature secret through all that. He had knitted a background story with perfection, the rare condition he had, a different kind of albinism that affected his eyes and that had caused him to be bullied all his life. Azazel had told his sad story to the right people, and kept a low profile when he needed to sate his hunger for blood. He had earned the trust of the right people in town, and discredited the ones that doubted him.

Azazel thought of John Winchester and couldn’t help the small sneering smile that came to his lips. Of course the mechanic saw past his disguise. After what had happened between them and what he had seen, it was no surprise that John had connected a few dots and realized there was much, much more to Azazel than a rare genetic condition that affected his eyes. Yet, who would pay an unschooled mechanic any heed? Who would they listen to when it came to it? A famous doctor with an impressive resume of important research and beaming career, or a man who had apparently lost his sanity after the death of his wife and went around claiming to see what no one else could?

The people in town respected him. They needed him. And no amount of crazy theories from a middle aged, lonely man would change that.

Azazel knew that John Winchester spent his days trying to prove something. He knew the man would dedicate his entire life to trying to prove there was something wrong with Azazel, but he also knew there was no way he would get what he was looking for. Azazel had John exactly where he wanted. And if things ever got out of hand, if the stupid mechanic ever thought he could be smarter than him and tried to screw with his plans, well, there was always the past. The past they shared, the past that linked them inevitably. There was that, and Azazel could rely on that.

‘They respect me. They need me’, he thought appreciatively as he adjusted the knot in his tie and got up.

He was in for a tense meeting, that was sure. A tense, boring meeting about numbers and real estate.
But nothing a visit to his son’s bedroom at night couldn’t change.

Azazel licked his lips and left his office.

~ * ~

They exited far enough from the church, but they were still both aware that discretion was needed.

As promised, Dean walked with Sam a while longer until they stopped by the beach. The sky was a deep blue, slightly darker than the water, and the waves broke with a smooth rhythm on the white sanded vastness.

Dean looked at the boy’s face as he took in the sight.

Sam studied the movement of the waves and the white foam they created. He felt the wind ruffle his hair and took a deep breath, until he tasted salt at the back of his tongue.

“Is it really the first time you’ve seen the ocean?” Dean asked, curious.

“Oh, I have seen it before. We drove past here.”

“So is this right now the closest you’ve been to the beach?”

Sam looked at Dean briefly and then let his eyes return to the blue green waters. He nodded slowly.

“Take off your shoes.”

“What?” Sam frowned when Dean started to get rid of his shoes and socks.

“Take off your shoes,” Dean repeated.

“Why?”

“C’mon!” Dean urged him until Sam ended up complying.

The younger of them took off his tennis shoes and socks, and held them with his right hand when Dean took his left one and pulled him towards the sand.

“How does it feel?” Dean asked eagerly, watching as Sam stepped on the soft sand for the first time in his life.

Sam had a foolish smile on his face as he felt the raspy softness of the warm sand slide over his feet and between his toes. It felt good.

“It’s nice,” he admitted.

“Wait until you get your feet in the water then.”

“I’m not supposed to get wet.”
“It’s just your feet, c’mon.” Dean tugged at Sam’s hand and rushed with him to the shore, where the waves washed over their bare feet leaving them with a cold, sharp feeling of freshness.

The beach was pretty much deserted at this hour. There were a few people walking here and there, and some brave surfers facing the icy cold water to practice the sport.

Dean beamed when Sam chuckled and kicked around a little. He watched when the boy bent over and let his hand dip into the water.

Sam took one of his fingers to his mouth and sucked on it.

“Salty,” he acknowledged with amusement.

Dean went closer and took Sam’s hand gently, taking the same finger to his own lips and past them, sucking softly as his eyes locked with Sam’s.

“Indeed,” Dean said with a sultry voice and watched him.

Sam’s features changed from happy and easy going to something shaky with anticipation. His heart beat faster and his breathing caught. He chewed on his bottom lip and wondered why it was that whatever Dean did to him, the smallest of things, seemed to wake up all sorts of desires in his body.

“C’mon, let’s walk around a little. I’ll show you a place by some rocks where you can have a better view.”

“Okay,” Sam agreed, eager to slide back into a lighter mood. “I gotta be careful of the time, though.”

“I wouldn’t dream of making you get late. Don’t worry.” Dean winked one of his playfully flirtatious winks, the ones Sam was growing extremely fond of, and showed Sam around a few of his favorite places.

They were sitting on the top of some rocks, appreciating the view, when Sam checked his golden watch and realized an entire hour had already passed.

“We still got time,” Dean said when he saw him doing that.

“I know.” Sam looked into the distance and hoped with all his heart time could move a bit slower. Never had he felt so happy. The beach, the wind on his face, Dean’s company…the taste of salt smelled like freedom, and Sam didn’t want to go back home.

“There’s sand all over my legs. I’ll have to wash up before putting my socks back on,” he said casually.

“C’mon then. I live nearby.”

Dean stood up and offered his hand. Sam looked into his green eyes and hesitated briefly. Did he want to go to Dean’s house? The man was still a stranger, and staying away from strangers was a lesson Azazel had taught Sam early in his life. All sorts of things might happen if he said yes. What if Dean wanted something, something Sam couldn’t give? What if Dean was only being nice until he got Sam somewhere he would be able to do as he pleased with him?

“Do you trust me?” Dean’s voice seemed to echo in his thoughts. Sam sighed, accepted the hand,
and got up as well.

~ * ~

Dean’s shack by the beach was a humble place. The moment Sam walked in his eyes covered everything inside, and it didn’t take them long. It wasn’t a big home. The only thing big and comfortable there was a bed, right in the middle of the shack. There was a bathroom in a corner, and another smaller room where there was some chairs, a fridge and an oven, and some cabinets where Sam supposed Dean kept his cooking stuff. Beside the bed there was a small night dresser and a wardrobe, and on top of it there was a large window through which Sam could see the waves breaking from a small distance.

“It’s no mansion, you can see that,” Dean broke the ice. He had never been ashamed of his place. He liked to keep things simple. He had everything he needed in that shack—his bed, a place to cook a meal or two, a place to shower and there was not much else he needed. Dean didn’t have time for TV or books. Life was much more interesting out there, in the real world, meeting real people. Besides, whenever there was a big storm heading their way he could always stay in his dad’s house until it was over. He enjoyed not having a lot of things to look after. “I like it,” Sam said, and he meant it. There was something honest about the place. Without any luxury or fancy decoration, the place was as raw as its owner. It seemed practical, light and inviting, and Sam felt good there.

“I’m sure you’re used to better things, though” Dean said casually, feeling a stab of insecurity.

“I’m tired of better things. Besides, they don’t have this view of the ocean.” Sam smiled and Dean mirrored him.

“You can use the bathroom to wash up.”

“Thanks.”

Sam disappeared inside for a moment to do just that.

Dean checked his clock and knew they were tight on time. That was not the way he wanted to take Sam, rushed and quickly. Yet, if that’s what they had, Dean wouldn’t complain. His desire was buzzing in his ears, and he’d had to concentrate all afternoon not to walk around with a hard-on.

When Sam exited the bathroom Dean walked past him and smiled. “Excuse me. My turn.”

Sam nodded and saw the door close behind the older man.

He knew they still had some time before he had to be back, and Sam was glad about it, but at the same time he wondered what they were going to do right now. After all, he had agreed to go to Dean’s place, so what if he was now expecting something else from Sam?

He took a few steps and stood before a desk in front of the bed. He turned his back to the bed so he could look at himself in the mirror on the wall. Seeing his reflection made everything seem more real and Sam chuckled silently. The thought that he was now in the house of the knight he had been with in the elevator caused his mouth to go dry.

When Dean left the bathroom without his shirt, he looked at Sam’s back as he studied himself in a
mirror. Sam saw Dean in the reflection and his heart pounded when the man in the mirror came in his direction until his naked chest pressed lightly against Sam’s back.

“Do you see something interesting in this mirror?” Dean whispered softly, his lips barely grazing the boy’s neck.

Sam shut his eyes and felt the goosebumps break on his arms and thighs. Dean’s lips and his hot breath against his neck caused his body to tighten with need.

Sam looked into his own eyes in the mirror when Dean’s lips closed over his earlobe and he sucked softly.

“Hm,” the faintest of moans escaped Sam’s lips and the goosebumps kept coming, wave after wave as Dean planted a hot, wet kiss to the place where his shoulder and neck met.

The jeans Dean was wearing grew instantly tight. The small sound of want and the smell of Sam’s skin as he breathed into his neck were driving him insane.

‘I have to go,’ Sam thought, desperately. ‘He’ll make me lose control again.’

“Maybe I…” Sam started. ‘Should go. Maybe I should go.’

Dean pressed further against him and Sam felt the bulge against his lower back. He bit hard on his tongue but was unable to finish his sentence.

“Maybe you what? Hmm?” Dean cooed while his left hand slid beneath Sam’s shirt and his fingers grasped at his ribcage possessively.

Sam felt his blood pool in his lower belly and rush to his dick when Dean nipped at the back of his neck.

“Go…” Sam managed to breath out. “Maybe I should go…” He was aware of how throaty his voice had become, how helpless he sounded, and somewhere in his brain he was fighting a battle to escape the haze of lust he descended into. And he fought this violent battle with another part of himself, a part that twitched with desire when Dean’s fingertips raked over his nipple with a feathery touch.

“Mm!” Sam moaned loudly this time and bucked, pushing the desk in front of his body and almost smashing the mirror in the process.

Dean chuckled hotly at the reaction, his cock throbbing in response. “Does it feel good?” Dean kissed and nipped from Sam’s neck to his shoulder, and rolled Sam’s nipple carefully between his fingers, worrying it gently with his fingertip until Sam squirmed.

‘I need to leave. I need to go. Dad might wanna drink tonight, my oxytocin might not be high enough, and if he finds out…I’m thoughts were lost when a spike of pleasure traveled down his body and made him harder.

Dean retreated his hand shortly, only to lick at his fingers and coat them with saliva, then he slipped his hand under Sam’s shirt and flicked at the tight little nipple again, pushing himself against the boy’s back and letting his other hand hold firmly at his hipbone.

Sam panted and shuddered. He parted his lips to protest but instead a small, helpless little moan
came, one that reminded Dean of Sam coming against his leg in the elevator and drove him crazy with need.

In a moment, Sam was being turned around until they were face to face, and that was when their mouths crashed together and Dean kissed him deeply, learning every detail of Sam’s mouth and asking for so much more.

Dean’s hands were everywhere, on Sam’s hair and cheeks, on his back and hips, but when they touched Sam’s thighs and cupped his erection, the fear of what was happening struck through Sam’s pleasure like lightning and made him pull away.

Sam looked into Dean’s clouded eyes. He knew what was going through the older man’s mind now. Sam knew he wanted them to have sex. Well, Sam supposed that agreeing to go to his house meant he would do exactly that, and for a moment he was terrified of not being allowed to leave.

Dean saw the wide eyes staring at him with an interesting mixture of pleasure and worry, and wondered what was going on.

“Sam?”

“I have to go. It’s getting late,” Sam spoke hurriedly. He had trusted Dean, but what if he wasn’t who he seemed to be? What if he didn’t want to let him go? What if he got angry?

Dean checked his watch and nodded reluctantly.

“It’s okay. Just let me get my shirt and we’ll take you back to Bobby’s church.” ‘We’ll have more time later,’ Dean thought. He wanted it badly, and he couldn’t pretend he wasn’t disappointed not to have it now, but part of him knew that they deserved more time to enjoy it thoroughly.

Sam watched as Dean walked back into the bathroom allegedly to get his shirt. What if that wasn’t what he was going to do? What if he came back with a key to lock the door and prevent Sam from leaving? What if he forced something to happen? Sam didn’t believe he would, but he was suddenly so terrified of what he was doing and what might happen if his dad found out, that he turned tail and left before Dean had a chance to see him go.

When Dean walked out of the bathroom he frowned and looked around.

“Where did he go?” He asked himself and looked through the window. He still had time to see Sam running into the distance towards the street that would take him back to Bobby’s church.

If Dean left now he doubted he would be able to catch up with the boy. Besides, if he started running after someone he might end up drawing unnecessary attention to Sam. They wouldn’t have much time left anyway, so Dean decided to let it go and talk to him when they met again.

He wondered what had happened, but he wondered briefly, because first he needed to get Sam out of his system. He lay heavily on the bed and fisted his erection swiftly. Dean was so aroused he knew he might have come before Sam even reached the church.

~ * ~
“There you are, I was asking myself…”

“I’m fine,” Sam cut Bobby off.

Bobby frowned at the way the boy seemed out of breath. “Is everything okay? Where’s Dean?”

“He’s fine. I told him I could come back on my own. I hardly have time to walk by myself.”

Bobby nodded, but still studied the way the boy seemed slightly disheveled.

“Good bye, Bobby. Thank you for doing this for me. I’ll see myself out.”

“Goodbye, Sam. Take care.”

Sam smiled shortly before walking out of the classroom and the church, towards the limo where Crowley was still parked waiting for him.

Sam’s feelings were a mess, he was hot and bothered and a little scared, but when he sat at the back of the comfortable car on the way back home, he was smiling nonetheless.

------------------------------------------------------

tbc...
“So, how did it go with Prince Samuel this afternoon?” Benny asked his friend. He was sitting by the bar, sipping one of the cocktails Dean had just prepared.

“Yeah, do tell,” Cas teased too.

Dean looked at his friends briefly before lowering his eyes to the drink he was preparing.

“Have you fucked him already? Can we move on from this whole forbidden love thing?” Benny asked.

“Just give me a break, will you?”

“Benny, do you realize what I do?” Castiel smiled with the corner of his lips.

“Oh, I believe I do, Cas. Our Don Juan here has not yet bedded the new object of his affection.”

Dean sighed and rolled his eyes.

“What’s taking you so long?” Castiel asked, truly curious. “I thought you had said he was into you, too.”

“He is,” Dean said quickly, but then felt a twinge of insecurity. “I suppose he is. I mean, he did come with me to the beach even though he wasn’t allowed to. That tells you something, right?”

Benny and Castiel shrugged and nodded.

“We didn’t have enough time,” Dean explained. “He had to go back before that watchdog of his realized he wasn’t studying anymore, so I guess he didn’t want to rush things either.”

“It’s been like what? Over two weeks since you met him? And you still haven’t fucked him?” Benny grinned.

Dean knew his friend was deliberately trying to annoy him, but instead of annoying him, the
conversation only made his heart beat faster and ache with the desire to see Sam again.

“Oh, fuck off,” Dean mumbled.

“Hey, it’s fine. We’re just interested in the way you’re interested, that’s all,” Benny said.

“Yes, Dean. We’re rooting for you. Even if we think this is the stupidest idea you’ve ever had, we’re all the way in this with you now. Besides, we have a bet.”

Benny laughed and punched Castiel lightly. “You were not supposed to say that.”

“Spare me your damn bets.” Dean shook his head lightly and smiled. But the thing was, unlike what his friends said, it wasn’t an idea. It was not like he had everything planned and Sam was some kind of trophy he really wanted. Well, he did really want Sam, but it was more than that. Had it been just a whim Dean would’ve certainly been able to sleep with other people as he pursued Sam.

Yet, it didn’t matter that it had been days since he had first kissed Sam. Dean wanted him so much, and the boy filled his thoughts to such an intense point, that he didn’t want to waste his time sleeping around. He wanted Sam. And by now Dean wanted him so much that he doubted one single fuck would take the edge off, he would need more.

“Get out you two. Go dance or whatever. I got work to do.”

Dean watched as his friends chuckled some more and walked away from the bar, leaving him to his drinks and tips and thoughts of Sam.

~ * ~

Sam woke up on his bed with a piercing pain on the crook of his arm. His eyes darted open and he sucked his breath. His thoughts raced with confusion for a couple of seconds and he tried to retreat his arm. That was when Azazel laid a calming hand on top of his chest and made him stay.

“Dad?” Sam looked into his father’s yellow eyes and the mouth attached to his arm, drawing his blood.

Azazel didn’t say anything. He was too busy sinking his teeth into tender flesh and letting the taste of Sam’s blood fill his mouth. No other hot blooded creature had ever tasted this good, he thought.

Sam waited until his dad was done and released his arm. He hadn’t expected to be awakened in the middle of the night, but then again, it wasn’t as if that had never happened before.

“Sorry I woke you, prince. I got home late from work, but when I walked in here and saw your sleeping face, I just couldn’t resist it. You looked angelic in your sleep.”

Sam pulled his arm towards his body and nodded lightly. “It’s okay, Dad.”

“How was your class today?”

“Good.” Sam felt his heart race as he remembered the afternoon in Dean’s company.
“Yeah? What did Bobby teach you this time?”

“Chemistry,” Sam said casually. “Chemical reactions. We’ve been going over this subject for some time now.”

“That’s good. You’re gonna need a lot of chemistry when you take over my business someday.”

If Lucifer was the king of the world, and he wanted to marry Sam in the near future, it was fair to say the boy was indeed a prince who would someday be responsible for the medical empire Azazel had helped create.

Calling Samuel a prince was a reminder of how powerful he was in this town and in this country. If he was a ruler, then his son was his heir. Besides, Azazel beamed with joy when others referred to Samuel as prince. It helped maintain the alluring appeal the boy had always had to him.

Of course, his business and what it meant wasn’t the only reason why he referred to Samuel as prince. There was a much more ancient and deep reason why Samuel was special, why he was royalty. So far, however, that was something Azazel liked to keep for himself.

“Can I go to class more often, then? Can I go every day?” Sam tried.

Azazel looked deeply into his son’s eyes, as if trying to read behind his innocent request. “Every day is a bit too much. You have other things to do at home. Look at all these books you make me buy for you; there’s plenty to study in here as well.”

“I know, but I like going to Bobby’s. And I’m good, Dad. You know I am. I won’t do anything wrong,” ‘I hope not’ Sam thought and a small shudder traveled his body. He didn’t mean to do anything wrong, he certainly hoped he could resist. Yet, Sam was recklessly infatuated with being in Dean’s company, and even though he knew the kind of feelings the older man elicited in him—how dangerous they were to his control—Sam couldn’t help himself. For the first time in his life he actually felt alive, even though the fear of losing control and letting Dean take his virginity was paralyzing. If anything actually happened between them, Sam had no idea what would happen to him, what his dad would do to him. Or worse, to Dean.

If it were anything like what he did when he caught Sam pleasuring himself for the first time…

Sam swallowed hard and urged the thought away.

“I know, Samuel. I can taste it, remember? You wouldn’t like to disappoint me, would you?”

“Of course not,” Sam felt the cold shudder travel him again.

Azazel pondered for a moment.

“You can go to Bobby’s three times a week. Will that please you?”

Not what Sam had in mind, but he would take what he got.

“Thank you, Dad.”

“Business is doing great, son. But that also means I might have to be absent more often to deal with meetings and deals. I’m trusting you to do what you have to, but please don’t make me regret it.”
Sam nodded, his heart tight. He didn’t want to disappoint his dad, but he felt so good with Dean…

“It’s not like I could anyway. I’m constantly watched.”

Azazel heard the twinge of annoyance in Sam’s voice and frowned.

“Crowley and the others are with you to help you. You should see them as a support to remind you of the right path, and not a burden.”

Sam sighed. He knew that it was a pointless discussion, and he didn’t want to continue with it and make his dad suspicious, so he just agreed.

“Right, Dad.”

Azazel smiled and ran his fingers through the boy’s hair.

“Now go back to sleep. I’ll see you in the morning.”

Sam watched as Azazel got up and left.

Not a minute later, one of the servants was inside the room, taking a chair by the corner to watch over his sleep. It was Crowley’s night off, but Sam knew he would be coming back in a few hours to be there when Sam got up. Azazel seemed to trust no one but Crowley during his morning routine.

Sam paid the servant no heed. He stared at the ceiling and let his thoughts run wild for a moment.

He knew he was flirting with a dangerous desire, the one to see Dean again, but the truth was that Sam knew very little about the handsome stranger, and what he did know was that their daddies were enemies.

Sam didn’t have a TV in his home, and he spent most of his days reading books and writing, and eventually, when he got too lonely, he would engage in conversation with some of the women in the kitchen. Sam had never spent too much time talking to them because they were always gossiping about the people in town, and since Sam didn’t really know anyone outside the mansion, he had never really taken an interest in the stories they told.

Yet, a thought occurred to him now that unlike himself, Dean was used to the world outside those walls, and he knew places in town, and there was a chance that if he went into the kitchen and probed a little, Sam might find out a bit more about the green-eyed knight who had stolen his heart.

After making a mental note to look into that in the morning, Sam could finally relax and drift back into unconsciousness.

~ * ~

The next morning, Sam woke up on his own, one hour before the usual time Crowley opened the drapes and let the sunlight in. As he stretched and yawned lazily, last night’s thoughts came to him and caused his heart to race.
Sam pushed the heavy, soft blanket off his body and waited as Crowley came closer to take a good look at him.

“No dreams?”

“None that you should know about,” Sam mumbled and waited impatiently.

Crowley let his eyes linger for a bit longer before nodding.

“All right. Off you go. You have clothes waiting in the shower.”

Sam went to the bathroom but didn’t close the door. He knew he was not allowed to. He also knew he had a few minutes to himself before Crowley or someone walked in on him.

Sam turned on the shower and got under it. He did everything quickly so he could go downstairs and into the kitchen. Crowley never followed him down to the kitchen because the place was always bustling with servants, and if Sam was looking for privacy that would be the last place to go to.

“Morning, prince.”

“Morning,” Sam replied politely to Mrs. Higgs, the older woman who was in charge of the kitchen.

“Hey there, Sam.”

“Hey, Meg.” Sam watched her with some interest when he sat down.

As Meg went on to lay his breakfast before him—fruit, milk, toast, honey, and whole grain cereal—Sam looked around at his dad’s employees.

Most of them had been working in the mansion since Sam was a kid. Meg was the daughter of one his dad’s loyal servants, and she was only a couple of years older than Sam. When they were really little, Azazel sometimes let them play together. Yet, when Sam turned ten years old, the friendship between them had been suspended without an explanation. When Sam thought about it, a lot had changed when he turned ten years old. The beginning of the blood feeding, for example.

The thing was, Sam liked Meg, even though they hardly talked outside the kitchen and during the mornings. After some time they just didn’t have anything else in common, and were as much strangers as Sam was with anyone else who worked there.

Except that Meg had never really gotten the whole royalty air that surrounded Sam. She said the right words, but the proper reverence was never quite there. Sam thought she couldn’t help it. Meg had always been kind of a free spirit, and Sam believed it was hard for her to see him, someone she shared toys and childhood songs with, as this prince everyone else pampered.

It didn’t bother Sam. It never did. He still thought Meg was funny, and he sometimes listened to her long rants about her life and other people’s lives when he was bored.

Today Sam wasn’t bored. Today Sam was eager and curious to find out more about Dean, and he knew Meg could help him. She went outside every day, and she looked like someone who enjoyed having fun. Sam had heard stories, stories that would have made his dad very angry if he found out Meg bragged about her sex and drug adventures in front of his innocent son.
The problem was that he couldn’t be obvious about it. There was no way Sam wanted to raise the slightest suspicion that he and Dean were friends, or that he was even aware of his existence. The less everyone knew, the better. So Sam started to think of what he could say to get any kind of information. Meg was chatty and would be eager to go on about anything, the problem was figuring out what to ask her.

Sam picked up a few grapes and tried to act as disinterested as he could.

“So…we drove by the beach yesterday after class.”

“Really? Was it full of people?” Mrs. Higgs asked politely.

Sam shrugged. “Not really. Is it ever? I mean, I’ve never actually been there so…”

“Oh, it’s full. But mainly at night,” Meg smiled a randy smile and winked.

Sam’s heart picked up speed at that. “Really? At night? Why do people go to the beach when it’s night?”

“There are parties there from Wednesday to Sunday. The best ones are on Friday night, though.”

“Why? Is the music better?” Sam probed with a calmly planned tone of voice.

“Oh, no, dear…” Meg leaned against the kitchen table as Sam popped a grape into his mouth. “That has less to do with music and more to do with drinks.”

Sam smiled lightly and watched as Meg went back to the sink where she was washing some dishes. After a while, Sam thought the conversation had ended, and was about to say something else when Meg went on.

“Of course people are much more interested in barman than in any of the drinks,” she grinned. “My God, what a man.”

“Meg…” Mrs. Higgs called her attention lightly. The truth was, the older woman was only barely paying attention as she chopped her vegetables, and Sam didn’t think her hearing was that good anymore. The fact that Meg was giggling and acting all cheerful was probably what made her call Meg out, regardless of what they were talking about.

“Is that so?” Sam chuckled and brought a glass of orange juice to his lips.

“Oh yeah. Dean is the hottest attraction on the beach.”

Sam swallowed down the juice as if it were a square piece of wood. It burned down his throat and he went absolutely still for five seconds so he could regain his composure. His heart was beating wildly.

“Who?” He managed to ask when he was sure his voice was under control.

“Dean Winchester. The mechanic’s son.”

“The one Daddy doesn’t like?” Sam pretended to be completely unaware.

“Exactly. Now, I don’t know about his dad or anything, but Sam…what a handsome son this man
has put in the world.”

Meg sighed dreamily and put away a few dishes. Mrs. Higgs left the kitchen for a moment and the other employees seemed too busy to care about their conversation.

“So people go there to see him?”

“No, people go there to fuck him,” Meg chuckled and turned around to look at Sam.

“Oh.” Sam felt his heart slamming in his chest.

“I should probably not be telling you this.” Meg went closer and leaned on the table so Sam and her were face to face. Then she lowered her voice. “But he’s the best sex I’ve ever had.”

Sam felt as if there was a windstorm inside his chest traveling everywhere, but he was unable to decide whether the stinging winds were scorching hot or icy cold.

“You slept with him,” he said slowly.

Meg laughed. “Sam, there’s a reason why you’re not told stuff like this, but outside this walls, everyone has slept with him. Dean is the hottest guy this town has ever seen, and a fantastic lover. I swear that having him touch you is like dying and going to heaven, and I don’t even believe in heaven.”

Sam licked at his lips.

“Everyone?”

Meg chuckled again. “Well, everyone who was lucky enough to. I still wish I could sleep with him again, but he’s always busy, if you know what I mean.”

Meg looked around to make sure Mrs. Higgs was not coming back, then she crouched before Sam and her eyes lit up with mischief. For a moment there was so much complicity between them that it felt like they had never been separated at all.

“I can’t explain it, but he’s just amazing in bed. It’s probably all the girls and guys he’s been with. I don’t know what happens, but I’ve had straight friends fall head over heels in love with him. It’s probably the way he touches you; he’s such a generous lover. My God, his fingers on your skin…” Meg shut her eyes as if she could feel it again. “And his tongue when he kisses you all over and licks you…and also the way he whispers in your ear as he covers your body with his silky smooth one…”

“Meg, go back to work.” Mrs. Higgs walked into the kitchen.

Sam was hardly breathing by now. His dick was hard and he put his hands on his lap to disguise it.

“He’s experienced, then,” he said lightly, almost to himself, as Meg got up and grinned.

“Experienced? He’s a sex god.”

“Meg, are you having improper conversation with Samuel?” The older woman frowned.

“Of course not, Mrs. Higgs. Sam was teaching me about the Roman and Greek gods. You know,
some stuff he learned yesterday in class.”

“Oh,” she seemed pleased about it. “How was class yesterday, Prince Samuel?” She asked sweetly.

“Good. I…thanks for breakfast.”

“But you haven’t eaten anything.”

“I’ll come back later. I just remembered something I have to do,” Sam excused himself and left the kitchen quickly, his thoughts rushing in his head and arousal pooling in his lower belly.

Sam went outside and sat by the front stairs, watching the many people go about their tasks in the yard. Sam saw them, but it was almost as if he didn’t. The conversation with Meg had been much more than he anticipated.

A sex god?

So Dean Winchester had had many partners.

He was a good lover, an amazing lover, according to Meg. Because Meg had been with him, she had felt his naked body on top of hers.

Sam felt a hot spark of jealously that didn’t last long. His thoughts kept going back to the fact that Dean was so experienced whereas Sam was still a virgin. And worse than that, he had to remain a virgin for his own sake.

Everything Sam knew about sex, and that wasn’t much, he had learned from the pocket book novels he sometimes stole from Bobby’s bookcase when he knew the older man wasn’t looking. Sam had never had any sort of education on the matter, and everything he knew was through the fictional lives of some female characters he had read about. Based on that, he had an idea of how sex was performed between two males, but just the thought of that caused him to blush.

Dean was experienced. He was a great lover. Yes, Sam could imagine that. His fingers, his tongue, his whispered words…the elevator…Dean sure knew what he was doing, and that made everything more dangerous.

What would happen when Dean realized the truth about him? Would they stop meeting? Would Dean laugh at his condition?

Sam felt mortified.

Yet, the thought of one moment of those green eyes looking deeply into his, of that alluring smile and the soft way in which Dean kissed him, and Sam’s heart seemed to melt with liquid joy.

Dean was not only the son of his father’s foe, he was also a famous lover in town, and that was one more reason for Sam to stay away.

There was too much at risk in getting involved with him.

Sam took a deep breath and chewed on his bottom lip. He wondered when he would be able to see Dean again.
tbc...
Bobby was going over some old manuscripts when he heard the knock on the door. He sighed and looked up from what he was doing. There were only two people besides himself that knew about that door. Three with Sam now, but Bobby doubted it was the boy.

“Come in, Dean.”

Dean walked into the room and looked around. He knew Sam wasn’t there, but it was still disappointing. “You really should lock that door,” Dean teased.

“I was going to, but then I remembered no one is supposed to know about it, let alone use it.”

“C’mon, Bobby. You know it’d be weird if anyone saw me, of all people, walking into a church.”

Bobby knew Dean Winchester was often seen as trouble. He had an irresistible charisma and Bobby knew that most of the youngsters in the city had already been to his shack by the beach. Yet, Bobby had known Dean since he was a kid, and he knew he had a good heart. There was no way Bobby could help the affection he felt for John’s son.

“Perhaps you should come to church more often then.”

“I’ll pass. No hot chicks in here.”

Bobby rolled his eyes and lay his hands flat on his desk.

“As you can see, he’s not here.”

Dean walked in closer, his face no longer playful.

“When will he be here?”

“Why should I tell you?”

Bobby and Dean stared at each other for a moment. Eventually, Dean pulled at a chair and used it to sit across from Bobby.
“When we went out last time I took him to the beach. Did you know that Sam had never been to the beach before? He told me he knew it existed, and had seen it from the car, but he had never put his feet in the water, never felt the sand between his toes or the wind on his face.”

Bobby’s heart responded to that. The truth about Sam’s life stirred feelings both disturbing and compassionate, and he didn’t know exactly what to say.

“How come, Bobby?” Dean insisted. “The kid’s lived here all his life and he’s never been there. Don’t you think that’s a little weird?”

“Dean, Sam ain’t like you or Benny or Cas.”

“I know that. He’s got the devil as a father.”

“You don’t know that. No one does. As far as we’re concerned, Azazel has done more for this city in the years he’s been here than anyone else since it was founded.”

“Do you really believe that shit? That he’s some sort of savior?”

“It doesn’t matter what I believe,” Bobby said, and for a moment he could see John staring at him through Dean’s eyes, and talking to him through his son’s lips. “It doesn’t change anything.”

“I’m not here to talk about his father, though.” Dean shrugged that topic off. “You should’ve seen his face when I took him up the rocks and he could see the view. Don’t you want him to do something like that again?”

“I told you, it’s risky. If anyone sees the two of you walking around together, if any of Azazel’s servants see that…”

“They won’t,” Dean interrupted. “We’ll be careful. Nothing happened last time, right?”

Bobby took a deep breath and for a moment wondered what it was that had drawn the two boys together. Again there was a thought in the back of his mind, one that Bobby pushed away quickly. Friendship, he told himself. Sam finally had a friend, and it wasn’t surprising that he had fallen under Dean’s spell. The question was, what exactly was in it for Dean? Why was he so attracted to Sam?

Bobby supposed he was curious, and for his own sake he didn’t ask further.

“Wednesday,” Bobby caved. “He’ll be here in two days. At least that’s what I expect. Sometimes he can’t come and I don’t find out until it’s too late.”

“Thank you, Bobby. I’ll be here,” Dean grinned a beaming smile.

“Dean?” Bobby spoke before Dean reached the door to exit.

“Yeah?”

“You’re not gonna hurt this boy, are you?” Bobby himself didn’t know exactly why he asked that.

“Of course I won’t,” Dean said and realized that just the idea of hurting Sam caused something to ache in him. No, he would not hurt the boy. And if everything went according to his plans, Dean would do exactly the opposite the next time they were together. Dean would take Sam to heaven.
The next time Crowley dropped him off by the church and Sam walked into the classroom with Bobby, he wouldn’t lie that his heart was racing.

Sam looked around the classroom as if expecting to see Dean there, and it wasn’t lost on Bobby the way the kid’s eyes seemed restless.

“So, Sam… what is it gonna be today? Math? History?”

Sam licked at his lips nervously. He couldn’t concentrate on his studies if his life depended on it, but he didn’t want to upset Bobby.

“I… I don’t really know…” Sam started, and when the knock came on the door his heart might have skipped a beat and his face lit up.

Sam and Bobby exchanged a meaningful look.

The door was locked, so who ever was on the other side needed to be invited in.

“I can tell him to go away if you want me to,” Bobby whispered, so Dean wouldn’t be able to hear them. “Just let me know and I can say you’re not here if you’re uncomfortable.” Bobby wondered why he was saying that. Perhaps part of him hoped Sam would agree and ask Bobby to send Dean away, and that would have been a relief, even if it did spike a certain sadness too.

Nevertheless, as Bobby expected, Sam shook his head quickly and nodded at the door. “Please, let him in.”

Bobby sighed and complied. He opened the door and Dean slipped inside the room.

Sam looked at Dean’s piercing smile and held his breath. ‘He’s a sex god,’ Meg had said. Sam felt nervous that something in his attitude would give his thoughts away.

“Hey, Sam.” Dean walked closer to him and touched his arm lightly.

“Hey,” Sam swallowed hard.

“Do you wanna go for a walk?”

Sam looked at Bobby with a question in his eyes.

“You know the drill. No one can see you, and you need to be back in two hours, tops.”

Sam nodded and the next thing he knew he was being led through the dark corridor under the church by Dean once again.

~ * ~

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~ * ~
When they stepped outside into the warm day, Dean’s heart raced with the prospect of being together. There were a few clouds in the sky, and it looked like it might rain.

Dean studied the clouds for a moment before he spoke. “Do you mind if we stop by my place so I can get my jacket?”

“No,” Sam answered quickly, and it was only when Dean smiled a deliciously provocative smile that Sam wondered whether his older companion was really looking for a jacket or if he simply wanted to get them both back in his beach cabin where they would be alone. Sam felt his fingers grow cold with a tight mix of anxiety and excitement.

Of course Dean didn’t want a jacket. He wanted the two hours they could finally have for themselves and enjoy it. He was shaking inside with anticipation as they approached his shack. Never had Dean wanted someone so bad, and the thought that he would be taking Sam this afternoon made him dizzy with delight.

Yet, before that happened, Dean needed to make sure they were both on the same page, so the moment they walked in and he closed the door, he pushed Sam against the wall gently and looked intently into his eyes.

“So…” He begun, his eyes gazing at the soft parted lips before his face. “Last time you were here you left in a hurry. What happened?”

Sam blinked a few times and heard the drumming of his heart. Dean smelled really good, and Sam had difficulty finding his words.

“It was getting late,” he managed to say.

“I know. And I would’ve walked you back.”

Sam looked away, nervous. Then he felt the light touch of a hand on his cheek that made him look into Dean’s expecting eyes.

“Does it bother you being so close to me?” Dean wanted to know. Of course he knew the way the boy responded to his touch, but he needed to hear it from him.

“No…” Sam said quickly.

“Do you like it when I touch you?” Dean asked softly, his fingers going to the back of Sam’s neck where he stroked the skin.

‘His fingers on your skin…’ Sam felt a tremor in his belly.

Dean’s fingers tangled in Sam’s hair and pulled lightly, and when Sam tilted his head back and his lips parted, Dean licked into the boy’s open mouth. Then, he captured Sam’s bottom lip between his own and sucked on it.

When the kiss broke, Sam had goosebumps as if the temperature outside his body had suddenly dropped, but inside his body there was a fire starting.

“Hm? Do you?” Dean licked at Sam’s exposed neck and let his body press further into the boy’s,
and when Dean’s lips closed on the curve where his neck became his shoulder, and Dean let his tongue lavish and explore, Sam squirmed into him and moaned.

Dean’s cock hardened the moment that happened. Sam had absolutely no control over his body’s reaction, and that was fucking mind blowing.

“I…I do…” Sam confessed sheepishly. ‘But…’ there were a thousand buts in his head now. ‘I can’t, I…’ Sam knew he had to actually say the words out loud, but when he felt Dean’s thigh between his legs and the hard feeling of a bulge rubbing against his erection, he closed his mouth tightly so as not to cry out.

“Then let me touch you, Sammy.” Dean’s hands went underneath the boy’s shirt and his fingers pressed into his ribcage possessively. Dean could feel the goosebumps and the shudders when he let his thumbs flick over tight little nipples.

‘I can’t…oh god…how do I stop this?’ Sam wanted to cry. He felt so good and so desperate that he didn’t know what to do. He needed it to stop; he couldn’t let anything happen! But how? How to stop that? He had never felt so good…

Dean found two cold hands and squeezed them between his larger ones. Then he took Sam’s hands under his own shirt and placed the boy’s palms flat against his chest. Sam felt the hardness under his fingertips and the heat coming off Dean’s skin.

“I…I should—” Sam was cut off when Dean kissed him again, this time more passionately. Sam’s eyes fell shut as Dean’s tongue worked inside his mouth and his hands roamed over his chest and back. Sam’s hands were still exactly where Dean had placed them, on his chest, as if that was the only thing keeping him from falling.

Sam was throbbing in his pants. The feeling of arousal was powerful, and he understood why he wasn’t allowed to feel it, ever. He couldn’t hold on to any rational thought when Dean’s hands grabbed him by the hips and pulled him closer, increasing the friction.

“Mmm.” Sam thought he was going to burn. Or die. Or both.

Yet, when Dean’s hand went for his buckle to try and slip inside, a red alarm flared in his mind and Sam blinked his eyes open quickly, laying a hand on top of Dean’s to still his movements.

Dean was breathless. He smiled a smile full of lust and promise, and before Sam had a chance to say anything he was led away from the wall and pushed down onto the large bed beneath the window.

The moment Sam found himself lying on his back, he tensed and fear started to interfere with pleasure. He saw Dean climbing slowly on top of him, only pausing a moment to slip his shirt off over his head.

Sam’s eyes were clouded. He licked at his lips when he saw Dean, now half naked, cover him like a blanket and settle between his legs.

‘Dad will kill me! He’ll hate me, he’ll…’ Sam thought desperately of his father and his rules, but when Dean’s mouth was once again on his neck—a surprisingly powerful weakness—he moaned and arched up involuntarily.

“God, I’m gonna make you feel so good…”
Dean thrust his clothed hips into Sam’s and the boy panted deliciously loud.

Dean licked his lips and narrowed his eyes as he appreciated the sight. Then, eager as he was to go on with it, he reached out his arm, opened the first drawer on the night stand and picked up two things he always had in there.

Sam’s eyes followed it when Dean put a condom and something else on top of the dresser. Sam knew what the condom was for—he had seen one before in Meg’s stuff,— but not the other thing. His heart raced and this time fear left a metallic taste in his mouth. He looked intently at the other thing until he read the label. It was lubricant, and even if Sam knew very little about sex, he had a good imagination.

Suddenly things became too real and the piercing feeling of dread was able to cut through the haze of arousal.

“I…I’ve never…Dean, I never…” That was not how he had planned to tell him, lying underneath his hot body, his dick hard and pressing against his stomach inside his jeans, and under the thorough stare of Dean’s desire-clouded eyes.

“You’ve never been with a man?” Dean couldn’t say that surprised him.

Sam shook his head quickly, glad for the help.

“No problem. I’ll be very gentle, okay? We’ll go slow.”

‘No, he doesn’t get it,’ Sam thought, and now despair was rising in him, but because his despair was so coated with sexual need, Dean had trouble identifying it.

“I…” Sam forced himself to say something. When he realized the situation he was in, and who Dean really was—a sex god—Sam felt mortified and his cheeks, that were already flushed with pleasure, became even redder with shame. “Dean…”

Dean narrowed his eyes and studied Sam’s face carefully. He could feel his hardness pressing against his own, and he knew the boy was completely turned on by what they were doing. Yet, Dean finally saw the distress struggling with Sam’s need and something occurred to him.

“Sam? Have you been with a girl before?” He stopped in the middle of everything and waited for an answer.

Sam felt his throat constrict with hot embarrassment. He wanted to speak, but for a moment he was afraid his lips were too quivery to form words. He shook his head and looked away from the knowing eyes.

“No. Not really.”

“Oh.” Dean sat back on his heels and gave Sam some space. The boy cowered away immediately, and Dean thought he would disappear into the headboard if he could. Now that changed things. Knowing Sam was a virgin made Dean hold back and think. Not that it was a shock, but it was unlikely, at least from his perspective. With Sam’s looks and wealth, it was hard to imagine he hadn’t already bedded at least a few girls. “Hey, that’s okay…” Dean spoke when he realized how uneasy Sam had become. The boy looked at him with huge eyes and a startled attitude.
Sam’s breathing was erratic as a result of both his arousal and shame.

“How far have you taken it with a girl?” Dean asked, suddenly really curious.

“What do you mean?”

Dean shrugged. “Oh, you know…you’re sixteen, so have you ever gotten a blowjob or a handjob? Have you seen a girl naked in front of you?”

Sam shook his head and Dean’s heart picked up the rhythm. It was like he knew what the answer to his next question would be before he even asked it. “You have kissed a few girls, though, haven’t you?”

Sam wanted to die with shame. He pulled his knees up and started biting on his fingernails, his eyes looking from Dean’s to the sheets, and reluctantly back to Dean.

“I’ve never kissed a girl. I never really kissed anyone until…you know, in the elevator.”

Even though Dean had sort of expected it, it didn’t make the answer any less impactful. Dean exhaled heavily and looked at Sam as if he had before him a piece of a puzzle that completely befuddled and amazed him.

Sam looked around worriedly and little by little the urgency went away and instead gave room to insecurity and embarrassment. The words Meg had said kept playing in his mind over and over about Dean being a wonderful lover, about him having sex with everyone in town, about how amazing he was in bed…Sam could only imagine what that handsome and experienced guy was now thinking about him, and there was a knot in his throat so tight that it was difficult to swallow.

The truth was, Dean didn’t know what to think. He had been the first of many straight men, but normally he would avoid virgins without any experience. He associated sex with fun and pleasure, and the responsibility and expectations of a first time weren’t exactly the seasoning he liked to add to the act.

However, as he looked at Sam’s discomfort right now, as all he wanted to do was pull him in his arms and tell him that it would be okay, Dean realized that something was different this time. And it terrified him so much that he was as much at loss as Sam about it.


Sam didn’t know what Dean meant, but when he was pulled into his arms and hugged, he let himself go and buried his nose against Dean’s neck. The embrace was comforting but Sam’s shame was still burning hotly. He took the opportunity to hide his face gladly, and wished the hug would last for a long time.

When Sam felt Dean breaking it, he looked down at his hands and the fistfuls of sheets he had grasped between his fingers.

“Why didn’t you tell me before?”

Sam shrugged.
“I like you…” he ended up saying. “I like being with you; I like it when you touch me.”

Dean understood quickly how damned he truly was. Knowing Sam was a virgin had failed miserably to push him away. The realization that the boy in his bed was indeed an angel, sweet and innocent, never before touched, made some part of Dean’s soul growl with a hunger he didn’t recognize. ‘He’ll be mine. No one else’s.’ Dean shuddered with the strength of this thought. He understood that Sam’s innocence had, against all odds, fueled his desire even more, and the thought of being inside him soared through Dean’s need like fire. Yet, at the same time that Sam’s revelation aroused an untamed rush of lust, it also made him soft and tender, because he didn’t want to hurt the boy. Dean wanted to ravish him, yes, he wanted to be the first person, the only one to make Sam come undone. But when he did it, when Sam shattered with a pleasure he wouldn’t be able to comprehend, then Dean wanted to collect him in his arms and do it all over again. And again. For the rest of his days.

“Are you like…angry with me?” Sam frowned.

Dean chuckled with genuine joy.

“Why would I be?”

“Because you know, we didn’t…”

“Of course not. Look, you like to touch me and I definitely like to touch you, too.” Dean framed Sam’s face between his hands and kissed his lips. He let their noses touch and their eyes lock. “What if we take this slowly, then? Would you like that?”

Sam’s eyes seemed troubled. Dean didn’t understand, of course he didn’t. It wasn’t just that Sam was inexperienced. Sam could not have any sort of experience.

“What if I can’t do it? At all?” Sam’s eyes had a depth Dean couldn’t have understood at the time.

“Don’t be silly. Of course you can do it.”

Sam shook his head a little.

“Why couldn’t you?”

Sam’s answer was to stare intently at Dean.

“Are you afraid?”

Sam thought of the day his dad had caught him touching himself and the aftermath of that. He also thought of what might happen if Azazel found out what he was thinking about doing, and with whom. Sam shuddered. He was afraid.

“Maybe,” he answered.

“Do you trust me?”

“I don’t really know you that well.”

Dean laughed at the answer. It was true. Sam was a smart kid.
“Right, but do you want to see me again?”

“Do you want to see me? Even if I can’t…do something more?”

“Of course I do. We’ll go slowly, as I said, okay? You’ll see that you can do it.” Dean would do whatever he had to do to ease Sam into it. He didn’t care how long it took, the feeling of being inside that boy and making him cry out in his arms would be worth it.

Sam didn’t feel like correcting Dean again. It was not like he could tell him the reason behind his fear. Sam knew that if they kept meeting then Dean would eventually realize something was wrong with him. But until then, until Dean decided it wasn’t worth his time anymore, and definitely before Sam had to explain too much, the younger one chose to let himself enjoy a few more walks and a few more kisses.

It seemed harmless.

“Do you want to walk around the beach before you go back to the church?”

“Yes, please.”

“Ok. I’ll get my jacket, it’s in the bathroom. Will you still be here when I come back?”

Sam smiled what Dean could only describe as the cutest embarrassed smile he had ever seen.

“I will.”

“Good.”

Sam watched Dean get up and disappear inside the bathroom. For a sex god, Dean seemed delightfully merciful.

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tbc....
Chapter 10

Crowley got off the phone and looked at the church. Sam’s class wouldn’t be over for another half an hour or so, but his daddy wanted him home as soon as possible. Something must have come up, but Crowley didn’t really care about it.

He left the car to do his job and walked inside Bobby Singer’s church. Crowley looked around at the images of saints and Jesus on a cross and made a face. He’d never been much of a religious person. On the contrary, places like that made him feel intimidated. There was something about the holiness of all that that caused Crowley to feel sick.

He couldn’t wait to get Sam and get the hell out of there.

~ * ~

Bobby was sitting behind his desk, leafing through an old manuscript, when someone knocked on the door. He looked at the door through which Sam and Dean had left over an hour ago, and his heart sunk when he realized that was not where the sound was coming from.

“Yes?” Bobby asked, looking around with a hint of panic in his attitude.

“It’s Crowley. Sam needs to go. His dad called.”

‘Shit,’ Bobby thought. ‘Fuck me, I knew this would happen,’ he cursed mentally and his heart raced.

“Sorry, Crowley. Sam’s in the middle of an important assessment. Come back in fifteen minutes,” he tried.

On the other side Crowley frowned and tried to open the door.

“Bobby? Why is it locked?”
“To prevent people like you from interrupting our class.” Bobby looked around worriedly at the back door, as if he could bring Sam and Dean back with the power of his mind alone.

“*Sam?*” Crowley asked. “*Sam, are you there?*”

“Dammit”, Bobby whispered. What could he do? How long before Crowley decided something was wrong and started to tear down the door? How long before he called Azazel?

“Told you, Crowley. The kid’s busy; let him think.”

Crowley felt something in the pit of his stomach, and it wasn’t something good. He could smell a rat, and he tried the door again, more urgently this time.

“*Prince? Your dad called, he wants you home now. You hear me? You’d better come out here or I’ll be forced to break down this door.*”

The moment Bobby saw Sam walk into the classroom through the back door he nearly screamed with relief.

“What’s going on?” Sam mouthed softly, looking at the door. He could hear the way Crowley was knocking insistently on it.

Dean watched the scene with worried eyes, and because Bobby was also agitated, he failed to see the way Dean’s fingers still held on to Sam’s behind the boy’s back.

“Your father called. He wants you back home. I told Crowley you’re in the middle of an important assignment that can’t be interrupted but he’s already threatened to break down the door.”

Sam nodded quickly and turned around to look into Dean’s eyes.

“You should go,” he said, and put a hand on Dean’s chest.

Dean didn’t need to be told twice. He looked at Sam one last time and disappeared through the same door they had used minutes before.

“*Sam?! If you don’t open the door right now I’ll be forced to think you’re no longer in there…*”

Sam opened the door and stared at Crowley with a stern face. Crowley seemed immediately surprised and a lot less distressed.

“You heard Bobby. I was concentrated on my task. Couldn’t you wait a few more minutes?” he sounded deeply displeased.

“I’m sorry, Prince.” Crowley lowered his eyes. “But your dad has called. He told me to pick you up and take you home.”

“I heard that. A few minutes wouldn’t have made a difference, though. You distressed me during my studies because of a few minutes. I doubt my father would be pleased about it.” Sam narrowed his eyes with a subtle threat.

Crowley looked into Bobby’s eyes, past Sam, and saw the priest casting an annoyed look at him.
“I’m sorry, Prince…”

“You should apologize to Bobby as well. It’s his door you were threatening to destroy.” Sam’s heart was galloping in his heart. He could hardly believe his luck. A few more minutes and Crowley would have found out that he wasn’t where he was supposed to, and then all hell would break loose.

Bobby tilted his head and smiled with the corner of his lips. Crowley hated him for that smug little grin.

“I’m sorry, Bobby. I thought Sam…”

“What? Wasn’t here? Are you crazy? Do you think I can make people disappear out of thin air?” Bobby was glad the door in the back of the classroom looked just like the wall where it was, and would need a careful observer to be spotted.

“I…” Crowley began.

“Never mind. I hope this doesn’t happen again. Let’s go. Dad’s waiting.”

Sam walked past Crowley and out of the classroom, causing his dad’s servant to turn around as well to follow him outside.

Before Sam left, though, he looked one last time at Bobby, who was still inside his classroom, and they shared a silent look that spoke volumes in seconds.

~ * ~

Back in the mansion, Sam’s thoughts were still rushing after the intense emotions he had experienced during the day, but little did he know that there was more to come before it was over.

“You’re to take a shower and put this on. Your father will be waiting in his office.”

Sam looked at the silver robe Crowley pushed on his hands and then at the shower. He was relieved he hadn’t lost control with Dean, because that silver robe gave him an idea of what his dad wanted tonight.

When Sam finished getting clean, he turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. Crowley was standing by the door, watching him.

Sam dried himself off and then went over the silky silver robe, lifting it and looking around the bathroom.

“You forgot to bring me some underwear,” he said.

“No, I didn’t,” Crowley replied.

Sam swallowed hard and wished he hadn’t said anything. He felt ashamed, but it was a different shame from what he had experienced earlier in Dean’s bed. That one had been heated; this time, though, his embarrassment was coated with anger.
“C’mon. I’ll take you there.”

Sam left the bathroom in absolute silence, and walked ahead of Crowley towards his dad’s office. He stood perfectly still by the door when Crowley knocked.

“Oh, Samuel,” Azazel smiled widely. “There you are. Come in. Thank you, Crowley.”

Sam heard the door be shut behind his back, leaving Crowley outside. It was only after a few seconds, though, that he realized he wasn’t alone with his dad.

Sam’s eyes fell on the other man standing by a bookshelf near a window whose blinder were now shut. The suited man looked at him and smiled in a way that made Sam wish he could just turn around and leave.

“Dad…” Sam began, and his mouth was dry.

“That’s okay, Sam. That’s my friend, Emerick. He lives in Germany but he’s visiting for a few days.”

Sam looked at his dad with growing uneasiness. He understood immediately the meaning behind the man’s smile. Sam knew the way the stranger was looking at him; he had seen that hunger in his dad’s eyes enough times to be familiar with it by now.

So far, Azazel had hardly ever shared him with anyone. There had been people—creatures like his dad—who had begged him for a taste of his son, and Azazel had let them try him. But never like this, never like Sam was a meal who had arrived right on time.

“Lovely,” the man said slowly and took a few steps closer. “Your son is absolutely lovely.”

Sam could hear the heavy accent behind the man’s words and his heart thudded when the man reached out his arm. The stranger tried to touch his face but Sam recoiled. The man’s smile widened patiently and his eyes beamed with the kind of red lust Sam was used to.

“Sam, it’s alright. Emerick and I will be with you for a while, then you can go to sleep. I told him how precious you are to me, how sweet you are, my prince. He grew so curious to meet you I just had to bring you over.”

‘Let me out of here,’ Sam thought, and for a moment he desperately wished he was back in Dean’s beach cabin, where none of this could happen to him.

“You can take this off now. Let’s please our guest.”

Azazel tugged at the belt around Sam’s waist but Sam’s hand clutched the fabric tightly around his body, clearly unwilling to expose himself.

“Sam?” Azazel’s voice was stern, and his yellow eyes burned into Sam’s.

Sam was still holding the robe tightly against his naked skin, and he imagined he was shaking a little. He knew vampires could smell fear, and judging by the way his dad’s friend licked at his lips, Sam supposed he was anticipating the moment with great joy.
“Dad, no…please…” Sam looked into his dad’s eyes, begging him not to do this. “Just…just you…” Sam swallowed hard.

“It’s okay, Sam. You can trust Emerick. He won’t hurt you. I wouldn’t let him, you know that. Now do as I say and take this off for a moment.”

Emerick narrowed his eyes and they flickered darker at the boy’s hesitance.

Azazel tugged more urgently at Sam’s robe, trying to pull it open.

“Dad, please, I don’t want to…” Sam knew his voice sounded small and frail, but he didn’t care.

Azazel stopped abruptly and placed a hand at the back of Sam’s neck.

“Are you going to disappoint me, Samuel?”

Sam’s lips moved but nothing came out at first. He shook his head.

“Do you want me to be angry?”

“No…” Sam blurted.

“Don’t you love me?”

“I do…” Sam replied obediently.

“Then let me take this off.”

Sam let his arms hang beside his body as his dad undressed him. The silver robe pooled by Sam’s feet and the boy shuddered under the lascivious gaze of the two men.

Emerick got closer and let a hand cup Sam’s cheek.

“Hm,” Sam stepped backwards instinctively.

“Shh…Don’t worry, liebling…”

Sam’s breath was erratic and he shut his eyes when a pair of cold hands roamed over his body.

It wasn’t long before Sam felt the man’s beard brush against his neck and the sting of his teeth sinking into his flesh. Sam cried softly. He listened to the wet noises as the man drank from him, and Sam hoped it would be over soon.

He then opened his eyes and looked for his dad in the room. Azazel’s eyes were clouded with pleasure as he watched the scene. There was nothing safe about that look, so Sam closed his eyes again.

Sam didn’t know how long it had been until he felt his dad tug at his wrist. He realized that the German man had stopped feeding.

“Come here,” Azazel instructed gently.
He sat on a comfortable armchair and pulled Sam onto his lap. The boy was still extremely self-conscious of his nakedness and of the way he was being stared at, so he kept his eyes closed as much as he could.

He hated the way being on his dad’s lap exposed him to the hungry eyes watching him now. Sam could feel the staring as if it burned through his closed eyelids.

Sam’s skin crawled when a pair of strong hands caressed his thighs. His eyes darted open and he could see the man in the black suit crouched between his legs. There was a white flash of shining teeth a moment before they sank into his skin and started drinking again.

There was no time to recover, because soon Azazel’s mouth was closing on his neck again, and the two men fed on him at the same time.

They were drinking hard and fast, and within a few minutes Sam began to feel less ashamed and more sleepy. There was something in the saliva of vampires that, combined with the amount of blood they drained, had a sedative effect on his brain.

Sam had no idea how long the whole thing lasted. At some point after he lost consciousness, he was dressed in his robe again and taken to his bedroom, where he was carefully laid on the bed, under Crowley’s watch.

~ * ~

In his dream, Sam was back in Dean’s shack, but he didn’t know it was a dream.

If he stretched his neck, he could see the large window over the bed, but because Sam was lying on it the beach seemed to be upside down.

Sam saw the waves breaking in the distance, breaking in the sky, and for some reason that was funny and he laughed.

He looked at the bed again when Dean moved. He was climbing on top of Sam and he was naked.

Sam was happy, but he knew something was wrong. That was not supposed to happen.

“What’s wrong?” Dean asked.

“You’re a sex god. I have to go.”

“You’re an angel, remember? You can stay.”

Sam smiled at that, and he felt as if he was floating when Dean kissed him. Everything was perfect and good, but when Dean pulled away there was panic in his eyes.

“What happened?” Sam frowned.

“You’re bleeding. You’re bleeding all over.”

Sam looked around himself and to his horror he realized it was true. There was blood soaking the
sheets, warm blood, pouring from everywhere in his body.

Sam sat up in bed and moved away from Dean. He opened his mouth but there was only blood running over his tongue and past his lips.

“I’ll help you. Just let me get my jacket.”

Sam watched as Dean got up from the bed and headed towards the bathroom.

“Will you still be here when I come back?”

Sam nodded quickly. The moment Dean was gone, however, Sam got up as well and went after him. He walked towards a closed door and opened it, and when he did he could feel the heat of the fire licking at his skin.

“NO!” Sam screamed. “Dean! The house is on fire, get out! Please!!! Come out of there!!” Sam knew he would get burned, but he stuck his arms deep into the wall of flame trying to grab Dean and pull him out.

“Sam?” There was a voice behind his back.

“I gotta save him!”

“Sam, come here.”

Sam turned around and saw his dad looking at him. Sam knew he would be so angry that Sam was in that shed, but right now he needed to save Dean.

“Sam, let it go. Come here.”

Sam turned around reluctantly, and when he did so he looked at himself and realized he no longer had his hands.

He raised his eyes questioningly.

“They’re gone, Sam. You left them in the fire,” Azazel said as he looked at Sam’s arms and the absence of his hands.

Sam felt helpless and terrified.

“I need to do something! Help me! Help me find him! I promise I’ll be good.”

“Sam, you’re bleeding again.”

Sam looked at his wrists and there was blood coming out. He felt desperate now. He needed his hands so he could help Dean! He needed to stop all that blood and all that fire…

“Dad?” Sam looked in his dad’s direction and saw Azazel on his hands and knees, licking at a puddle of his blood like he was a cat drinking milk.

Sam’s breathing grew loud and labored.
“You taste so sweet…”

“No….No!”

Crowley’s attention was drawn quickly the moment he heard the heavy panting coming from the bed. He frowned at first, because it was unusual that Sam had any dreams after being fed on. The boy usually slept through the entire night without moving. Yet, as Crowley walked closer to the bed, he could clearly hear the panting and moaning.

If Sam was having a sex dream, then it was Crowley’s job to interrupt that before the inevitable end. He stood beside the bed and shook Sam lightly.

“Sam? Prince? Wake up.”

“Mm,” Sam moaned and writhed.

“Up. C’mon. Wake up.” Crowley shook him lightly by the shoulders until Sam’s eyes opened into small slits.

The kid was panting.

Sam swallowed hard and looked around. There was a faint layer of sweat on his neck, and his hazel eyes were now wide and frightened.

‘Maybe it wasn’t a wet dream,’ Crowley thought the moment he saw how upset Sam seemed.

Sam was panting and moaning faintly, yes, but the look in his eyes was far from aroused.

“Prince, were you having a nightmare or…?” Crowley pulled the blanket and the sheets off Sam’s body in order to look at him.

“Leave me alone!” Sam groaned and tried to snatch the covers back. “Just leave me alone, Crowley!”

There was no visible erection under the sheets. Sam was so mad and distressed that Crowley obeyed him instantly, watching as Sam curled into a ball beneath the blankets which he pulled up to his chin.

“Prince…” Crowley didn’t know what to say when he heard the small sound of weeping. Nightmare. Definitely nightmare.

Sam didn’t have many of those, and the last time one happened he had been just a little boy, but Crowley understood now that whatever Sam had been dreaming about, it was far from pleasant.

“Go away…” Sam whispered and pressed his nose into the pillow to muffle the tears.

Crowley looked around the bedroom, not sure how to react. He spotted Sam’s teddy bear lying on the floor by the bed, probably after having been kicked off the bed during the boy’s nightmare.

Crowley picked it up and put it beside Sam’s pillow gently.

Sam opened his eyes before pulling the teddy under the covers and against his chest quickly. Then,
he turned around, shut his eyes tightly and took a deep, shivery breath.

Crowley watched everything as he made his way back to the armchair in the corner. He knew he was feeling sorry for the kid and he couldn’t help it.

Crowley sat down and heard soft whimpering for a moment longer before the boy fell asleep again, and not for the first time since he had taken the job, Crowley felt his heart breaking for the boy he was in charge of watching.

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tbc...
Chapter 11

When Sam woke up the following morning, Crowley was not in his room. He looked at the armchair the moment he opened his eyes and frowned when saw it empty. Sam shut his eyes and was about to drift back into sleep when he sensed someone staring at him. His eyes quickly darted open again.

“Dad.”

“Morning, Samuel.”

Now that explained why Crowley wasn’t in his room.

“Did you sleep well?”

Sam looked into his dad’s eyes and thoughts from the previous night filled his mind, inevitably.

He shrugged and nodded lightly.

“Crowley told me you might have had a nightmare.”

Sam resented Crowley and his loyal honesty. Couldn’t Sam have anything private about his life? Yes, he had had a chilling nightmare, and no, he didn’t want to talk about it.

“I don’t remember anything,” he lied.

“He said you seemed troubled.”

“I don’t know what I dreamed,” Sam insisted.

“Well, I suppose it’s better like that, isn’t it?”

Sam nodded with agreement.

“Is your friend still here?” Sam asked, and he could taste the same metallic flavor, albeit faintly, in his mouth. He grew tense at the thought of running into that man in his house again.
“Emerick is on his way to Germany now.”

Sam couldn’t hide the wave of relief that washed over him after hearing that.

“You were a good boy last night. I’m proud of you.”

Sam couldn’t look his father in the eyes, and Azazel noticed that.

“Samuel?” He lifted his chin.

“You forced me last night.” Sam gritted his teeth and his eyes were burning with feelings.

“Emerick is not just any friend of mine. I’ve known him for longer than you can imagine, and he’s been helpful in ways you couldn’t understand. Remember what I taught you about offering the best you have when a good friend visits you? You’re the best I have, dear.”

Sam looked at the sheet over his body and his forehead was still creased with a frown.

“Were you scared?” Azazel asked softly.

Scared, yes. And angry, and ashamed, too.

“Yeah…” Sam finally said.

“I’m sorry, baby. I didn’t mean for him to scare you. Come here.” Azazel pulled Sam into his arms and held him close.

Sam hugged back, not sure how he felt anymore. He was still mad, but it was his dad, and his dad loved him, so Sam couldn’t really blame him, right?

Right?

“Will there be more times like that?” Sam broke the embrace and asked.

Azazel considered for a moment.

“You have to be prepared. No one knows what the future holds. You have to trust me that I’ll keep you safe, though.”

“I don’t like it,” Sam blurted.

“Samuel. You need to learn that life is not all about the things we like to do; it’s also about the things we must do. You’re my son and I love and protect you, I make sure you have everything you need. All I ask for is obedience and trust.”

Sam took a deep breath and nodded.

“Besides, Emerick had a really good time last night. I’m here to thank you. He didn’t even mind your shyness. On the contrary. He was very pleased with you. You probably don’t remember much of the night, but Emerick was very careful when he fed.”

Sam felt something hot closing his throat. He was drowning with shame again. He just wanted that
conversation to be over; he just wanted to pretend nothing had happened the previous night.

“So I just dropped by before work to give you this.”

Sam watched as his dad got something from the floor and put it on the bed, on top of Sam’s legs.

“What is it?” Sam asked, looking at the gift box.

“It’s for you. Go ahead, open it.”

Sam did as he was told. It wasn’t the first time in his life his dad bought him a present when he thought Sam was upset over something. He remembered the day he got his entire collection of ‘Treasures of the World’, a series of history books that had him hooked. It was right after he was caught being naughty, when he was twelve, and his dad got really, really disappointed…

Sam pushed the thought away quickly. He looked at the golden hardcover of a shining new chemistry book and smiled lightly.

“How do you like it?”

“I do. Thank you, Dad.”

“You’re welcome.” Azazel leaned over and kissed the boy’s forehead. “Just keep being this sweet boy you are.”

Sam ran a hand over the cover, letting his fingers trace the letters of the title.

“I have to go now. Have a good day.”

Sam felt another kiss right at the corner of his mouth and then watched as his father left.

When Crowley went back inside the boy’s room, Samuel had an empty expression as he held the book in his hands.

“I see you got a present,” Crowley smiled and tried to cheer him up.

Sam raised unreadable eyes to him before he carefully put the book back in the box and beside his bed, on the floor.

“I’m going to sleep some more,” Sam said before adjusting in bed and pulling the blanket over his shoulders.

~ * ~

Dean was lying in bed watching TV when they arrived.

The door was open, so Castiel and Benny just walked into the shack carrying the takeout food and beer they had agreed on getting for the night.

“What took you guys so long? I’m starving,” Dean complained as his friends started to get boxes out
of brown paper bags.

“You’re always starving,” Castiel pointed out.

“They messed up our order, we had to wait until they fixed it,” Benny explained.

“Just get in here already. The movie will begin soon.”

Benny and Castiel joined Dean on the bed and passed the food and beer around. For the first twenty minutes of the movie they were too busy eating to talk about anything, but the moment their stomachs grew full and their hunger was sated, they began to talk despite the action movie going on TV.

“So how was it yesterday? Did the boy come here?” Benny asked.

Dean knew his friends were curious about it. And he wanted to fill them in on what happened, but at the same time he was unwilling to share too many details of something he himself didn’t quite understand yet.

“Yeah, he did.”

Castiel and Benny both looked expectantly at him, but Dean didn’t go on.

“Let me guess, the sex was not as good as you imagined it’d be?” Benny asked. “Told ya this would happen. You put the kid on some sort of pedestal and then realized he was just another flawed human. Been there, done that,” he sighed.

“No, he didn’t fuck him,” Castiel said and narrowed his eyes to study Dean intently. “Isn’t that so?”

Dean looked at Cas and then at the TV.

“We didn’t do it,” he agreed.

“No way.” Benny shook his head. “What was it this time? You had him here, you said you were gonna make sure you had enough time…what happened?”

Dean saw the way his friends looked at him, the movie completely ignored by now.

“He’s a virgin,” Dean confessed.

“So what? Cas here was a virgin, too, and yet you deflowered him on this very bed.”

“Oh!” Castiel knew he had just blushed a dark shade of pink and his heart raced. It was true that Dean and he had been in bed together, but that was two years ago, one drunken and horny night, and for the sake of their friendship they had never crossed the line again.

Dean smiled enigmatically with the corner of his mouth and shook his head as if pushing the memory away.

“No. Sam has no experience with guys or girls. He confessed that the first time he kissed someone was at his party. In the elevator. With me.”
“Ohhh.” Benny arched his eyebrows and drank from his beer.

“Dean, that’s…that’s huge. And it makes sense,” Castiel said. “If Sam hardly ever leaves his house, then it’s not that difficult to imagine he never got close enough to anyone.”

“I know. I just…he’s sixteen, you know. I didn’t expect him to be so…innocent,” Dean admitted.

“So is this over?” Benny asked.

Dean looked at his friends and drank from his beer. It should be over, shouldn’t it? The impact that being the boy’s first could have in Sam’s life was huge, and not the kind of responsibility Dean looked forward to. Yet, Dean couldn’t, for the life of him, let go of the mental image of undressing Sam, and making him scream with pleasure, and licking every inch of him, and then locking him in his arms so he couldn’t go away. Like, ever.

“It isn’t,” Castiel answered. He could tell something was going on in Dean’s head now, and whatever it was it didn’t involve giving up on the boy.

“But you don’t like virgins. I mean, I’ve seen you turn down the hottest chicks just because they hadn’t been with anyone else before,” Benny pointed out. “You said you don’t want that weight on your shoulders.”

“You said they tend to fall in love easily and you can’t bear to break their hearts,” Castiel added.

“I know. I know I said all that, alright? It’s just…I want to see him again. And I don’t care if it takes forever for us to have sex. I can wait. Sam is…” Dean felt his heartbeats pick up, as if the conversation had grown suddenly way too interesting. “I like him.”

“What do you think it is?” Castiel asked softly, his eyes looking into Dean’s, searching for something.

Dean’s heart seemed to have an answer for that, but his lips wouldn’t voice it. Not yet.

“Just give me some time to figure it out, okay? I like being with him, and I wanna see him again.”

“You gotta be careful, man,” Benny said. “Just because you’ve been lucky so far it doesn’t mean something bad can’t happen.”

“He’s right,” Castiel agreed. “Whatever you need to figure out, just make sure Azazel isn’t aware of it.”

“Yeah, thanks for the advice.”

The three fell silent and went back to watching the movie and drinking their beers. It was well past
Benny got up first and said goodbye to the others. He had to work early in the morning and couldn’t stay up so late on a weekday. He had already been caught sleeping on the job and didn’t want to risk going through that again.

Castiel said he would stay a bit longer, and when they were alone, Dean and he opened two more beers.

“What do you wanna tell me?” Dean asked, knowingly.

“Why do you say that?” Castiel asked innocently, but he smiled with acknowledgment. Dean really did know him well, but that wasn’t a one sided privilege.

“C’mon. Just spit it out.”

“I wasn’t going to say anything.”

“Yes, you were.”

Castiel took a deep breath, drank some beer and shrugged. “Fine.”

“There you go,” Dean chuckled.

“I think you need to be careful.”

“You guys have said that already.”

“It’s not just that Azazel is rich and powerful. I…I felt something when I was in his house.”

“What did you feel?”

Castiel shrugged, not sure what to say.

“It was just a feeling… I don’t know, Dean. Your dad has always said that Azazel isn’t what he seems, that he’s some kind of monster, you know. Supernatural stuff.”

“I know. Do you believe this?”

“I don’t know. But there was something going on in that house. I can’t put my finger to it, but something’s up, and it definitely involves Sam.”

“Do you think he’s dangerous?” Dean’s lips parted with amused disbelief.

“Probably not. But since we don’t know what the hell goes on in that family, just promise me you’ll be extra careful, okay?”

“Of course, Cas.”

“Good. I have to go, too. See you in the morning.”
“See you.” Dean watched as Castiel finished his beer and left the cabin.

Dean wasn’t a fool. He knew he had to be careful. But there was no way he could turn his back on what was happening. He was already too deep into this, and he didn’t want to let it go.

There was something in Sam’s eyes, something so physically strong that it had captured Dean, heart and soul, and that made him want to see him again and touch him again and make sure he was safe and happy.

Dean had never felt that for anyone before.

He lay down in bed and stared at the sky.

It wasn’t a bad feeling. Not at all.

~ * ~

John was cleaning his rifle after having hung his kill in the back of the salvage yard. It was evening now and the night was coming soon. He was alone when he heard the noise of someone walking past the gates and towards him.

“We’re closed,” he said, without turning around.

“I’m not here for a tune up.”

“Bobby?” John turned around quickly, the weapon forgotten in his hands.

The two men looked at each other for a moment that seemed to last forever. Eventually, though, John went back to his rifle and listened as Bobby approached him.

“It’s been a while since you’ve last come here,” John said.

“You know why.”

“I do,” John admitted. “I also know that nothing has changed. So why are you here now?”

“Dammit, John. Invite me in, give me some whiskey, will you? Where are your manners?”

John looked into Bobby’s eyes and studied him. He shook his head, arched his eyebrows and sighed.

“Come on in, then.” John got up with the rifle in one hand and walked into his home with Bobby Singer.

Bobby watched as John let the rifle rest against a wall and walked into the kitchen. His friend picked two glasses and poured them both a generous dose of whiskey. Bobby appreciated the fact that John still remembered his favorite.

The thing was, they hadn’t spoken for years, and there was a reason for that. They had been close in the past, but the past was carved with secrets, and some of these secrets had pushed them apart.
The two men sat in John’s living room and drank quietly for a moment.

There was not a trace of the sun in the sky when John looked longingly into his glass before saying something.

“So, what brings you here?”

“You say nothing has changed. That’s not true. Something has.” Bobby watched John for his reaction.

“I’ve no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Your son. I’m talking about Dean. And Sam. And their friendship.”

John’s lips tightened and he held the glass with more pressure in his hand.

“There’s no such thing as a friendship. I told Dean to stay away from that kid.”

“Yeah, but you forgot Dean is no longer a kid, and he can do whatever he wants. And apparently, he wants to hang out with Azazel’s boy.”

John’s face changed into something unreadable. Bobby could tell there were many emotions going through him right now, and although he could guess some of them, most remained hidden in the depths of John’s mind.

“If Azazel finds out…” John began.

“I’m covering up for them. They know it’s risky.”

“Well, you shouldn’t. If anyone hears about it, you’re going down for this, too,” John warned.

“They’re kids…they like each other’s company. You know,” Bobby went on. “maybe this isn’t such a bad thing…”

“Of course it’s a bad thing,” John cut him off.

“Sam could use a friend.”

“I don’t care what he could or not use.” John got up and paced around the living room.

Bobby followed him and stared at John’s back for a moment.

“John?” He put a hand on his friend’s shoulder. “You know that’s not true. You don’t mean that.”

“Bobby, you need to leave,” John turned around and his dark eyes were straying.

“Maybe it’s time you talk to him.”

“Get out. Bobby, just…get out of my house. Please. Go.”

Bobby sighed with frustration. He knew John was suffering, but he also knew his friend was too stubborn to admit it.
“It’s been so long, maybe…”

“Will I have to fucking kick you out?” John sounded exasperated.

“Nope,” Bobby clicked his tongue and shook his head sadly. “I’ll show myself out.”

“Thank you.”

Some wounds didn’t seem to get better with time, Bobby thought.

Inside the house, alone, John held the whiskey glass in one hand and stared at the wall. He stared until his vision became blurry, and when he blinked and the tears rolled down his cheeks, he ran his other hand over his face in silence.

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*tbc*...
Chapter 12

Thank you so much for the beta-ing, Vershiel!!

Chapter 12

The next time Sam left his home and went to Bobby’s church, he was aware there would be no class, and so was his teacher. The moment he arrived in the classroom, Dean knocked on the door and they left together.

Bobby knew it was risky, and something told him they were bound to get caught. Yet, there was hardly any resistance left in him when he understood how much both Sam and Dean looked forward to these moments. Not for the first time Bobby was tempted to add two and two and wonder about the nature of this attraction, but once again, even as he saw the two youngsters leave together, he refrained from delving into such thoughts.

The less he knew the better.

Bobby sighed and looked at the shut door, hoping Crowley would not come knocking on it anytime soon.

~ * ~

“Where are we going?” Sam asked.

“It’s a surprise. You’ll see.”

Sam stopped on his tracks and when Dean looked at him he saw wide open, suspicious eyes staring back at him. Sam seemed a bit odd today, but it was something so subtle that it was only vaguely there. He seemed slightly quiet and hesitant, but before Dean could question him about it there would be one of those radiant smiles that lit up his eyes and the older guy just assumed everything was okay.

“Where are we going?” Sam asked again, and this time Dean heard the twinge of fear in his voice.

“Hey…relax, alright?” Dean touched his arm. “Is something wrong?”

Sam thought of the silver robe and his dad’s hands exposing him to a stranger in his office. He thought briefly of how he was sat on his dad’s lap as both men fed on him and forced the thought away immediately.
“No.”

It really felt as if a shadow had darkened Sam’s eyes for a second or two, and Dean stepped closer.

“It’s fine.” Sam felt happy in Dean’s company, but the fear of the unknown grabbed at his heart for a moment. He didn’t think Dean could possibly hurt him, but then again, his dad wasn’t supposed to hurt him either, and yet…

“Since you’d never been to the beach before, I started wondering what else you haven’t done yet,” Dean said and watched Sam’s reaction. “I thought we could go to that amusement park near the shore. Would you like that?”

Sam relaxed and a smile returned to his face.

“Yeah. I’ve seen it from the car before but I’ve never been there. I would like that.”

“Cool. Just…” Dean looked into his jacket pocket for a few items. “There’ll be people there. More than at the beach. I don’t want them to recognize you. Not that they will since you hardly go out, but we’d better be safe. How about you put these on?”

Sam looked at the pair of sunglasses and the baseball cap Dean offered him. He chuckled and picked up the things.

Dean watched as Sam put on the glasses and the cap.

“How do I look?” he asked.

“Still look like an angel to me,” Dean’s voice dropped just a little and he leaned in for a kiss.

Sam’s heart raced when their lips touched. For a small moment he felt the softness of Dean’s lips on his and he shut his eyes to enjoy the feeling.

“Let’s go?”

Sam nodded and followed him.

~ * ~

The park was unlike any place Sam had ever been to. There were a lot of people there, except it wasn’t like one of the parties his dad was used to throwing at the mansion. None of those people seemed to pay him any attention. As Sam walked beside Dean, he could feel a few looks in their direction, but they were mainly girls looking at Dean with evident appreciation. The fact that those girls were interested in Dean, and that Dean chose to spend his time beside Sam was enough to make the younger boy’s heart race erratically every now and then.

Sam looked at the many rides and all sorts of food people were buying. The sound of laughter and screaming filled the air, and Sam could hardly believe how much fun people could actually have on any normal day if they simply chose to.
There was nothing remotely similar to the thrill the park offered in Sam’s life.

Except for being with Dean.

“Are you hungry?” Dean asked.

“Not really…”

“I had to skip lunch. Mind if I eat some hot dogs?”

“Of course not.” Sam went with Dean to the nearest vendor and saw him pay for two hot dogs with plenty of mustard and ketchup.

“Wanna bite?” Dean offered him one.

“Thanks.” Sam shook his head and smiled.

“Don’t you like hot dogs?” Dean chuckled.

“I haven’t…I haven’t tried them, honestly.”

“No shit!” Dean seemed genuinely surprised. “Then go ahead, have some,” he insisted.

“I really shouldn’t…it’s not good for your body, you know. Maybe I’ll get an orange juice. Do you think they might sell some fruit here?”

Dean swallowed down his first large bite and stared at the boy in front of him.

“What’s your favorite food?” he asked.

Sam looked at Dean for a moment before shrugging. “I don’t know… I had some goat cheese salad for lunch. I like that. I also like Japanese food. What?” Sam frowned at the look on Dean’s face.

“Dude, you seriously need to start eating better.”

“But I only eat fresh fruit and vegetables, and try to restrict my diet to white meat. I avoid fried things and sugar because I was told they are bad for you.”

Dean felt something tighten in his chest. It was just a conversation about food, but it felt like glimpsing through a window and into Sam’s most private secrets.

“Have a bite. C’mon. And I’m buying you some ice cream, too.”

“I… I shouldn’t really…” Sam tried, but Dean was almost pushing the hot dog against his lips. Sam took a deep breath and complied. He took a bite and started chewing.

“So?” Dean asked, expectantly.

“Not bad…although it is very greasy and there’s probably way too much sodium in this.”

“What?”
Sam laughed at Dean’s confused face.

“I’ll have to take you to my favorite burger place some day. You ain’t lived until you’ve tried one of those.”

“Aren’t you afraid all this junk food will get you killed?”

“What’s life worth living for if we don’t take some risks, eh?” Dean shot back and winked, causing Sam’s heart to flutter. “C’mon. Ice cream.”

“But you’re still eating!”

Dean finished the hot dogs amazingly fast. Sam was surprised at how quickly the pair of buns disappeared into Dean’s mouth. They were soon in front of another kiosk, this time to get ice cream.

“I would ask what your favorite flavor is, but something tells me I won’t really get an answer,” Dean said.

Sam didn’t say anything.

“So I’ll get you one of my favorites. And next time we’re going to have pie.”

Sam watched as Dean got them two ice cream cones.

“Here.” Dean handed Sam one. “Try it.”

“What is this one?”

“It’s vanilla. You know, I thought it was fitting.” Dean chuckled but Sam only looked puzzled. “Go ahead.”

Sam looked hesitant for a moment but he complied. He licked at the icy cold cream and closed his eyes when it filled his mouth.

“So?” Dean asked before sinking his mouth into his chocolate one.

“Not bad. I like this.”

Dean laughed, pleased. “Good! Try mine.”

Sam had a go at the chocolate ice cream and was very excited about the taste.

“There’s so much sugar in this that it should be illegal, but I like it,” he confessed.

Dean laughed and watched Sam eat his ice cream with clear joy in his face. It felt good knowing he was making Sam happy. Even if it was with something as silly as an ice cream cone.

When they walked past a shooting range, Dean stopped and paid money to have a chance.

“Can you shoot?” Sam asked, still licking at his ice cream.

“Not as well as my dad, but he taught me when I was growing up. We used to go hunting together.”
Sam watched as Dean fired against several targets of different sizes. He got every shot right, including the last one on the smallest target.

“Congratulations, sir! You can choose your prize,” the man from across the counter told him.

Dean beamed at his success, then he looked at the prizes and looked at Sam. The image of Sam sleeping with a teddy bear invaded his mind and Dean chose a fluffy stuffed dog.

“Thank you,” he said when the man handed him the toy.

Sam had finished his ice cream by now.

“Here. It’s for you.”

Sam looked at the stuffed dog Dean offered him before raising questioning eyes to him.

“Why? It’s okay. We should give it to a child.”

“I thought you liked teddy bears… I mean, when I went into your room I saw you sleeping with one.”

“Oh.” Sam knew he was blushing because he could feel his cheeks grow warm. Of course Dean had seen that, hadn’t he? “It’s not… not like that…” Sam felt ashamed and suddenly the teddy bear in his hands seemed to burn his skin. He would have dropped it if Dean hadn’t taken it back.

The older one could see the distress in Sam’s attitude and he knew something had caused him to feel uneasy. Dean then acted quickly to try and move past that.

“That’s okay then. Hey, look! There’s a little girl there. You think she’ll like it?”

Sam barely had time to reply. In a second Dean was walking past him and towards a little girl dressed in a blue dress and pink ribbon in her hair.

“Excuse me. Do you like my friend here?” Dean showed her the toy. “I won this at shooting range, but I don’t think I’ll be keeping it. Do you want it?”

The girl’s eyes lit up as she looked at the toy. Then, as if she remembered something important, she searched for her parents eyes and waited for their approval. When her mom nodded and smiled, she accepted the toy and held it tightly.

“Thank the nice man, Susan.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“You’re welcome.”

Dean smiled and watched the girl and her mom go away.

“That was nice,” Sam said from behind him.

“Do you wanna try one of these rides?” Dean asked, still trying to make Sam feel comfortable after
the awkward little moment. “I mean, nothing too radical since I’ve just eaten, but you know…”

Sam looked around until his eyes focused on something that caused him to smile. “Yeah,” he said. “There’s something I want to try.”

~ * ~

Dean didn’t move a single muscle. His hands held on to the metal bar until his knuckles turned white, and he didn’t even breathe too hard for fear of feeling the cart move more than it should.

“This is awesome! I bet we can see the entire beach from up there.” Sam beamed as he took off his cap and the sunglasses.

Of course he had chosen the ferris wheel. The one ride Dean was terrified of.

Dean smiled shortly and without any humor. His green eyes were fixed at some point in the distance and his heart started drumming as their cart neared the peak.

Sam seemed to be having a blast. He looked around himself all the time, marveling at the view as they went higher and higher. And when they were at the highest point and stopped, he was breathless at the sight of the beach.

“Jesus Christ, it had to stop here, didn’t it? Of course it did,” Dean muttered.

Sam then paid attention to Dean and for the first time since they had gotten on the ride he realized something was wrong.

“Are you afraid of heights?” he asked.

“Me?” Dean laughed quickly. “No, not really, I’m…”

Sam moved a little and caused the cart to shake some.

“HOLY SHIT STOP THAT!”

Sam laughed. “Yes, you are!”

Dean was way too terrified to argue with that. He held on to the cart and controlled his breathing so they would be as still as possible.

“Hey. Relax.” Sam looked at him.

“Easy to say…these things go way too high. There’s no need to…” Dean was silenced when a pair of lips covered his own. Sam’s kiss was soft but it lingered, and when it deepened Dean started breathing again.

Sam’s hand rested on Dean’s thigh and his lips caressed Dean’s mouth and cheek, and Sam even nuzzled his neck before pulling away. The cart was moving again, going down, and Dean had barely noticed it.

“Nice move,” he admitted.
Sam smiled coyly.

“I might be in for another visit to the peak if you do that again.” Dean’s heart rate was quick now, but it had less to do with the height and more to do with how warm his body became when Sam touched him.

Sam licked at his lips and looked away. He seemed to be struggling with something when he spoke again.

“The teddy bear you saw me with…”

“You don’t have to explain anything.”

“It’s okay. It’s…it’s the only thing I have from my mom.”

“Oh.”

“I don’t know much about her. Dad never talks about her or their life together. I know she died giving birth to me, and I know she was the most beautiful woman in the world, or so he says.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s alright. The teddy bear was inside her bag with my stuff when she went to the hospital. She wanted me to have it as soon as I was born. I know it’s stupid, but it makes me feel close to her when I hold it.”

“It’s not stupid,” Dean said, his eyes serious and understanding.

“I’ve never met her. Dad doesn’t have any pictures. I sometimes dream of her, even though I’ve never seen her. Isn’t that weird?”

“Maybe. I know what you mean, though. My mom died when I was four. I got to know her, and I have some memories of the things we did together. But I was little and sometimes…” Dean looked away. “sometimes I feel like I’m forgetting her face, you know? There are days when I remember it so vividly, but sometimes I need a picture to remind me of what she really looked like.”

Sam nodded.

“As I grew up I felt less connected to that toy. My dad insists that I keep it, though. He even puts it in my bed when I kick it away. I think he misses my mom, or feels guilty that I couldn’t meet her. I don’t know.”

Azazel was a monster, or so John had said. It was hard picturing him as a loving dad who put a teddy bear by his son’s pillow so the kid would feel close to his mother. Dean had once again the feeling that there was so much about Sam he didn’t know yet.

“So it’s not that I like teddy bears…” Sam smiled with a faint shade of blushing to his cheeks. “It’s just that one.”

“I understand. But it wouldn’t matter if you did.”
“It’d be weird.”

“Yeah, maybe a little,” Dean caved and they laughed.

He then watched Sam’s eyes get lost in the horizon. They were at the peak of the wheel again, but Dean had relaxed considerably. He watched Sam’s thoughtful look and the long gaze towards the beach.

“Are you sad now?” he asked softly.

“Yeah. Kind of.”

“Because of your mom?”

“Not really,” Sam said and sighed. “I just…I’m having a really good time. I don’t want the afternoon to end.”

They looked into each other’s eyes and Dean smiled, but he also felt something shudder inside of him, almost as if there were tears somewhere. Dean wasn’t sad, though. It was a different feeling.

“Me too. It feels great being with you.”

“Even if I know nothing about hot dogs or ice cream?” Sam asked, but there was so much more behind that silly question, and Dean understood it, and he laughed lightly.

“Yeah, even so. I'm sure you'll grow to like a lot of things in the near future. I'll show you how.”

Sam smiled shyly, and at that moment, with the sun reflected on his face, his eyes shining with joy, Dean had never seen anything so beautiful, and he understood why he felt like crying.

“C’mere.” He pulled Sam’s face closer and kissed him again.

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tbc...
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much, Vershiel, for beta-ing! <3

Chapter 13

Bobby Singer was not the typical priest one could find at any given church. For one, he didn’t even dress like a priest. He didn’t preach on a daily basis, and he wasn’t connected to a higher religious hierarchy. His church was his home and he answered to no one. Bobby spent his days sleeping and studying in the church or teaching and walking around the city.

Of course it hadn’t always been such. He hadn’t found the Lord until a few years before, after his wife had passed away. He hadn’t been much of a believer until he lost the love of his life and found solace to his pain in the quiet of the church.

As a kid, Bobby had grown in the town where he still lived, and married his high school sweetheart. For years Karen and he had been completely happy, until the day she discovered she couldn’t have children.

Having babies was one of Karen’s dreams; it meant the world to her, and the moment she found out she could never conceive Bobby knew something died deep within her, something that left a bitter taste in their marriage. For a long time Bobby had tried to help her deal with it; he had talked about adoption, surrogacy, puppies, anything that would bring joy back into her life, but as time passed by he was forced to witness his beloved wife fall into helpless depression.

At that time Bobby was a Biology teacher at the local school and a researcher on Anthropology. The more distant he grew from his wife, the more comfort Bobby found in his books. Soon, he was dedicating all his free time to learning.

Bobby spent as much time in his studies as Karen did going to church and praying feverishly.

She used to tell her husband that Bobby needed to accept the Lord in his life, that if he went to church with her then God might smile upon them and give them a child. Bobby didn’t believe any of that, but for the sake of Karen’s depression, he decided to follow her to church service to try and be there for her.

A few months after Bobby started to go to church with her, a miracle had happened.

The day she came home and announced she was pregnant, Bobby swore he had never seen anyone so happy in his entire life. For an entire month Karen had been the happiest anyone could possibly be. Bobby couldn’t explain how much joy it gave him to see his lover healthy again, with dreams and plans for their future.
It seemed like nothing could go wrong. It seemed like God had indeed smiled down upon them and decided to paint a beautiful future ahead.

Of course, it all changed the day of the accident.

Thirty days it had lasted. A little over six weeks of pregnancy, according to the doctor. One month of knowing they would be parents, and then there was the hit and run.

Karen had gone shopping for baby stuff. ‘It’s too soon,’ Bobby had laughed. ‘We have plenty of time to look into that!’ But Karen had been unmovable. She was too happy and she couldn’t wait. She left after lunch to go to a few stores and when she was coming back home she was hit by a car. The driver, a young man who was drunk out of his mind, couldn’t believe what he had done. Neither could Bobby. Neither could the rest of the town. It seemed way too cruel.

Bobby knew he had loved his wife deeply, but he had never realized how much he had wanted to be a father until after the accident. In a few seconds, the drunk driver had taken everything away from him, and that was when praying became a necessity.

Spending his time in church made Bobby feel closer to his wife and unborn kid. It made him try and find meaning in what had happened, and after some time it had managed to soothe his aching heart.

When Bobby decided to become a priest, he did it because it made sense to him. He couldn’t really see himself married to another woman, and he certainly didn’t have any hopes of starting a family. But being in church gave him a lot of time to pray and read, two things Bobby appreciated. When he became involved with religion, he started to read all sorts of books, ancient manuscripts and anything he could get his hands on. It fed his passion for History and Anthropology, but most importantly, it kept him busy and he needed that.

There weren’t any sermons in his church. Bobby didn’t really do that. It was just a church where people sometimes went to if they needed peace and quiet. But it was mostly a place of learning, and Bobby preferred it that way. Sometimes people hired him to home school their kids. Bobby didn’t mind being paid some good cash for his service. He had to maintain the church, after all. And buy new books. And good whiskey, because that was something he still let himself indulge in.

Right now, Bobby sat on his chair behind the desk, sipping from a glass of whiskey and thinking of his friend John.

It had been almost inevitable that they had grown close. After losing his wife, Bobby had found himself gravitating towards John Winchester, a man who had lost his wife during childbirth three years before Bobby’s life changed for good. At the time, the two men had so much in common it was hard to stay apart. Grief brought them together, and soon they discovered a lot of mutual interests.

John taught Bobby how to hunt. Embracing religion didn’t change the fact that Bobby learned fast and was very good with guns. They went hunting quite often back when Dean was growing up. Although Bobby would never say anything, he cherished the opportunity to be a part of the kid’s life and see Dean grow. He wouldn’t be lying if he said that helping take care of John’s son every now and then had warmed a very cold and shut out part of his heart.

Then there had been the paranoia, as Bobby thought of it. One day John had started to act weird, and eventually he had told Bobby about the things he had seen, things about the town’s most famous
doctor, things about Samuel’s father, Azazel.

Bobby was still visiting John often when the theories began and the crazy plans started to fill John’s head.

Although he couldn’t say it was completely bullshit, Bobby had never given his friend too much credit. They were both men whose lives were coated in grief, and that could drive you mad eventually.

For some time they had been together in it, John trying to prove his theories, trying to make him believe, Bobby growing curious but cautious about whatever it was that John told him about Azazel.

Then there had been the day when John told him about his past. About everything that happened the day his wife, Mary, had died.

Bobby drank a long sip of his drink and made a face as he remembered that day. John had drunk a lot, but not enough not to know what he was doing, and he had told Bobby his biggest secret. He had sought comfort for what he felt, no doubt. But Bobby had been unable to offer any.

The truth of what John had told him had affected Bobby way too deeply. That night, after having heard his friend spill about his past and his decisions, Bobby had desperately tried to change his friend’s mind, but John had been too stubborn, and too driven by guilt. So, Bobby had left John’s house and his visits had simply stopped happening.

They had met a few times after that, and every time they did it, Bobby had tried to knock some sense into John’s head, but he had never succeed. They couldn’t seem to agree on what the best option was in a really delicate situation.

Eventually, stubbornness and hurt got in the way of their friendship. John kept on hunting and fixing cars. Bobby kept on teaching and praying, and when one day Azazel came by the church offering to hire Bobby to home school his son, prince Samuel, Bobby felt a spike of adrenaline buzz in his body.

No, he still didn’t believe John’s theories. He was fairly certain they were mostly delusions from a man drowning in guilt and grief. Yet…what if there was something to John’s suspicions? Just what if…?

Bobby knew he needed to take the chance and be near Samuel, and over the years he had been with the prince, Bobby had grown to love and care deeply for that boy who knew so much of books and History and so little about life.

Sometimes, when Bobby looked at Sam and the way he seemed so happy in Dean’s company, Bobby hoped for the sake of everyone involved in this that John’s fears were nothing but delusions.

~ * ~

They spent the whole day at the park. There was laughter and different food and the sky was a beautiful mingle of pink and blue when they looked at it from up above. The day had been perfect, but it wasn’t over yet.
When the sun was about to set in a distant line their eyes could see in the horizon, Sam didn’t go back to the church. He went with Dean to his shack by the beach, where they could be alone.

The moment he walked in his heart raced because he knew what would happen. Dean closed the door and then stood in front of him, looking silently into his eyes for what felt like an eternity until he finally moved. When he did, his arms wrapped around Sam and pressed them together.

Sam shut his eyes at the feeling. He was being kissed and touched and he didn’t have the strength to fight anything. As Dean’s leg slipped between his and rubbed, Sam tilted his head back and offered his neck for Dean’s lips to explore.

The feeling of arousal grew and Sam felt himself throb in his pants. Please...it felt so good, so amazing... Why would he stop something like that from happening? Sam didn’t want to stop. He wanted more.

Dean’s fingers slipped under his shirt and flicked at his nipples, like he had done before, and Sam moaned and pressed down hard against Dean’s thigh, trying to get more friction.

It felt just like in the elevator, but hotter because it was happening right now instead of being a memory. Sam gasped when Dean’s hand tugged at his jeans and slipped inside his underwear.

He had never been touched like that, never...he was so hard it hurt, and Dean’s palm...holy shit...it was so warm against his skin, his fingers were so skilled when they wrapped around Sam’s cock and stroked.

Sam shuddered. His mouth felt dry and his whole body pulsed when Dean moved his hand. For a moment Sam was almost afraid of what he felt, but he couldn’t control the inevitable. He felt his balls jerk and his knees falter, and then there was nothing but sweet release and the feeling of floating into the same sky he had admired before.

Sam woke up lazily when the curtains were drawn and sunlight flooded his room. He yawned unhurriedly and stretched, and he might have smiled too, but then Crowley was already by his bed, pulling the sheets off his body in order to take a good look at him.

Crowley’s eyes narrowed the moment he looked at Sam’s midsection. Sam followed his look and found himself staring at the way his underwear stuck to his skin.

“You had a good dream, then?” Crowley snickered before he touched Sam briefly.

Sam recoiled immediately and frowned. He waited as Crowley took his fingers to his nose to confirm what he suspected.

“All right. I’ll let your father know. Go get ready.”

Sam was tempted to feel ashamed and guilty, but the moment Crowley was out and a different server walked into the room with him, Sam let himself smile as he thought about his dream. And it wasn’t only the dream that caused him to smile. Having reached an orgasm in his sleep meant his dad wouldn’t be drinking from him tonight, and probably not for the next two or three days. Perhaps Sam would only be visited by his dad again at night in the next week.

Sam got up and started looking for clothes to take a shower.
He walked into the bathroom closely followed by a silent woman who stood by the corner as he washed himself. Today Sam knew there wouldn’t be one moment of privacy, not even a minute.

Azazel had quickly realized what took Sam’s innocent mind a while longer to understand. If he had already had an orgasm in the middle of the night and was hence dismissed from any blood drinking, then that would be a day in which Sam could masturbate as much as he wanted and get away with it, because Azazel simply wouldn’t know. Yet, even though Azazel wouldn’t taste it, he knew it was important not to encourage Sam’s libido. In his mind, Azazel believed that the more Sam was allowed to indulge, the more he would want it—like a drug addict who would be capable of anything for another fix. Letting Sam enjoy sexual pleasure at particular moments might make him question his entire life structure. Not to mention how more testosterone might lead to more sex dreams and, eventually, to unruly behavior.

When Sam realized what could happen, he also understood why he had extra surveillance on the days following a wet dream. Azazel was aware that on such days Sam could be tempted to do something wrong without any fear of being caught, so the extra eyes on him were to ensure he remained a good boy.

Sam finished his shower and dressed, all the while being closely watched. When he went down to have breakfast he felt a little more comfortable in the kitchen. Even though there were more people around him, Sam didn’t feel so intimately observed anymore.

As he lowered his eyes to his food, he let his mind toy with the memory of his dream. In the secrecy of his silence, Sam was all smiles and heart bursting within, and that was when an idea occurred to him.

If Sam managed to leave the mansion today, or on any other day after having a wet dream, if he could be in Dean’s company…

Sam closed his eyes, his heart thudded in his chest and his dick twitched in his pants.

If he could see Dean knowing his dad wouldn’t be coming to his bedroom at night, then Sam could let himself go again. He could allow himself to enjoy Dean’s touch, just like the dream. Of course he wouldn’t have sex, because then everything would be ruined and his dad would realize it soon enough. But the thought that he could let Dean touch him and feel the same explosion of pleasure he had felt before in the elevator made his thoughts buzz with need.

A while later, upstairs in his bedroom, Sam’s heartbeats were still erratic as he started to prepare his things to go to class. He had everything he needed when the woman in his room left and Crowley returned.

“Where do you think you’re going, Prince? May I know?”

“To class,” Sam said. He felt a twinge of heartbreak at what he knew Crowley was about to say, but he still tried anyway. “Have you forgotten I need to see Father Bobby today?”

“Your father was informed of your dream. You can let your things be and not worry about class. You’re not going anywhere.”

“What?” Sam felt his blood boil with anger. “That’s absurd! My dream doesn’t change anything. What does it have to do with my learning?”
Crowley took a few steps towards Sam and narrowed his eyes curiously.

“You do seem very keen on learning, young prince.” He studied Sam intently until the boy looked away. “But I’m just following orders here. Your dad says you stay in today, and we both need to do as he says.”

“This isn’t fair,” Sam murmured, his heart falling. He could already imagine Dean coming into the church’s classroom looking for him and having to hear Bobby say that he hadn’t shown up for class. After Sam’s wild fantasies of being with Dean and feeling good again, he was now having to adapt to the cold reality of the prisoner he really was in his home.

“Little is fair in this life, you should know that by now.”

Sam let his books fall heavily on top of his bed where he sat, sighing and letting his eyes stray. Unable to leave his home and unwilling to stay, Sam took small comfort in playing his dream in his head over and over again, and letting his mind drift away with memories of being with Dean.

~ * ~

“I thought you were busy this afternoon,” John said when he saw Dean walking into the garage.

Dean looked at his dad and shrugged. He was just coming back from the church, where Sam had failed to show up for his class. Even though Bobby had warned him that this happened sometimes, Dean was still shocked by the wave of disappointment that took him when he understood he wouldn’t be in Sam’s company today.

He left the church and couldn’t find his friends, so he headed to the salvage yard knowing that working would help him get his mind off his frustration.

“Yeah, so did I. But I’m here now. You got anything I can help with?” he asked.

John didn’t reply immediately. He studied his son for a moment, his thoughts running in his head.

“How is it with Azazel’s son? Have you been in touch with him?”

Dean looked into his dad’s eyes and felt immediately defensive. “Why? You’d probably be mad if I answered honestly.”

“I don’t want to see you in trouble, that’s all. Everyone knows how much Azazel hates me and you know how I feel about him.”

“Forget Azazel,” Dean said strongly. “I don’t give a damn about him, Dad. I’m friends with Sam, and he’s a nice a kid. I know it’s hard to believe, but he is. I don’t know much about him, but Samuel isn’t an evil bastard, it doesn’t matter what anyone says about him.”

John took a silent, deep breath and swallowed. “He isn’t?”

“No,” Dean was adamant. “Sam’s a really good kid.”
John didn’t say anything, but Dean thought his dad’s eyes looked different and curious.

“Well, I don’t know about the kid, Dean. It’s Azazel I’m worried about. I don’t want you near that man. He’s evil, you can trust me on this.”

“Then if you’re right, it’s one more reason for me to be friends with Sam. Don’t you think?” Dean wondered what was going on with his dad right now. John seemed definitely distant and deceitfully calm. Dean would give anything to be able to see into his father’s thoughts.

“Whatever, Dean.” John shrugged and his voice sounded defeated. “The blue Chevy could use an oil change. You can help me with that if you’re up to it.”

“Yeah…I’ll do it.” Dean looked at his father when he turned around. “What are you doing?”

“Skinning a couple of rabbits. Will you stay for dinner?”

“No, thanks.”

Dean watched as John disappeared inside the house and turned around to look for the blue Chevy.

In the kitchen, John took his knife and looked at the white rabbit inside the sink. There was a red blood stain at the animal’s mouth, and when John looked at the red dot on top of the white fur he shut his eyes as the memory hit him.

*

Ten years earlier…

John Winchester sometimes visits the General Hospital after visiting hours, when most employees have gone home and only the doctors in charge of the night shifts roam the corridors. Once every six months or so John visits Azazel in his office, after business hours, when no one would pay them any attention. There is a reason for his visits, a motive that shames John as much as it moves him to keep going.

Tonight, the night things will take a different turn in his relationship with Azazel, John talks to the yellow-eyed doctor for twenty minutes or so before he turns around to go back home.

John is almost at the hospital door when something occurs to him. It’s a silly question, he knows that, but suddenly it seems important. Besides, it’s not like John is busy or in a hurry to get back home. Bobby Singer is watching Dean for him, and he certainly won’t mind if John is ten or fifteen minutes late.

So John turns around and walks back into Azazel’s office, and what he sees when he gets there makes his heart race and his thoughts run wild.

“Excuse me, I was just wondering if…” John’s words falter and he never finishes that sentence.

Azazel surely believed he was alone, and is caught off guard by John walking back into his office. It had been a long day, Azazel is tired and hungry, so hungry he can’t wait anymore.
When John walks back in, Azazel lets the blood bag fall on the floor and turns around with a snarl. His upper lip is arched and the sound he makes is almost like a hiss. His teeth are red, there’s red blood dripping from the corner of his lips and down his chin, and his yellow eyes are flashing.

John looks into those yellow eyes and the blood in the doctor’s mouth, and the blood bag on the floor, and when it all comes together there’s no reason, just madness, and John is scared, hell, he is terrified, and for a second or two he doesn’t think he can move again, and his feet don’t belong to his body.

There’s blood in Azazel’s mouth and he licks at his lips, and his eyes are dangerous and bold, and John realizes his heart may race itself out of his chest at any moment now.

“I… I’m sorry, I’ll…” John stutters. “Are you…are you drinking that?”

“Of course not,” Azazel smiles slowly, his expression softening. “That’s blood, John. Why would I be drinking it?” he says. And his words make sense, they do! They are everything John wants to hear, and yet, there’s blood in Azazel’s mouth, between his teeth, and there are red dots on the collar of his white shirt.

“Right. I just… I was going to ask something else but maybe next time…”

“Go home, John.” Azazel’s voice is soft, but there is a clear threat hanging in his words.

The moment John can finally regain control of his legs, he nods and leaves quickly, and until John reaches the door he never looks back over his shoulder. He tells himself he’s tired and seeing things, but he’s actually afraid and perplexed.

John never knows how he even manages to get home that night. All he can think of is the red stain on the white shirt, and the sound the blood bag made when it hit the floor.

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*tbc*...
“I’ve missed you.” Dean had Sam trapped between the rock wall and himself. There was darkness around them as they stood in the corridor beneath the church, and the only sound was that of their quick breathing.

“I couldn’t come before. There was no way of letting you know. Sorry,” Sam apologized, but he hardly paid his words any attention. He had missed Dean, too.

“I’m glad you could come today. I got something you’ll enjoy doing.”

Sam could see the smile in Dean’s eyes, and then he didn’t see anything because they were kissing. In the silence of the corridor they hugged and kissed for a moment, but before Sam’s mind started to drift, he was being pulled out of the corridor and into the sunny early afternoon waiting for them.

“Where are we going today?” Sam asked, excitedly, when Dean started to lead the way.

“Some place no one will bother us. Are you up to a little walking? I assure you it’ll be worth it.”

“Yeah.”

“C’mon, then.”

Dean took Sam to the beach, but instead of staying where some people walked along the shore, he guided Sam to a rocky and wooded place in the distance, and showed him a hiking trail.

They looked into each other’s eyes for a silent moment before they started walking. As they made their way through a steep hill, their feet finding sand and roots, their hands sometimes having to fight off thorns on some of the trees, Sam stole a few glances in Dean’s direction. There were beads of sweat on his forehead, and Sam stared at the well defined muscles in his arms and the way his tanned skin glowed under the bright sun.

“What are you smiling at?” Dean caught his glance and smiled playfully.

Sam shook his head and looked away, feeling almost drunk with joy.

It wasn’t long before they reached the top of the place and stopped to catch their breaths.
“Wow. It’s beautiful here.” Sam looked into the horizon and at the blue waters meeting the sand, just a few feet below them.

“I think of this place as my private beach. There’s hardly anyone here,” Dean said. “I come here when I want to swim naked,” he laughed.

Sam laughed too, but he couldn’t help wondering how many people Dean had already taken to that little paradise, and how many of them he had lain with. All of them, most likely.

“C’mon. I left some swimming trunks by the beach. Let’s go into the water.” Dean pulled Sam out of his thoughts as he led them down towards the shore.

“Wait. I can’t get wet. How will I go back?”

“Leave your clothes on the sand. Take the swimming trunks. We can stop by the shack and you can blow dry your hair. No one will know.”

“You’ve thought this through,” Sam chuckled.

“Of course I have.”

They locked eyes for a moment and there was something important being said in that shared look, something that remained a secret.

“Thanks,” Sam murmured.

“Go ahead. Put them on. I’ll be in the water.”

Sam watched as Dean took off his shirt and started towards the water. For a moment the younger boy just stood where he was and appreciated the sight of Dean’s naked back. Sam was still looking when Dean disappeared below the water and came back a few seconds later, water dripping down his back and shoulders.

“C’mon!” he called.

Sam took the swimming suit and went behind some trees. He took off his clothes and put the trunks on, then he headed towards the water.

Dean stared at Sam’s half-naked body with evident lust. He had touched Sam before, but that didn’t stop him from appreciating the sight of his lithe body. Whatever Sam did in his mansion every day, it certainly involved physical activity. He looked great.

“Can you swim?” Dean asked as he saw Sam walking into the cool water.

“Yeah. There’s a pool at home. I learned when I was a kid.” Sam dipped into the water and felt the chilling temperature of it embrace him completely. When he returned to the surface he shook his head and wiped at his eyes. The sun warmed his skin as he ran a hand through his wet and messy hair.

“That’s a shame,” Dean spoke softly, huskily, causing Sam’s eyes to dart open and the salt to sting a little. Sam hadn’t realized Dean was that close. “I was hoping I might have to save you from
Sam’s heart slammed against his chest when he felt Dean’s arms wrap around him slowly and draw his body closer. Dean’s skin was on fire, despite the cold temperature of the water.

“I was picturing myself breathing into your mouth…” Dean’s lips parted and he blew lightly at Sam’s face.

Sam shivered and shut his eyes. The combination of the cold water and Dean’s fiery touch caused goosebumps to break on his skin. He let his palms rest against Dean’s arms, squeezing tentatively at the firmness under his fingertips.

There was something so heated and safe about the way Dean held him that it was hard to think rationally. Sam could feel their naked chests pressing, and soon he felt more than that, too. He got hard when Dean pushed against him lightly, and he could feel the hardness in Dean’s midsection.

Sam’s lips parted and he panted. He looked into Dean’s eyes with helplessness and need.

Dean felt himself throb. Sam’s hazel eyes were locked with his, and Dean could see the dilated pupils speaking volumes of Sam’s arousal. There was nothing he wanted more than to lose control and ravish Sam on that deserted beach, but he didn’t want to scare him.

Dean forced himself to pull away and smile it off.

“Let’s swim a little, eh?”

Sam’s breathing pattern was a mess when he nodded. “Yes. Let’s.”

Suddenly, the warmth went away and there was only the coldness of the water. The moment Dean was gone Sam wanted him back. Yet, there was also relief as he dove into the water and let it clear his thoughts and ease the heat.

They swam and talked and laughed for a while longer. Sam was once again relaxed and comfortable in Dean’s presence. A part of him knew he was pushing his luck. There he was again, in a deserted place, alone with a handsome man who could, if he really wanted, take from Sam the one thing he couldn’t give anyone. Sam knew he trusted Dean enough not to think that would happen, but the thought that it might caused a chill of fear and excitement to travel his body every now and then.

Sam once again went under the water, and this time he opened his eyes. He saw the sand just within his reach, and touched it with his hands. When he came back to the surface to grab some air he could feel Dean behind him.

“Dean?”

“Right here.”

Sam turned around and was caught off guard by their closeness.

“You’re so fucking beautiful…” Dean’s green eyes seemed clouded, and the heavy lust in them caused Sam’s breath to grow ragged.

Dean’s palm was against his cheek and Sam’s lips parted obediently. When Dean’s tongue licked
into his mouth there was wetness and salt, and Sam shut his eyes and let his fingers dig into Dean’s ribcage and slide upwards where he flattened his hands against Dean’s shoulders.

Dean’s mouth traveled lower. Sam panted when a pair of hot lips kissed his neck and his collarbone. But Dean didn’t stop there. He trailed butterfly kisses lower, and when his lips found one of Sam’s hard nipples, his tongue darted out and flicked against it, eliciting a surprised and strangled moan.

“Dean.” Sam’s clipped breathing was a plea. When the tip of Dean’s tongue found his other nipple and circled it, Sam’s fingers were grasping at Dean’s hair, probably painfully tight, but Dean didn’t mind.

‘Oh, God, no…please, no…we can’t…can’t…’ Even in his mind Sam’s voice sounded whiny and pitiful. He was throbbing with arousal, and when Dean pulled him closer by the hips and pressed Sam’s erection against his own, Sam bit down hard on his lip so he wouldn’t cry.

Dean’s cock was rock hard and his desire was thick. He wanted to make Sam feel good; he wanted him to moan and come and lose his fucking mind, and Dean wanted to lick all the salt off his skin, and he wanted to taste the pleasure building up inside the boy right now.

Dean’s hands roamed over Sam’s chest possessively, and when they looked into each other’s eyes there was a connection so thick that it felt impossible to break away.

“I wonder if I can make you moan again if I lick at this sweet spot…” Dean’s words died when he closed his lips around the curve of Sam’s neck and shoulder. He licked at the spot and nibbled, and Sam’s response didn’t disappoint.

“Hm,” Sam bucked against Dean and gritted his teeth. He was burning, drowning… He managed to look around and think, vaguely, that someone could walk in on them at any moment.

Dean’s breath was messy, too, when he reached down his fingers and toyed with the button of Sam’s swimming trunks.

“Dean…someone could see us…”

“Relax. No one comes here.”

Sam was going to say something, but he felt Dean’s fingertips touching the sensitive skin below his navel and forgot to breathe.

Sam was reeling. It looked too much like his dream, and yet felt so fucking real he couldn’t handle it. He felt Dean’s fingers trying to slip inside his underwear and a warning lit up in his brain. Sam couldn’t let it happen. He was so hard and so horny that if Dean touched him he would come. And then what would he do? What if his oxytocin levels weren’t high enough to disguise the testosterone from his orgasm? He wouldn’t be allowed outside again, he would not see Dean anymore…

“No…please…” Sam’s voice sounded broken, almost tearful, when he placed his hand on top of Dean’s and held at it, keeping Dean from moving lower.

“It’s okay…no one will see us…you can relax…” Dean cooed gently into Sam’s ear, his fingers trying to move despite Sam’s grip on them.

“Please…” Sam shook his head and squeezed Dean’s hand.
Dean heard something in Sam’s voice, something that made him stop and study the boy’s face. Dean could tell Sam was hot, but he could also tell he meant it when he told Dean to stop. There was, in the boy’s face, a perplexing mix of arousal and pain, and Dean would be damned if he understood where that combination was coming from.

He stopped moving his hand and Sam’s grip loosened. “It’s okay…it’s alright, Sammy,” whispered soothingly. He retreated his hand and hugged Sam, and they stood like that for a while, not saying anything, with the water covering them from the waist down.

“I’m sorry,” Sam said, finally. “Someone could find us and then…”

“I know. It was reckless. I apologize.”

Sam was afraid someone would see them, right, but that was not the reason he had had to stop. But how could he tell Dean the truth about himself? How could Sam tell him that he couldn’t find release, that whatever happened between them was already doomed? Dean was a sex god, and Sam didn’t want to disappoint him. It was selfish, but Dean made him happy and Sam wasn’t ready to lose that. Better let him think that Sam was afraid of being caught.

“It’s okay. We should go.” Sam pointed out.

“Yeah, we should. Come on.”

The two of them left the water and walked a few steps over the hot sand. When they stood before each other Sam couldn’t help himself. His eyes had a will of their own and they were adamantly fixed on the bulge in Dean’s wet trunks. Dean followed Sam’s gaze and chuckled when he realized the boy was staring at his cloth covered erection.


“I…I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.”

Sam felt shy but still hot and hardly in control. He couldn’t stop looking at the evident column of flesh standing proudly in Dean’s wet trunks. It made his heart beat faster. Sam had never seen anyone like that. He had hardly ever seen himself like that.

Dean caught the intensity of Sam’s look and his eyes flickered with desire again.

“Do you want to see me?” He asked softly, gently, his fingers resting casually on the waistband of his clothing.

Sam’s heart slammed in his chest and he knew he had trouble keeping his breath under control. ‘Oh God, yeah. Please. Yes. Let me,’ his mind begged, but he hesitated. He wanted desperately to see Dean’s erection, but he didn’t feel safe enough to do the same. What if Dean asked him to? Sam didn’t think he had the right to ask for something he wasn’t willing to do himself.

“It’s okay,” Dean said, as if he could read the boy’s thoughts. “You don’t have to do anything. But I’ll let you see me if you like.”
Sam licked at his lips and nodded faster than he could have said ‘yes’. Dean chuckled hotly and hooked two fingers around the waistband of his trunks. He pulled them down and stood completely naked before Sam’s eyes, his cock hard and thick, taut against his lower belly.

Sam gasped, and he might have moaned if he hadn’t bit down hard on his bottom lip. His cock twitched and there was another wave of blood pooling in his sex as he studied Dean. He was transfixed by the sight. The evidence of Dean’s desire for him was intoxicating. Sam’s eyes couldn’t get enough of the wetness glistening around the pink tip of Dean’s cock, and Sam’s breath was an obvious pant by now.

The boy’s reaction made Dean burn. He took a few steps closer to Sam but didn’t touch him. The way Sam kept licking his lips and his eyelids kept fluttering spoke volumes of the arousal still piercing his younger companion.

“Would you like to touch me?” Dean asked a simple, honest question. Of course he wanted to feel Sam’s hands on him, but he wondered if that was what the boy wanted, too. Sometimes it seemed so clear that Sam felt a certain way and yet things could change suddenly. Dean wanted to be sure.

“Can I?” Sam’s question was a plea.

“Of course.”

Dean took one step closer, and he could feel himself throb when Sam’s hand moved and his fingers approached his cock tentatively. Dean was already anticipating the touch when a loud noise came from behind them and Sam pulled away, looking above their heads with fear instead of arousal.

Dean looked over his shoulder at the same time a large black bird came out from between the trees, croaked once again and flew away.

“It’s just a bird. Told you no one really comes here.”

“Yeah,” Sam smiled a little, but he was more shy than curious now.

“Maybe some other time,” Dean helped him, and Sam nodded gladly. Dean pulled his trunks back on and followed Sam to the place where he had left his clothes before. They started to make their way back to Dean’s beach cabin, and when they got there Sam went into the bathroom to take a quick shower and dry off as much as he could. He blow dried his hair for a few minutes until there was no trace of his little adventure. Not on the outside, anyway. His mind was bubbling with all sorts of fiery feelings about the afternoon.

“Let’s go?” Dean asked.

Sam nodded.

They left the beach and in a few minutes Dean was with Sam at the secret entrance to the church.

“Hey…” Dean touched Sam’s hand lightly. “Are you okay?”

“Yes.” Sam felt much better now that the haze of desire had faded away. Not that he hadn’t loved every minute of what they had done together, but knowing he would get away with it was comforting. If Sam managed not to lose control he could see Dean again a few more times before he would have to, invariably, let him go. Sam pushed the thought away forcefully. “Thank you. I really
enjoyed swimming.”

“I’m glad. You take care, okay? I’ll miss you.” Dean felt his chest warm, and he knew his eyes were speaking volumes of his feelings.

Sam smiled and leaned in to plant a kiss on Dean’s lips. Dean shut his eyes at the softness.

“I’ll miss you, too. Take care.”

Dean watched when Sam turned around and disappeared inside the dark corridor. For now, there was nothing else Dean could do when it came to Sam, but there was something very real he could, and needed to do for himself.

Dean went back to the shack quickly with thoughts of Sam and he taking over his imagination. He was already hard when he pulled down his pants and underwear and sat down on the bed.

He shut his eyes and fisted his cock.

“Fuck,” Dean cursed. His whole body pulsed with urgency. He squeezed around the base of his erection and soon there was wetness leaking from his slit. In the light of his thoughts, Dean undressed Sam and went down on him. He closed his mouth around the boy’s dripping cock until Sam screamed with pleasure and tugged at Dean’s hair painfully. Then, Dean would bend Sam’s knees back and lick him open for his cock. “Oh…damn….” Dean tensed and came, covering his fist and thighs with his come and then letting his back fall heavily against the sheets.

Staring at the ceiling, his ragged breathing calming down slowly, Dean wondered whether Sam would be engaging in some of the same soon. Judging from Dean’s experience with having no experience and being aroused all the time, he supposed Sam must be playing with himself a lot lately.

Dean chuckled at the thought. He hoped Sam thought about them when he jerked off.

And he hoped he could be the one playing with Sam soon.

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$tbc...$
Chapter 15

The next time Sam was scheduled to have class with Bobby, he woke up with his heart drumming in his chest. He hadn’t had a wet dream, but Sam remembered dreaming over and over again of Dean’s naked body, and of his voice saying time and again in his thoughts, ‘Do you want to touch me?’

Sam licked his lips and shut his eyes. He couldn’t let Dean touch him, but there was nothing wrong about him touching Dean. The idea made Sam feel shaky inside, and he pushed the covers away quickly.

“Morning, Prince,” Crowley said as he went for his usual inspection.

“Are you done?” Sam sounded impatient.

Crowley still studied him for a moment more, touched him briefly and nodded. “Yes, I’m done.”

Sam walked past him and into the bathroom to take a shower. He could hardly wait to be with Dean again.

~ * ~

When the limo parked in front of the church, Sam jumped out of his seat so eagerly that he didn’t even realize he might be leaving something behind. The moment he saw Bobby and got rid of Crowley, he was already anticipating Dean coming through the door at the back of the classroom.

As Sam waited, he could see Bobby watching him intently.

“What if he doesn’t come today?” the priest asked. “Maybe Dean got busy with something.”

“He’ll come.”

Sam said that with so much certainty that Bobby couldn’t help but wonder about their connection. The older man liked to hang on to the fact that so far nothing bad had come out of that friendship, and he hoped to God that would remain so.
It wasn’t long before there was a knock on the door and Dean Winchester joined them in the classroom.

“Hey, Sam.”

Sam locked eyes with him and his heart thudded. Knowing he was playing with fire wasn’t the only reason why Sam’s blood became hotter.

“Hey.”

“Ready for today?” Dean asked.

Sam looked quickly in Bobby’s direction.

“Go before I change my mind.”

The older man didn’t need to speak again. Sam and Dean took the door that led to the corridor below the church and were outside in a few minutes.

A few feet from the church, inside the limo, Crowley was sitting behind the wheel, listening to the radio, when he checked the rear-view mirror and something caught his attention.

Crowley looked over his shoulder to the place where Sam had been sitting a while ago. The boy had forgotten his backpack.

“Kids,” Crowley sighed and got out of the car. He took Sam’s backpack from the backseat and started making his way back to the church.

~ * ~

“What are we doing today?” Sam asked as they started to walk towards the beach.

“Well…” Dean licked his lips and eyed him with a playful smile. “We could go back to my shack, where I’ll be forced to undress you, tie you up to my bed, and lick you until you’re screaming and coming…”

Sam stopped on his tracks and his heart raced. His cock twitched and his breath became short instantly.

Dean grinned and watched the dilated pupils and the arousal lying just beneath the surface.

“Or we could go to the bar where I work at nights. I got some stuff left to clean in there that needs to be done, and my friends will be there, too.”

Sam relaxed a little, but his breathing was still unsure about calming down.

“Did you mean that?”

“What?” Dean asked.
“That you would do all those things to me in your place.” Sam didn’t know what feeling was stronger, the sexual desire or the fear tangling inside of him.

Dean stepped closer to the boy and kissed his lips softly. “Only if you want me to. When you want me to.”

Sam stood perfectly still where he was.

“What?” Dean frowned. “Is that such a terrible picture I painted for you?”

Sam swallowed with some difficulty and shook his head. “No,” he said, eventually. “It’s not.”

Dean was going to say something, but then he heard the noise a few feet behind him, and turned around to find his friends.

Benny and Castiel were approaching them and caused Dean to smile largely.

“Hey!”

“Hey, you. Is this your angel, then? Azazel’s son?” Benny checked Sam out, head to toe.

Sam felt shy under the searching look.

“Sam, that’s Benny,” Dean introduced them. “Don’t pay him too much attention, baby. He’s a mischievous little fuck when he wants.”

“Hey, fuck off,” Benny grinned. “Nice to meet you, Sam.”

“You too.” Sam shook his hand quickly. Baby. Dean had just called him baby. Sam felt his face afire with heat. He hoped his feelings weren’t too obvious on his face.

“And that’s…”

“Castiel,” Sam cut Dean off. “We’ve met before. Hi.”

“Hey, Sam. How are you doing?” Cas patted his shoulder lightly.

“Good, thank you. You have a beautiful voice, by the way. Your performance at my party was terrific. I really appreciate you going there,” Sam said politely.

“Really?” Cas chuckled. “That’s funny. I heard you were so busy when I sang that you didn’t hear a word of it. Unless you could hear me from the elevator?”

Sam blushed hotter. He could feel the heat spreading to his neck and ears.

“Cas, just cut it out.” Dean put a protective arm around Sam’s shoulders. “Never mind them. They’re just jealous that I’ve been spending time with you.”

“So tell us, what is it like being filthy rich?” Benny asked. “Do you have your meals cooked and delivered to your room every day? Do you have a fridge inside your bedroom?”
“Hey, back off,” Dean warned. He could see Sam was uneasy. “You promised you’d try to behave.”

“I’m sorry. I’m just curious. You can’t blame me,” Benny argued. “I’m sorry, Sam.”

“It’s okay.”

“They’ll grow on you, I promise.” Dean kissed Sam’s temple and winked at him.

Meanwhile, Castiel and Benny were already going towards the bar where they would help Dean finish up his cleaning and probably grab a few drinks in the process.

“Just relax, okay?” Dean’s eyes had sincere care in them, and Sam nodded and exhaled deeply.

“Yeah.”

“You wanna go there with me and them for a while? Because if you don’t I can make something up and we can do something else…”

“No, it’s okay. Let’s go.” Not that Sam didn’t prefer to be alone with Dean. Hell, it was all he wanted. And yet, all he feared. The more time they spent alone, the sooner Dean would find out his secret, so Sam was kind of glad that he would get to spend time with Dean and not have to worry about losing control. “Just…stay close.”

Dean smiled one of his knight in a shining armor smiles. “That goes without saying.”

~ * ~

Bobby was reading a book, his feet up on the desk, when the knock caused him to toss the book in the air and look worriedly at the door.

“Sam?” Crowley’s voice came from the other side. “You forgot your backpack.”

“Fuck,” Bobby whispered. He supposed a priest shouldn’t curse as much as he did, but old habits died hard. ‘What the hell am I supposed to do?’

Bobby got up and looked around quickly. Sam had left less than twenty minutes ago. He wouldn’t be back any time soon. He had to do something to stall Crowley, but Bobby doubted the prince’s bodyguard would allow himself to be so easily manipulated into going away.

“Crowley?” Bobby asked.

“Yes. I got Sam’s backpack.”

Bobby thought quickly as he touched the door and felt his racing heart pulsing at his fingertips.

“It’s okay. Sam tells me he doesn’t need it. We’re using my own material.”

There was a pause in which no one spoke. Bobby started praying that Crowley would just turn around and leave.
“His afternoon snack is here. He needs to eat. Sam?” Crowley called again, and this time he seemed to be probing.

“He’s not hungry, Crowley. Sam’s busy. He says he’ll eat later.”

“How come he says so? I don’t hear anything.”

Bobby’s heart froze in his chest. He knew the question was coming before Crowley even opened his lips.

“Is Samuel in there? Bobby Singer, are you hiding something?”

“Of course he’s in here.”

“Open up, then. I demand to see the Prince now.”

“No way, Crowley. My classes with Sam don’t need your supervision. Do you want to be shamed like the other time? Are you sure you wanna piss Sam off?”

“Open the door, Bobby!” The more the priest argued, the more convinced Crowley grew that there was something going on.

“Can’t do that. Go away, Crowley! Wait for Sam in the car. He’ll be there at the agreed time.” Bobby knew he was fighting a desperate battle now.

“I swear to your bloody God that if you don’t let me in right now I’ll go get Azazel at the hospital and you know all hell will break loose.”

“Don’t be stupid,” Bobby said, but he didn’t seem so certain.

“I’ll count to three, Bobby! And then I’m going to get Sam’s father. One…”

“Crowley, cut it out. It’s just a class.”

“Two…”

“I can’t believe you’re doing this!”

“Three.”

There was a moment of silence before Bobby heard the echoing footsteps moving away from the door.

“Fine!” Bobby opened the door quickly. “You can come in.” Bobby was drowning in anxiety when he saw Crowley halfway down the aisle of the church.

The prince’s guardian made his way back, and the two men stood face to face and looked intently at each other before Crowley walked past Bobby and into the classroom.

“Samuel? Prince?” Crowley looked around. “I don’t see him…hey! What are you doing?”

Bobby was locking the door with the two of them inside.
“Now you listen to me. Sam’s not here, but he’ll be here at the agreed time. Meanwhile, I can’t let you go out there again searching for the Prince, let alone calling Azazel.”

“What? Have you seriously just locked me in this room? Are you bloody crazy?” Crowley sounded mad.

“I suppose I am. The question is, what are you going to do about it? I have the key here with me. Are you going to hit a priest to get it?”

Crowley’s eyes narrowed and he was fuming. Azazel would kill him! The master would fucking kill him! But he couldn’t just go ahead and beat a priest up. Besides, something about Bobby told Crowley it wouldn’t be that simple to overpower him.

“You’re ruined, you know that, right? The minute I get out of here with the prince, it’s over for you. I’ll…I’ll—”

“Oh, shut up. We’ve got a couple of hours to kill, and I’m not going to sit here and listen to you go on and on about it. Just take a seat and wait.”

Crowley’s neck was red with the anger and fear struggling inside him.

“You have no idea what you’ve done. Azazel trusted you…”

“So did he trust you. And yet, where is his son? You lost Sam as much as I did.”

“What?!” Crowley sounded outraged, and this time fear was stronger than anger.

“It’s true. You lost him as much as I did. The difference is that I’m aware of it, while you were oblivious.”

Crowley shook his head and paced around. He kept thinking of what to do and the consequences of what he had just found out. He shuddered at the thought of any of that coming to Azazel’s knowledge.

“If something happens to Samuel…”

“Oh, just relax, will you? He’s gone out before. He’ll be back.”

“He’s done this before?!” Crowley didn’t think he could grow more exasperated than he felt now.

“Shut up, Crowley. Just sit down or stand, I don’t care. As long as you keep your mouth shut. There’s nothing you can do now but wait, so don’t make it a living hell for the two of us.”

Crowley fell silent. His eyes seemed to send flames in Bobby’s direction, but he didn’t say anything else. In the classroom beneath the church, the priest and the guardian waited for the prince to come back.

~ * ~
They had been talking about casual stuff for over an hour when Benny put a glass on the counter before Sam. “Here, have a margarita,” he said.

The youngest boy at the counter looked at the drink and smiled lightly. “Thank you. I don’t drink.”

“Not even a little?” Benny insisted.

“Not really,” Sam answered and then let his eyes fall on Dean, who was cleaning stuff up on the other side of the counter. So this was the bar where he worked at night and where he picked up dates.

“So what do you do for fun, Sam?” Cas asked.

Sam thought about it for a moment. He didn’t want to sound awkward, but his life was probably very different from those guy’s lives.

“I read a lot.”

“For fun, he asked,” Ben chuckled.

“Reading’s okay,” Sam said. “I like to swim. I play the piano, too. It’s good.”

“Do you like to go to parties?” Benny probed.

“I don’t go out much.”

“Except to meet Dean Winchester, here, eh? Can’t blame you.” Castiel winked at the boy.

Sam looked at his watch and then back at Dean again. He was slightly edgy with all the questions, and soon he would have to start back anyway.

“Dean…I think it’s time…” He began.

“Yeah, I know. Just give me a moment.” Dean turned around to put away a few of the things he would need and then he slipped from behind the counter to join his friends on the other side. “Let’s go?”

Dean’s adoring eyes made Sam forget how uneasy he felt; he was all warmth inside when they looked into each other’s eyes.

“Yes.”

“See you later, guys.”

“See you,” Cas said.


“Bye!”

Dean put a protective hand at Sam’s lower back as they started to walk away from the bar and then the beach. They left under the curious stare of Dean’s friends still watching from a distance.
“He seemed jealous,” Sam said when they arrived at the secret door that connected Oak street to the church.

“Who did?” Dean frowned, genuinely puzzled.

“Your friend…”

“Which one?”

“Castiel, the singer.”

“No way. My friends aren’t jealous. They might be a little overprotective, but that’s all.”

“It’s more than that. I can’t explain what I felt.” Sam thought about his conversation with Dean’s friends and the way he felt Castiel looking at him sometimes. Then, a thought crossed his mind suddenly. “Have you and him…you and Castiel, I mean…”

It took Dean a moment to speak. “Yeah,” he said. He didn’t want to lie to Sam. “It was a couple of years ago. We were both drunk and crashed at my place after a good night out. I ended up sleeping with him.”

Sam wasn’t surprised, but that didn’t mean he didn’t feel something hot stab at him as he considered the idea.

“It was a one night thing. We’ve been just friends since then,” Dean admitted. Then he thought about something and shook his head a little. There was a lot about him that Sam didn’t know. Although Dean wasn’t ashamed of his past or anything, he was unsure about how Sam would react if he knew about it. “Sam I…I’ve slept with quite a lot of people and…”

“Not now…” Sam said as he opened the door and pulled Dean inside with him, shutting the door that connected them to the outside world. “We don’t have much time. We’ll talk about it, okay?”

Dean looked into Sam’s hazel eyes, now shadowed by the lack of sunlight. He wondered how much Sam already knew about him.

“Yeah, sure,” Dean agreed.

“I still have a few minutes but talking is not how I want to spend them,” Sam said and licked at his lips unconsciously, and that was all the cue Dean needed to close the distance between them.

With his heart racing, Dean pushed Sam against the nearest wall and captured his mouth in a searing kiss to make up for the time they couldn’t touch in the afternoon and the time apart they would have ahead of them.

In the dark corridor, the lovers made out with their mouths and hands, and the only sound around them was that of breathing and lips parting and closing.
A few minutes later, when the more passionate kisses broke and there were just a few, soft kiss going on, Sam recovered his breath and straightened his hair to walk back into the church classroom.

“Bye, Dean.”

“I miss you already. I’ll walk you up to the classroom.”

Sam smiled and nodded. His heart thudded merrily in his chest.

When Sam opened the door, though, with Dean right behind him, his fast beating heart seemed to stop for a second or two before it fell.

“Prince!” Crowley walked towards him and Sam’s world started spinning.

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\textit{tbc...}
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Thank you for beta-ing this, Vershiel! =)

Merry Christmas, guys! =))

Chapter 16

Sam looked from Crowley to Bobby as his body tensed.

Then, everything seemed to happen sort of at the same time. Crowley saw Dean standing right behind Sam and his shock and hatred twisted the features on his face. “You bastard! How dare you get close to Samuel!” Crowley surged towards Dean at the same time Bobby moved to try and stop him.

Dean, who was extremely attentive not to mention fast, was able to avoid Crowley and push Sam’s bodyguard against a wall, his fist raised high.

“No!” Sam yelled.

“Dean, let him go!” Bobby asked, his grip tight on Dean’s arm so he would lower it.

“You scumbag! You’re dead, Dean Winchester, you and your sorry daddy are going to be so sorry you ever crossed paths with Azazel and his son!” Crowley was fuming.

“Oh, please. Shut the hell up. You and I know you ain’t nothing but a stupid butler and that I could kick your ass right now and right here and you’ll never even see your precious boss again,” Dean threatened.

As Crowley and Dean exchanged insults, Bobby let Dean go for a moment and turned to look at Sam, who was wide-eyed observing everything.

“I’m sorry,” Bobby said in a whispered voice. “He came in almost as soon as you left. You forgot your backpack. I tried to stop him but he wouldn’t have it…”

It still took Sam a few minutes to shrug off his shock. When he did, he knew he would have to think of something very fast.
“It’s okay, Bobby. I know you did your best.”

“I locked him in here so he wouldn’t go outside after you. Or back to your father.”

“Thank you,” Sam said, and he sounded calm now. If there was one thing all his years of staying isolated in the company of books had taught him, it was how to think fast, and Sam knew that a lot was depending on his strategy skills right now.

“Dean, you can let him go,” Sam said, approaching the two men about to go at each other’s throats.

“Are you sure? I can take him easily, you know that. I can—”

“Yes, that’s okay,” Sam interrupted him.

Slow and reluctantly, Dean let Crowley go and watched as the older man adjusted his suit with an indignant attitude.

“Let’s go, Samuel. You got a lot of explaining to do and your father is waiting.”

“No,” Sam said calmly. “My father will not know about any of this.”

“What?” Crowley cocked an eyebrow and this time he seemed almost amused. “Of course he will. You’re hanging out with the mechanic’s son God knows where! And your teacher is an accomplice of that. Of course he will know. If you don’t tell him then I will.”

“No, you won’t,” Sam was way too calm. That earned him weird looks from both Bobby and Dean.

Crowley frowned and was about to open his mouth again when Sam spoke.

“Would you excuse us for a moment?” Sam looked at Dean and Bobby.

There was only a brief hesitation before Bobby nodded and tugged at Dean’s arm to make him move. The two of them left the classroom, leaving Sam and Crowley alone inside.

“Prince…” Crowley didn’t know where to start. “Do you even know who that man is?! Is he making you do that? What the hell were you thinking?”

Sam didn’t say anything. He watched as Crowley went on about everything that was wrong in the current situation. Sam listened and waited.

“When your father learns that you were alone, and that you were alone with that man! Bloody hell!” Crowley cursed and shook his head at the thought. “Do you know who he is?”

“He’s Dean Winchester, John Winchester’s son,” Sam replied.

“So you know. You do know your daddy hates the Winchesters, don’t you? What the hell were you thinking?”

Sam looked intently into Crowley’s eyes when he spoke. “Dean’s a nice guy. We’re just hanging out.”

“Just hanging out? Are you crazy?! Not only do you sneak out with the son of your father’s enemy,
you also have to spend time with the town’s most notorious flirt! Do you know how many people have already been in Dean’s bed? You might not know about things because your dad protects you, prince, but I assure you Dean is trouble. He sleeps around and…” Crowley’s voice faltered and his eyes widened. “Oh my God...has he touched you? He’s touched you, hasn’t he? Holy…” Crowley shuddered at the idea that Sam had been corrupted because he had failed to keep an eye on him. Azazel would certainly kill him or make him wish he did.

“He didn’t touch me. We’re friends.”

“I don’t believe you! You’ve been sneaking out with Dean, of all people, and you tell me nothing happened? Take off your clothes. There might be still some evidence I need to see.”

“No,” Sam stated.

“This is not a request, prince! Take your clothes off right now or this is about to get really bad.”

Sam didn’t move an inch. He stood perfectly still until the moment Crowley grabbed him by the elbow rather forcefully. Then Sam smiled slowly and his hazel eyes glinted with defiance.

“That’s it, Crowley. Go ahead and touch me. I know you want to, don’t you?” Sam provoked.

“What?” Crowley narrowed his eyes and stopped squeezing.

“I’ve seen the way you look at me every morning when you come to my bed and check on me. I’ve seen the lust in your eyes when you touch me, or when you stand by and watch me shower.”

Crowley frowned deeply and let go of Sam’s arm.

“What?! That’s ridiculous! There’s nothing like that!” he protested.

“You tell yourself that you’re just doing the job my father tells you to, and that you take no pleasure in it. But you and I, we know better, don’t we? My dad trusts you, and only you, with the task of reporting on my intimacy. And we know you enjoy doing that, right Crowley?”

“You’re not making any sense,” Crowley looked absolutely baffled and took an unconscious step back.

“Am I not? Is it such a farfetched scenario? What if I say that I know how much you secretly want the boy you are trusted and paid to watch; that I’ve seen it in your eyes, Crowley, and that I’ve felt it in the way you touch me.” Sam’s heart was racing. “Remember that time your hand slid under your pants as I showered? Why don’t you just admit that all you want is to strip me naked and defile my virginity with your seed?”

Crowley was genuinely offended by now.

“That ain’t true! You’re crazy! I’ve never done anything!” His outrage coated his every word, but he still managed to keep his voice down.

“Exactly. I know that. You know that. But will my father?” Sam cocked his head to the side and smiled mischievously. “If I tell him I’m afraid his loyal servant is harassing me, will he believe you, or me?”
And then Crowley understood what the prince was doing.

“You wouldn’t!” He sounded horrified and Sam beamed at that.

“Of course I would. I would come up with these huge scared eyes, full of innocent fear and ask dad if it was okay that my bodyguard looked at me and touched himself at night. I could tell him I heard things during the night, you know.”

“There’s no way Azazel would…”

“One day he promised me no one would know, daddy,” Sam frowned and changed the tone of his voice, as if he was full of doubt and fear as he pretended to speak to his father. “Crowley said he could touch me and give me pleasure, and that I could touch him too, and that it would be alright because in the morning he could just say I had a dream…”

“No…no, you can’t do that.”

“You’re the only one who stays alone with me. Think, Crowley. I know you’re not stupid. You’re the only one who could get away with it.”

“Why would I do that to you?”

“Because I’m the most precious thing in this world,” Sam mocked. “Isn’t it what daddy says? If he believes I’m so damn special and that he needs to protect me from everyone else who might want me and harm me, I don’t think he would have any trouble believing there’s someone else who likes me. You and I have heard the way he brags about me to his friends. He knows they all desire me. Do you think he won’t be at least suspicious if I tell him all that?”

“Sam…”

“Do you think he’ll let you stay with me after I talk to him? If he doesn’t believe me he’ll at least move you to an inferior position. If he does, then I have no idea what he’ll do to you,” Sam went on. In the beginning it had seemed like a frail plan bound to fail, but as Crowley grew increasingly distraught, Sam grew confident that it would work.

“Either way I’d be ruined,” Crowley admitted.

“But you don’t have to be.” Sam took a deep breath and studied Crowley. “All you have to do is live your life and keep doing what you always do, and just ignore whatever happens during my classes. You pretend you don’t know what’s going on, and we can both benefit from it.”

“I can’t do that! If your father finds out—”

“He won’t. Especially if I have your word not to tell.”

Crowley seemed to think hard about it, and Sam took a step closer to him and softened his voice a little.

“Crowley… This has been going on for a while. If something had changed with me my dad would have noticed, don’t you agree?” Sam lowered his voice. “If I had done anything…improper…he would have tasted it by now.”
Crowley looked at the boy. He had a point. That was true and there was no denying it. If Azazel was still drinking from his son and hadn’t noticed any difference, then Sam was still a virgin and Crowley could relax. Of course, the boy could have just been ridden all afternoon long by the mechanic’s son, and Crowley wouldn’t know until Azazel drank from him again, but somehow Crowley believed Sam when he said he didn’t do anything wrong.

“What if you’re lying? How do I know you two haven’t gone at it like bloody rabbits until it’s too late?”

Sam’s eyes seemed blurred and his lip quivered a little. “You know because you and I both understand what would happen to me if did that,” Sam’s throat was tight with his memories and his fears. “If I do anything and dad finds out, you know that whatever happens to you is probably nothing compared to what happens to me.” Sam didn’t want to believe his father would seriously harm him if he lost his virginity, but somehow he couldn’t escape the feeling of dread it caused him.

Crowley took a deep breath. He supposed the boy was right, again.

“So what do you say? You didn’t see anything, Dean and I will continue to meet during my classes, and I won’t tell my dad any crazy stories?”

Crowley pondered for a moment. He knew the prince had just discovered a source of power over him, and he had to be careful about how much further he would allow Sam to take it.

“There’s one condition.”

“What is it?” Sam asked.

“Nothing changes at home. I’ll still check on you same as I always did. The routine remains the same. I won’t have your dad growing suspicious.”

Sam hadn’t really expected anything to change back home. And because his life was so suffocating in there, he really needed to protect his time with Dean.

“I understand that.” Sam nodded. “Do we have an agreement?”

Crowley squinted his eyes and waited for a while longer before he reached out his hand and shook Sam’s. “Alright, Prince. As you wish.”

They shook hands, but before Sam could retreat his hand, Crowley squeezed it and spoke again.

“Promise me you won’t sleep with the mechanic’s son.”

Sam felt a chilly sensation run over him.

“You may say he’s just a friend but I’m not as easily fooled as the priest. Promise me you won’t.”

Sam bit the inside of his bottom lip.

“I can’t promise you that.”

“Sam…”
The boy pulled his hand back and took a deep breath.

“As I said, if anything happens I have a lot more to worry about than you. Be glad about it.”

Crowley was staring intently at Sam when they heard knocking on the door.

“*Is everything alright in there?*”

It was Dean’s voice. Sam’s heart thudded happily.

“Yeah,” he replied. “You can come in.”

In a moment, Bobby and Dean were walking back inside the church classroom, both men looking warily at Crowley.

“What will happen now, Sam?” Bobby asked softly.

“Nothing,” Sam said. He looked at Crowley for a moment longer before he faced his teacher. “Crowley and I have come to an agreement. I’ll keep coming to classes and Dean and I can still go out. My father doesn’t need to know.”

“Are you sure he won’t rat about us?” Dean asked.

“He won’t,” Sam assured.

“Prince, this might be risky, perhaps it’s time you reconsider these meetings…” Bobby didn’t want to disappoint the boy, but he feared for him if Crowley didn’t keep his words and told on him.

“Nothing needs to change, Bobby. Crowley knows that some secrets are worth keeping. He knows that trust is something really important, don’t you, Crowley?”

“Of course, prince.” Crowley looked around at the pairs of eyes assessing him. “I’ll be waiting for you in the car.” He bowed lightly and left.

When he was gone, Bobby walked closer to Sam and put a hand on his shoulder.

“Are you sure you can trust him to keep his mouth shut?”

“Yes. I got something he needs.”

“And what would that be?”

“Influence over Dad,” Sam’s lips curled with a cocky smile.

“Alright.” Bobby nodded. “If you say so.”

“Thanks for locking him in until I came back.”

Bobby wondered, not for the first time, why it was that he had gotten himself in such a dire position. He thought of something to say but nothing made much sense, so he just shook his head lightly and shrugged. “It’s okay, Sam.”
Sam turned around and looked into Dean’s eyes. He took a few steps in his direction and Dean parted his arms to hug him. They held each other for a moment, a mix of fear and relief racing through their hearts. The situation with Crowley had been a cold reminder of the vulnerability of their condition.

“Will you be okay?” Dean asked softly, by Sam’s ear.

“Yeah. It’s gonna be fine. Don’t worry.” Sam loosened the embrace and looked at Bobby once again. “Bye, Bobby. See you.”

“Bye, kid.”

Sam and Dean held the stare until the moment Sam walked out of the room and closed the door behind him.

Bobby stared at the floor for a moment, thinking of the tight embrace he had just witnessed.

“I’d better go, Bobby. I got some stuff to finish at my job.”

“Wait.” Bobby went closer and took Dean’s arm. Dean looked questioningly at the older man as Bobby seemed to be looking for words. “What’s going on between Sam and you, Dean?”

Dean’s heart raced. It felt like everyone around him was extremely interested in the answer to that question, but whatever it was that Sam and he had, it was very special, and Dean didn’t feel like sharing. It was risky enough without Bobby knowing. The less he knew, the better. Dean didn’t really want to lie to him, though.

“We’re friends, Bobby. I like him a lot. There’s something about him…I can’t help what I feel,” Dean said, and he wasn’t lying.

“What do you do when you go out?”

“We met my friends at the beach today. Sam talked to Cas and Benny as I cleaned up some stuff,” Dean was glad he could speak the truth about it. He could feel Bobby relaxing at the story. “Sometimes we walk on the beach, go up some rocks. We even went to the park once. Sam had never been near the beach before. Can you believe he had never had ice cream until a few days ago?”

Bobby sighed and let go of Dean.

“As a matter of fact, I can.”

It was Dean’s turn to grow curious, though.

“Bobby…” Dean searched the priest’s eyes. “What do you know about him? What really goes on in Sam’s life?” Dean felt so close to that kid, and yet, there were times he felt like there was an abyss between them.

“I don’t know, Dean. I’m just his teacher. I have some questions, like you, probably. But I don’t know much.”

“My dad seems to know some stuff,” Dean pointed out.
“Well then, I guess you need to go ask your old man.” Bobby walked towards the door, opened it, and took a look at the empty church. When he turned around he seemed weary. “Goodbye, Dean.”

Dean nodded lightly and walked out of the church, hoping that Sam was right and everything was under control. Dean couldn’t bear the thought of not seeing him again. Sam had way too many mysteries and Dean was looking forward to unveiling them one by one until Sam was completely bare, in body and soul.

~ * ~

Sam was having dinner at the kitchen table when his dad walked in. Crowley was standing in a corner, watching the scene with concealed anxiety.

“How was class today, dear?” Azazel put a hand on top of Sam’s head and caressed his hair.

“It was good. Bobby and I talked about the ancient Egypt.” Sam made sure to pick topics he had read plenty about, in case his dad happened to ask him anything.

“Good. I need to go to my office and work on a few documents. It’ll probably be very late when I’m done.”

“That’s okay. Good night, Dad.”

“Good night, sweetie.”

Sam sucked in his breath when his dad’s nose brushed suddenly against his neck. The sharp teeth sinking into his skin caused Sam to tense, but he was able to relax after a few seconds.

Azazel didn’t drink much. He hardly drank from Sam in a place where others could easily see, but sometimes he just couldn’t help it. He let the sweetest blood he had ever tasted fill his mouth and felt its warmth down his throat for a brief moment before he retreated.

Crowley’s heart raced erratically at the scene. He would know now. If Sam had done anything with the mechanic’s son, if Sam was no longer pure, Azazel would discover right now, and then he would go crazy, and God forbid what he would do when he realized Crowley had failed to—

Azazel wiped at his mouth and smiled largely. He ruffled Sam’s hair and walked towards Crowley.

“You seem tense,” he pointed out.

“Me? Just tired, sir,” Crowley could feel himself relaxing slowly as Azazel had definitely enjoyed Sam’s taste thoroughly.

“Take the night off, then. I’ll have someone else accompany Sam.”

Crowley swallowed hard and nodded. He felt shaky as the tension left him.

“Thank you, sir.”
“Good night, Crowley.”

“Good night.”

Crowley watched as his master left the kitchen, and then his eyes fell on the boy.

Prince Samuel and he exchanged a silent look full of secret complicity.

Crowley nodded lightly and Sam took a deep breath. Dean and he would be good for now, and that was enough.

In this moment of his life, Sam dared not make any plans about the future.

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tbc...
Chapter 17

Azazel looked deeply into Lucifer’s eyes and sighed.

“Do you know what you’re asking of me?”


“Samuel is the most precious asset I have.”

“And nothing will change. You have my word.”

Azazel seemed to consider again. He was well aware of Lucifer’s instincts, but he knew there would be consequences if he didn’t cave.

Lucifer took one step closer and stared intently into the yellow eyes watching him.

“So?” he arched his eyebrows.

“Samuel is never alone with anyone except for me and my trusted employees,” Azazel spoke, almost to himself.

“So not trust me, then?” Lucifer provoked.

“I trust you, you know that,” Azazel answered quickly. He couldn’t tell the man who had invested millions of dollars in his career that he didn’t trust him.

“Then stop worrying. We’ll have dinner, that’s all. Nothing will happen. I just want to get to know my future husband better.”

Azazel didn’t like the idea of Lucifer having time alone with Samuel, but there was little he could do about it without damaging his very important relationship with the wealthy billionaire in front of him now.

“The prince needs to be back home before midnight,” Azazel agreed, albeit reluctantly.
“You have my word.”

“And Lucifer…”

“Yes?”

Azazel took a deep breath. There was a frown in his face, but Lucifer seemed slightly amused at his tension.

“Samuel is…naive. You know that. I made sure to keep him safe from the world. You might be surprised at his innocence. Please be mindful of what you say to him.”

“Azazel…” Lucifer’s hand rested on his business associate’s shoulder. “Sam will be safe with me. I wouldn’t dream of corrupting the beautiful work you’ve been doing. Believe me, I’m as much in love with his chastity as I am with his beauty. I wouldn’t dream of jeopardizing our relationship, let alone ruining my own wedding gift.” There was a glint of delight in Lucifer’s clear eyes. “Rest assured that our precious boy will be fine.”

“All right, then. Let me go get Crowley. He’ll instruct Samuel to get ready.”

Azazel knew he needed to do that, but deep inside he could hardly wait until the boy was back, and he knew he would only rest easy the moment he could sink his teeth into the prince’s sweet flesh and taste the purity in his blood.

~ * ~


“Out? Where to?” Sam frowned.

“I do not know. I was told to see to it that you were ready to leave in a few minutes.”

Sam’s heart was racing when walked into the bathroom to take a quick shower. He was afraid his dad had another visitor who wanted to meet him, but when Sam was allowed to put on clothes after his shower he was a little relieved.

The feeling lasted until the moment he was taken to his father’s office where his dad and Lucifer were waiting for him.

“Dad?” Sam sounded puzzled. He knew Lucifer wasn’t a blood drinker like his father, but somehow that was a man who still managed to give him chills.

“Hey, Samuel.” Azazel smiled softly at the boy. “Lucifer is in town for the weekend. He asked permission to take you out for dinner. I hope you’re hungry.” Azazel tried to hide the nervousness in his voice.

Sam’s eyes widened and Azazel could read the disbelief in them. No wonder Sam was surprised. Azazel had never let the prince go with anyone who hadn’t known the boy since he was a baby.
“Will Crowley come, too?” For the first time in a long time Sam wished the answer to that would be yes.

“Not really. That won’t be necessary. Lucifer will take good care of you. He promised me you’ll be home before your bedtime.”

Sam could read the tension in his dad’s voice. He was certain that his father wasn’t happy at all with the prospect of letting him go. Then why was he doing it? Why let Lucifer take him somewhere and be alone with him?

Sam didn’t understand his dad’s reasons, but that spoke volumes about his dad’s relationship with Lucifer. Whatever it was that went on between them, Azazel felt like he owed Lucifer something, and that was important enough for him to grant him a privilege no one else – to Azazel’s knowledge anyway – had.

“Hi, Samuel. Would you like to have dinner with me?”

‘Hell, no’, Sam thought. The last thing he wanted right now was to be alone with the creepy guy who had been all over him on his birthday. Yet, somehow, Sam was perfectly aware that speaking his thoughts out loud was the last thing either of these men wanted to hear.

“If that would please you, sir…” Sam answered as he stared at the floor.

“It would. Very much. Shall we go?”

Lucifer walked closer to him and took Sam’s hand gently. He put it on top of his arm and smiled at him. Sam swallowed with some difficulty but was able to smile back.

“Samuel?” Azazel called before they left his office.

“Yeah, Dad?” Sam turned his head and looked at his father.

“Be good.”

Sam understood the implication in his dad’s words and just nodded.

“He will. Don’t worry,” Lucifer added. “See you in a few hours.”

Azazel’s body was tight with tension when he saw Lucifer place a hand at Sam’s lower back and walk them out.

Now there was nothing he could do but wait and hope and trust.

~ * ~

They arrived at Lucifer’s hotel after a brief and mostly silent drive. The hotel was the only five star place in Glasstown, and even though Sam had never been there, he wasn’t surprised with the luxury of the place. He wouldn’t have expected less from Lucifer.

“You’re quiet,” Lucifer observed, his eyes always admiring the young prince. “Is something
“No,” Sam said quickly. He didn’t want anything to go wrong tonight. He understood Lucifer was important enough that his father would let him be alone with him, so Sam didn’t want to disappoint Lucifer, let alone anger his dad. “I am quiet.”

“Is that so?”

Sam shrugged. “I don’t have a lot of people to talk to.”

“Well, tonight you can talk to me.” Lucifer winked, and Sam caught himself thinking of Dean’s winks, and how they made him giddy inside, and how when Lucifer did it Sam felt nothing but mild contempt. “I want to know all your secrets,” he chuckled.

“I don’t have any,” Sam said. “It’s hard to have secrets when you’re never alone.”

“I can imagine that. And that’s why I asked your father for some time for just the two of us. I would like to get to know you more, Sam. I wish to learn about your thoughts, your feelings…” Lucifer let his finger brush Sam’s cheek softly. “your desires…”

Sam recoiled lightly and smiled awkwardly. “Right now I’m just hungry,” he confessed.

Lucifer smiled, delighted at Sam’s every gesture and every word. “Far from me to keep you hungry, Prince. Let’s take a look at the menu and order some room service. I’ve heard the shrimp pesto in here is delicious. How does that sound?”

“Like a lot of carbohydrates.”

Lucifer laughed. “Does your father control what you eat, too?”

Sam shrugged again.

“Forget about him. Tonight you eat whatever you want. Do you like pasta?”

“I do…”

“Then pasta it is. How about some wine?” Lucifer walked towards a bottle of red wine on top of the kitchen counter.

“I really shouldn’t…” Sam’s eyes widened.

“Please…your father won’t mind it. It’s just a little. I promise you it’s alright.”

Sam watched as Lucifer poured them two glasses of wine and offered one to him. “Here. Try it.”

Sam hesitated. He wondered what his dad would say when he drank from him later tonight. And Sam was certain he would drink.

“I…I can’t. Sorry…” he shook his head.

‘Sam is naïve…’ Indeed. Lucifer wanted to lick the innocence off him, but he had promised to be patient. Someday, he told himself. Someday, in the near future, he would be the one deflowering
every layer of shyness to the core of Sam’s very essence.

“It’s okay. Go ahead. Just one sip.”

Sam looked at the red liquid inside the glass, and it looked a lot like blood. The thought only made him more uneasy, and it must have shown in his face because Lucifer spoke again.

“It’s alright. Go on.”

Sam looked briefly into Lucifer’s eyes before complying. He drank a small sip and his face twisted at the taste spreading on his tongue. “I don’t like it.” Sam shook his head and pushed the glass away, back into Lucifer’s hand.

“That’s okay,” Lucifer smiled softly. “You don’t have to drink. I just want you to relax. You seem tense.”

Sam didn’t say anything. He watched as Lucifer sat down on a white couch, while still holding and sipping from his glass of wine.

“Come here. Sit with me.”

Sam didn’t move immediately. Part of him still wished he was back home. He didn’t know what was expected of him, and he didn’t like being there.

“You’re father trusts me. You should trust me, too.”

Slowly, the boy walked closer and sat down beside Lucifer. Every fiber in Sam’s body was stiff with uneasiness, and he stared at the wall right ahead of him. Lucifer was watching him intently when he let his hand rest on top of Sam’s knee.

The youngster jumped, startled.

“I’m sorry.” Lucifer retreated his hand. “I don’t mean to make you uncomfortable.”

But Sam was. Highly uncomfortable. The only person he wanted to touch him like that was far away right now, probably selling drinks at a beach party Sam would never be allowed to attend.

“Let’s order us some food?”

“Yes.”

“Promise you’ll try to relax?”

“I can try.”

Lucifer smiled. He let his hand cup Sam’s cheek and his fingertip grazed the boy’s lips lightly.

“You’re a good boy, Sam. Once you get to know me, I’m sure we’ll have a lot of fun together.”

Sam smiled courteously and looked away. Thinking of Dean and what he might be doing right now offered him a good distraction to try and make time go by faster.
Dean was behind the counter preparing the most exquisite drinks and he knew the hot blonde in a short skirt and a bikini top was checking him out. He would have to be a fool not to see the way she locked eyes with him as she toyed with the straw in her drink. Dean watched her pink lips close around the straw seductively.

His cock twitched in his pants, but Dean looked away. It had been a while now since the last time he’d had actual sex. For the past weeks, Dean had been jerking off as if he was in his early teens again, but that didn’t mean he would flirt back.

He knew Sam and he didn’t really have anything serious going on. It was not like they had a commitment. All in all, they had spent so little time together. Anyone might have told Dean that there was no need to avoid other people. But it wasn’t that simple.

The thought of taking someone to his shack and fucking their brains out, though extremely tempting, didn’t really trigger Dean’s arousal the way it should. He wanted to have sex, yes. He craved the feeling of burying his aching dick into soft warmth until he came good and hard, but that was not all Dean wanted; he wanted to look into Sam’s eyes when he penetrated him; he wanted to hear Sam moan and feel his body cling to Dean’s as he lost his mind.

His need for Sam was such a big part of his arousal that Dean didn’t think he could enjoy sex as he used to.

“Hey there… I’ve been watching you from a distance. Hope you don’t mind.” the girl was now leaning on the counter, her blue eyes sparkling with promise.

“Oh, hey…” Dean could see the way she studied his bare arms, her eyes drawn to the well defined muscles she admired.

“What time do you leave?”

Dean chuckled softly and looked away. It wasn’t the first time this had happened since he had met Sam. Part of him wanted to shut down his brain and heart and just find relief, but that part, Dean realized, was growing smaller the more he spent time with Sam.

“I’m sorry, babe. I gotta close the bar tonight. I have no idea when that will be. Maybe some other time, eh?” Dean winked and smiled. He didn’t mean to be impolite to such a beautiful girl.

“Yeah. I would like that,” she smiled, too. “Can I have another drink?”

“Of course. Here you go. On the house.” Dean made her a margarita and watched as she turned around and left.

He sighed deeply and went back to work, unaware that a few feet away Castiel watched the scene and grew thoughtful at what had just happened.

~ * ~
One bottle of wine later, Lucifer was still relishing Sam’s company. They had eaten and talked, and even though Lucifer had insisted, the Prince had refused to drink alcohol, and throughout the night Samuel had been nothing but exceptionally well-behaved.

Sam didn’t know what time it was, but he knew he had been sitting on that couch for about two hours, and he couldn’t wait to go home. He had talked to Lucifer about pretty much all the subjects he knew already. They had talked about Mythology, Psychology, scientific discoveries and famous artists from the past. Then, Sam had listened as Lucifer went on and on about his traveling, about different cultures and different foods and drinks. It wasn’t bad conversation at all, and Sam might have enjoyed it more if he didn’t have the feeling that Lucifer undressed him with his piercing eyes.

“Are you sure you don’t want some, Prince? This is the last glass of a terrific wine.” Lucifer raised the wine glass invitingly.

“No, thank you. In fact…I don’t know the time, but I imagine it must be late…”

Lucifer didn’t say anything for a moment. He simply watched Sam’s boyish features and his worried face. Time had passed way too quickly.

“Indeed. I must take you back home.”

Sam nodded and tried to hide how relieved he felt.

“It’s a shame our time together was so short, though.” Lucifer let his palm rest casually on top of Sam’s. “I wish you had been able to relax more.”

Sam looked at Lucifer’s large smile so close to his face and felt slightly edgy. He didn’t want to be rude and move away, but he tensed when Lucifer cupped his cheek and went closer.

The boy’s hazel eyes were enticing. Lucifer saw the moment Sam’s pupils dilated as he brought their mouths closer. The boy tried to shy away, but Lucifer pressed the back of his neck more firmly and let his mouth cover Sam’s.

Sam’s body stiffened and his heart raced. Lucifer was kissing him, and all Sam wanted was to move away, but Lucifer’s grip on his neck paralyzed him. Sam could smell the wine in the older man’s breath, and feel the raspy feeling of Lucifer’s stubble brush his chin. Sam then thought of Dean and the way it felt when Dean kissed him, and he quickly understood that he didn’t want anyone else, ever, to kiss him that way. When Lucifer’s tongue parted his lips to deepen the kiss, Sam pushed him away and got to his feet.

“I… I shouldn’t. I really shouldn’t do that.” Sam looked visibly disturbed. He wondered what his dad would say if he found out about it.

Lucifer licked at his lips, still savoring the faint taste of Sam’s lips in the brief moment he had been able to kiss him. Now there was agitation in the boy’s attitude, and Lucifer wondered if some of it was fear.

He got to his feet and tried to soothe the boy.

“I’m sorry. It’s okay, Sam. I didn’t mean to, I just…I couldn’t resist it,” he explained.
“I’m not supposed to do anything,” Sam said quickly. Even though he was worried about his dad and what Lucifer might try to do, Sam was also annoyed that someone had done to him what only Dean could do. “My father….“ Sam looked for words to try and explain. Luckily, he didn’t need to give his real reasons as to why he didn’t want to be kissed. All things considered, if Sam wanted Lucifer he could definitely get away with a few kisses, because that’s exactly what Dean and he did. But Sam didn’t; he wanted to be as far away as possible from that man now, and he had the perfect excuse to cover up for that. “He doesn’t let me…I can’t.”


Sam chewed on his bottom lip and nodded, accepting the apology.

“You’re such a special boy, you know that?” Lucifer understood what Azazel meant about his son. The boy before him now was way too precious; his innocence had an irresistible sweetness that could make a man lose his mind. And even though Lucifer wanted him very much, he knew he couldn’t corrupt Samuel. Not now. The boy’s shyness was endearing, and for now Lucifer would have to make do with the lingering taste and the fading memory of kissing his lips.

Sam knew Lucifer was seeing him through the adoring eyes his dad sometimes looked at him with. Part of him wished to scream that he wasn’t as innocent as they thought him to be. Just because Sam hadn’t had sex it didn’t mean he wasn’t smart as hell, and that he didn’t know how to use what others could see as a weakness in his very favor. If his so called innocence was what protected him, then Sam would gladly play this card to get what he wanted, and right now he wanted to go home.

“Can we go? Please…” Sam looked at his feet.

“Of course, Prince. Let me get my car keys.”

The ride back home was quick, and Lucifer parked the car in front of the door for a moment.

“I’ll have to leave town tomorrow and I don’t know when I’ll be able to come back. Soon, I hope. And I look forward to spending more time with you,” he said. And then, when Sam didn’t say anything, “I hope I didn’t scare you or anything.”

“No…” Sam shook his head quickly. “It’s alright. Have a safe trip.”

Sam was about to leave the car when Lucifer took his hand and kissed it softly.

“Good night, Prince. I hope you have sweet dreams.”

“Good night,” Sam said and turned around.

Lucifer watched him go until he disappeared behind the large doors of Azazel’s mansion.

Inside, Sam could hear the sound of Lucifer’s car driving away, and it wasn’t long before his dad showed up in the hall.

“So…how was it?” Azazel studied Sam with a smile on his lips and an investigative glint in his eyes.

“It was nice. I’m glad I’m home, though. I was tired.”

“Do you like Lucifer?” Azazel probed.
Sam shrugged. “He’s okay.”

“Was he respectful with you?” Azazel went closer and ran his fingers through Sam’s hair.

“Yes, Dad.”

“Good. I trust him. He’s a good man, Samuel.”

“Can I go to bed?”

“Of course.”

Sam made for the stairs.

“Take a shower if you want. I’ll be up in a moment.”

Sam knew exactly what that meant, and although it didn’t surprise him, it did make his heart feel heavier and tighter.

Crowley wasn’t in his room when Sam walked in, and Sam was alone when he took off his clothes and got under the shower. It wasn’t long, though, before Sam heard the footsteps getting near. He looked at his father standing in the bathroom, waiting against the wall.

“I know you’re tired. I’ll be quick, don’t worry.”

Azazel parted his lips and licked at his exposed fangs.

~ * ~

As most of the people had already left the party, including Benny and his date, Castiel helped Dean finish up so he could go, too. When they were done, they opened a couple of beers and Castiel accompanied Dean on his way home.

They walked on the soft sand in the quiet night, hearing the waves in the near distance.

“What was the problem with her?” Castiel asked suddenly.

“Who?”

“The girl who came on to you in the bar. She looked smoking.”

“Oh…” Dean ran an absent hand through his hair. “She was. I’m just not in the mood.”

“It’s because of Sam, isn’t it?”

“No…” Dean shook his head without much conviction. “I just don’t feel like it.”

“Cut it out. You always feel like it. Besides, you haven’t been with anyone since you started meeting Azazel’s son.” Cas finished his beer and disposed of it. “Look, I don’t mean to meddle, I’m just
worried about you, that’s all.”

‘He’s jealous,’ Sam had said. Dean could hear Sam’s voice as if he was there.

“You don’t have to be.”

“Yes, I do. You tell yourself this is just fun and all, but you gotta understand this is more serious than you imagine.”

“Cas…I don’t even know what’s going on between Sam and me. For all I know we’re just friends with benefits.”

“Are you sure about that? That you don’t know what’s happening?”

“Yeah! It’s confusing, really. I don’t really know…”

Castiel shut Dean with an unexpected kiss. Suddenly, Dean felt his friend’s body pressed against his, and Cas wasted no time to deepen the kiss.

Dean’s thoughts rushed and he looked confused when he broke them up.

“What’s going on?” Dean frowned.

“Nothing. We’re just friends, you know. I’m horny. I know you haven’t gotten some in a while. So why don’t we head back to the shack and work something out?” Cas kissed Dean again and let his hand travel lower. There was a firm erection between Dean’s legs which he cupped and stroked through the fabric.

“Cas… wait.” Dean put his hand on top of his friend’s to still it.

“C’mon. Just tonight. Like we’ve done before. You can fuck me good, we both get off, and that’s it. Just some fun. What do you say?” Castiel nibbled at Dean’s lips.

Dean shut his eyes for a moment as his body grew hotter with desire. It would’ve been so easy to shut everything else down, but even when Dean closed his eyes there was a face on his mind, a face that reminded him of why he needed to stop that.

“Cas.” Dean pushed his friend away softly but firmly. “I can’t do this. I’m sorry.”

Castiel smiled knowingly. He had known that. Not that he didn’t find Dean attractive, and he would be lying if he said he had never thought about their night together again, but Castiel was testing his friend, and Dean had just proved him right.

“Then I guess you already know how you feel about Sam.”

“What do you mean?” Dean felt his heart racing.

“Don’t be a fool, Dean. You know exactly what’s going on.”

Dean swallowed hard. His throat was dry and his blood was rushing.

“I love you, you know that, right? And I’ll always support you. But you gotta admit to yourself that
things got out of hand here. You know how you feel. You’re having trouble admitting it because you’ve never felt this way before.”

“Cas, I don’t know what you…”

“Yes.” Cas planted a soft kiss to Dean’s mouth and smiled. “Yes, you do. You know, Dean.”

They looked at each other in silence for a moment.

“Good night.”

Dean watched as Castiel turned around and started to make his way back towards the bar.

Alone, Dean looked up at the stars, smiled and took a deep breath. It felt like his heart would burst inside his chest.

Yes, he thought. Cas was right.

He did know.

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Chapter 18

Crowley parked the car and looked over his shoulder as Sam got his backpack in the back seat.

“I’m going into the church, and then I’ll probably leave with Dean. Are we good?” he asked before opening the car door.

“Yes, prince. I’ll wait here.” Actually, it was not good, and there were a lot of things Crowley wanted to argue, but he knew how that conversation was going to end. If Azazel could drink from his son as if nothing was going on, then Crowley might as well turn a blind eye and avoid trouble for himself.

“I’ll see you later.”

Sam left the car and walked into the church. Bobby was waiting for him in the aisle.

“Sam. I’m glad you could come.”

It had been almost a week since their last class, and Bobby was beginning to worry that something bad had gone down after Crowley’s discovery.

“I’m sorry I couldn’t come before.”

“Is everything…alright?”

“Yes. Crowley’s been handled. He won’t be a problem.”

“I’m glad to hear that. But perhaps that happened for a reason, you know. Maybe we should reconsider the risks…”

“Is he here already?” Sam cut Bobby off. He didn’t have time for that. He hadn’t seen Dean in what felt like a long time. There had been the dinner with Lucifer and his dad’s blood feeding, nights of longing and hours that seemed to drag on and on, and right now all Sam wanted was to be with Dean and forget about the world.
Bobby sighed.

“Yes, prince. In the classroom.”

Bobby watched as Sam rushed towards it.

Dean had been apprehensive. Sam hadn’t shown up for his last class. Dean feared something might have happened after Sam and Crowley had left the church, and that the watchdog had told on them. Dean’s thoughts had been working on some sort of plan to see the boy again, but all his fears vanished when Sam opened the door and looked at him.

Dean thought his heart would burst. He could feel a smile spreading on his lips when they locked eyes.

“Hey, Sam.”

“Hi.” Sam became instantly aware of his heartbeats, and if it weren’t for his also being aware of Bobby’s presence, he might have done something stupid. “Bobby?”

“I know. Have fun.”

Sam didn’t even turn around. He just followed Dean when he opened the backdoor in the classroom and disappeared with him down the secret passage out of the church.

~ * ~

“Where are we going today?” Sam pulled at Dean’s hand as he led them ahead.

Dean stopped on his tracks in the middle of the corridor and looked into Sam’s eyes.

“Where do you want to go?” something in Sam’s voice told Dean the younger one had an idea.

Sam knew where he didn’t want to go. He didn’t want to share Dean with other people. He missed him, and he wanted to spend all the time they had with him. Yes, it was dangerous and irresponsible to be alone with him, but right now Sam didn’t care. If they could just sit beside each other and do nothing, just the two of them, Sam would be pleased.

“Do you have to work?”

Dean’s smile was small but positively wolfish. He understood what was going on in Sam’s head, at least some of it. He too wanted to spend time with him and not with his friends or anybody else.

“Not today.”

Sam felt a spike of excitement travel his body. His relief and his joy were visible to Dean, even in the darkness of the place.

“Do you wanna go to my place?” he asked.

Sam only waited briefly before nodding.
Dean smiled again, largely this time, and he closed the distance to plant his lips above Sam’s.

They kissed for a long moment, and when they moved again towards the street outside the church they were both breathless with anticipation.

The two of them walked quickly towards the beach and towards Dean beach cabin. When they were inside, Dean locked the door and they stood before each other.

Sam could feel that his breathing had become deeper and slightly louder. He let his eyes trail over Dean’s body and suddenly he remembered the time they went swimming together. Dean had been naked in front of him. Sam shut his eyes and took a deep, calming breath.

Dean tried to pay attention to Sam’s reactions because he didn’t want to push him. Yet, if Sam had agreed to come to the shack, Dean thought that a little bit of teasing would be harmless. He took off his shirt and looked intently at the boy.

Sam’s response didn’t disappoint. His eyes drank in the sight of Dean’s naked chest and the muscles in his abdomen. Dean’s skin was tanned and Sam could see a few blond hairs bellow his navel.

“Take a seat,” Dean offered.

Sam looked around. He didn’t see any chairs.

“The bed,” Dean chuckled. “That’s where I usually sit.”

“Oh, okay.” Sam sat by the edge of the bed. He was a bit tense, but it wasn’t a bad feeling at all.

“So, what did you do during this time we didn’t meet?”

Sam thought about the dinner with Lucifer.

“I studied and finished the book I was reading.” Sam bit down on his lip absently. “I also had dinner with someone who I think likes me.”

Dean frowned. “Is that so?”

“Yeah. He kissed me.”

“Oh.” Dean wasn’t prepared for the wave of heated jealously that wrapped around his heart and squeezed it. His smile faded as he walked towards the headboard and sat against it, right before Sam. “Did you like it?...”

“Of course not,” Sam answered readily and with a twinge of indignation. “It wasn’t you.” His answer had so much sincerity and he spoke it so matter-of-factly that Dean had to smile.

“Is it better when I kiss you, then?” Dean’s eyes searched into Sam’s hazel eyes and he curled a finger below his chin to lift his face.

Sam nodded. “I don’t want anyone else to kiss me.”

“That’s good.” Dean could feel his chest grow warm with approval. “I don’t either.” He leaned in
and took Sam’s lips into a soft kiss.

Sam felt the tip of Dean’s tongue run over his bottom lip and he closed his eyes to enjoy the feeling. When Dean’s tongue massaged his slowly, Sam felt the goosebumps break in the crook of his arms.

Dean broke the kiss, even though he didn’t want to. He looked into Sam’s eyes when he spoke.

“I was kissed, too.”

“You were?” Sam studied Dean and how gorgeous he looked. Of course he had been kissed. And a lot more had probably happened as well. The kind of stuff Sam couldn’t give him.

“I didn’t meant for it to happen. My friend Cas kissed me a couple of nights ago.”

“I told you he seemed jealous.”

“I know. But I don’t think it’s about jealously. Cas is a good friend, and he was trying to make a point.”

Sam frowned. Dean sighed.

“Did you…did you and him…?” Sam chewed on the inside of his bottom lip and looked at the sheets covering the bed.

“No. Nothing happened. He just made me realize something.”

Even though Sam knew it wasn’t fair to deny Dean the possibility of having something he could not give him, hearing that made him happy.

“What was it?”

“That I couldn’t wait to be with you again.” Dean’s green eyes were now serious and intent, and when Dean cupped Sam’s cheek and pulled him in for another kiss, there was something fiery in his touch, something that made Sam’s blood rush to his lower belly with anticipation.

‘It’s just a little kissing. It’s okay.’ Sam told himself when Dean took over the kiss. He closed his eyes and parted his mouth willingly for Dean to explore. The older man kissed Sam at leisure, and by the time Dean’s lips moved towards Sam’s neck, the boy was already hard inside his pants.

“Dean…” Sam whispered softly with anticipation. He knew what Dean was going to do, where his lips were going to land and the feeling it would cause when—“Mm…” Sam shivered when Dean’s lips locked on the sensitive spot where his shoulder and neck met. Dean’s tongue teased the skin there, then he blew lightly at the wetness he had created, his hot breath tickling and eliciting goosebumps.

Sam panted. His dick throbbed and he bucked lightly.

“You’re sensitive here…” Dean whispered and looked into Sam’s eyes.

“I…I can’t help it,” Sam confessed.

“Who said I want you to?” Dean smiled and closed his lips on Sam’s neck again.
This time Dean’s hands grabbed at Sam’s body and held him close. “Mm.” Sam squirmed under the ticklish feeling and the arousal building up fast.

Dean let his lips work while his hands went for the hem of Sam’s T-shirt.

The moment Sam felt the tug as Dean tried to pull his shirt off, Sam put his hands above Dean’s quickly to stop him.

When Dean looked at Sam’s hands on top of his he also lay eyes on the bulge in the boy’s jeans.

Sam was breathing loudly when they looked at each other.

“I’ve seen you shirtless before, remember?” Dean licked at his lips and smiled expectantly.

That was true. But at the same time, that was different.

“Relax, Sammy… You know you can stop me whenever you want, okay?”

Yes, but could Sam stop himself?

He felt his hands relax and let Dean take his shirt off. The moment Dean’s hands were in contact with his naked chest, Sam shuddered.

“You’re so fucking beautiful…” Dean’s eyes looked glassy with desire. His fingers groped and teased, and soon Sam was having to bite down hard on his bottom lip not to release the sounds building up within.

Dean sucked lightly at Sam’s collar bone as his fingers flicked over Sam’s hard nipples. When his mouth trailed lower and closed around one of the tight little nubs, Sam writhed in his arms and tried to pull him away at the same time he arched into the feeling.

“Oh. Oh.” Sam throbbed in his pants and he felt wetness gather at his tip. It was going too far and it felt too good.

Dean licked at Sam’s other nipple and flicked his tongue against it. Sam’s breath was messy and his gasps and soft little whimpers filled the place.

Sam knew he was going to come if he didn’t stop it. It was already taking everything he had not to lose control.

Dean’s fingers went for the button in Sam’s jeans, but Sam’s hand covered the fumbling fingers and held at them.

“Please…” Sam shook his head. His body was as tight as a bow, but he needed to be rational. He knew the consequences of losing control.

Dean’s lips let go of Sam’s skin and he looked into the boy’s pained features. He wanted to touch him, desperately, but maybe there was something else he could do.

Dean let go of Sam and placed his fingers on top of his own bulge. Sam followed the movement and his eyes focused on the cloth covered erection between Dean’s legs.
“Do you want to see me? Like at the beach?”

Sam licked at his lips and nodded. Yes. He wanted that. That was much safer than what was going on. He could look at Dean. He could…he could touch Dean and that would be okay, too.

Dean smiled and opened the button in his jeans. He got up just enough so he could slide his pants and underwear off, and then he sat against the headboard where he was before, only this time his cock was stiff and standing taut against his lower belly.

Sam couldn’t look away. Dean was right there, just a few feet away from him, naked. And hard. Sam looked at the swollen head of his cock and felt himself pulse in response.

“Do you want to touch me?” Dean was the one breathless with anticipation now. His throat was dry as he stared at Sam and waited.

Sam nodded. He was so eager that his fingers were unsteady. He reached out his hand but stayed in the middle of the way until Dean’s fingers met his. Then, Dean took Sam’s fingers in his and gently led their hands towards his cock. Dean released Sam’s fingers when they touched his skin, and he felt the boy close his hand into a fist around his hard-on.

Sam closed his eyes and a tremor raked him, almost visibly. Dean was thick and hot against his palm, and when Sam moved his hand tentatively he could feel the pulse as more blood rushed to Dean’s cock.

Dean closed his eyes and tossed his head back lightly. His lips parted and he smiled lustfully when Sam’s fingers raked the skin of his dick and then grazed at his tip.

Sam felt wetness against his fingertips when he touched the tip of Dean’s erection. He wouldn’t have been able to see the look of sheer lust in his eyes when he did so. What Sam really wanted was to take his fingers to his mouth and taste them, and then smell Dean. But he knew that the contact of his saliva with Dean’s liquid arousal could put him in trouble.

“Is it okay?” Sam asked, studying Dean’s face. He didn’t know exactly what to do. He felt at Dean’s engorged dick with as much arousal as curiosity. Sam wasn’t allowed to touch his own cock when it was hard like that, so for him it was all extremely new and fascinating.

“Hell yeah,” Dean chuckled, the sound low and gritty in his throat.

The way the boy was touching him was, to say the least, unique. Sam let his fingers slide up and down Dean’s shaft and he squeezed a little, too. It was almost as if he wasn’t sure of what to do.

“Do you think I can get you off like this?” Sam asked, genuinely interested.

“Definitely…” Dean laughed lightly. Given his almost permanent state of arousal it wouldn’t take him long to come.

Sam seemed to consider that for a moment.

“What do you like? What should I do?” Sam looked at his hand wrapped around Dean’s hard dick.

Dean thrust lightly into Sam’s hand and felt a spike of pleasure pierce him.
“The same you do to yourself will work.”

Sam felt a twinge of apprehension. He closed his hand more firmly and stroked.

“Like…like this?”

“Yeah.” Dean opened his clouded eyes and looked at Sam. “You know when you’re doing it to yourself? Just do the same to me.” Dean instructed. “How do you like it?”

“I don’t know…”

Sam shrugged. Dean saw the movement and his eyes narrowed.

Dean tilted his head lightly and studied the boy.

“How do you usually jerk off, Sam?”

“I don’t—” Sam blurted but decided quickly not to go on.

Suddenly, there was tension in Sam, a different kind of tension, and he let go of Dean’s cock.

“Are you telling me you don’t touch yourself?” Dean gasped with a small grin of disbelief.

Sam’s fingers grasped fistfuls of sheets before he even knew what he was doing. His throat felt tight and, to his horror, Sam realized he was on the verge of crying out of embarrassment. Maybe he was the ridiculously innocent boy everyone else seemed to see in him. The way Dean was looking at him now, Sam just wished he could disappear.

“Sam?” Dean frowned.

“No…” Sam shook his head.

“You don’t? But if you don’t have sex, then how do you handle the pressure?”

Sam swallowed hard and his eyes strayed with increasing agitation. Dean still couldn’t believe that revelation. It seemed impossible.

“I mean, seriously? Not ever?”

‘Never again after the first time…’ Sam thought and shuddered. He saw the way Dean’s eyes were fixed questioningly at him, and Sam felt exposed and ashamed, and he tried to move away because he couldn’t stand being looked at like that anymore. He wanted to die when he felt the burning of his cheeks.

“Hey, hey…where are you going?” Dean held Sam’s hand before he could move away.

“I…I shouldn’t…”

“Why? Are you not allowed to masturbate or something?” Dean sounded surprised and amused.

Sam thought he would cry. The beginning of questions was also the beginning of the end. The
moment Dean started asking questions Sam could not answer, he knew their meetings could no longer happen.

At the moment Sam was too upset to speak. He made as if he would get up but Dean held his wrist gently yet firmly. When they locked eyes, Dean could see that Sam’s eyes were shining, as if tears were about to fall off them.

Part of Dean was just in shock. What kind of stuff went on in that boy’s life? Did he have some kind of problem? Was he sick? A thousand questions and weird thoughts crossed his mind, but Dean pushed them all away in a second.

“Hey, it’s okay…shh…relax…”

Sam still made as if he might move, but then Dean went closer and pressed their foreheads together. The moment he did that, Sam stopped trying to release himself and just went still, breathing rapidly.

Dean’s fingers massaged the back of Sam’s neck and his lips nibbled at his mouth. He did that lovingly and slowly, and after a few minutes he could feel Sam loosen up a little.

“Here…” Dean looked down between their bodies and found Sam’s hand again. “Do you want me to show you?” He put Sam’s hand on his erection once again. “I can teach you how to make me come.”

Sam nodded. Relief and arousal made him so thankful he couldn’t form words.

Dean understood he shouldn’t ask any more questions. Sam was uneasy, but he was still aroused. When he made the younger boy wrap his fingers around his cock and covered his hand with his larger one, Dean could feel Sam slide back into the mood and relax considerably.

“Like this…” Dean covered Sam’s hand and stroked his cock up and down. “You start slow like this…and then you speed it up.”

Sam felt it was hard to swallow. His heart was racing as he looked between their bodies at the way their hands worked on Dean’s cock. He could feel Dean’s fingers guiding his movements, and he could feel the way his heart thudded in his chest at the feeling of doing that.

Dean shut his eyes and frowned as the pleasure built. His hips started to move rhythmically into Sam and his hands, and soon he was urging Sam to stroke him faster.

“Mm, fuck…” Dean cursed and licked at his lips.

Sam was fascinated at the sight. He didn’t know what appealed to him the most. He wanted to memorize everything, every detail of Dean’s face—his handsome features tight in concentration as he neared his peak—and Sam wanted to remember exactly how it was to feel Dean’s hot dick sliding against his palm.

“Sam…yeah, just keep it up.”

Sam obeyed. He let Dean’s hand pick up the rhythm and waited, hungrily, for the moment Dean would have an orgasm in front of him.

Dean’s fluttering eyelids opened and he was able to smile in the haze of pleasure taking over.
“Do you like to watch me?”

Sam nodded. His lips parted lightly and his eyes were clouded.

Dean’s muscles flexed as his movements picked up speed.

“I’m gonna come, Sam. Fuck. I’m gonna come. Mm…” Dean panted rapidly and Sam’s eyes widened in preparation. There was a muffled moan as Dean’s body bent forwards. Sam marveled at the way he felt Dean’s cock stiffen and pulse against his palm. Then there was hot seed covering Sam and Dean’s fingers, and Sam looked at everything with his full attention.

Dean stroked himself a few more times and enjoyed the shuddering aftermath of his orgasm. When he released Sam’s hand and looked into the boy’s eyes, he had a happy, sedated smile on his face.

Sam smiled, too. He could feel Dean’s come drying on his skin, and for some reason that caused his heart to beat erratically faster.

“Did you like that?” Sam had longing in his eyes. He wondered what it must feel like to be able to experience that kind of pleasure whenever it was needed or simply wanted. Dean was lucky. Everyone else was lucky.

“Fuck, yeah. You made me feel so good.” Dean touched Sam’s cheek with the back of his clean hand. Then, he let his eyes trail lower until they landed on the bulge still evident within Sam’s pants. “Let me do the same for you…” Dean squeezed Sam’s thigh and his hand went up towards his crotch.

Sam’s face shifted immediately and he shook his head.

“It’s alright. I’ll just touch you. Nothing else needs to happen,” Dean reassured him. It was not like they needed to have sex or anything. It was just a hand job, like Sam had just helped him with. What was the problem with that?

“Please…no…” Sam whispered. He didn’t want to answer questions and he didn’t want to feel ashamed. He was still aroused, but it would go away. He was so happy he had been able to touch Dean and give him pleasure, he didn’t want to ruin the moment by being reminded of his own limitations.

“Alright.” Dean wouldn’t insist. He still remembered the look in Sam’s eyes from a few moments before, when he had asked him questions he didn’t want to answer. “Just give me a moment then.”

“Where are you going?” Sam asked when Dean got up from the bed and walked into the bathroom.

He came back with a wet cloth he used to wipe himself clean.

“Give me your hand.”

Sam did as told and watched as Dean cleaned his come off his skin.

Sam watched Dean go back into the bathroom and return a moment later. The older man was still naked when he sat back down where he was before, in bed right in front of Sam.
“We still got some time,” Dean pointed out.

Sam feared the questions would come back now. And his hesitance was so palpable that Dean could read it in his face.

“Do you want to just...hug and not say anything for the next hour?” he watched the moment Sam let out the breath he had been holding with evident relief. When Sam nodded and smiled, Dean felt his heart was hopeless. Castiel was right. This had already gone too far. “Come here then.” Dean opened his arms and Sam went closer to settle between them.

Sam felt the warmth of Dean’s naked chest against his back, and the comforting tightness of his arms around his torso.

'This', Sam thought, 'this is what I want.' It wasn’t asking for much, was it?

Sam closed his eyes and nestled his head against Dean’s neck. He could smell the faint trace of sweat and cologne, and Sam let the tip of his nose graze the skin lightly.

Dean’s fingers ran through Sam’s hair and softly down his neck. His left hand traced invisible patterns on the skin of Sam’s naked arm as the boy breathed peacefully in his arms.

That day there were no more questions.

Not even the fact that Sam was sexually frustrated could get in the way of how happy he felt.

Sam was used to being denied pleasure. Dean made him feel something Sam wasn’t really familiar with, though.

Resting in Dean’s arms, in the silence of the house, and feeling his soft caresses and the warmth of their embrace, Sam felt something he had never truly felt before.

He felt safe.

---------------------------------------------

'tbc...
Chapter 19

Sam tried but he couldn’t stop thinking about Dean during his weekend. He had no class on either Saturday or Sunday, which had given him time to play everything that had happened in Dean’s beach cabin at least a thousand times by now.

Sam’s thoughts went from the deliriously arousing memory of Dean’s cock, hot and velvety as Sam stroked it, to the feeling of Dean’s arms wrapped around him, and the silence that comforted them for a while.

His heart drummed at the memories, and sometimes the feeling was so intense it seemed to pierce through his heart and Sam thought he might scream. Not because it was a bad feeling, but because it was so good it hurt.

“Do you need anything, Prince?” Crowley’s voice pulled him out of his reverie.

Sam shook his head and sighed deeply. He took off his robe and stood by the pool in his bathing shorts. It was the end of the afternoon, and Sam thought he could use the exercise. He jumped into the water and dove under it as Crowley sat in a corner of the room and watched, uninterested.

Beneath the water, Sam could still see the same images, it didn’t matter how tight he squeezed his eyes; he could still see it when Dean had climaxed, covering Sam’s hand with something he had never felt before.

Back in the surface, Sam took a deep breath and pulled his hair off his eyes and forehead. His cock throbbed at the thought of Dean and he in bed, and of the way Dean taught him how to masturbate him until he had an orgasm, right there, so Sam’s hungry eyes could see every moment of him losing control.

Sam swallowed hard and started to swim. He needed to have release so bad he could hardly concentrate on any of his daily tasks.

Dean’s company was both a blessing and a curse. It was the best thing in his life right now, the most amazing feeling he had ever felt, and yet, it was also a source of anguish. Sam was familiar with the
feeling of denied release. Nowadays, however, that feeling was much more powerful and a lot more painful. Thinking of Dean put him in a state of permanent arousal.

If only he could masturbate, just once, just to know what it feels like, just to get some relief…

*I do know what it feels like.*

The thought invaded his brain and Sam shuddered. He stopped swimming and felt his breath was short, and he was well aware that the exercise had little to do with it.

One day Sam had known what it felt like. One day, some years ago, he had experienced hot arousal for the first time in his life, and it had all started right there, in the same swimming pool where he found himself right now.

Sam held his breath and went under the water again. He opened his eyes below the surface and could see the underwater pool light cut its way through the crystal clear water. Sam shut his eyes and dove in deeper, and when he opened his eyes…

~ * ~

Four years ago…

…when Sam opened his eyes below the surface of the water his heart raced.

Right above the surface there was noise and laughter, and the water sports they had been practicing since the early afternoon. When Sam dove in deeper, though, all that sound was just a fading echo being wrapped in the silence of the deeper water. It didn’t matter, because when Sam opened his eyes he couldn’t care less about the talk going on at the surface.

The twelve year old boy stared intently at the pair of smooth thighs moving quickly in the water. Sam could barely understand why it was so interesting, but the moment his eyes had discovered Meg’s thighs and the way her black bikini fit just perfectly on her round little butt, Sam kept finding excuses to dive again and stare some more.

Whatever was going on with him, it had started a while ago. Sam had been having weird dreams, and during these dreams he had experienced new and exciting feelings.

Meg had been his friend since they were kids, and even though they didn’t spend a lot of time together anymore, every now and then they would be allowed to see each other and play. Sam had never paid her any more attention than he did his toys or anyone else around him. That summer, however, something felt different. He no longer saw Meg all the time, so when he looked at her walking around in a black bikini, Sam realized something had been changing. Meg looked less like a little girl and more like a young woman. She was only a bit older than him, but Sam would have to be a fool not to notice the smooth curve of her hips and the small volume increasing in her chest.

At first it had been nothing but curiosity. Sam stared at Meg a few times, just because it was different, just because it was interesting, but then the dreams had begun.

The first time Sam felt something unbelievably good, he had woken up to find his underwear wet...
and sticky, and he had no idea what had just happened. All he knew was that he had dreamed about something very good, a hot kind of good, even if he couldn’t quite remember what it was.

That morning, as his dad came into his room to wake him up, Sam hardly understood why he covered himself quickly, but he did. He knew, instinctively, that whatever had happened during the night was something he wanted to keep private.

“Morning, my sweet prince. Did you sleep well?”

“I did.”

“Good. Go take a shower and get ready for your day. They’re waiting for you in the kitchen with your breakfast.”

Sam made as if he would move but Azazel held his wrist gently.

The boy waited patiently as Azazel took his hand and toyed with his fingers. Sam watched his dad take two of his forefingers and place them gently on top of his lips. The sharp little bite came soon after, and Sam only flinched briefly when his father’s sharp teeth pierced the balls of his fingers and he drank.

A bitter taste hit Azazel’s tongue almost instantly, and he let Sam’s fingers slip out of his mouth quickly. He frowned. Could that be? So soon…his baby boy was only twelve. Could that taste in his mouth really mean that puberty was right there, just around the corner?

“Samuel?”

“Yeah?” Sam looked so innocently at him. Azazel didn’t want to believe what his senses were telling him.

“Do you have something you want to tell Daddy? Hmm?”

Sam shrugged and seemed at a loss. “Like what?”

“I don’t know. Anything you might consider interesting. Anything that has happened recently… anything unusual,” he probed.

“No, not really, Dad.”

Azazel stared deeply into Sam’s hazel eyes, but there was nothing there. If the boy had started to do what boys his age were bound to, then he didn’t really see it as a problem. Yet.

“Alright, sweetie. Go shower and meet Mrs. Higgs downstairs.”

Azazel watched as Sam got up from the bed and disappeared inside the bathroom.

When the boy was gone, Azazel pulled the sheets off the bed and ran a hand over them. There didn’t seem to be anything suspicious there, so he waited.

Sam left the shower a few minutes later and left the room. Azazel walked into the bathroom, where he could still smell the perfumed mist the boy had left behind. He found what he was looking for and picked up Sam’s underwear.
Azazel took the silky fabric to his nose and he shuddered at the scent. Not his baby boy…not so soon. Why couldn’t Samuel be oblivious for a bit longer? Azazel dreaded the moment he would have to discipline the boy. He let his tongue touch the fabric, and when he tasted the same bitterness in his tongue he had experienced from Sam’s blood, he knew he had to take action.

He left the room quickly, looking for the employee who could help him with the prince.

“Crowley?!”

~ * ~

Crowley met Azazel in his office behind closed doors. He stood still and watched his master pace back and forth behind his desk. Then, a moment later, Azazel let a pair of white briefs fall on top of the desk.

“Samuel.”

Crowley frowned. What did Azazel mean by that?

“I’m sorry, sir?”

“It has begun, Crowley. I’m afraid Samuel is having impure thoughts that may taint his innocence.”

Crowley looked more closely at the underwear, and even though there was nothing there for him to see, he began to understand what Azazel was getting at.

“Have you seen something, my lord?”

“Not yet. Have you?”

“No.” Crowley shook his head.

Back at that time, Sam didn’t have twenty-four-seven surveillance. He was with someone most of the time, but he had a few moments of privacy. He could shower alone, and even though there was usually someone, mostly Crowley, checking on him during the night, Sam spent more of his sleep unwatched in his bedroom.

“Then I guess it’s time we open our eyes. I tasted something this morning. I need to know if he’s touching himself. I need to catch him in the act. Let me know if you see or hear anything unusual concerning him.”

“I will.” Crowley nodded obediently. “Anything else?”

“No, that would be all. No go and keep an eye on him.”

~ * ~
It was the fifth time in a row that Sam dove under the water to check Meg’s legs and ass out. This time, when he returned to the surface to take a deep breath, Sam felt his blood rushing to his groin, and in a few seconds he was growing hard. The sensation was still somewhat new and intriguing. Sam had never before felt his dick throb with arousal, and he relished the feeling for a brief moment.

Then, as if he remembered something important, he looked around quickly, mortified that anyone could tell what was happening to him. They couldn’t know. The water covered him up to his shoulders, so there was no way anyone could see the way Sam’s bathing shorts were forming a tent in his midsection, and there was absolutely no way anyone could tell how good he felt about it.

“Hey! Get the ball! Stop daydreaming!” Meg was yelling at him. There were a couple more kids, employee’s children, who were allowed to play with them, and they all laughed when the ball zoomed past Sam’s head without eliciting a reaction.

“Oops. Sorry.” Sam smiled embarrassedly and went for the ball. Most of his days he felt really lonely. His father hardly allowed anyone else to interact with him, except for Meg every now and then. During the summer, though, Azazel sometimes permitted a few trusted employees to bring a kid or two to play in the pool. Usually, it would be the most exciting time of Sam’s entire summer. Right now, though, what he really wanted was to be alone.

For the next few minutes, unaware that he was being closely watched by his dad’s loyal employee, Sam tried to forget the feeling burning between his crotch so he could walk out of the water and go to his room. Sam didn’t know exactly what he was going to do, but he thought about the dream he had had this week, and he knew he wanted to be alone.

When he felt his dick had softened again, Sam made up an excuse about being tired and left the pool. He didn’t pay Crowley any heed, because he had no reason to. He didn’t realize he was being followed by very attentive eyes, the dark eyes of someone who got up to inform Azazel as soon as Sam was gone.

~ * ~

Sam walked into the mansion in his quickly drying bathing suit and without a shirt. He knew he had to change, but right now he had other plans. He climbed the stairs quickly to the second story.

In his room, Sam looked around to make sure there was no one near him before closing the door a little. He didn’t really shut the door, or lock it, because he knew his father didn’t approve of it, but he closed it enough so that it would be hard to see what was going on inside his room.

The moment he found himself alone, Sam rushed to the side of the bed and sat on the floor, his back resting against the mattress. That way, he thought, if anyone walked in they wouldn’t be able to see him straight away, and that would give him time to stop whatever it was that he was about to do.

Sam took a deep breath and thought of the images he had seen below the water. His dick hardened instantly, and within a few seconds it was pressing, hard and hot against Sam’s lower belly.

Right now Sam did what he couldn’t have done before, in the pool. He reached his right hand into his bathing suit and wrapped his fingers around his erection. The feeling was so good it made him shudder, and Sam’s lips parted in a delighted smile. That was what he wanted. He realized it now, as he let his hand move tentatively, that this was exactly what he had longed to do back at the pool, as
he stared at his former childhood friend’s naked thighs.

With his eyes tightly shut, Sam explored the feeling of pleasure growing inside of him. He hardly knew what he was doing, and there was more fumbling than fisting, but everything felt good, and he didn’t want to stop. He thought of his dream and of the amazing feeling he had felt during it, and then he thought of the pool and Sam knew there was a chance he would feel that again. It was right there, building inside of him, the pleasure growing and expanding, his dick getting harder and hotter, and Sam’s fingers were a little wet but that was good, because when they became slick they slid more easily and the friction was amazing.

“Mmm…” Sam bit down on his lip to muffle the sound as his fist worked harder. He never heard the door opening. He never heard the smooth, silent footsteps of the vampire walking into his room. Sam was chasing the promise of a delicious explosion, and he didn’t think there was anything capable of stopping him now.

~ * ~

Azazel had been tipped off by Crowley, and he waited a moment before making his move. He wanted to make sure he knew what was going on before he did what he had to do. When he went upstairs and found the almost closed door to Samuel’s room, his heart sank with realization.

He opened the door slowly, and the boy wouldn’t have heard him not even if he had wanted to. Azazel was a killer, a predator perfected over hundreds of years of existence. He moved towards the naked shoulders and the head of brown hair resting against the bed, and when he could see Sam’s entire body, he also saw the boy’s face tight in concentration as he jerked himself off greedily.

~ * ~

“Samuel.”

Never had the sound of someone’s voice startled him that much. Sam’s eyes shot open, his hand flew from under his clothes so quickly the waistband made a loud, elastic noise as it closed against his skin. Sam’s heart suffered an intense discharge of adrenaline that made his throat constrict and his limbs grow shaky.

“Dad!” Sam’s pupils dilated with shame and shock, and he couldn’t believe that was happening. The hot, inviting feeling from before was suddenly replaced by guilt and shame, and the throbbing from before was soon becoming just a vague feeling between his legs.

“What were you doing, Samuel?”

Sam’s breath grew short. He shook his head. “Nothing…I didn’t…” He didn’t know what he was doing, but he knew he didn’t want to get caught.

“Have you done this before?”

Sam shook his head vehemently. He didn’t like the way his dad was staring at him.
“Are you sure? This is the first time you touch yourself like that?”

Sam felt his cheeks burn and he couldn’t find his voice. He was so ashamed he couldn’t move.

“Samuel?”

He nodded quickly.

“Are you lying to me?”

“No. I’m not. I’ve never…”

Azazel sighed deeply and reached out his hand to help Sam get up. “Sit on the bed,” he instructed.

Sam was highly uncomfortable and experiencing growing apprehension when he did as told. Azazel sat right beside him, and Sam’s body stiffened in response.

“Do you have any idea the kind of consequences this act will have upon you?” Azazel kept his voice calm but serious, and his yellow eyes studied Sam unrelentingly.

Sam shrugged and his eyes strayed.

“Samuel, look at me when I speak to you.” Azazel put a hand under the boy’s chin and forced him to face him. “I know this might feel good and you’re too young to understand what’s going on. But you are a Prince, Samuel. You are above this kind of experience, don’t you know? When you touch yourself you’re nothing but an animal. When you give in and rub yourself like some irrational creature you’re corrupting your blood. You’re causing irreparable damage to your hormonal system. You’re ruining your future.”

Sam’s heart raced and he took a few gasps. Was he? Was he really doing all that just by touching… some part of him that really wanted to be touched?

“I’m…I’m sorry, I didn’t know…”

“Why didn’t you come to me when you started having these impure thoughts? I’m your daddy, I’m here to help you. I thought we were friends.”

“We are. I’m sorry. I didn’t know I was not supposed to…”

“Samuel. Samuel, look at me.” Azazel took a deep breath. His face was stern. “You are meant for great things. The complexity of your blood is something I don’t expect you to understand just know. I can’t let you do to yourself something that may corrupt your body. Masturbation is wrong.”

Sam shuddered at the word. It did sound like something terrible.

“I tasted it in your blood a few mornings ago. Are you sure you didn’t do this before? Have you been naughty behind my back?”

“I didn’t! I haven’t. I swear. I just…I had a dream… I don’t know exactly what happened.” It had been a good dream, though, and a few minutes ago, right before his dad had walked in, Sam had been trying to chase that same feeling of the dream again.
“You had a wet dream, then. These ones you can’t control, even though you should avoid them at all costs. I can taste the change in your blood, son, and it makes me feel profoundly disappointed that you, my boy, my precious boy, would give in to such savage instincts.”

“I won’t do it again. I won’t,” Sam said quickly. He was so ashamed he couldn’t even imagine himself doing it again. Not any time soon, anyway.

“Are you sure about that? Because Samuel, if you go down that path…there’s no coming back. If you don’t resist the impulse to do that, you are going to defile your gift. I need to know I can trust you.”

“You can. I won’t do anything again.”

Azazel studied Sam’s face. He knew the boy really meant it right now, but he was a boy, and soon he would feel the urge once again. He needed to make Sam understand how important it was to stay away from his libido.

“I want to believe you. I really do, son. But I don’t think you understand how important this is. Touching yourself is not just a trick you may get away with. It’s a damaging act I will not tolerate from you.”

Sam looked into his dad’s eyes and saw real anger there. For the first time he felt really scared of what he had been doing.

“So I hope you understand that as your daddy, I’m expected to teach you right from wrong.”

“I won’t do it…”

“I know. But I need to make sure you understand how important it is.”

Sam frowned when Azazel beckoned someone closer. It was Crowley. He had been watching the scene from a short distance, which caused Sam to feel absolutely mortified.

“Crowley?”

“Yes, sir?” the servant looked visibly uncomfortable.

“Go downstairs and make sure there’s no one in the house right now. My son and I are going to need some privacy.”

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tbc...
Chapter 20

Four years ago…

The servant bowed shortly and left. Sam raised questioning eyes to his dad when he watched Crowley go.

“C’mon. Follow me.”

“Where to?” Sam was nervous. He didn’t really know what, but there was something in his dad’s eyes, something cold in them, cold and hard, and Sam didn’t really want to go with him.

Azazel looked at the boy and narrowed his eyes.

“I won’t say it twice. C’mon.”

Sam followed his dad out of his room. By now his dick was soft and every last trace of arousal had gone away and made room for fear and regret. Sam just wished he’d never seen Meg’s thighs under the water, and he wished he’d never had the idea of being alone to touch himself.

There was no one downstairs. In the kitchen, Azazel closed the door and Sam stood by a corner, watching as his father moved. The cook had left hurriedly in the middle of making dinner, and there were fruits and vegetables spread on the kitchen island, as well as large pot with boiling water forgotten on the stove. Azazel walked towards it and looked at the bubbles erupting from the hot water.

“Come here.”

Sam didn’t want to go. What was going to happen? Would he be punished? His dad had never hit him before. Azazel never raised a hand to hit him, ever. Sam didn’t know what to expect.

“Samuel.”
The tone of his voice was so deep and stern that Sam felt tears beginning to grow somewhere behind his eyes. He walked towards his dad and stopped beside him.

“I love you so much. You are the reason I live, Samuel.” Azazel seemed thoughtful and sorry, and Sam felt a chill run down his spine. “But as a father you must understand it’s my job to teach you. I want to trust that you understood the relevance of what we discussed upstairs, but I need to be certain you understand the consequences of disobeying me.”

Sam’s heart was thudding in his throat. He was so nervous. He wanted to pee. He wanted to run. He wanted to cry.

“Now give me your hands.”

Sam looked at the boiling water in the pot and shook his head quickly. “Dad, no…no, please…”

“Give me your hands, Samuel.” Azazel repeated slowly.

Sam looked at the smoke coming out of that scorching water and he felt the tears surface and cover his eyes in a shiny layer. “Please…” he begged. “I’ll be good, I swear. You don’t have to do this. Please, Daddy…”

“I won’t ask again, Samuel.” Azazel stared intently at him. “Your hands.”

Sam’s bottom lip trembled pitifully. He didn’t want to move an inch. He was scared to obey, but terrified to say no. Slowly, he reached his shaking hands out and Azazel grabbed them quickly.

“NO!” Sam cried when his dad grabbed his arms a little above his wrists and directed them towards the boiling water. “Please, Dad! Please, no!”

“I’m so sorry, honey, but that’s the way it needs to be. The next time you have impure desires you need to understand what can happen to your flesh if you give in. You need to understand the consequences of doing that again.”

It was fast. The whole thing probably lasted less than ten seconds, and Sam screamed at the top of his lungs during all of it.

The boiling water peeled away the soft skin of his hands, burning at the sensitive nerve endings and causing pain so excruciating that Sam lost control of his bladder. He thrashed and pulled frantically, but Azazel’s grip was strong. He didn’t let go, not even when the blisters grew and the screaming intensified.

When it was over, Sam fell on the kitchen floor, gasping and shaking, the pain taking over his brain as he bent over his stomach and cried.

Azazel stood over the boy and watched him for a moment.

“Crowley!” he finally called out. “Come in here. I need help with Samuel.”

A couple of minutes later, Crowley was walking into the kitchen. Of course he had heard the screaming. He supposed even the people outside the mansion had heard it. Yet, it didn’t fail to surprise him when he saw the boy crying on the floor, both of his hands red and covered with blisters.
Azazel saw the way Crowley studied the boy with shock. “Go fetch me my first aid kit. Now.”

It took Crowley a moment to be able to look away and comply. “Yes, sir…” He left quickly, and the sound of Sam’s painful crying accompanied him wherever he went.

~ * ~

Sam suffered first and second degree burns on his hands.

His dad took him upstairs, back into his room, and he cared for the injuries skillfully. Sam was still shaky and somewhat in shock as his dad walked them into the bathroom and put Sam’s hands under the cold tap water.

“Mm,” Sam moaned faintly and swallowed any further sounds. He gritted his teeth and closed his eyes as his dad cleaned his hands gently, careful not to break the blisters, and removed the dead tissue that eventually came off with the washing.

“Come here, baby,” his voice was soft and tender when he took Sam back to the bed, waited for him to sit down, and started to spread a cold ointment on both of his hands. “This contains antibiotics, alright? We’re going to use it for a few days to make sure it heals nicely. It also contains some other substances that will help the skin heal without any scars. You just got to be careful not to use your hands while they heal, okay?”

Sam looked into his dad’s yellow eyes. The way he touched him now, the concern in his voice and eyes…no one would have believed he himself had inflicted the burns. Sam was torn inside. He didn’t know what to feel. He hated his dad for the terrible pain he was in. He feared him and wanted him to go away. Yet, Sam didn’t know how badly his trespass had been. Perhaps his dad was doing what any other dad would have done. Maybe Sam deserved what happened, he didn’t know… Touching himself had felt good, sure, but perhaps that was why it was so wrong. Besides, there was so much love in the way his dad looked after him now…Sam was loved, wasn’t he? His dad had only hurt him because he loved him too much and needed to teach him, right?

Sam didn’t know what to think, and his feelings were clouded with the amount of pain he was in. He kept to himself and watched, in silence, as his dad wrapped his hands in clean and soft bandages.

“We’ll have to change the bandages three times a day, okay? We don’t want them sticking to your skin or anything.”

Sam nodded. He didn’t feel like speaking. His eyes were focused on the bedspread and he avoided his dad at all costs.

“Hey, hey…” Azazel touched Sam’s check gently but the boy recoiled. He sighed. “I know you’re angry with me right now, Samuel, but you’ll understand someday that I did this to protect you. I don’t want to fight with you again. I really believe that one lesson well learned will avoid a lot of trouble in the future. Don’t you agree?”

Sam bit down hard on the inside of his bottom lip and felt a couple of fat, warm tears roll down his cheeks.
“Don’t cry, baby boy. It’s over now.” Azazel wiped the tears with his thumbs. He knew Sam was still in a lot of pain, and he was extremely proud that the boy was struggling not to show. Of course he could give him a potent pain killer, otherwise he probably wouldn’t sleep tonight, but then what was the point? Azazel believed pain was a powerful teaching tool, and now that he had gone this far, he was going to see the lesson through. Samuel was too important for him not to have taken such measures. Besides, of course the boy was uneasy now, but he would come around.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, okay? Crowley will be here if you need anything.”

Azazel kissed the boy’s forehead, but there was still no reaction from the boy. He left the room and met Crowley just outside.

“Be with him now,” Azazel instructed. “Help him shower, eat…whatever he wants or needs. I’ll let the other servants know they need to help the prince. But I trust you the most, and from now on, I want you there with him at all times.”

“Yes, sir,” Crowley agreed. What else could he do? Question his master’s course of action? He would be a fool if he did that, and Crowley didn’t want any trouble.

“All times, do you understand? I want you there when he falls asleep and when he wakes up, when he goes to the bathroom or plays in the yard. You’ll be his shadow, and if anything happens, you’ll let me know.”

“Oh course.”

Azazel pulled Crowley further away from the door and lowered his voice. “Check the sheets when he wakes up every morning,” he said. “If he has a wet dream I want to be informed before I taste the bitterness in his blood again.”

Crowley nodded.

“As for his hands…I’ve taken care of that, but if anything happens you should call me. I’ll check on him tomorrow. Now go.”

Crowley walked past Azazel and into the boy’s room. What he saw broke his heart in ways Crowley would never admit, not even to himself.

Azazel’s kid was lying quietly on his bed, his hands wrapped in white bandages lying lifelessly by his side, his eyes lost and wet, his face unreadable. Crowley wished he hadn’t told Azazel anything before, but what could he have done? Quit? No one ever quit from working for a vampire. Besides, if his job was to make sure that Sam never masturbated again, it was like Crowley would be protecting the kid, making sure that horror scene in the kitchen never happened again.

“I’m here for you if you need anything. Let me know when you want to shower or eat, and I’ll have it arranged.”

Sam looked at him briefly but didn’t say anything. The burning feeling in his hands kept him too busy for words. There was nothing else for him to feel except the pain and the shock of what had happened today.

Crowley still looked at him expectantly for a while longer, but Sam just lowered his eyes again and said nothing.
Sam didn’t sleep that night. The pain was too fierce. When he woke up after a troubled drifting in and out of consciousness, he found his bedroom crawling with gifts. On top of his bed there was the collection of Wonders of the World, something Sam had wanted since the day his teacher mentioned such a thing existed. He ran a bandaged hand over the cover of the first volume softly.

“Morning, Prince. Your dad stopped by and left these for you.”

Sam looked at Crowley and then back at the books again. The desire to leaf through them even numbed his pain a little, but Sam couldn’t do much with both of his hands in that condition.

“Would you like me to help you take a look at the content?” Crowley asked.

Sam licked at his lips and thought for a moment. He was too young to understand what was happening there. All he thought was that perhaps his dad was sorry about what he had done to him. Maybe that was his dad apologizing for having hurt him.

“Yes, please…” He asked softly, his voice raspy.

Crowley smiled faintly and sat by the bed, where he opened the first book and held it for Sam to read.

The next night the boy had trouble sleeping, too. For the next week Sam needed help to put on his clothes, to take them off, to shower, to eat, to go to the bathroom… As if Azazel walking in on him touching himself wasn’t shameful enough. Every day for the next week, Sam depended on his dad’s servants. Crowley particularly, to do everything. He showered him, fed him, dressed him, turned the pages of the books Sam wanted to read.

Every day there were nurses who came in to change his bandages, and eventually, as the skin began to heal and the blisters dried, the pain started to fade into a bad memory. Sam knew his dad checked on him at least once a day, but every time he showed up Sam pretended to be asleep. He wasn’t willing to face his father yet, even after his present, and Azazel didn’t push him.

It was the morning after eight entire days from the accident when Sam woke up with his dad watching over him.

“Morning, sweet Prince. How do you feel today?”

“Better.” Sam’s voice was unsure and he looked at his hands.

“Let me see them.”

The boy’s first instinct was to recoil his hands, but as Azazel looked at him gently and waited patiently, Sam offered his hands for him to examine.

Azazel unwrapped the bandage and studied the hands clinically.

“It looks good, honey. I don’t think you’ll have any scars. We don’t need these bandages anymore,
just make sure you keep applying some of the ointment for a few more days.”

Sam looked at his hands when they rested on his lap. They looked pink and sensitive with the new skin. For the past week Sam had realized how terrible it was to need help to do the most basic things he was used to doing, and he was glad he would be able to do those things on his own again.

“Did you like my present?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“Are you still mad at me?” Azazel smiled with playfulness and lifted Sam’s chin.

Sam didn’t really know. He wasn’t in pain anymore, so he guessed it was okay.

“Come here…” Azazel pulled him into a hug and held him tight. He kissed the boy’s head and breathed in his scent. “I love you so much, you know that, right? You mean the world to me. I’m so sorry that happened between us, Samuel. I really am.” He was sorry, of course, but that didn’t mean he regretted it. Azazel would have done it all over again, and might still do it if Sam needed to be disciplined once more.

“It’s okay, Daddy.” Sam caved. More than anything, he was suffering. Azazel was the only family Sam had, and the idea that his dad had stopped loving him hurt more than his hands. For the past days Sam had caught himself wondering whether he had made his dad so angry he had stopped caring for him altogether, and even though Sam was mad and resentful, the feeling of being no longer loved by the only one he had in this world, the only love and family he had known since he was a baby, that killed him.

Azazel framed his face and looked into his eyes.

“You still love me, then?” Sam knew his voice cracked a little. He loved his dad as much as he hated him, but Sam didn’t think he could live without him.

“Of course I do, honey! I love you more than anything.” Azazel smiled, pleased. “Do you forgive me, then? Do you understand that what I did was necessary?”

No.

“Yes,” Sam said, reluctantly.

“Good. You’re a good boy, Samuel. The best boy.” Azazel kissed his cheek and let his hand slip beneath his robe so his fingers could run over Sam’s shoulder and against his chest softly.

Sam shivered at the contact.

“Do still love me? Hm?”

Sam felt the hot breath in his neck and knew what was going to happen. Sam didn’t care much, because it meant he was still wanted and he wouldn’t be alone. “I do, dad.”

Azazel smiled against his skin before sinking his teeth into his flesh. Sam just closed his eyes and waited.
Sweet, innocent and delicious. That was the boy Azazel loved, and that was what he would fight to have for as long as he could. After all the trouble he had gone through to find him, the least he would do was make sure Samuel stayed just as he was for as long as possible.

Sam felt his dad’s fingers roam over his skin, down his chest, over his lower belly…when the fingers caressed his thighs, though, Sam squirmed uneasily. He was only twelve, he had no control over what happened with his body. He didn’t know why or how a lot of things were triggered, but when he felt his dick harden a little he panicked.

“Dad, no…” he shook his head, terrified that the soft touching was causing him to lose control and do something he would be punished for.

Azazel stopped feeding to chuckle warmly. “That’s alright, baby. It’s okay to feel this way when I’m feeding. You don’t know what touching feels like, and it’s a lot to take in. I understand.”

But Sam didn’t. He didn’t like what happened to his body, and it wasn’t only because he was terrified of being hurt again. He didn’t like it because it felt wrong and weird.

“The problem is if you act on it, you know? If you just do nothing and wait patiently, it’ll go away. That’s what we want, Samuel, that you learn how to control your urges. Believe me, this will happen often.” Azazel pulled away and looked into his eyes. “But you’ll figure out how to be stronger than this. I believe it now, don’t you?”

Sam nodded quickly.

“I have to go to work. Have a good day.”

Azazel kissed his fingers before getting up to leave. Sam watched him go and sighed with relief.

The moment Azazel left, Crowley walked back into his room. Sam didn’t know yet, but Crowley was about to become an important presence in his life, being there for him all the time, watching his every move, checking on his every dream.

“Crowley?”

“Yes?”

“Where’s my teddy?”

Crowley looked around the room and found Sam’s teddy bear resting on top of a chair. He picked it up and handed it to the boy.

“Here is it, Prince.”

Sam took it in his hands and enjoyed the softness against his fingers. He had missed being able to touch things. He looked at the white teddy and it’s big blue eyes, the green tie around its neck and the pink shade on its belly and paws. He could feel his dick softening again and it filled him with relief.

It would be alright, Sam though. His dad still loved him, and he wouldn’t disobey him again. Whatever good feeling he had felt before in his dream wasn’t worth it.
“Thank you.”

Sam squeezed the teddy bear and thought of his mom. He had never seen a picture of her and he hardly ever thought about that woman who had carried him in her belly for nine months. Today, however, Sam caught himself wondering what she looked like, and if she would have loved him had she lived.

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Sam returned to the surface and took a deep breath. He had been under the water for so long that his lungs were stinging and his chest heaved with difficulty to pull in oxygen. He got out of the pool and walked towards Crowley, still sitting in a corner and dozing off by now.

“I want to go back to my room.” Sam stood still in front of him, water dripping from his hair and bathing shorts.

Crowley opened his eyes, startled, and looked at the boy watching him.

“Alright. Let’s go.”

Sam took a shower and then sat in bed with a few books. It was Crowley’s night off, so Sam watched as his personal body guard started to look around and collect a few items before he left and someone else stayed in for the night.

“Does my dad love me?”

“Excuse me, Prince?” Crowley stopped on his tracks before he reached the door.

“You heard me. Answer me.” Sam looked only casually interested as he leafed through his book.

Crowley looked around as if the answer was somewhere he had no idea where to look for.

“Of course he does. He’s your daddy.”

Sam seemed to consider that for a moment. He asked his next question still without raising his eyes.

“What do you think he would do to me if he found out I’ve been hanging out with Dean Winchester?”

Crowley tensed. “Prince, you can’t…” he began.
“I know. I can’t, and I won’t. But I want to.”

Crowley was growing agitated and nervous.

“You didn’t answer me. What would my daddy do if he found out?”

“Prince, how could I…”

“Would he burn me again?” Sam cut him off. “Would he burn my hands or some other part of me? Would he kill me?”

“Don’t be a fool,” Crowley intervened. “Of course he wouldn’t kill you. You’re his son.”

“But you agree that he would hurt me, right?”

Crowley swallowed hard and his heart raced.

“Prince, I…” he was at a loss.

Sam sighed deeply and seemed to shrug off the importance of that.

“I’m sorry, Crowley. That would be all. Have a good night.”

But Crowley wouldn’t move. He couldn’t. He stood at the door of Sam’s room and looked at the sad boy sat on the bed, pretending to be interested on the opened book before his eyes.

“Prince, I…” he tried again.

“It’s alright. Good night, Crowley,” Sam repeated, a little more insistent this time, and eventually Crowley nodded, wished him a good night and left.

As soon as he was gone and someone else took over the watch, Sam slammed the book shut and looked at the teddy resting beside him on the bed.

He felt so alone his heart seemed to shrink.

Then he thought of Dean, and how he had held him in his arms and made him feel safe. It was like his heart experienced a small electric current running through it, and causing it to skip a beat before engaging into a faster rhythm.

By now Sam knew he was probably going down the dangerous path his dad had warned him about, but when Sam thought of Dean and the feelings his face and his touch evoked, he didn’t want to stop.

Regardless of the consequences.

Sam looked at his hands and shuddered.

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tbc...
Chapter 21

The next time Sam snuck out of class to meet with Dean, his heart engaged in the same fast drumming it always did whenever they were together. Sam didn’t even care about what they would be doing that afternoon, as long as they got to spend time in each other’s company. Therefore, when Dean started to walk with him towards the beach, Sam didn’t question him about their destination. He was happy to follow him along the shore.

It was a warm day, and the boys were wearing shorts and holding their shoes in one hand in order to feel the fresh water washing over their feet.

Dean’s white T-shirt was hanging from his waist, where he had tucked it into the waistband of his shorts. Sam couldn’t help looking at his smooth and tanned chest every now and then, and judging by the looks they got from the eventual girl that walked past them, Sam thought they too couldn’t resist.

Dean walked in silence, enjoying Sam’s company on this nice day. Even though his pace was unhurried, his thoughts were busy; they had been busy since their last encounter. Dean couldn’t shrug off what Sam had told him about himself. Did the boy seriously not touch himself? Did he not know how? That seemed so unlikely. Dean had been touching himself for pretty much as long as he could remember, and now that he had met Sam and his sexual life was no longer busy, even more so. If Sam was a virgin, how come he didn’t get off on his own every now and then? How come he didn’t do it every day? Dean was dying to ask, but he was also very aware of the boy’s uneasiness when he had pushed the subject a little further the last time they were together. Dean wondered why that was so, and if it had anything to do with Sam’s lifestyle and where he was coming from.

“Excuse me, do you have the time?” Dean was pulled out of his thoughts when a beautiful girl in a bikini stood in front of them and smiled.

Dean mirrored the smile, and had it been a couple of months ago, he was sure, just from one look at her desire-filled eyes, they would end up in bed. She liked what she saw, that much was obvious.

Dean checked his watch as Sam observed the scene. “It’s half past two.”

“Thank you. My friend and I are visiting town…” she went on. “Would you guys perhaps like to hang out? She’s over there…” she looked at Sam and then pointed towards another attractive girl.
Dean and Sam exchanged a quick look. Of course Sam knew what was going on. Someone would have to be blind, or foolish, or just one hundred per cent into women not to swoon over Dean’s looks. Besides, if those girls were aware of his sex fame, then they would probably be dying to check it out.

“I’m sorry. Sam and I need to be somewhere. Maybe some other time, eh?”

“Oh…that’s a shame.”

“You girls go ahead and enjoy the town.”

“Thanks.”

The two of them watched as the girl walked away towards her friend.

Sam looked at Dean for a moment and then looked away. Meg’s words invaded his brain and he couldn’t help feeling naive and sort of stupid. Why was Dean spending time with him anyway? What did Sam, of all people, have to offer to a sex god who could have anyone he wanted? The thought depressed him a little and he tried to shrug it off quickly.

“I bet they wanted to have some fun with us,” Dean said casually.

“With you, I’m sure.”

“And you. She had a friend.”

“Right.”

Dean frowned. “Excuse me. Do you not realize how fucking hot you are?” his words were blunt and honest, and as his green eyes stared deeply into Sam’s, the younger one felt his heart race erratically.

Sam thought he was blushing a little and he looked away quickly. “I’m sure it’s nothing compared to your six-pack,” he joked.

“You say that as if you ain’t hiding some of the same under this shirt of yours. I’ve seen you shirtless before, remember? You look great.”

Sam could still feel his heart basking in the praising. “I like sports,” he finally said.

“So do I. I surf whenever I can, and I enjoy jogging on the beach, too. What do you like to do?”

“Anything,” Sam answered. “I like all kinds of physical activity. It helps take my mind off stuff,” he added.

Dean might have asked something, but they had arrived at his favorite spot.

“Are you ready to do some climbing?” he looked at the rocks and Sam nodded.

For the next thirty minutes the boys took the hiking trail they had explored before in order to arrive at the beautiful deserted little beach Dean usually referred to, in his mind anyway, as his private sex haven. Last time they had been there for a swim Sam had seen Dean naked for the first time, but had
been surprised by the sound of a bird before he had touched him.

“Are you up to a swim?” Dean asked.

“Nah…not now. I’d rather just sit and look at the waves.”

With this said, Dean sat on a large rock beside Sam, with the sand a few feet below them and the waves breaking on some rocks. The birds where chirping and the sky was of a deep blue. The clouds were sparse and dream-like.

They were quiet for a while, listening to the sounds of the breaking waves. Dean studied Sam every now and then with growing interest. “What’s on your mind?” he eventually asked.

Sam looked at his knees pulled up to his chest and sighed.

“That girl at the beach…she liked you.”

“Yeah.”

“She probably wanted to have sex with you.”

“Probably,” Dean agreed.

“I…” Sam felt a weird mix of nervous and sad. “I don’t want to prevent you from doing something you like,” he finally said. “Since I can’t promise you anything.”

“Is that what’s troubling you?”

Sam nodded slowly. He wasn’t aware of how cute he looked to Dean with his forehead creased as he chewed on his bottom lip.

“Relax, Sam. You don’t need to promise me anything.”

“Meg said…” he began and then for a moment wondered whether or not to go on. He chose to proceed. “I know someone who has been with you.”

“Oh.”

“She said you’re quite famous in town…”

It was Dean’s turn to look somewhat uncomfortable. His reputation had never bothered him, on the contrary, but he didn’t want it to scare Sam away.

“Sam, I…I won’t lie to you. I’ve been around, you know. I’ve slept with a lot of people.”

“I know.”

“You do?” Dean seemed surprised.

“She said you’re a sex god.”

Dean burst with a loud and amused laugh. “She told you what?”
Sam blushed this time, becoming quickly aware that he had said something stupid.

Dean laughed some more with genuine pleasure and only stopped when he realized Sam looked nervous.

“Look…I’m a normal guy. I have experience, that’s true. I didn’t tell you before because I was afraid of scaring you, but I’ve had many lovers. Girls and guys…I would be lying if I said I remember all their faces.”

Sam nodded. He felt the gritty rock beneath his fingertips and the tightness in his hands when he opened his mouth again. “Are you still sleeping with different people?” he didn’t know why the question hurt him so much. He couldn’t possibly expect that Dean would wait for something he couldn’t give him any time soon, if ever.

Dean studied the boy intently and his heart raced at what he could see troubling him.

“Because if you are…” Sam went on quickly. “That’s okay. I mean, I would never ask that you stop or—”

“I’m not,” Dean interrupted him. “I haven’t been with anyone since we met, and this is the truth.”

Sam felt as if his heart had just gotten three times bigger. It felt hot and heavy in his chest and the tension he had been building dissolved into liquid satisfaction.

“Oh.” Sam looked into Dean’s green eyes and for a moment it was hard to breathe. He had never felt anything like that before. He wished Dean would just kidnap him and take him away forever, someplace where there were no rules and no blood drinking, somewhere Dean could do whatever he wanted to him as much as he wanted. That would make Sam happy, he thought.

“Does it make you happy?” Dean asked softly, almost as if he had read Sam’s thoughts.

The boy nodded quickly. “It’d be okay if you were, though. I don’t want you to wait for me, Dean. What if I just can’t, you know? I can’t promise anything, perhaps you should just—” when desperation began to coat his words, Sam was silenced by a long kiss to his lips.

Dean’s mouth was gentle but firm, and when it demanded entrance Sam parted his lips and licked at his tongue.

Despite the warm temperature, Sam felt a chill inside of him and goosebumps broke on his skin when their tongues touched.

Dean broke the kiss but stayed very close. His hand was at the back of Sam’s neck and he let his fingers run into Sam’s hair. “Relax, Sammy. I’m not sleeping with anyone because I choose not to. It’s my decision, okay? You don’t need to feel responsible.”

Sam nodded. “Wh-why are doing this?” he thought he might know the answer, or at least his heart did, but when he asked he felt his legs go weak.

“Because I don’t want to sleep with anyone else. I can only think of you. I just want to touch you and kiss you…and all I think about is when I’ll get to lick every inch of you…” Dean tilted his head and darted out his tongue. He licked wetly at Sam’s weak spot in his neck, and was instantly
rewarded with a sweet moan.

Dean let his nose graze at the spot where Sam’s neck and shoulder met, and then he closed his lips and teased further.

“Mm.” Sam closed his eyes and squirmed a little.

“Ticklish?” Dean’s question was a hot whisper into Sam’s ear.

Sam felt Dean’s lips brush his neck again and this time he shuddered. Heat immediately pooled in his lower belly and his cock hardened in response. “Yeah,” he answered throatily.

“Good.” Dean licked him slowly at the spot. “I wonder where else you’re ticklish.”

Sam allowed Dean to pull his shirt over his head and watched, helplessly aroused, as Dean’s mouth traveled over his naked skin.

“Dean…” Sam’s eyelids fluttered when a hot mouth closed over his right nipple. Sam’s cock twitched and he arched lightly.

Dean’s own cock throbbed at the response he got. He let the tip of his tongue flicker against the hard little nub until Sam’s breathing was audible and labored. Then he moved lower, planting soft kisses until his tongue dipped into Sam’s belly button.

“Oh,” Sam moaned and trembled. He chuckled and tried to move away from the feeling.

“Are you ticklish in here, too?” Dean smiled wolfishly.

“I...I guess,” Sam admitted.

Dean’s tongue trailed lower, but when he reached the waistband of Sam’s shorts, he felt the boy pulling him up. Dean’s dismay was short lived when Sam brought their mouths together. They kissed hotly, and this time Sam let his hands tangle into Dean’s soft short hair.

When they pulled apart to breathe, Sam’s eyes were clouded with lust. He looked into Dean’s eyes and then at his parted lips, and when his eyes trailed lower he found himself staring at Dean’s midsection. There was a tent in his shorts, and Sam shuddered pleasurably at the memory of touching him there.

“What?” Dean cocked an eyebrow when he realized Sam was looking at his cloth-covered erection. “You do this to me. I can’t help it.”

Sam couldn’t hide his lust. His eyes were focused on the evident volume in Dean’s shorts, the round and firmness of it. Sam’s lips parted. He remembered everything about how it had felt against his hand.

Dean noticed the way Sam was staring hotly at him. “It’s okay,” he said, his voice low. “You can touch me again.”

Dean shut his eyes and bit back a moan when Sam’s hand rested on top of the bulge in his shorts. He felt the boy close his fingers tentatively around his shaft and run his palm along the clothed length of him. Dean knew there was probably a wet spot forming in his underwear where the fabric touched
“Did you like to touch me last time?” Dean asked, his voice sultry against Sam’s ear.

“Yeah.” Sam nodded. His voice was barely above a whisper.

Dean let his forehead rest against Sam’s, their hot breathing puffing in a crescendo of arousal. “What did you like about it?”

Sam felt a piercing sting of arousal stab him. “Everything…”

“Tell me,” Dean insisted.

“I liked…” Sam realized it was hard to think. All his blood was rushing down, making his cock swell and ache. “I liked how it felt against my palm. I liked the way your skin felt.”

“What else?”

“It was hot. Your skin, I mean. I liked that.”

Sam’s breathing was short. He wished he could touch Dean skin to skin again, but he was afraid to ask. “But my favorite part was when you had an orgasm.”

Dean shut his eyes and smiled hotly. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. I liked to watch you.”

Their lips brushed and Sam’s fingers tightened around Dean’s cock.

“Can I…?”

Dean’s response to Sam’s unfinished question was to lower his shorts and underwear so his dick could spring free. Sam’s fist closed around his erection in a heartbeat and Dean moaned.

That was great, Sam thought. If he could manage to do that to Dean every time things became heated, then he would be fine. He enjoyed getting Dean off; he could get away with that. Perhaps things could last a bit longer if he managed to keep Dean’s mind focused on his own pleasure.

Dean licked at his lips and thrust tentatively into Sam’s hand. The boy’s touch was insecure and soft, and the combination of eagerness and tentativeness was driving him crazy.

Dean let his hand rest on top of Sam’s own hardness and squeezed. He wanted to touch him, too. He wanted to make him come again.

Sam bit back a moan and thought fast. He took Dean’s hand off of him and put it on top of his own hand, on Dean’s cock.

“Show me again…” he asked. “Please…”

“I wanna do it to you, too,” Dean protested.

“Please…help me make you come again.” Sam squeezed his hand and stroked up and down.
Dean wanted to protest again, but Sam begged too prettily, and his cock was demanding an increasing amount of attention.

He looked into Sam’s eyes. Again he thought of the boy’s confession about not touching himself. Was it true? Didn’t Sam masturbate? Did he have some kind of problem? Dean might have thought further about it but Sam stroked him again and his judgment got clouded.

Dean decided to delve on these matters later. He would talk to Sam about it, and he would make him come so hard he wouldn’t remember his name, but right now he wrapped his hand around Sam’s and helped the boy bring him to a shuddering climax.

Dean’s eyes fell shut and he threw his head back. Sam’s eyes were greedily open, taking in every detail of Dean’s pleasure as their hands worked up and down on his cock. Sam watched, mesmerized, as liquid pooled at Dean’s tip at the same time he grew more vocal. Sam relished every muffled moan he was able to cause. When Dean sped up the strokes, Sam prepared himself to watch him fall over the edge. Dean’s fingers tightened around Sam’s, that tightened around Dean’s cock when a white arch of pearlescent liquid shot from the tip of him.

Sam felt his balls ache at the sight. The warm seed on his hand made him dizzy with need.

Dean gasped and took a few deep breaths. He linked his seed covered fingers with Sam’s and they were perfectly still for a moment.

Sam felt secretly accomplished and pleased at the way things had played out. He felt wonderful for being able to have something from Dean without the fear of being caught. Yet, when Dean’s hand stared wandering again, and his soft kisses on Sam’s jaw line were threatening his self control, Sam knew it was time to move.

“You know. I could use a swim now.” he got up and looked at Dean.

The older man studied the boy watching over him. Dean was certain Sam still had an erection, so why didn’t he let Dean take care of him? He could make the boy feel so good if he allowed it. He had already made Sam feel good in the elevator, so what was the problem?

“Let’s go?” Sam reached out his hand and there was a plea in his voice.

For some reason, Dean realized, Sam was running from him. It wasn’t just that he was a virgin and without any experience. Sam had just successfully managed to avoid losing control. What was going on, Dean wondered. Was he afraid? Did he think they would go all the way and fuck if Dean made him feel good? Did he, oh god, did he have some sort of problem, some genetic birth defect thing that made him ashamed of being touched?

Dean wanted to make Sam come, but he also wanted to talk. He wanted to understand the boy; he wanted to know what was going on. Who was Sam, really? What did he like, what did he want? There was so much Dean wanted to learn. Yet, he looked into the hazel eyes watching him and the hand offered in his direction and he could see something frail in those eyes. Sam didn’t want to talk. He was looking for a way out. But why?

Dean took Sam’s hand and got up as well.

‘Next time’, he promised himself. Today Sam could have his way. ‘Next time we meet he’ll either
“Ok, let’s swim,” Dean caved and watched as Sam chuckled merrily before moving towards the waves.

‘Or both,’ Dean smiled devilishly at the thought and followed Sam into the water.

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tbc...
Azazel was extremely aware of Lucifer’s lust-coated interest on his boy, and he knew there was little to nothing he could do to make sure Lucifer would keep his word of not touching Samuel until Azazel gave him up in marriage. Lucifer was his boss and Azazel owed all his prestigious status and luxury to him. Even though Azazel was a supernatural creature and thus much more powerful than a mere human, it was in his best interest to maintain a solid friendship with the business man. Azazel had lived on the run for a long time, having to hide in the shadows, being hunted, hated, feared…it wasn’t the kind of life he wanted for himself anymore. It felt good having a fancy home to rest in, and the admiration of people, and most importantly, a handy stash of blood, which included his sweetest achievement, the Prince.

Since Azazel was limited to trusting Lucifer’s word and instincts, that meant he only had his son to work with in order to make sure no lines would be crossed if Lucifer decided he wanted to spend time with the Prince again. Being a doctor, Azazel realized there was something he could try to do in order to make sure Sam would remain pure even if he wasn’t being carefully guarded at the moment.

Better safe than sorry, he knew that. He would count on Lucifer’s promise, but he would also play on Samuel’s fear.

When he invited the boy to come to the hospital and visit his office, he knew Samuel would be excited. The boy enjoyed the chance to go out of the mansion, and on those rare times Azazel had taken Samuel to the hospital with him for routine checkups, he had enjoyed it thoroughly.

This time wasn’t different. It wasn’t a class day, so when Azazel invited Samuel to do something different and go to the hospital with him, the prince agreed quickly and got ready in a few minutes.

Crowley drove them to the hospital in a limo, and soon they were walking towards Azazel’s office, where the vampire hoped he could cause an impression on Samuel’s imaginary.

Sam looked around the hospital with greedy eyes. He didn’t even care that he was there to get his blood taken for a few routine exams. He got to see different people and enjoy a different environment, and for that he was glad.

He followed his dad into his office where they were alone. Sam knew the drill. His dad would make him sit, stretch his arm, pierce it with a needle and get enough blood for the exams. Then, after only a
few minutes, they would be going home.

Sam wondered if one day he would work in a hospital, too. ‘Maybe I could have a normal life,’ he thought vaguely.

“Oh.” Azazel stopped in the middle of the office and looked around.

“What is it, Dad?” Sam liked to see his dad dressed in a white lab coat. He liked the way everyone greeted him politely in the hallways. It made Azazel seem really important, and really respectful. It made him seem…well, normal.

“I forgot my case with the things I’ll need. Can you wait here for a moment?”

Sam looked surprised. “Sure, but…Crowley is in the car.”

“You can be alone, that’s fine. I won’t be gone for too long. Ten minutes, tops.”

“Okay…” Sam frowned.

“You can behave for a few minutes, can’t you?” Azazel brushed the back of his hand against the boy’s cheek.

Sam swallowed hard and nodded quickly. “Of course I can.” Sam felt outraged. What kind of irrational animal did his father take him for? As if he would just turn around, leave, and Sam would start touching himself the moment he was alone. Sam was just surprised because he was never alone anymore, except when he was with Dean, of course, but his dad couldn’t possibly know that.

“I know you can. I’ll be right back.”

Azazel kissed Sam’s forehead and left.

Sam sighed and looked around. There was one window in the room, but the blinders were shut right now. Sam looked at the mahogany desk and the bookcase behind it. His eyes went quickly to the books and Sam went closer to read a few titles. He let his fingers brush against the covers of thick medical texts. If he had time, he thought, he would love to read a few of those. Sam could only imagine the kind of interesting things he would find in books like that, things about the human body and how it worked. Medicine was fascinating.

Sam was standing between the bookcase and the desk when he turned around and saw one of the books was open on top of the desk. His dad must have been studying that book before, and Sam smiled with curiosity when he went closer to read it.

There was a brown manila envelope on top of the book with some photographs inside. Sam could see the corner of the photos but not what was on them. He supposed his dad had been studying some patient’s case before he left. He knew he shouldn’t really touch anything, but his dad would take a while to come back, and it was just a book. And some pictures. What was the harm in having a quick peek? Sam was interested in things related to how the human body worked, and he decided he would take a look at what his dad had been treating.

Sam took the envelope and lifted it a little, causing a few pictures to lay spread on top of the open book.
"Oh," Sam gasped and took a step back. His breath shortened and his face contorted with shock and disgust. What the hell was that? Sam didn’t want to look, but he seemed unable to control his eyes. He studied the pictures and his heart raced as he tried to understand what he saw. He wanted to put the pictures back inside the envelope quickly, but for some reason he couldn’t get his body to move.

He didn’t know how long he stood there, staring at those bizarre photos he didn’t want to see and unable to put them away. Sam heard the noise at the door and his heart jumped in his chest. He turned around quickly and looked guiltily at his dad.

Azazel hid his pleased smile carefully. He knew Samuel was a curious boy, and he had prepared the photos the boy had just seen. "Samuel? Is everything alright?" he asked casually as he observed the boy’s edgy attitude.

"I…I was looking at the books and I saw some photos…I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have touched anything," Sam apologized quickly, hoping he wasn’t going to get in trouble.

"Photos…?" Azazel frowned, as if he didn’t know exactly what the boy had found on top of the desk. And then, pretending a thought had just occurred to him, Azazel widened his eyes and looked surprised. "Oh! Oh, my…don’t tell me you’ve…you’ve seen…Samuel…" Azazel walked towards the boy and Sam stepped aside.

On top of the desk there a few nasty pictures of patients who had come to the hospital in need of care. The photos were purely scientific to a doctor’s eyes, but they could be very shocking to other people, particularly to someone like Samuel.

"I’m sorry, Dad. I shouldn’t have touched the envelope, I was just curious about your patient, I didn’t know…"

"That’s okay, Samuel…” Azazel soothed him.

"It’s…it’s okay?" Sam was confused. He was certain his dad would be mad.

Azazel sighed deeply and put the photos back inside the envelope. "Do you know what those were pictures of?"

Sam was taken aback by the question. He looked around himself quickly and seemed nervous.

"Do you, Samuel?"

He thought about the question and the pictures for a moment and ended up shaking his head.

"I know what I saw but I don’t know what caused it.”

Azazel nodded and took his stethoscope from a drawer in the desk. "Here,” he patted the top of the desk. “Sit.”

Sam looked at the desk and for a moment he saw the gruesome image in the photos again. He hesitated briefly before sitting.

Azazel put the stethoscope around his neck and went closer to his son as he sat on the desk in front of him. He stood in the V of Sam’s legs and his fingers went for the buttons on the boy’s shirt.
“Those photos you saw…” he started as he undid the buttons. “are of something called rectal prolapse.”

Sam cringed visibly. “What causes something like that?” he tried to get past his shock and into the medicine. If he wanted to be a doctor like his dad some day, he needed to have the stomach to deal with stuff like what he saw in the pictures and probably much worse.

“I knew you might ask.” Azazel undid the last button and studied Sam’s naked chest. “Honey, there’s a reason why I never talked to you about sex.”

Sam’s fingers curled at the word.

“I confess I’ve tried to protect you all this time, but perhaps it’s time you know how it works.”

Azazel put one end of the stethoscope in his ears and the other against Sam’s chest. He listened to the fast, healthy heartbeats.

“Whether it’s between a male and female, or two males, a sex act is when there’s penetration of the penis in the anus or the vagina.”

Sam’s throat constricted and he felt stiff. Hell, he didn’t want to have that conversation, but how could he tell his dad he already knew that?! There was no way Sam could tell him about the books he had stolen from Bobby’s collection without jeopardizing his stash of erotic stories and perhaps putting Father Bobby in trouble, too. Sam thought briefly of Dean and his heart beat even faster.

“Dad, I don’t want to know…” Sam said quickly. “Can we just pretend I never saw those pictures?”

Azazel felt warm inside with appreciation at what he considered was a clear demonstration of Sam’s innocence.

“But it’s important, my dear boy.” Azazel wasn’t worried about Samuel being with a girl. There were no girls in the prince’s life that could get close enough to defile him. Azazel had eyes on Meg to make sure nothing happened. He was afraid of Lucifer and the power the wealthy man had on both him and the boy.

Sam felt the cold of the stethoscope as his dad moved it around to listen at different points.

“Those pictures happened during sex between two males.”

Sam’s heart drummed and he tightened his fingers even more. He didn’t want to talk about it with his dad, of all persons, but his dad was a doctor, and Sam was desperately curious now.

“Does it…does it always happen?”

“No,” Azazel answered. “Not always, but quite often,” he lied. “It can happen when sex is forced, but it can also happen when it’s consensual. Sex between two men, even though it’s widely accepted nowadays, may result in accidents because the body is not exactly adapted for that kind of penetration.”

Sam swallowed hard and thought of the pictures again.

“Why…why would someone want to do it, then?”
“Desire, Samuel. Remember the lesson I taught you? You didn’t understand at the time, but I was trying to save you from desires of the flesh. They can be hard to control, and when they take over one might do unfathomable things to get sexual gratification. When someone is deeply affected by their own urges, it’s hard to think rationally, and then they are left with the consequences.”

Samuel seemed thoughtful and Azazel appreciated that. If Lucifer ever made a move on the boy, he hoped the nasty image on the photos would be in Samuel’s mind, helping him to resist.

Sam didn’t say anything, but his thoughts were filling his mind with all sorts of doubts and images. Was that what would happen to him if he let Dean take him? That certainly looked painful. How could something that felt so good result in something so ugly? Of course, Sam hadn’t really been penetrated to know what it felt like, but everything felt so good with Dean, how come something so bad could result from it?

“Are there other causes other than sex?”

“Yes, but it mainly happens during intercourse.”

“I just don’t understand how they can let something like that happen…” Sam’s voice faltered and his eyes strayed.

“They may try to stop it sometimes. But the person being penetrated doesn’t have control of the sex act, Samuel. Even when it starts consensually, if a partner becomes rough there’s little to nothing the other one can do. That’s how strong a grip desire can have on someone. They will hurt the person they care about because they simply cannot stop the act.”

Azazel catalogued the faster heartbeats with approval. Sam seemed properly scared, which was great.

“Does it hurt a lot?”

Azazel smiled internally.

“It depends. There’s pain involved, it hurts more the longer you wait to get treatment.”

“How do you treat it?” he asked, this time with less feelings and more rationality.

“They come here, they receive an anesthetic, then they are put on my table and I operate on them. It’s a simple procedure, and in a few days they can go home.” Azazel put away his stethoscope and took a rubber band from his case. “I’m sure these men never imagined they would end up on my table when they decided to give in to their urges,” he said that casually, but he knew Sam had paid full attention to it.

‘Just imagine it,’ Sam thought, ‘if I have sex with Dean and end up on my dad’s table looking like that.’ The horrific thought made him shudder, and goosebumps broke on his skin.

Azazel catalogued the reaction curiously. He let the ball of his fingers run over Sam’s skin as he adjusted the rubber band around the boy’s upper arm.

“Is everything okay, Samuel?”
“Yeah.”

“I didn’t mean to cause a traumatic impression on you, but since you saw those pictures…”

“It’s alright.”

“Fortunately it’s something you don’t have to worry about, my sweet Prince. As long as you stay true to your blood you have nothing to fear.”

Sam watched as Azazel took a syringe with a needle and started looking for a thick vein. He made a small, feeble sound when his skin was pierced and the blood flowed inside the syringe. Sam watched as his dad drew enough blood to run all the tests he wanted, and then released the rubber band around his arm when he was done.

Azazel took one of the test tubes he had filled and opened it. He let the red blood pour into his mouth and licked at his lips when he was done.

“My sweet boy,” his smile was wide and his yellow eyes looked adoringly at the boy. “You don’t have to worry about any of that. Because you’re pure, Samuel. You are learning to control your urges, and they won’t control you.”

“Will it always be like that?” Sam heard himself asking.

Azazel put the blood away carefully. He needed to take the samples to the laboratory soon, but right now he focused on the boy again.

“Of course not, don’t be silly. You’ll be grown. One day you’ll be a doctor yourself, you’ll inherit my name and my practice, and you’ll be making your own decisions.”

Sam’s lips twitched lightly. *Making his own decisions.* He liked the idea of that.

“And when will that be?”

Azazel chuckled and pinched Sam’s nose playfully. “My my…are you in a hurry to grow up? Please, don’t be. Everything in its due time, you know that.” Azazel stepped back and Sam started to button his shirt up again.

He got up and watched as his dad organized his equipment.

“Dad?”

“Yes?”

“What about mom?”

Azazel felt a sharp and cold moment of fear at the unexpected question. “What about her?”

“Was she like you?” Sam wondered, not for the first time. He just hadn’t been brave enough to ask before, but since his dad hadn’t gotten mad at him, and had even talked to him about the ‘forbidden subject’, Sam thought he might get away with a little probing. “Did she drink blood, too?”

Azazel sighed. That question brought back a lot of memories.
“No, honey. Your mom was the most beautiful human being in the world.”

“And you never married again, after she died.”

“How could I? I knew I would never love again.”

“You told me before that you’ve lived for a long time,” Sam didn’t know how old his dad really was, but he knew he was a lot older than any human Sam had ever met. “Have you had other kids before?”

Azazel smiled a crooked little smile. Yes, he had had other kids, but none could possibly compare to how special Samuel was.

“Samuel…a vampire can’t easily breed. When your mother had you it was…well, a miracle. Something that doesn’t happen very often in a vampire’s life.”

“Will I ever suck blood, too? When I grow up?” That was another question that sometimes haunted Sam in his sleep, and he seized the moment to voice it.

Azazel shook his head and smiled tenderly at the boy. He let his fingers run through Sam’s hair and caress him softly.

“You won’t, sweetie. You can rest assured that this curse has not been passed to you.” Azazel could make Samuel a vampire if he wanted, but that wasn’t part of his plans for the boy.

“How did it get passed to you? Did your father have it?”

“Holy heavens, Samuel. What’s gotten into you today? Aren’t you a curious little bee,” he ruffled his hair and stepped back.

Sam had never had so many answers before, even if most of them were shady and left him with more questions than certainties when they were given.

“Was it your mom?” he insisted.

“I’ll tell you what. One day, when you’re old enough to understand, I’ll tell you all about it. The whole story. How is that?”

“That’s fine, I guess.” Sam thought for another moment. “Could you tell me my mom’s name?

Azazel’s yellow eyes studied Sam intently and he was silent for a moment.

“No, Samuel.” He lowered his eyes and started to prepare his things to leave. “It still hurts too much. One day, I promise. We should get going now.”

Sam got up from the desk and gave one last look at the envelope. There was evident discomfort and a twinge of fear in his look. Azazel took that as a successful outcome for his plan.

“Don’t worry about it,” he said. “Be thankful you have a daddy who worries about you and is teaching you to avoid getting hurt in the future.”
“Does it happen to girls, too?”

“Some other time. You’ve seen too much for one day. C’mon, let’s go.”

Sam walked out of the office and was guided by his dad to the hospital door where Crowley was still waiting in the limo.

During the ride back home Sam sat in the backseat and looked out of the window quietly. When the car rode past the beach, Sam looked at the shore with longing, and his heart ached a little. He looked at the amusement park by the beach, and his eyes stared at the highest cart on the ferries wheel.

‘They will hurt the person they care about because they simply cannot stop the act.’ His dad’s words resonated in his brain and Sam worried them over and over. He kept picturing Dean and he in bed, and the moment Dean would be inside of him and lose control, and then be unable to stop before it was too late. Sam thought of the pictures and shuddered.

He hadn’t really read about anything like that in the romances he had stolen from Bobby. But then again, that had been sex between a man and a woman, and perhaps it was different with two guys. His dad was a doctor, he knew what he was saying. Besides, Sam had found the pictures accidentally…it was not like his dad had meant for him to see that.

‘If a partner becomes rough there’s little to nothing the other one can do’…

Sam pictured himself trapped beneath Dean’s body. The thought usually gave him a good feeling in his belly, but now it made him feel uneasy.

They said Dean was a sex god, so perhaps it was different with him? Maybe he would be able to stop before hurting him, maybe it wouldn’t hurt at all.

Sam exhaled a short little breath and shook his head. It was pointless having those thoughts. Contemplating sex with Dean was nothing but a dream.

Sam looked at the beach again. The more he looked, the quicker he forgot about the pictures.

By the time Sam got home, Dean’s smile was the only thing in his mind, and his heart could hardly wait to be with him again.

------------------------------------------------------

tbc…
Chapter 23

Thank you so much for the beta reading and the great ideas, Vershiel! =D

Chapter 23

It was never easy making the choices he had. A lot of what happened seemed to have been out of his control, and whenever John revisited the past in his thoughts it felt as if he was opening an infected wound that bled poison into his system. No wonder he avoided anything that reminded him of what had happened. John Winchester spent most of his days running away from the past and the decisions and consequences of what had happened. He tried to live in the present so he could numb the pain of not having Mary, and of everything that had gone down when his desperation took over.

Hence, it was understandable that John kept all the reminders of his past safely away, out of sight. In a locked chest in the bottom of his wardrobe, John kept the pictures that were hardest to look at. Not that it wasn’t difficult enough facing Mary’s portrait in the living room—her smile sometimes haunted his dreams. But these pictures that John kept hidden caused him physical pain. The one he held in his hand right now, even more so. That’s why John almost never looked at it, and why, when he did, he had a bottle of some strong whiskey to get him through it.

Sitting in the sofa in the empty living room, John looked at the photograph in his hand and poured more booze into the glass he was sipping from. In the picture, the last taken before Mary died, John saw all the possibilities that had been taken away from his family. In the smiley faces of the picture, John saw the future that never happened, and remembered the stinging past he had lived just a few days after the photo was taken.

John let the memories take over and drown him, and when the bottle of whiskey was empty, the hollowness inside him grew and threatened his sanity.

He closed his fingers tightly around the empty glass and stared at the pregnant Mary looking at him in the photograph. The pain was so fierce that he could barely handle it, it didn’t matter how intoxicated he was. John squeezed the glass so tightly it shattered in his hand, and the pain of a few splinters of glass digging into his flesh was nothing compared to the pain in his chest.

There were pieces of glass on the floor, and the bottle fell from John’s hand with a thud as he studied the blood on his fingers.

*The blood in the hospital bed. So much blood.*
John opened and closed his fingers slowly, wincing softly at the feeling.

*The blood on the white collar, the blood bag hitting the floor.*

His vision got blurred. There was Mary, his beautiful Mary in the picture, and there was his blood, a red reminder of the madness he had walked into when he found Mary lying dead in the hospital.

A sob tightened his throat and John closed his eyes. The picture fell from his hand but John didn’t bother picking it up. All the images were in his mind, swirling, provoking, killing him inside…and little by little, John was drifting, going back to that time, losing his grip on what was real.

A while later, when someone rang the bell over and over and called for him repeatedly, the town’s mechanic was still lying unconscious on the sofa, and who could tell the sort of dreams he was having…

Even though the bar was not opening to the public tonight, Dean Winchester and his friends could be found drinking beer and talking by the sea shore as the sun set on the horizon. The bar owner allowed Dean to open the bar and invite his friends to drink every now and then. He was well aware that a great part of his profit came from the fact that Dean worked for him—and not exactly because of his mad skills as a bartender. Dean was probably the most beautiful attraction the town could offer, and young people both local and visiting, would end up going the bar just to check him out. That meant lots of money whenever Dean was the one preparing the drinks. Even if the mechanic’s son often slipped his flirts the occasional free drink, the owner was extremely pleased with him, and knew that keeping Dean happy at his job was extremely good for business.

The three young men drank and talked as they looked at the waves, now growing darker in color as the sunlight faded and the light poles began to shine their artificial brightness onto the ocean.

Dean listened to his friends go on and on with their usual banter, but his thoughts failed miserably to hang on to their words. In his mind, there was only Sam, and every little detail about him Dean had yet to uncover. The more he spent time with the boy, the more Dean wanted to know him, really know him. It seemed uncanny that the more Dean learned about his angel, the more layers were there waiting for him to dig in deeper. Dean couldn’t wait to go all the way. He shuddered at the thought.

“Forget him,” Benny was saying. “He’s daydreaming again.”

Dean blinked a few times and looked at his friends’ faces and the way they were staring at him. “What?”

Castiel and Benny laughed.

“What is it this time? What did prince Samuel do that was so interesting?” Cas provoked.

Dean sighed. He thought about his last encounter with Sam and the way the boy had skillfully managed to slip away from Dean’s touching. He was desperately curious to know what was really going on in Sam’s mind. What did he feel? Why was he avoiding contact? Dean was certain the boy was aroused out of his mind when they were together…and then he would think about Sam’s revelation.
“Actually, I was thinking about Sam and then I started to think about how badly I need to go home and just jerk off and sleep some good eight hours…” he began, trying to sound more casual than he felt.

“You, my friend, are not the same anymore,” Benny sighed.

“And then I had this thought,” Dean went on as if he hadn’t heard his friend’s remark, “Say, what’s the longest you’ve ever gone without doing it?” his heart raced when he thought of Sam’s confession.


“No, jerking off.”

“You kidding? I do it every day,” Benny chuckled merrily.

“Seriously, though. There must have been some time when you just didn’t…you know, for a while,” Dean insisted.

Both Benny and Castiel seemed truly puzzled with the question, and Dean could see they were giving it some serious thought.

“I don’t really know,” Benny admitted. “There are days when I’m just too tired, or my mind just isn’t into it. But I don’t think I’ve been longer than three or four days without some.”


Dean thought honestly about it. He had been having sex for so long, and still, he often jerked off before bed. If he thought of his younger years, when he was Sam’s age, he didn’t have sex as often as he did now, but he jerked off at least three or four times during the week. Sometimes four times on the same day. “A week, maybe,” he pondered.

Dean couldn’t help thinking strongly of Sam. The kid was sixteen years old and a virgin. How come he didn’t masturbate? Not for the first time Dean wondered whether there was something physically wrong with him.

“Why are you asking that?” Cas snickered and drank some more beer.

“Just curious,” Dean chuckled and was glad his friends were comfortably drunk and not in the mood to probe. He definitely didn’t want to share Sam’s secrets with them.

They were still drinking another half an hour or so later when Bobby Singer showed up at the bar and greeted them.

“Hey, boys. How are you lot tonight?”

“Fine, Father,” Benny raised his beer and smiled. “Cheers. Did you come to drink with us?”

“Benny,” Cas looked at him reproachfully.

“Not tonight,” Bobby replied good-naturedly.
“Is everything alright, Bobby?” Dean frowned. His first thought was that something must have happened to Sam, and that Bobby was there to let him know.

“Yes… I think so. I hope so, actually.”

“What’s going on?” Dean walked past his friends and stepped closer to the priest.

“I stopped by your father’s garage about an hour ago. I wanted to talk to John. Are you aware he’s not open? Did he have some kind of appointment?”

“No… not that I know of. Is the Impala parked there?”

“Yes. The Impala is in the garage, that’s why it’s strange. I’m sure it’s nothing… he must be hunting…”

Dean looked over his shoulder at his friends, the alcohol in his system seemed to be quickly losing its grip on him and his senses grew alert. He pulled Bobby by the elbow and away from his friends so they could have more privacy.

“You don’t think he’s hunting, though.”

“No,” Bobby agreed. “I could see his guns in the back.”

“Bobby? What do you think happened to my dad?”

Bobby took a deep breath and looked into Dean’s eyes. He could see the little kid Dean had once been in those green eyes staring worriedly at him.

“You should probably go home. I’m sure it’s nothing serious. If I know John you’ll probably find him passed out on the sofa.”

Dean swallowed hard. That wouldn’t be the first time. When he was growing up, after his mother passed away, finding his dad drunk and unconscious, lying somewhere inside the house, was not uncommon. With time, the scene became less frequent, to which Dean was extremely grateful. He nodded and made up his mind.

“Thank you, Bobby. I’ll go home.” And then, as if something occurred to him. “Do you have any news on Sam? Is he okay?”

“Probably. I haven’t heard anything.”

“Alright. I’ll go check on Dad.”

Bobby nodded and watched as Dean walked towards his friends to say goodbye. Bobby didn’t care about Dean’s reputation, so what if he bedded half of the town and flirted with trouble? That was a good kid John had raised.

~ * ~
“Dad?” Dean had to use his key to get inside. The gate was closed, and so was the front door when Dean arrived at it. “Dad, where are you?” Dean unlocked the door and stepped inside the living room. “Dad!” he exhaled a weary and worried breath when he saw the blood.

John Winchester was either asleep or passed out on the sofa. By his feet, on the hardwood floor, there was an empty bottle of whiskey and the shattered remains of what used to be a glass. Judging by the bloody hand resting on his father’s lap, Dean supposed John had squeezed the glass until it broke in his hand.

Slowly, Dean walked towards his father and crouched, careful to avoid the broken glass.

“Dad? Can you hear me? Are you okay?”

“Mm,” John mumbled and stirred.

Dean was immediately relieved, but still rather disappointed. He wondered what had caused this episode of heavy drinking. “How do you feel?”

John didn’t answer.

“How badly did you cut yourself?” Dean took his father’s hand and studied it. There were several minor cuts and a lot of dried blood. He didn’t seem to be bleeding anymore, so it didn’t look serious. Yet, when John failed to show a reaction even as Dean handled his injured hand, the younger man worried how much his dad had really drunk. “Dad…can you tell me how much you had to drink?” Dean looked and waited, but there was no response. “Perhaps I should take you to the hospital for some glucose, eh?”

“No,” John groaned. “M’ fine.”

Dean knew his dad would have reacted at the mention of the hospital. No way John Winchester would agree to being taken to Azazel’s workplace unless he was either unconscious or dying. And Dean wasn’t sure about the later.

“I’ll clean this up.” Dean got to his feet and went into the kitchen. He came back and started to clean the mess of glass pieces before one of them had an accident. When he got on his knees to take some larger pieces from beneath the seat, Dean’s fingers found a picture lying there. He picked it up and looked at the old photo.

‘Mom.’ Dean’s heart thudded faster. There was a picture frame in the living room with a picture of a smiling Mary that Dean had grown up seeing every day of his life. This picture was different, though. In the photograph, he could see his dad and his mom, and himself, when he was just a little boy. Dean narrowed his eyes and let the balls of his fingers stroke the photo. His mom was very pregnant in the photo, so it must have been one of the last pictures she took before…

“Give me this,” John snatched the photograph off Dean’s hand.

Dean looked surprised. Suddenly it was like his dad was not drunk at all. John got up and started stumbling his way out of the living room and into his bedroom.

“Dad? How old is that picture? How come I haven’t seen it before?” Dean waited for an answer, but there was only low grumbling and a door slamming in the distance. “Dad?” Dean tried. “At least wash that hand with some soap, will you?”
Dean sighed and then looked at the broken glass with dismay. It didn’t matter how much time had passed, his dad was still as broken as that glass over the death of his mother.

“Ouch,” Dean cut his thumb as he finished cleaning up the floor. He saw the small red dot of blood and sucked his thumb into his mouth.

~ * ~

Inside the bedroom, John’s eyes were bloodshot and teary as he looked at the photograph. Dean was four years old in that picture, and it was taken a few days before Mary’s water broke. He had his arm around his wife and the three of them were smiling brightly. They were a happy family, and the picture showed that. Despite the financial problems the Winchester were undergoing at that given time, they were a beautiful family, and John sincerely thought nothing would change that.

John looked at the younger version of himself in the photograph and could tell exactly what that young man was thinking. So what if he was having trouble finding a job? So what if it was difficult to make ends meet? He was a good mechanic. Sooner or later things would get easier. Besides, with such a fantastic woman by his side and a great son, what could possibly go wrong?

A lot, apparently.

The day Mary had died had changed John’s life forever. It didn’t matter how much time passed, John could still close his eyes and remember every moment of that day as if it had been burned into his memory.

~ * ~

Sixteen years ago…

“John. My water broke.”

John was making himself some coffee when he stood perfectly still and watched his wife, now standing in the middle of the kitchen with a foolish smile and a wrinkled forehead.

“We need to go to the hospital, we need to call the doctor, I need to go get the stuff.”

“Calm down,” she managed to smile even though the contractions were causing a great deal of pain. “Call the doctor. Then call Karen. See if she can come over and watch Dean.”

“Yes.” John got up in a heartbeat to do as told. He called the hospital and talked to Mary’s doctor, then he called Bobby Singer’s house and Karen said she would be on her way to watch over Dean.

“She’s coming,” John announced.

“Good. Did you call him?”
“Yes, he’s waiting for us.” John thought about the new doctor in town. He knew some people felt uneasy about him. However, yellow eyes or not, Azazel Dunkan was a good doctor who had always paid Mary a lot of attention.

“I’ll go to the car, then. Please get the bag, will you?”

“Of course, honey. Do you need help?”

“I’m fine. Just go get it.”

“Mommy…” Dean came running into the living room and hugged his mom’s legs.

“It’s alright, sweetie. Your little brother is coming today. Mommy needs to go to the hospital to have him, and when he’s here you can go there and meet him, just like we talked about. Is that okay?”

Dean nodded, but still eyed her with huge, somewhat scared eyes.

“Karen is coming to take care of you. Be a good boy, right dear?” The Singers lived just a few blocks away, so Karen shouldn’t be longer than five or six minutes.

“Here.” John came back with the hospital bag Mary had set aside with baby stuff, and then helped his wife into the front seat of the Impala. When she was comfortable there, John handed her the bag.

“Where is it?” Mary fumbled inside the bag.

“Where is what?”

Mary made a face and waited, and John laughed when he realized what she wanted. “Fine. I’ll go get it.”

On his way back inside the house from the garage, John ran into Karen and Dean talking in the living room.

“Hey, Karen. Thanks for coming.”

“Of course, John. Where is she?”

“In the car. We’re leaving now. Just gotta get one more thing.”

“Everything will be fine. Rest assured that I’ll take good care of this boy.”

John thanked her again and looked at his son. Dean was staring into his father’s eyes, his look a little lost as if he didn’t quite understand the sudden fuss. He was old enough to know what was going on, but still too young to deal with all the emotions his parents and he, too, was experiencing.

“It’ll be okay, sport. I’ll take mom to the hospital. You can visit when I come back,” he explained. “Will you be okay here with Karen?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Good boy.” John kissed his son’s golden head before going into the bedroom once again.
When he stood at the door and looked at floor, John laughed lightly at what he had left behind and what Mary had insisted that he come back for. John walked further in, crouched and picked up the teddy bear that had fallen from the bag. Mary wanted it to be their newborn son’s first toy, as it had been Dean’s once, as it had been hers once too. He looked at the stuffed animal for a moment and smiled. John thought of Mary waiting for him in the car and the baby on the way to make their family bigger. It would be difficult, but they would make it, because they loved each other so much.

John squeezed the teddy softly and turned around, taking the toy with him.

--------------------------------------------------

tbc...
Guys, my beta has been very busy, and I didn't want to bother her. I also didn't want to wait much longer for an update, so here it is. All the mistakes are my own, sorry.

Sixteen years ago…

“She’s coming,” Azazel put the receiver down. “Make sure everyone else is dismissed. We’ll handle it alone.”

The other man looked at him and smiled, and when he did it, Azazel could see his fangs.

“Control yourself. You need to be a doctor tonight. At least pretend.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Now go make sure we have the hospital for ourselves. I don’t want any nurses, let alone other doctors around the place tonight.”

It wasn’t a big hospital and it was a small city. Getting privacy wouldn’t be hard at all, especially when Azazel was quickly growing to be the town’s most trusted and respected doctor.

The yellow eyed vampire took a deep breath and licked his lips. His heart was beating faster than humanly possible, and his senses were sharp. This was the moment he had been waiting for, and he needed to make sure everything went down properly.

~ * ~

They left the moment Karen arrived, and the ride to the hospital was, luckily, a short one. When John arrived, he was welcomed at the entrance by Mary’s doctor and an assistant doctor, who helped Mary settle on a wheelchair and pushed her towards the delivery room.

John watched as the two doctors moved ahead with his pregnant wife. Mary’s moans echoed in the hallways every time she had another contraction. John’s heart was tight in his chest as he held his wife’s hand. When they arrived at the waiting room John looked around and frowned.
“It’s awfully quiet in here.”

“We don’t have any patients in at the moment, so most of the staff just went home. Dr. Robson and I will make sure your wife has all the assistance she needs. Don’t worry,” Azazel explained.

John nodded and felt his chest tight with worry.

“John…” Mary reached out her hand and John squeezed it.

“Can I go in with her?” he looked hopeful.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Winchester. Since we’re understaffed, it’s better if we don’t have one more person to worry about in there. Take a seat or go outside to grab a smoke. We’ll let you know how it goes.” Azazel looked at the pregnant woman. “Are you ready, Mary?”

“I am.” Mary nodded. She looked at the doctor and then at her husband before putting a protective hand on her belly. “I love you, John. And we’ll see you soon, okay?”

“I love you, too.” John kissed her lips for what he didn’t know was the last time, then he watched her disappear inside the room with the two other men.

Azazel locked the door and looked at the table where Mary gritted her teeth out of pain.

“Mary Winchester…” Azazel smiled widely. “If only I could tell you how happy I am to have you here today.”

Mary looked at him and tried to smile, but another contraction had her moaning.

“I’ve looked for your blood lineage for so long. For some years, I thought I’d lost it. All that history, all that magic…and then here you turn up, in lovely little Glasstown. I guess the world is a place of irony, indeed.”

“Doctor?” Mary looked confused. “I don’t understand… I’m ready to have the baby, right?”

Azazel smiled and followed protocol. He examined her carefully and nodded appreciatively at the dilatation. “Yes, my dear. Everything is perfect. You’re going to give birth to a precious baby, who I’m sure will be every bit as alluring as his mother.”

Mary smiled despite her pain. Then she looked at the way the other doctor stared at her and felt a spike of something uneasy grab her heart.

“I can’t wait to see him,” she whispered.

“Neither can I.” Azazel’s eyes were unreadable. He looked at his assistant and fell into his professional role. “Doctor? Please grab an IV fluid and some oxytocin. Let’s deliver this baby.”

~ * ~

A couple of hours after she arrived, Mary gave birth to a healthy baby boy who cried massively when he was born.
“My son…” Mary’s lips quivered. She reached out her exhausted arms towards him. “Please…let me hold him.”

The longer it took Azazel to reply, the more creased Mary’s brow became. She didn’t know what was going on, but the feeling of dread came out of nowhere and spread quickly inside of her.

“I’m sorry, Mary. Now is the part where you’re no longer needed.” Azazel held the baby and looked at the other man. “You can have your way.”

“What?” Mary frowned, her exhausted body trying to understand what was happening. “I don’t get it… Dr. Dunkan, please…”

“You have to go, Mary. But rest assured your son is beautiful.”

“No…no, no….what are you doing? Give me my son…!” Mary saw the other doctor smiling wickedly as he got closed to her. When he was just a few inches away, Mary could see the fangs in that crooked smile. Her heart raced and she tried to move despite her worn out body. “Stay away from me! Azazel! What’s happening?!”

The other vampire got between her legs and sunk his teeth into her femoral artery. Mary whimpered at the feeling, she thrashed, but couldn’t put up much of a fight. As her blood was quickly drained from her, she watched the yellow eyed man holding her crying baby, and that was the last thing her perplexed eyes saw in the world.

“It’s enough. Let her bleed out, we need evidence,” Azazel commanded and the other vampire stopped drinking. Soon, there was a bloody mess on the bed, and Azazel checked Mary for a pulse. There was none. Now he just needed to take care of the baby.

“Go talk to the father. I’ll prepare him.”

When he was alone with Mary’s body and the baby boy, Azazel laid him gently on an ICU nursery bed and admired him. He didn’t have much time, but he couldn’t resist his curiosity. Azazel pricked the baby’s finger with a needle and watched the small red dot as the crying intensified. Smiling, Azazel licked at the blood and closed his eyes. The sweetest taste filled his mouth and warmed his usually cold body. Now, Azazel knew he would have to wait until the boy was old enough so he could enjoy him, but that was something he would gladly do.

Azazel shrugged off his daydreaming. He had more pressing matters now. “You’ll have to be strong, little one. This won’t hurt a bit, but you need to hang in there.” What he did next was extremely dangerous, but he had no doubt the boy could handle it. Azazel filled a syringe with propofol—a powerful inductor of general anesthesia—and injected the infant with it.

~ * ~

In the waiting room, there was little to nothing John could do. He couldn’t hear anything coming from the delivery room, and there was no one there he could talk to. He sat down and got up at least twenty times as he waited for information. John roamed around the hallways but he never strayed too far, afraid he might miss the chance to get an update on Mary.
She had been in for about two hours when Dr. Robson came to talk to him.

“How is she?” John was visibly restless.

The fake doctor sighed and shook his head.

“Mr. Winchester…there have been…complications.”

“What? What happened? What kind of complications?”

“Doctor Dunkan will fill you in. He tried everything he could but Mary lost a lot of blood…”

“Let me see her! I want to see my wife.”

“Please sir, you need to stay calm and let the doctor do whatever needs to be done.”

“Get away from me, I need to see her.”

John pushed the man standing in front of him and walked into the restricted area, towards the place he knew his wife had been taken.

“Sir—”

John felt the hand on his shoulder but he hardly heard anything. His eyes were fixed on the bed and on the red sheets soaked with blood between his wife’s legs. John’s throat felt dry and it tightened, and for a moment his vision blurred and he had to shut his eyes not to fall.

“Mary…” he whispered, and opened his eyes again.

“Sir, you can’t…”

John once again shoved the man trying to hold him and walked towards his wife’s body. “Mary…” he cupped her cheek softly and his body was shaky with disbelief. “What happened, what…” John couldn’t form words. Then he turned and looked at Azazel and that was when he saw the baby he was intubating in a neonatal intensive care unit. “What the hell is going on?!?”

“Sir…”

“That’s alright, Dr. Robson. Leave us,” Azazel told the other vampire pretending to be a doctor. He meant for John to be there, and he needed that time alone.

“Are you sure…”?

“Yes. Get out and see if anyone else needs help.”

John was hardly aware of the other doctor walking out and leaving them alone. He felt so weird and lost he couldn’t begin to understand what was happening. He walked slowly towards Azazel and the baby, but he didn’t even look at the child because his heart was breaking, and all he could think of was Mary and all that blood.

“Please, doctor. My wife…Mary…please…she needs help, too. She needs…”
“She’s dead, Mr. Winchester.”

“NO!” John cried. The moment he heard those words he could feel his world crumbling down fast. “No, she isn’t! You’ve got to…” he looked at Mary lying lifeless on the bed and the blood on the sheets. “Please, just try to do something, please…”

“John,” Azazel used his first name in an attempt to get to him. “I’m so sorry. Your wife is dead, but your son isn’t.”

John couldn’t move. He looked from Azazel to his dead wife, and the pain in his chest escalated to something physically unbearable. John walked towards the bed and grasped Mary’s hand in his own. She was still warm.

“Mary? Baby…? Please…please don’t do this…please don’t leave me…” John felt the sobs come freely. His mouth trembled as he caressed her sweaty forehead with his other hand. “Please…” John blinked and two fat tears rolled down his cheeks. That was the woman of his life, and John simply could not fathom life without her.

Azazel gave him time. He let John cry by his wife’s bed as it sank in slowly. Meanwhile, he made sure the baby was breathing with mechanical ventilation and checked his vital signs. He waited as John gave in to grief.

John had no idea how much time passed with him sitting beside Mary’s bed, unable to move, unwilling to process what had happened. It might have been a few minutes, it might have been an entire hour. He didn’t know. Time seemed unreal as his pain only grew.

Eventually, though, John got up and walked towards the place where Azazel watched after the baby. “Is this…” John licked at his lips and swallowed his salty tears. “Is this my son?”

“It is,” Azazel agreed. He took a deep breath and prepared himself for what he was going to say. “It pains me to tell you this, John, but your wife had an uterine rupture during the procedure. We tried everything in our power to get the baby out quickly and prevent the massive hemorrhage, but she was beyond our help.”

John listened to the words but it was hard grasping their meaning. It felt like some sort of sick dream he would eventually wake up from.

“Unfortunately, by the time we managed to get the baby out, he had been without oxygen for too long, and I’m afraid this might have impacted greatly on his life expectancy.”

“What does it mean?” John went even closer, and for the first time he looked at the baby on the NICU’s bed, and the tube feeding oxygen to his lungs. “Is he going to die, too?”

Azazel sighed and seemed thoughtful. “John,” he began. That was the moment he had been waiting for, and he hoped it would go down as planned. If not, Azazel was prepared to kill John, take the baby and disappear. “Your son spent crucial time without oxygen in his brain. There’s no telling what will happen to him. He might die in the next few hours, or he might live for a few days. Who knows, he might even make it for a few weeks.”

John’s heart crushed under the growing weight of his sorrow.
“And that, I’m afraid, is not the worst case scenario.”

“What do you mean?”

“He might live. He might survive these first few months and make it to a full life.”

“How is that worse?”

“His brain has already suffered from the lack of oxygen. There’s no telling how much damage has been caused. I really regret having to tell you this, but there’s a very real chance that your son will have mental disability as a consequence of the brain damage he suffered.”

“Are you telling me my son is as good as dead and that if he does live he’ll be…” John thought of the word retarded, but it seemed way too cruel for such a tiny little baby.

Azazel shook his head. “I’m a doctor, but I have to confess that neuroscience is still a mystery to us. Yes, your son might die before the sun sets today, and yes, he might live with some kind of disability, but it’s also true that he might be normal.”

John looked desperate and confused, and that was exactly the way Azazel wanted him.

“So there’s a chance…” John thought of the baby, of Mary’s and his son, but soon the sight of blood took over his mind and he cringed.

“Yes. There’s a chance the boy will be normal, of course there is. But it’s my job to inform you that he could also live in a persistent vegetative state. This is very serious, John. A child with special needs will require a special family. You need to understand how much your life will need to change to adapt to this baby if he, by some miracle, survives.”

John looked at the baby boy and the tube disappearing inside of him. He thought of Mary, dead on the bed, and Dean, waiting for him at home. What could he do? How would he manage to live? He had a son waiting for him, he had a life to go back to, but Mary’s death hurt to the point where it was hard to breathe, and a part of John didn’t think he could make it. How could he possibly take care of a child with special needs when John didn’t think he could take care of himself in the near future?

“John?” Azazel asked softly as John seemed deep in thought.

“I…I don’t know what to say. You tell me there’s a chance he can be normal…” he tried, hopeful.

“Yes, medicine isn’t like mathematics, John. Sometimes miracles can happen. I have to warn you, though. You need to be prepared for what may happen when, and if you take him home.” Azazel studied the way John looked at the baby. “You have to think of the future. If he makes it, he’s probably going to need a good structure to keep him alive. You might need to equip and adapt your house to machines that will make it possible for him to live.”

“Machines?…”

“I don’t want to scare you, John. I just need to inform you of all the possible outcomes. But yes, it might come to that. Wheelchairs, oxygen tanks, twenty-four-hour attention…all that is part of a reality we can’t ignore here.”

John thought of how hard it was to make ends meet. Not only was the love of his life gone, he now
might have to watch his son die because he couldn’t afford the kind of treatment he might need to stay alive. John ran his fingers through is hair and exhaled loud and wearily.

Azazel let him cry quietly for a moment before he spoke again.

“John…? There are other options, you know.”

“What other options?!?” John barked, angrily. “My wife is dead, my son is most likely dead too, and if he does live I won’t have money to take care of a kid with special needs. How do you think that makes me feel?!”

“I understand. That’s why I said there are other options.”

John stared blankly at Azazel.

“There’s adoption. If he makes it past the first week, his chances of living improve. You could always find a family willing to take a kid with special needs in.”

“Are you kidding? Who would adopt a baby that might die at any moment? Besides, you said it yourself that he will probably need constant care if he survives. That’s expensive. I wonder how many rich couples are out there now looking for a baby like him.”

Azazel was respectfully quiet for a moment. He looked at the baby boy and let the back of his hand brush his cheek. He was shaking inside with his bubbling desire, but on outside he was a dedicated professional filled with sorrow and empathy.

“It’s so ironic, you know…”

“What is?” John watched the doctor touch his son’s face lightly.

“My wife passed away before we could have kids. I would’ve given anything to be a father. Even if just…” Azazel wiped at his eyes and the tears he produced carefully, “just for a few days…” he shrugged and chuckled humorlessly.

“You’re kidding, right? You would seriously like to be a father for a few days and then watch your son die? Or would you rather watch him grow unaware of his own existence, suffering every day of his life?”

“That’s one way to put it, but I see it differently. All life is precious…specially to a doctor. Now look at me. I have all the money in this world, more than I could possibly spend, but when my wife passed I knew I couldn’t love anyone else. She’s left me without an heir, without a child to make my existence worthwhile.”

John seemed confused. He wasn’t crying anymore.

“You have your son at home, Dean, right?”

“Yes.”

“I’m sure you love him very much. You’d anything for him, wouldn’t you?”

“Of course,” John answered readily.
“See? I don’t have this feeling. And now I might never have it…”

“Why haven’t you adopted a kid?”

Azazel shrugged. “I keep telling myself I’m busy, that it’s pointless at this stage of things…but I look at this baby, John, and I can’t help but think I could give him everything he needs in his short little life.”

John’s eyes focused on the way Azazel caressed the kid’s brow tenderly before listening to his heart with the stethoscope.

“You don’t mean that.”

“I’m sorry….” Azazel blinked away a tear, and made sure John could see it before he wiped it off his face. “I shouldn’t get emotional. This is not professional, forgive me. It’s your son, and you will want to take him home, I understand, forgive me…”

John swallowed hard. The idea was as desperate as what he felt inside, but it was taking shape fast, and John was too emotionally wrecked to think it through.

“I can’t deal with another death. I can’t take him home, show him to my other son and then wait on my toes for the moment he’ll be dead in his crib.”

“I understand.”

“And you and I know I certainly can’t afford to give him what he needs if he lives longer. Hell, I can barely pay for the hospital bills.” Last month they had barely had enough to eat. How could he hope to offer that baby any kind of special treatment? Those things were expensive.

Azazel’s heart thudded in his chest. His blood buzzed. He was hungry. He would have to go out and hunt tonight. A cow, perhaps. Something big that didn’t draw attention.

“John… I could…” he made as if it was difficult for him to say the words. “I mean, it’s your son, I understand that. I know I have no right to, but I’m a doctor and I had the most sincere affection for Mary. If you would allow me, I could take care of the baby for as long as he lives. Of course, it’s your son and you will probably think this is crazy, but I swear to you, nothing would make me happier than to use all this money I have to make his little life more comfortable and perhaps give him a chance…” Azazel sounded passionate now. “You can’t possibly understand what it means to someone like me to have a chance at taking care of such a frail little thing, but if you…”

“Yes.” John heard himself saying.

Azazel stared intently at the man in the room with him. He went very still.

“John?”

“You can afford the best, can’t you? You’ll give him everything he needs. You’ll do everything that needs to be done to save him, won’t you?”

“Of course! I’ll do everything I can, I…”
“Then yes. You can have him. Please take care of him.”

Azazel knew John was desperately sad and not thinking straight, and he was counting on his judgment being clouded by grief to make this decision.

“John, there is a chance he will be a normal boy. You know that, right? I mean, if he lives…”

“But if he survives, won’t you regret your decision? John, you’ve got to think this through. If I take the baby, there’s no coming back, for both of our sakes. You understand what I mean, don’t you?”

“I do,” he didn’t, not at the moment, but he couldn’t realize that. “You’ll be a father to him for as long as he lives, won’t you? You promise to give him everything, you promise me he’ll have everything he requires, don’t you?”

“Of course I do! I’ve been waiting all my life for this feeling. I don’t care if it’s only for a few days. Of course I’ll give him everything. And if by some miracle he makes it, then he’ll inherit everything I own. I’m not kidding, John. This is serious to me. If I take this baby he’ll be my son, and he’ll be entitled to everything I have, including my unconditional affection.”

“Mr. Dunkan…Azazel, can I call you Azazel?”

“Yes, of course.” Azazel smiled inside.

“Then Azazel…do I have your word?” John tried to sound in control, but he was falling apart inside. He had no idea whether or not he was doing the right thing, but Mary’s body was still warm on that bed, and she would have wanted their son to have a chance, a chance John couldn’t give him.

Azazel was smiling ferociously inside when he closed the distance and looked at the hand John had reached out before him.

“You have my word.” They shook and held hands for an entire minute in which no one said anything. The baby in the NICU was hauntingly quiet when John went closer to look at him.

“Would you like to hold him?” Azazel asked when he saw John studying the baby carefully.

John shook his head. He was biting so hard on his bottom lip he could taste blood. “I’d better not. I can’t…can’t handle it if he dies…”

“I know,” Azazel soothed him.

John wanted to. He wanted to hold that little baby and take him home and put him on Dean’s lap and tell him it would be alright, but he couldn’t. That little baby with the tube inside of him and the machine breathing for him might die in his arms, it might die in Dean’s arms, and then John just couldn’t live with himself knowing he might have stood a better chance if he had a wealthy doctor taking care of him and making sure he had everything he needed. Perhaps it would be all for nothing, perhaps the baby only had a few hours to live, but if he had longer, then John was convinced, for now, that having a specialist ready to help him with all the money to cater to his needs definitely beat
being a mechanic’s son and going to bed on an empty stomach every now and then.

And if the boy lived, if he survived without any serious brain damage, then John told himself he would be happy knowing the kid would be better off in a life his real father couldn’t have possibly offered him no matter how hard he tried.

“You should leave, John. I’m going to watch over the baby. He needs intensive care, you know. I also need someone to take care of your wife’s body. You’ll need to discuss it with our staff. I’m really so sorry.”

“I get it, I…” John looked at the baby once more before he turned around. He took a few steps towards the door and his heart ached in his chest. Maybe he shouldn’t, maybe…

“You’re doing the right thing here, John.” Azazel squeezed his shoulder. “I can only imagine how hard it feels.”

John nodded and his eyes welled up again. He didn’t turn around as he left the room.

~ * ~

Ten minutes later, Azazel was monitoring the baby’s vital signs, making sure the amount of anesthetic he had given him wouldn’t depress his nervous system more than it should. He was startled when he heard the knock on the door and saw John Winchester walking in again. ‘Dammit,’ he thought. If the broken-hearted man had changed his mind, Azazel would be forced to kill him and run away with the baby, and with the good life he had built in the city, that was the last thing he wanted to do.

“John?” he asked, trying to hide his impatience.

“I…I just…” John was holding the teddy bear in his hands. He walked towards Azazel and his eyes avoided the baby lying quietly just a few feet away. “Mary wanted him to have it. It belonged to her before being Dean’s… Could you…could you give it to him?”

“Of course.” Azazel took the teddy bear and felt relieved.

“Also, if it’s not asking too much…” John stole a glance in the baby’s direction and then at the bed where Mary’s blood dried on the sheets. “We were going to name him after Mary’s father. Do you think you could… I understand if you don’t want to, I do, but…”

“Of course, John. What were you going to name him?”

“Samuel.” John shut his eyes and sighed.

“For as long as I live, Samuel will have everything he needs.”

John felt a stab of pain, but also joy. “Thanks.”

“Go now, John. You need to take care of her.” He nodded towards Mary’s body. “And I need to take care of Samuel.”
Azazel put the teddy bear beside the baby very carefully, and that was the last image of his son that John would have for the next sixteen years.

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tbc...
Chapter 25

Dean picked Sam up from class at the usual time and they exchanged a few words and kisses in the corridor below the church before they were outside walking down the streets. When Sam looked around, though, he realized he didn’t know the streets they were now walking on.

“Dean? Where are we going? I thought you’d said we were going to your place…”

“I said we were going home,” Dean smiled.

“So?” Sam looked around, lost.

“My dad’s home. I forgot my keys there when I left in a hurry to go see you. We can’t go into the shack unless I can open the door.” he winked playfully and Sam’s heart skipped an obedient beat.

“We’re almost there.”

“Oh.” Sam stopped on his tracks when it dawned on him that they were about to walk into John Winchester’s home.

“What? It’s just a few more blocks.”

“Dean…” Sam’s heart raced at the thought of finding himself into the mechanic’s house. John was his dad’s worst enemy. There was very little Sam knew about the people in town, but he had heard his father speak ill of Dean’s dad way too many times.

“What?” Dean went closer and studied Sam’s hesitance.

“Are you sure that’s a good idea? I mean…your dad and mine…”

“That’s okay, baby. My dad wasn’t home when I left. He’s probably still out hunting.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course. Besides, I’ll be quick.”

Sam still waited a moment longer before letting Dean guide them down a few houses towards the
garage where his dad worked.

When they arrived in front of the place, Sam held back again.

“Come in,” Dean insisted.

“Maybe I should just wait here. You said you’d be quick, right?”

Dean looked into Sam’s eyes and read his uneasiness. He hated the fact that their dads had bad blood between them. Dean wished there was something he could do about it. If only he understood the nature of all that hatred…

“It’s alright, Sam… I swear. Even if my dad is in, he won’t yell at you or anything. I won’t let him.” Dean couldn’t picture his father losing his head and being nasty to Sam. The kid was nothing like his rich father, and Dean trusted his dad was not unreasonable. Besides, he would most likely hunt until it was night. “Hm?” Dean tugged at Sam’s hand and planted a kiss on his lips.

Sam licked at his lips and sighed.

“Okay. But make it quick, please.”

Dean smiled and eventually Sam smiled too, albeit shyly. The younger boy let himself be led into John Winchester’s house, and while Dean disappeared somewhere inside to look for his keys, Sam stood still in the living room, studying the furniture around him and hoping Dean would find what he needed fast.

Every minute Dean was gone felt like an eternity. The more time passed, however, the more Sam relaxed. It seemed like Dean’s dad wasn’t in, so Sam allowed himself to study the room with a little more curiosity.

The boy’s eyes fell on a picture frame resting on top of a wooden dresser. Sam looked around briefly to make sure he was alone, then he went closer to the picture and touched the photo with his fingertips. He looked at the beautiful blond woman in the photograph staring back at him, and Sam wondered whether that was Dean’s mother. It must be. And she was beautiful. It was only a matter of seconds before Sam’s mind was drifting. Not for the first time in his life, Sam wondered what his mom might have looked like. Was she as pretty as Dean’s? Was she…

“Who are you?”

Sam was so startled that he almost dropped the picture. Thanks to some higher power he was able to hold on to the photograph and steady it on top of the dresser before he turned around.

Sam looked at the man staring intently at him, then he looked at the rabbit he carried in one hand and the gun he held with the other. Sam’s heart raced when he understood he was now looking at Dean’s father, the person his dad hated the most.

“I…I’m a friend of Dean’s…” Where was Dean? Sam could hardly move so nervous he felt. He just wanted to get out of there; maybe he should turn around and start running, maybe he should—

“Oh, hi Dad. You came back early.” Dean arrived at the scene, to Sam’s relief.

John looked at the kid in his living room and at the picture he had been staring at. His chest felt tight
and John felt as if all the strings in his heart were being pulled at the same time. That boy, that boy hanging out with his son could only be…

“That’s Samuel. Some people like to call him Prince Samuel, but to me he’s just Sam,” Dean smiled at the younger boy reassuringly.

Even though he was nervous and sort of scared of that tall man holding a dead rabbit, Sam made himself step closer in his direction and reach out his hand.

“Nice to meet you, sir.”

John’s heart thudded. Samuel. Sam. The baby he had walked away from, the baby who was not supposed to have survived. For a moment John simply stared. The mechanic looked at the boy in his living room as if he had forever lost his words. Sam looked perfect. He looked like such a healthy, smart kid. John’s heart ached when he thought of his wife and the boy he had never brought home from the hospital.

For a moment, Dean watched the scene with growing apprehension. The longer it took his dad to shake Sam’s hand, the more Dean feared something bad might happen. He looked at Sam standing in the middle of the living room, his hand reached out before him, and he just wished his dad would let go of the stupid past and see that Sam was a good kid.

“Nice to meet you.” John transferred the shotgun to his other hand and shook Sam’s. Dean watched the scene and released the breath he had been holding.

“I just came for my keys. Sam and I are leaving now.”

John nodded. He didn’t trust his voice. He couldn’t look away. His eyes couldn’t have enough. In those few moments John tried to learn as many details as he could from his younger son’s appearance.

Sam could tell Dean’s father was studying him with unveiled interest. He chewed on his bottom lip and wondered if the older man would say something.

“It’s um…” John began. The more he stared at Sam, the more dangerously wet his eyes became as they welled with emotion. “I’ll cook this rabbit for dinner. If you want to come over…”

Sam was taken aback by the invitation. He could tell Dean’s dad seemed uncomfortable, so why was he doing that? Why was he trying to be nice? Wasn’t he the lying bastard who spread nasty things about his father?

“Thanks, Dad.” Dean couldn’t hide how much he appreciated his father trying to be nice. It filled him with hope that perhaps someday that grudge between their dads could be over. “But Sam needs to be home before dinner.”

“I do,” Sam said. “But thank you very much, sir. I really appreciate it.” Sam’s words were coated with genuine surprise and honesty.

John nodded. He felt awkward and unsure of what to say next. Part of him wished that kid would get the hell out of his house, because it hurt too much looking at him now and facing the terrible choices John had made in the past. The longer he stared at Sam, the easier it was to drown with regret. Yet, it was also true that John wanted to lock that door, tell that kid everything and make sure he never left
his true home again. ‘I can’t do that,’ John thought, desperately. “Maybe some other time, eh?”

“Yes, thank you,” Sam said politely.

“Alright. We’d better go. Thanks, Dad. I’ll come back tomorrow to finish the tune up.”

John just raised his hand with acknowledgment and watched as Dean took Sam’s arm and led him away.

The moment his two sons were gone, John walked towards the photograph Sam had been staring at and touched Mary’s face with his fingertips. He closed his eyes and saw the blood on the bed where Mary had died, and he saw the lifeless baby intubated in the hospital. How could he have known? Why hadn’t he been strong enough?

John rubbed at his eyes and swallowed down a sob. The joy and the pain of seeing his son for the first time in so long took his breath away. “I’m so sorry, baby…please forgive me…” he looked at the picture intently as if Mary could somehow tell him what to do.

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“I got something for you,” Dean announced when they arrived at the beach cabin.

Sam’s heart picked up speed. There he was again, in the one place he dreamed of being during his days, the same place he was terrified of finding himself in. Being alone with Dean, in his place, was both madness and bliss. Sam couldn’t wait to be touched and to touch Dean again, and yet, he knew it was only a matter of time before Dean figured out something was wrong and Sam had to give it all up.

“You do?” Sam asked, trying to shrug off the depressing thought.

“Yeah. Come here.” Dean opened the refrigerator and got something from it.

Sam watched as Dean put a beautiful pie on the kitchen counter, before him.

“Is that pie?”

“You do know what it is,” Dean teased.

“Of course I know what it is,” Sam pretended to be annoyed. “Just because I haven’t tried something it doesn’t mean I don’t know what it looks like.”

“Really?” Dean’s voice dropped to something intimate, and when Sam realized the implications of what he had just said he blushed.

The older man couldn’t help but chuckle at Sam’s embarrassment.

“This is an apple pie. I know, I know. It’s as traditional as they come, but I love it. I want you to try it.”

Sam looked at the dessert and frowned. He could only imagine how much sugar and fat had been
mixed into that. His dad would have never allowed him to eat something like that.

“Alright,” Sam agreed.

Dean smiled wolfishly and cut Sam a piece. He watched as the boy took it to his mouth and bit down.

“So?” Dean asked, expectantly.

“Wow,” Sam managed to say through a mouth full of pie. It was so sweet it made his head spin. The taste spread on his tongue and all that sugar made him instantly happy. “It’s good,” he was able to say after swallowing down the rest.

“Have some more,” Dean offered.

“No. Seriously, it’s ridiculously sweet. Give me a moment.” Sam shook his head.

“At least try the icing. You didn’t take any before.” Dean covered two fingers with it and placed them above Sam’s lips.

Sam let the fingers into his mouth, and even though he had enough sugar in his system to last for a week, he lapped at the icing eagerly.

The moment Sam’s tongue started licking around his fingers, Dean understood how much he had been holding back. His cock stiffened and his breath shortened in a matter of seconds, and before Dean knew it, he was pushing his fingers back and forth into Sam’s mouth, rubbing his two digits against Sam’s tongue.

Sam knew something had shifted. Dean’s eyes were clouded and there was heavy lust all over them. Sam didn’t know exactly what he had done to cause that, but he knew Dean must really enjoy having his fingers sucked, so he kept it up a while longer.

Dean shut his eyes when Sam sucked on his fingers. His cock twitched and he licked at his lips. Lately, it had been difficult to keep a leash on his arousal.

“Is it that good?” Sam marveled at the reaction he got.

Dean smiled thickly and took Sam’s hand in his. “Here, let me show you what it feels like.”

Sam watched when Dean took his thumb to his mouth and slid it past his lips. The warm wetness of Dean’s lips wrapped around Sam’s finger while his tongue rubbed against his digit, and Sam wasn’t expecting to feel what he did.

It seemed like there was a direct connection between his finger and his crotch, because Sam felt himself harden the more Dean licked and sucked on his finger.

“How…how come…” Sam’s voiced sounded throaty as he watched his thumb disappear past Dean’s lips.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?”

Sam nodded.
“Can you imagine how much better it’d feel if it was your dick in my mouth, sliding in and out?”

Sam’s knees buckled. He retreated his thumb and felt his heart slamming in his chest. There it was, the fever that Dean made him feel in his bones, making him stupid, making him hot and desperate.

The moment Sam’s eyes fluttered shut and his lips parted with a labored breath, Dean couldn’t hold back.

“Bed,” he uttered the word and covered the distance between them, and for Sam the next few minutes were nothing but a blur.

Their mouths crashed together as Dean led them towards the bed. Sam could feel his lips being parted by a greedy tongue that licked and provoked. He felt the edge of the bed against the back of his knees and then he was already on top of it, with Dean following close.

Sam thought of saying something but Dean was so intoxicating that it was difficult to think. It was the first time that Dean took control like that, and Sam felt all of his body tingling with desire.

Dean could smell the arousal Sam couldn’t hide and it drove him mad. He could hardly think straight so much he wanted to take the boy over and over until they collapsed out of sheer exhaustion.

Dean tugged at Sam’s hair lightly and exposed his neck. He smiled lustfully before licking at the curve of skin.

“Hm,” Sam shuddered.

Dean was about to suck on the boy’s weak spot when he noticed a couple of red dots on his skin.

“Seems like the mosquitoes know your weakness, too,” Dean chuckled.

“What?” Sam frowned.

“You got a couple of mosquito bites on your neck.”

Sam swallowed hard and tensed.

“Morning, sweet Prince. I’m in a hurry now, but I needed to see you before I left.” Sam watched as his dad got closer and he tilted his head to the side, because he knew what he wanted.

“You’re such a good boy.” Azazel cupped his cheek lovingly before sinking his teeth into his neck. Sam barely flinched as his dad drank for a brief moment. He pulled back and licked at his lips.

“Have a good class, Samuel.”

“Oh.” Sam didn’t say anything. For a moment it freaked him out that Dean would know what happened in his home, that everything would be crystal clear, but of course it wasn’t. When Dean didn’t say anything else about the teeth marks, Sam couldn’t deny that he felt a spike of disappointment, as if part of him wanted to get caught.
All of these complex thoughts were gone the moment Dean’s lips closed on the curve of his neck and licked him there. Sam moaned and squirmed, and there was heat pooling in his lower belly and spreading to every corner of his body.

“Dean…” Sam pushed him away. He couldn’t let it go on, he couldn’t lose control. Even though his dad had already drunk from him this morning, he might decide he wanted more at night. “Let me… let me touch you again,” Sam tried.

Dean looked into Sam’s eyes.

“Let me…” Sam smiled, hopeful, and cupped Dean’s hardness through his pants.

Dean barely moved when a shiver traveled down his spine. He was intrigued by what he saw in the boy’s eyes. Yes, Sam wanted to touch him, and yes, he was trying to avoid something. Dean was having none of that now.

“No.”

Sam gasped with surprise when Dean pushed him flat on his back on the bed and crawled between his parted thighs.

“I want to touch you, too. Let me give you pleasure. I know you want it.”

Dean thrust his hard-on against Sam’s matching one, and the boy let another moan slip past his parted lips. Dean pinned Sam’s hands above his head and smiled seductively at him. He rolled his hips again and the boy bucked into him obediently.

‘Oh, no,’ Sam thought. ‘Oh, god…he’ll make me come.’ Sam’s brain was half desperation to get away and half sheer lustful need to give in. The more he thrashed, the more friction he caused, and the harder his cock became.

“Dean…” Sam begged. The frown on his face spoke volumes of his conflicted state.

“Shhh…it’s okay, baby…just relax…” Dean cooed.

Sam licked at his lips and tried to hold on to his senses. Dean’s body was warm and it weighed on top of him in a delicious way. His scent invaded Sam’s nostrils, and it was sweeter than pie. Sam was about to shatter under the strain to keep control.

“Please…” Sam shook his head.

Dean’s lips brushed Sam’s ear and he whispered hotly at the same time he thrust against Sam’s midsection. “Remember the time in the elevator? When I slipped my thigh between yours?”

Sam shook and bit down hard on his lip.

“Do you remember rubbing against me?” Dean asked breathlessly.

Sam nodded. His mouth felt dry and his blood pumped so fast it buzzed in his ears.

“Good. I was hoping you hadn’t forgotten it. Because I haven’t. I still think of all the things I told you I was gonna do to you. Do you remember?”
Sam’s breath was now clipped and irregular.

“Remember what I said I wanted to do to you?”

Sam felt his thighs parting to increased the friction, despite what he knew he had to do.

“Dean…” he begged again, weakly.

“I said I wanted to lick you open…” Dean licked at Sam’s ear and nibbled softly on his ear lobe. “I still think about it. I think about tickling you with my fingers and fucking you with my tongue…”

“No…” Sam shook. He was so close he could taste his orgasm. And if he came, as wonderful as it would feel, it would be over between them. His dad would realize something was wrong, Crowley might be forced to speak, and Sam would never see Dean again. “Please!”

Dean pulled back a little to look at Sam. The boy beneath him was glowing with need, and yet, he was also suffering. Dean couldn’t understand the amount of anguish he saw on Sam’s face. Why did his face contradict his body’s every impulse?

“Sam?” Dean sat on the edge of the bed and away from the boy, and watched as Sam pulled his knees up and buried his head between his arms.

There was no response for a moment. Sam wasn’t crying, even though he felt on the verge of tears. He was just too ashamed to face Dean.

“Sammy?” Dean tugged at his wrists gently until Sam relaxed and looked back at him. “What’s going on?”

“You’re mad at me, aren’t you?” Sam looked sorry and broken, and Dean’s heart tightened in response. It felt like there were way too many emotions taking over Sam’s thoughts right now, and it was hard for Dean to keep up.

“Why would I be mad?” Dean frowned.

“I… I can’t. I’m sorry. I can’t do it.”

Dean narrowed his eyes.

“Can’t do what? Have pleasure?” Dean tried to smile, but the way Sam looked at him made Dean’s skin break with goosebumps and his chest feel chilly. “Sam…are you afraid of something?”

Sam looked at Dean and then dodged his eyes. He stared at the sheets and listened to his own quickened heartbeats.

“Maybe I should go…” he tried.

“Sam.” Dean held Sam’s wrist gently to make him stay. “I think we should talk.”

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tbc...
‘Oh, God, no…’ Sam cringed. Was this seriously it? The moment he would have to walk away and not look back simply because he couldn’t tell Dean anything?

His secret, it wasn’t like most secrets, Sam was sure of that. He couldn’t tell people about his father because that would put Azazel in danger, and even though Sam had conflicting feelings about his dad, he was the only family Sam knew and Sam didn’t want to cause him harm.

“Sam?” Dean asked. He could feel the way Sam had started to shut down. He didn’t need to know anything about psychology to know the boy in his bed had built a wall around himself and watched him through a tiny crack in his shield, warily. “It isn’t the first time you tell me you can’t do anything when we’re together,” Dean stated. “So maybe you’d like to tell me what’s going on in your head right now?” Dean was genuinely sincere, and his voice was soft and inviting.

Sam’s hazel eyes were wide open but his lips remained sealed. His heart was beating quickly as Sam thought of what to say.

“I just can’t.”

“And why is that?”

There. There it was. The one question Sam could not, for the sake of his family, answer. Yet, he didn’t want to lie to Dean.

“I’m sorry…” he said, for lack of better words.

Dean found Sam’s hand and pulled it closer to his body. He squeezed gently and waited a moment more.

“I…” Sam began. ‘I can't have an orgasm’, Sam thought with despair. His heart skipped a beat and his tongue felt thick with embarrassment in his mouth, making it difficult to speak. “I’m not supposed to...”

Dean looked at the boy carefully. Even though Sam wasn’t making much sense, he was visibly
disturbed and Dean couldn’t help but wonder.

“You’ve told me before that you don’t touch yourself. Is it really true?”

Sam struggled with what to say. The words kept pouring into his mouth like water from a dam, but every time he tried to speak they shattered against his lips and died before he let them out.

“My dad…” he eventually said. “He says I shouldn’t.”

Dean studied the way Sam looked so uncomfortable and nervous. He wished he knew exactly what was behind those feelings. Since Sam was clearly holding back something, Dean kept trying to think of what could possibly be happening with the kid.

He thought of Sam’s life behind the mansion walls and of his classes with Bobby, in the church, and something occurred to him.

“Is it because of religion?” Dean knew that some people took chastity very seriously. He’d had sex with a few girls who had, for a while, been obsessed about waiting for marriage because of their faith, until the moment they just couldn’t wait anymore. Whereas some of these girls had been dying to get a taste of life and enjoy themselves, others confessed they felt just too guilty whenever they had pleasure, even if they went at it solo. The fact was that Sam only left his home to go see a priest, inside a church, so perhaps the kid did grow up in some sort of cult that frowned upon sexual intercourse.

Religion? Sam thought about it. No. Not really. But it was a damn good excuse. Drinking blood might not exactly be what Bobby Singer preached about in his church, but the way his father’s need for blood shaped Sam’s life, what with all the restrictions that came with it, he could see the similarities.

“Kind of. It’s hard to explain.” Sam was chewing hard on his bottom lip.

Dean wondered what he could say to get more information from Sam. The boy was struggling with his words, and definitely hiding something.

“So your dad wants you to remain a virgin, is that right?” he asked, trying to offer some help for Sam to open up.

The boy let out a deep sigh and nodded.

“And how do you feel about it? I know it’s your dad and it’s hard to ignore the things we are taught when we’re growing up, I mean, I know how hard family can be…but how is it like for you? Do you agree with him? Do you want to wait?”

“No, I don’t.” Sam said, and it was like his chest felt light with a straightforward, honest answer.

“So I don’t understand what’s keeping you. You’re a guy; it’s not like your dad or anyone has a way of knowing if you had sex or not. You’d have to tell them yourself.”

That’s where Dean was terribly wrong, and there was just no way of making him see that.

Sam licked at his lips and didn’t say anything.
“Is that why you don’t touch yourself? Has anyone told you it’s wrong or dirty?”

Again, it wasn’t a religious issue, but Sam could relate a lot to that train of thought.

“Kind of…” he said in a small voice.

“Sammy…” Dean smiled softly. “It’s not like they will know if you do something. You can jerk off as much as you want and it’s not like they’ll be able to see it in your eyes,” he said, amused.

Once again Dean was wrong, but Sam just couldn’t tell him that.

“Let me ask you something…” Dean went closer to Sam in bed and placed a hand on Sam’s knee.

Sam’s heart rate responded immediately to the feeling of Dean’s nose grazing the curve of his neck. He swallowed hard and his balls ached with impossible arousal.

“That time in the elevator, on your birthday…” Dean began. His voice was barely above a whisper into Sam’s ear. “I pressed against you, I could feel your hard-on against my thigh…”

Sam breathed forcefully through his nostrils and bit hard on his bottom lip.

“Tell me, did you come?”

Sam shut his eyes and it took him a few seconds to try and steady his breathing. That moment in the elevator was still very intense, and Dean’s breath tickling his skin made it that much harder.

“Yes…” Sam whispered, painfully aroused at the memory.

Dean licked his lips and kissed the spot right behind Sam’s ear, slow and wetly. He loved the way the boy’s skin broke into goosebumps.

“And that wasn’t bad, was it? Do you remember how it felt?”

Sam nodded quickly, and when Dean pulled away to look into his eyes Sam was shaking lightly.

“Then why can’t we do that again?” Dean arched his eyebrows seductively.

He didn’t understand, and Sam couldn’t blame him. That night, on Sam’s birthday, everything had been different. To begin with, Sam had been caught completely off guard. He had had no idea what to expect, which made the arousal that built up quickly and unexpectedly much more than he could have handled. Besides, Sam didn’t know who Dean was that night. As far as he was concerned, that was a face Sam would not see again. If he lost control and came in his pants, there was nothing to lose, nothing but the consequences he might have to face with his angry dad. Perhaps Azazel would have hit him or punished him in some painful way, but Sam’s heart wouldn’t have broken as it would if it happened now.

After a few weeks of these secret encounters, sneaking out of class to be with Dean, there was too much at stake. If Sam lost control and came, and if his dad found out, Sam would never be allowed out of the mansion again, and now Dean was not just a charming stranger—he was someone Sam wanted to be close to, someone he liked way too much for his own sake. Now there was a lot to lose if he let it go.
Sam didn’t care about the physical punishment he might face, but not seeing Dean again because he couldn’t control his urges would hurt him badly.

Dean wondered once again about the many thoughts he could almost see dancing in Sam’s attentive eyes. The boy was studying him carefully, and Dean could tell he was still holding back.

“Can I ask you something? Will you give me an honest answer?”

“I can try,” Sam said quickly, and Dean chuckled.

The older man let his palm run up and down Sam’s thigh, not to provoke, but to soothe and try to put him at ease.

“Are you afraid of having sex?” Dean understood that whatever Sam’s crazy father had taught him played an important role in the way Sam held back when they were together, but as far as he could see it, if Sam really wanted to deepen their intimacy, there was nothing stopping him, nothing except, perhaps, for his own fear of sex.

Sam immediately thought of the pictures he had seen on his father’s patient file at the hospital. He cast a side glance in Dean’s direction before looking away.

“You can tell me, it’s okay,” Dean encouraged him. “I really wanna know what’s going on in your head.”

“Maybe a little, yeah,” Sam admitted.

“Good. You should tell me stuff like that. I want to know how you feel about what we do, okay?”

Sam nodded without much certainty.

“Are you afraid of me?” Dean asked and his eyes turned serious.

“No,” Sam answered. He didn’t think Dean would hurt him, not intentionally anyway.

“Then what are you afraid of, mm?”

Sam thought of his father’s words telling him about the patient. He could hear his words saying that sometimes the person couldn’t stop, not until it was too late, not until there was serious injury for the person being penetrated.

“I…there are things I don’t really know…about, you know…about it.”

“About sex?” Dean did his best to refrain from smiling, but the truth was that Sam’s embarrassment was extremely endearing.

Sam nodded quickly.

“Well, then. Ask me. I have been around a little, some might say… Perhaps I can help,” he winked, and it made him look both playful and charming.

Sam thought once again of Dean’s alluring sex god reputation and he felt deliciously shy to have his full attention. It almost made up for all the fear.
“Does it hurt?” Sam asked, trying not to sound as embarrassed as he felt.

It was Dean’s turn to take a deep breath and ponder his next words.

“I’m not gonna lie to you, Sammy. Yes, there is some pain involved.”

Sam shut his eyes briefly and saw the nasty pictures again. He hoped the shudder that traveled him wasn’t visible.

“To be honest, I’ve never been on the receiving end of it. I’ve never bottomed, as people say.” And when Sam frowned, Dean went on. “The bottom is the guy who gets penetrated, and the top is the one doing that penetration, although a bottom can still be on top and be the bottom, if you know what I mean.”

Sam seemed confused. Dean chuckled.

“Anyway, from my experience, it can hurt a little, yes. Particularly when you’re not used to it. See, the rectum doesn’t stretch as much as a vagina, so it will hurt if the top is not careful or even if he’s just too big.”

Sam wouldn’t lie that the way Dean spoke about sex, so shameless and lightly, was extremely sensual. It spoke to the scientific side of Sam, at the same time it tried to make him relax. If Dean wasn’t embarrassed, why should he?

“That’s why we need to use lube. That thing I have in my first drawer, remember? You freaked out when you saw it.”

“Yes,” Sam smiled shyly at the memory.

“Besides, if I was the one about to have sex with you, I would want to prepare you very carefully.” Dean looked at the boy waiting for him to go on so eagerly and his cock twitched as he pictured his next words. “First, I would make sure you were beside yourself with pleasure. I would lick you and touch you until you were squirming beneath my fingers.”

Sam’s breathing pattern became slightly faster.

“I would make sure you were ready for my cock,” Dean licked his lips and his throat thickened with lust, “by stretching you with my fingers until you were just begging me to do it.”

For a moment they just looked at each other and listened to their louder breathing. Dean was eventually able to shake the feeling off and go on. “So yes, it’ll probably still sting a little, but I promise there’s much more pleasure than there is pain.”

“What if there’s an accident?”

“What do you mean?”

Sam kept thinking of the prolapse and ending up in his father’s hospital as a patient with that condition.

“You know…an accident,” Sam had thought Dean would know what he meant, considering it was
something that happened quite often according to his dad.

Dean shrugged. “Well, you’re supposed to go to the bathroom before you do that, and take a good long shower, you know, so there are no accidents…”

“No!” Sam burst out laughing. He felt a bit ashamed, right, but also highly amused at what Dean was thinking. “That’s not what I meant!” he laughed some more, but made a mental note to do just that if his life were ever his own to do with as he pleased.

“What do you mean, then?” Dean laughed too, delighted at the ringing sound of Sam’s laughter. He didn’t know what he loved the most about the boy, if it was his shyness, his curiosity, his laughter…

“I mean, when you can’t stop and then there’s a…” his smile faltered.

“Go on…” Dean encouraged him.

“When you can’t stop the fucking and the bottom ends up with an anal prolapse,” Sam said the words quickly because he was once again struggling with his shame.

Dean frowned. “What?”

“Yes.”

“No, I mean…prolapse? Where did you get this from?”

“It’s quite usual, isn’t it?”

“Ah, no it’s not.”

It was Sam’s turn to frown.

“Seriously, though, where did you see anything about it?” Dean grew curious, not to say worried. What kind of ideas did that boy really have about sex?

“I saw some pictures,” Sam said. “In dad’s office. He had that.”

“From just having sex?”

“I think he was raped. Or the guy who fucked him couldn’t stop. I can’t remember now. But I heard it’s common.”

“Who told you that?”

Sam didn’t want to say his dad did. He had a feeling Dean was about to express a much different view on the matter. Now, his dad was a doctor, why would he lie to him? Besides, Azazel had no idea his son was fooling around with Dean, so why would he go to the trouble of scaring him about sex? And anyway, Sam had found the pictures himself, his dad had had nothing to do with it.

Sam shrugged.

Dean had an idea what the answer to that was, and it angered him that Sam’s dad might have put this crazy idea in his head. Whatever sick religion he followed, he was a doctor for Christ’s sake. He
shouldn’t lie about that kind of stuff.

“Sam, I’ve never seen anyone have it in all my life. You know I’ve slept with many people, and I honestly don’t know how many guys I’ve fucked during these years…” Dean didn’t want to say that, but he needed to be honest. “Some of these guys, actually, a great deal of these guys had their first time with me, but most of them had been doing it for years. Nothing has ever happened. If the guy you saw on the photos was raped, well, I supposed it could happen. But still, it must have been one hell of a violent assault, and it has absolutely nothing to do with consensual sex.”

Sam seemed to consider it carefully.

“Besides, you were told a lie. How come the guy ‘couldn’t stop’? There is no such thing as can’t stop.”

“There isn’t?”

“I mean, there are a few moments when you’re about to come, and in those few seconds it’s virtually impossible to stop, that’s true. But those are seconds. To injure someone like what you saw it would have taken a guy pounding some other dude’s ass relentlessly despite the obvious pain the guy was in.”

That made sense, Sam thought. He didn’t know all the mechanics of sex, so it was easy to believe whatever he was told, but Dean, of all people, must know what he was talking about.

“So you can stop at any time if the other person is uncomfortable?”

“Of course! Just because you are in the middle of it, nothing stops one of the people involved from changing their minds. And then you stop, it doesn’t matter whether it’s a girl or a guy, a bottom or a top…if someone is getting hurt or if they decide they don’t want to have sex anymore, it’s over.”

Sam let that sink in. It felt good having talked to Dean about those things. It didn’t change his situation, but it was good nonetheless.

“You know,” Dean caressed Sam’s face. “Sometimes I get this feeling that you’re afraid to let it go, to lose control…”

‘Yes,’ Sam thought.

“Nothing needs to happen between us, alright? I would never force you to do something you’re not ready to. But I wish you could relax when we’re together. There’s something called foreplay…”

Dean licked his lips unconsciously. “something at which I’m quite good at, truth be told,” he chuckled and arched his eyebrows.

Sam smiled, he was relishing the warm feeling of Dean’s fingers on his cheek and neck.

“Just because we do something it doesn’t mean we’re going all the way. You have already touched me, and if you let me touch you, that’s all it needs to be. There’s a lot I can do to you and you can do to me; we can have a lot of fun before you decide you want to have actual sex.”

Again there was the wall between them, the secrets about his life in the mansion, the blood secret that prevented Sam from agreeing with Dean and relaxing under his touch. Yes, he was a bit afraid of the pain, but that wasn’t a big deal. If Sam didn’t have his dad and the blood feeding, he was sure he
would have already given in and allowed Dean to show him just how good it could be between them. Sam wanted it.

“Thank you.”

“For what?”

“For answering my questions.”

Dean laughed. He looked deeply into Sam’s eyes and drew closer for a kiss. Their lips touched leisurely and they kissed softly for a long time. When the kiss broke, Dean’s hand was still at the back of Sam’s neck, stroking rhythmically.

“I want to have sex with you, you know that. But that’s not all I want. I haven’t really been with anyone else because you’re all I think about.” Dean felt his insides go shaky with the revelation.

“I don’t want to disappoint you,” Sam said, unable to hide his anxiety. He began to understand that it was too late. He had been so worried about getting hurt if they had to stop meeting each other, that he didn’t realize Dean too might suffer. Sam grew quiet as sadness crept into his thoughts, and it must have shown on his face because Dean felt the need to say something.

“Listen, I’m not pressuring you to do anything, okay? I want you to feel good with me, I want you to relax. And if you chose to have sex with me, then you can be sure I’ll love every minute of teaching you to enjoy yourself. But you don’t owe me anything.”

“I want to,” Sam confessed. “I want to be with you…” Sam wanted it so much that it hurt. He wanted to feel Dean’s skin on his; he wanted to be Dean’s to do with as he pleased, because he knew Dean would make him feel good and safe. But Sam couldn’t turn his back on his only family. He couldn’t make his dad hate him. He honestly didn’t know what to do.

Dean pulled Sam close and hugged him. Sam hugged back and didn’t say anything. Even though Sam still couldn’t tell Dean the whole truth as to why he couldn’t do what they both wanted, today wasn’t the day when they would have to say goodbye. If it all came down to being with Dean or exposing his father in a way that could have him killed, Sam just wouldn’t know what to do. Fortunately for him, he wouldn’t have to decide anything today.

“Does it mean you want to see me again?” Sam asked tentatively, but there was a smile on his lips as he buried his face against Dean’s neck.

“What do you think?” Dean tickled him and Sam jumped and squirmed against him.

“NO!” he cried and laughed.

Perhaps, Sam thought vaguely, keeping this on just to have to end it abruptly was way too cruel on them. The smart thing to do was just to stop everything before they went too far, before they got too hurt.

“Of course I want to see you. I want to see you tomorrow, and the day after that, and after that…” Dean planted butterfly kisses on the curve of Sam’s neck as the boy writhed with pleasure.

Tomorrow he would end this. Or the day after that, perhaps.
But not today. Definitely not today.

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tbc...
Chapter 27

John would regret his decision of giving his baby up every day of his life since the moment he walked out of that hospital, but it wasn’t until he saw the blood in Azazel’s mouth that he realized it had been a terrible mistake.

At first, even though it broke his heart, John still thought he had made the right call for the infant. In the beginning, he was so numb with losing Mary that he hardly gave it much thought, but as the months started to pass and the grief started to settle in his heart without the ferocity from before, John began to think more and more of the baby he had seen unconscious in the hospital the day his wife had died.

The first time John looked for Azazel again it had been six months from the day he had chosen to give his son up. The doctor had met John in his office and they had talked for a while.

“John Winchester…hello, my friend. How are you holding up?”

John took a seat in front of the doctor’s desk and sighed deeply. The wound was still bleeding and upon seeing Azazel’s yellow eyes John felt the same piercing pain that gripped his heart when he had seen his wife covered in blood six months ago.

“I’m getting by…thanks for seeing me.”

“Of course. What can I do for you?” Azazel didn’t want to see John Winchester again, but of course he knew that wouldn’t be possible. Besides, that man in front of him didn’t look as if he was there to get his son back. He was still the same grief ridden, defeated man Azazel had handled before, albeit it a little more under control.

“I just…I’ve been wondering you know…about, about the baby, Sam…” John licked at his lips and his chest tightened. “You said he might have just hours or days to live…and I never heard anything, so I just figured I’d ask, you know…” he trailed off.

Azazel nodded with understanding.

“You would like to know if he’s still alive?”
“Yes.” John didn’t know how much he wanted the baby to be alive until he heard it out loud.

“He’s a little miracle, John. Samuel is alive and well.”

“Oh…” a wave of relief traveled him and John smiled lightly.

“I run some tests on him every now and then, because there’s still no telling whether there will be any serious consequences for him in the long run, but so far he seems to be developing like any normal child.”

“I…I’m glad to hear that.”

Azazel narrowed his eyes and focused John intently. “Are you? Really?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?” John frowned and sounded outraged.

Azazel sighed. “I’m sorry. That’s just me being protective. I remember telling you that Samuel had slim chances of surviving even for the next hours, and yet, he seems to be growing into a healthy boy. I guess I’m afraid you’ll want him back,” Azazel tested the waters.

“You also said there was a chance he would be a normal boy,” John pointed out.

“Yes, I did.” Azazel nodded with acknowledgment.

John looked around as if he was searching for words. “Look…I still have nightmares about that night and all that blood and that quiet baby just lying there. If I had to go back on time and be faced with the same decision, I’d still want what was best for the baby. Perhaps he’s only alive now because he has a doctor near him all the time. Yes, it’s my son, and I wish I could keep him, but I’m a man of my word. That child is not a puppy that will get passed around. I wouldn’t want to mess with his life now, even though he’s still young. I suppose you and him have already developed a bond or something…”

“We have,” Azazel said. “I love that baby, John. I’ve loved him since the first time he was in my arms and his life was hanging by a thread. You might think this is crazy, but it feels like he was put in my life for me to save him.” Azazel said exactly what John needed to hear.

The mechanic nodded.

“I can imagine that. After only six months I could no longer imagine anyone taking Dean away from me.”

“I’m glad you understand it. And everything I said before remains true. Samuel will have everything he ever needs, not only concerning his health condition. He’ll be the Prince of the empire I’m building, and one day he’ll inherit everything I have.”

“It’s not about the money…” John sounded hurt.

“Forgive me,” Azazel said quickly. “I know it isn’t. But I just want you to know the boy will have everything I can offer. He’s my son now, and I’ll make sure his life is good.”

“Thank you…”
“Is that all, John? Forgive me if I sound indelicate, but I have a busy schedule this afternoon…”

“Yes, yes… that was all.” John got up but seemed hesitant as he reached for the door. “Would it be okay if I dropped by every now and then just to get some news on Sam?” John’s throat was tight. “It wouldn’t be all the time, I promise. And I don’t wanna get in the way of your relationship with him, no… it’s just to know how he is, you know, how he’s growing, and if…”

“Yes, John,” Azazel interrupted him. “That would be alright. You’ve given me the most precious thing in my life, so of course I can give you updates on him.”

“Thank you.” John looked grateful as he stood by the door.

“It’s my pleasure.”

During Sam’s childhood, in the years that followed Mary’s death and his birth, John paid Azazel visits in the hospital every three to four months. His visits were always brief, not longer than fifteen minutes, and John got to hear the doctor tell him how well Sam was doing, that he was learning to walk and to talk, and pretty soon that he was learning to read and write too. The miracle boy, as Azazel referred to him, who against all the odds was proving to be not only a normal kid, but a very bright one, too.

John was always respectful of Azazel’s relationship with the kid. When John made his choice, he knew there was no coming back. He was grateful for Sam’s life, even if he could not be a part of it. He supposed Mary would have understood him in the end.

Everything had been smooth sailing for years because John never once imagined there was anything wrong about what happened that the day in the hospital, and he never had reason to be suspicious of the doctor who delivered Sam, because even though Azazel had those weird yellow eyes, he had always been good to John’s family. He had offered to take his sick kid and nurse him to a healthy life! John thought he was lucky that Azazel had been there at the right time to take care of Sam when John certainly couldn’t have.

A few years after Mary’s death, John and Bobby Singer went from well-known acquaintances to very good friends. John knew what had happened to Bobby’s pregnant wife—hell, the entire town did—and the painful coincidence had drawn them to each other, almost inevitably.

Together, the mechanic and the priest spent countless nights drinking and talking, and hunting too. Bobby hadn’t been a priest for a long time, and he was able to enjoy the rough nights in the woods talking about everything and anything, drinking and falling asleep under the sky, coming home with a hell of a hangover the next day.

John was also aware that Bobby took special pleasure in looking after Dean. He knew Bobby’s pain from having fatherhood taken away from him so abruptly and cruelly, and John was happy to let Bobby into Dean and his lives, specially since Bobby was such a good influence on the boy.

Bobby was knowledgeable and a very good teacher, and it was no surprise that the town’s most wealthy wanted his help to homeschool his son. When Bobby told John that he would be going into Azazel’s mansion to teach the Prince, John’s heart raced. Of course Bobby didn’t know who said prince was. Everyone in town knew that Azazel had a son, and that he sometimes took the kid to the hospital for check ups, but no one could really say what he looked like since he didn’t go out much.
John thought that Azazel overprotected the kid, perhaps because of what had happened in the past. It wasn't like John could really do something about it, though. What would he do? Walk up to the kid, tell him he was his real daddy and bring him back into his life? The more years passed, the more complicated things became. Sam was no longer a baby, and he certainly had his life established by now. He wouldn't need anyone messing with that. So, as far as John was concerned, Azazel had no reason not to let the kid venture outside his walls, but perhaps the doctor enjoyed the mystery around his heir.

Even though John often felt compelled to tell Bobby everything, in one of their drunken nights sharing their pain, he had never said anything, not until he saw the blood and things changed. Before that, John had to make do with what little information Bobby sometimes let slip from his time with prince Samuel in the mansion. John knew Bobby didn’t like to talk much about it, and he was pretty sure Azazel appreciated him a lot for the discretion. That didn’t mean John didn’t probe a few times.

“So…heard you’re teaching Azazel’s mysterious son. How’s that going?” John asked casually after a few beers.

Bobby shrugged, as he always did whenever someone asked him about Sam. “It’s okay. Just like any other job I had before. I teach, he learns.”

“I’m pretty sure it ain’t like other jobs, though,” John tried. “I mean, that kid lives behind closed walls all the time. Few people know what he looks like. For all I know you might be teaching a horrendously deformed kid.” John’s heart raced. He sometimes dreamed of Sam, even though he had no idea what he looked like now.

Bobby laughed warmly. He drank more from his beer and shook his head lightly. “You and a lot of other people say the same. Trust me, prince Samuel is like any other kid his age.”

“He is?”

“Yeah.” Bobby didn’t share details of his meetings with Sam with anyone else, but John was his best friend, and they had had a few beers, so Bobby just went on a bit more.

“Sure he doesn’t have two heads or anything like it?”

Bobby chuckled. “The prince is like any other kid. Though he’s very sharp. He doesn’t go out much, but that boy learns fast.”

“Oh, really?” Deep inside, even though Bobby couldn’t know, John beamed with pride. “And what does he look like?” John hoped his question still sounded casual, but he was aware of the curious look Bobby gave him.

“Why would you want to know that?”

“Just curious, like everyone else.” John said quickly.

Bobby went quiet. So much time passed that John didn’t think the priest would speak again, until he did.

“He hasn’t got yellow eyes.”
It was John’s turn to laugh a small and nervous laughter. “Well, I guess that’s something. Cheers, Bobby. A toast to normally-eyed people!”

“You’re drunk, John,” Bobby said as he raised his drink.

“So are you.”

The two men toasted and drifted into other topics, and that night John dreamed of the baby he had left in the hospital room. Except that in his dream the baby was not unconscious, because in the dream the baby was staring back at him with huge, yellow eyes. That night John had woken up perspiring and cold, and he had not fallen back into sleep again.

For years, Bobby and Azazel were both sources of scarce information John had on his son. He was content with what he got, because even though learning about Sam was important to him, it also hurt like hell. John went to his occasional appointments with Azazel in the hospital, usually after business hours, and he took advantage of the eventual drunk conversation with the priest to hear a story or two about the boy that Bobby might let slip. It wasn’t much, but it was what John assumed he deserved after having giving the boy up.

Because he had told Dean that both his mom and the baby had died, there was no one in his life who could remind him of Sam, no one except for Mary and the baby in his dreams. But those were demons John had to accept, and perhaps he would have lived with them during all of his life if he hadn’t walked into Azazel’s office that night, unannounced, to find him drinking from a blood bag.

John wasn’t crazy. There had been blood on the doctor’s mouth and on his white shirt. It was there, red against white, and after seeing that nothing could go back to what it was.

John wasn’t sure how he got home that night. The more he tried to tell himself that he was going crazy, the more he kept seeing it over and over again—the yellow eyed doctor drinking from a blood bag.

When John walked inside, he found Bobby and Dean putting together a puzzle on the floor.

“Hey John, are you alright?” Bobby frowned, got up and walked towards his friend.

John didn’t say anything. His breathing was still uneven and he supposed his face still showed his shock.

“Yeah, I’m fine.”

“Really? Because it looks as if you’ve seen a ghost or something.”

“Or something,” John mumbled.

“What?”

John shrugged his thoughts off and tried to clear his head. He needed to think about what he had seen, and for that he needed to be alone.

“Thanks for watching him, Bobby. You can go now.”
“Are you sure? If something happened I could stay a bit longer..”

“Nah, it’s fine. See you tomorrow, right?”

“Right…” Bobby nodded and left, even though he was sure something had happened with his friend.

“Dean, it’s way past your bedtime. C’mon.”

“Aw, dad. Just let me finish this.”

“C’mon. Go to bed. You can do this tomorrow.” John watched as his kid muffled a groan and got up, disappearing into his room moments later.

Alone, John sat down and ran his fingers through his hair as his mind worked furiously.

What did that blood mean? There was no way the doctor had been drinking it. But he was, and John was sure of that. There must be a reason for that to have happened, some kind of medical motive or anything scientific that could account for that bizarre behavior.

John tried to come up with something, but his mind couldn’t give him any logical explanation for what he had seen. Unless, John thought, and then a cold chill ran up and down his spine, there was none. If John let go of logic and delved into the mysteries of the unknown, he felt tempted to connect Azazel’s gleaming yellow eyes to some kind of supernatural condition.

“He must be some sort of…,” John whispered softly and trailed off. His heart raced and his head hurt. “I’m going batshit crazy,” he ended up saying. There was no way that was even a thing. There were no such things as supernatural creatures. “I need to get some sleep.”

John went to bed and tried to relax, but his mind kept going back to the blood stain on the doctor’s clothes.

During the days following John’s weird meeting with Azazel, the mechanic could not think of anything else. He had the feeling he was going crazy, but he couldn’t let it go. If that yellow eyed man was anything but human, then John needed to know, because that man, that…thing, had his son! And when John started to think that his kid was in danger, he started asking Bobby for all the literature his friend had on ancient History and Anthropology and Myths, anything Bobby, as a biologist, a professor and a priest, was able to collect during his life. And after reassuring his friend that John had grown a vague interest for folklore and the like, which John was pretty sure Bobby didn’t believe one bit, John delved into the literature he could find.

The more he read, the more convinced John grew that he wasn’t going crazy. He knew what he had seen, and it was there in the old books Bobby had lent him. No, it still didn’t make much sense, but John couldn’t ignore his gut feeling any longer. The problem was that if he was right about it, and John just knew he was, then what the hell was he supposed to do?

Azazel had his son! And by now Sam was a grown boy, so it was not like John could just march past the mansion’s doors and get him back. It was not like Azazel would let him anywhere near the boy anyway. And then there was Bobby, who had seen his kid, and who told him stories about Sam and his learning. It was not like Azazel was hurting the kid, right? John believed Bobby when he
told him that ‘the prince’ was a smart and healthy boy.

Nonetheless, the whole think certainly made John question what had happened so far in his life. If what he thought was true, then what the hell had happened to Mary? John felt his head spin at the thought. What if her death hadn’t been an accident? What if… But John had seen the unconscious baby…so his wife must have had a difficult labor, unless…unless Azazel did something to the kid, too, unless he planned everything and…

John slammed the book shut and breathed hard. He had been reading up on ancient lore for three weeks now. His head was throbbing and his heart was thudding. No. That was too evil. The thought that Azazel had had it all planned was just too cruel. If that was true then the doctor was actually a murderer. It could not be. Perhaps the best thing would be to pretend nothing had happened. Perhaps if he could just convince himself that none of what he had seen was real and then just move on with his life…

John felt anguished. He looked at the picture frame and his smiling Mary looking back at him. It tugged at all the strings in his heart and made John open the book once again, back at the same page.

He stared at the photo and ran his fingertip over the text. He made up his mind and got up.

“Dean?” John walked into his sleeping son’s room and called. “Dean?”

The boy rolled in his bed and mumbled something.

“I need to go outside for a moment. You can be by yourself, right?”

“Yeah. But why? Where?”

“I need to see someone.”

“Everything alright, dad?”

“Yes.” John was thankful for the darkness of the room so his son couldn’t see his distressed face. “Go back to sleep. I’ll be back soon. I’ll lock the door.”

“Okay.”

John turned around and left his home, and he didn’t look back as he walked the empty streets of Glasstown at night. He didn’t stop until he was knocking on the door ahead of him, demanding to be let in at three in the morning. He had to knock loudly, but after five minutes or so someone answered him.

“Jesus fucking Christ, John!” Bobby swore as he wrapped himself tighter around his coat. Priest or not, it was a freezing night and he wasn’t happy about being up in the middle of the night.

“Bobby, we need to talk.”

“What the hell is so important that can’t wait till the morning?”

“It’s Azazel.”
“What about him?” Bobby looked puzzled.

“He’s a vampire.”

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tbc...
Sam couldn’t stop thinking about Dean. It didn’t matter how much he tried to get his mind off the older guy, his thoughts kept coming back to Dean and his beach shack, Dean and the ocean, Dean and his smooth, ripped chest and the arms that held him tight and protectively.

Now that he knew what Dean looked like when he came, it was even harder trying not to think about it all the time. Sam couldn’t sleep or eat, or even study as he used to. His hormones were raging, demanding, begging, shattering him inside, and it was no surprise that his sex dreams grew vivid with details and urgency.

He had to finish his assignment, but it was nearly impossible to focus. Sam was sitting on Dean’s lap as his homework lay on the desk, right in front of him. He looked at the paper and fidgeted with the pencil in his hand, but he couldn’t ignore Dean’s arm around his torso, neither could he pretend the hand sliding beneath his shirt to go and tease his nipples wasn’t killing him.

“Dean, I can’t. I gotta finish my homework. I have to study. If anyone finds out…” he babbled but his voice faded when Dean’s fingers flicked over his nipples.

Sam bit back a moan and pressed down hard onto Dean’s lap. He shuddered at the hard-on he felt against the crease of his ass.

“What’s keeping you?” Dean murmured hotly into his ear. “Go and do your homework, by all means, I ain’t here to disturb you.” He chuckled warmly, and the sound was wet against Sam’s ear, and the goosebumps broke all over his skin.

“Dean…” Sam protested half-heartedly when Dean unbuttoned his jeans and unzipped them. In a few moments, Sam felt Dean slide his underwear a little and free Sam’s erection. “Please…”

“Just do your homework. I’ll be real quiet…” Dean chuckled again, the sound was like liquid fire pouring in Sam’s veins.
He looked at the homework and tightened his hand around the pencil, but when Dean’s fist started to work, stroking the length of him up and down, Sam moaned and tossed his head back.

“What is it? You seem distracted,” Dean teased. “Go do your homework, c’mon,” he bit back a laugh and squeezed the cock in his hand.

Sam squirmed in Dean’s lap. “I…I can’t…it feels too good, I can’t think…” He could feel each one of Dean’s fingers wrapped around his cock, and his skin was burning hot, and Dean’s hand was slick with his arousal, and Sam knew he wouldn’t last because nothing had ever felt that good.

“Dean…please…” Sam’s hips began to move as the hand picked up speed.

“Please what? Are you gonna come all over your homework? It might get pretty dirty, you know…” Dean’s voice had dropped to something impossibly hot, and Sam was losing control.

“Oh, God…oh….”

Sam felt his balls tighten and his cock throb. He could almost taste his climax when suddenly he was pulled out of his dream.

“Wake up, Prince. Wake up. You’re not supposed to have these kinds of dreams.”

Crowley’s voice seemed like something surreal, out of a nightmare, perhaps, but it wouldn’t be long until Sam realized that said voice, and not him thrusting into Dean’s hand as his orgasm neared, was the reality.

Sam was breathing heavily and his hair was stuck to his neck and cheeks because of the thin layer of sweat covering him.

The arousal was still pounding in his ears and Sam couldn’t shake it off. He was so close, so fucking close…if he reached down his hand and just—

“Prince, what the hell are you doing? No!” Crowley slapped Sam’s hand away when the boy tried to stroke himself.

“Crowley?” Sam sounded confused at first, and most of all hurt for having been pulled out so abruptly from the amazing dream he was having.

“That’s right. You need to calm down. You were having a wet dream and I’m pretty sure you were about to…”

Sam wasn’t listening anymore. His cock was pulsing and his thoughts were blurred. His eyes were closed and he could still smell Dean’s aftershave and feel his fingers on his skin. Sam was desperately aroused, and he reached down again, faster this time, knowing that a couple of strokes would be enough to end that agony and…

“Prince! What the hell?” Crowley held Sam’s right wrist and frowned. “Have you not heard me? Wake up, already. The dream is over.”

“Screw you!” Sam barked, and there were tears in his voice. He was so turned on that it physically hurt. His balls were tight and heavy, and he could feel the wetness in the spot where his briefs touched the tip of his cock. “Leave me the fuck alone!” Sam cried and tried to get away from
Crowley’s grip on him.

The older man looked worriedly at the boy and thought fast about the situation. That had never happened before. Perhaps he had interrupted the prince a few seconds before his orgasm, maybe it was that. The fact was that Sam was fighting him and it didn’t look as if he would calm down and obey.

“Prince? Prince, you need to listen to me. The dream is over. Open your eyes, go take a shower if you must. You need to go back to sleep. You know you can’t do that,” Crowley explained.

“You don’t fucking own me!” Sam narrowed his eyes and sat up in bed. He was in so much agony he couldn’t think straight. All he needed was to come, just this once, just now. His body was begging him, melting down as his nerves were all wired up with heat. “Go away!”

Crowley let go of him momentarily and Sam turned around in bed so he was lying on his stomach. He shut his eyes and rubbed against the mattress. He didn’t give a shit if Crowley was still there watching him; it was not about pleasure anymore, it was about pain and need, and Sam thought he would cry if he couldn’t find release.

“Prince, stop it!” Crowley grabbed Sam by the shoulders and turned him around in bed. As the boy struggled fiercely against him, Crowley knew he couldn’t handle it alone anymore. “That’s it. I’m getting your father.”

Sam stopped moving, his body tense and hurting, his heart racing when Crowley got up quickly, yelled at a woman to go get the master and rushed back to the bed. The word ‘father’ had a powerful effect on him. Sam stopped trying to finish himself off. Instead, he lay in bed shaking with the need to find an orgasm, the pain and the pleasure making him tingle and ache, and making his rational brain shut down almost completely.

Sam didn’t know how long it was. Every second felt like an eternity. The dream was still powerfully vivid in his mind, and Sam’s cock throbbed at the feelings it evoked. He could feel the engorged head of his dick pulsing, begging for a little touch, just a little bit and then it would be bliss, sweet relief just a few strokes away…

“I’m here. What happened?” Azazel walked into the room and looked at the scene. In the bed, the boy was shuddering and shivering, Azazel could see the tremors even from a distance. He looked into Crowley’s eyes and waited.

“I stopped him from having a wet dream. He’s having…trouble letting it go. I didn’t know what to do in order to stop him.”

Azazel looked at the boy again, and when he took a deep breath and concentrated, he could smell the air charged with pheromones.

“You did well. Go now, Crowley. I’ll handle this.”

Crowley nodded. He was more than happy to oblige. He hated this part of his job. He didn’t like what he had to do to the prince, but far from him to disrespect the loyalty he owed Azazel. He left quickly and hoped for the best.

“Prince?” Azazel pulled the sleeping robe around himself and tied it more firmly before sitting by the headboard of Sam’s bed.
Sam gasped and panted. His eyelids fluttered shut and he licked at his dry lips.

“Dad, please…” Sam didn’t even know what he was begging for. Whether it was for simple release, right now, from all the need that had built up inside, or whether it was the much needed release from all of this, all these crazy restrictions in his life.

“Tell me, baby. What’s going on?” Azazel spoke gently, his fingers running through Sam’s sweaty hair.

“I need to finish…please…” Sam’s dick was painfully hard, his balls aching and throbbing and it wasn’t good, it was just desperate. “Just this once, just now…”

Azazel sighed. “Samuel…no one said that being a prince was easy. You know there are sacrifices. Right now you’re going through one of the many you will yet face. You know you can handle this. You’re strong enough to.”

“I’m not,” Sam cried. This time he could feel the tears coming. It was exasperating, because his throat was so dry he couldn’t even swallow, and yet, warm water poured freely down his eyes. “I can’t do this anymore. It hurts…”

“Shhh….”

Sam couldn’t control himself. His hand moved beneath the sheets to try and grab his cock and jerk it, because he couldn’t stand it anymore, but of course the hand was intercepted before it even got below his navel. “Dad, please….” Sam felt the salty tears between his lips. “It hurts. It physically hurts,” he blurted.

“I know it does, honey. I don’t think for one moment this is easy. That’s why you’re my strong boy. You’re gonna make me very proud because you’re stronger than this,” Azazel encouraged him.

“Can’t I have this one time? Please….please, Dad, just tonight, just let me…” Sam begged shamelessly. The agony eating him up had made sure his shame was long gone.

“Samuel…” Azazel’s voice was stern.

“Please…” Sam insisted. He looked into his dad’s yellow eyes. “I won’t do it again. I promise. It’s just tonight, just now. Just this once…” he pleaded. “Just so it won’t hurt.”

“Samuel, you know I can’t let you do that.”

“Daddy, please…” a sob escaped his throat and Sam bit down on his lip to muffle the pitiful sound of his crying.

“It pains me to see you suffering, dear, but if I open an exception now, you know what will happen. This will eventually lead to more exceptions, and I need you to be a strong boy; you need to learn to be bigger than your needs. Trust me, Samuel, I’m helping you when I do this, even though you can’t see it now.” Azazel lied through his teeth because he understood how important it was to keep Sam in line. Give the boy enough testosterone soaring through his system and pretty soon the little Winchester would grow to be the warrior that lived in his blood.

“It hurts so much. I wish it’d just go away…” Sam grimaced and shut his eyes.
“You know, I could help you relieve some of this tension. Get the blood flowing better.”

Sam looked into his dad’s eyes and watched when Azazel took his arm and caressed his wrist softly. He then watched as his hand was brought closer to his dad’s mouth and the fangs were exposed. Sam sighed softly when Azazel started drinking.

The prince’s blood was filled with hormones, and not to Azazel’s liking, but still, even though Samuel’s blood was brimming with libido, it still tasted better than anything Azazel had ever had. He drank at leisure and for a long time. Eventually, Sam’s hectic heartbeats started to slow down, and the heavy and clipped breathing rolled back into a quieter pattern.

“Are you feeling better?” Azazel asked. He had already drunk a substantial amount of blood, but he knew he could drink even more before it was no longer safe.

“Sleppy,” Sam admitted. His erection was slowly waning, but the feeling of heaviness and the pain in his balls became somewhat worse.

“That’s good, sweetie. Daddy will drink more and before you know it you’ll be back asleep.”

The more Azazel drank, the less aroused Sam felt. The blood drinking usually had him aroused at first, because Azazel ended up touching him in ways Sam wasn’t touched by anyone, and his body didn’t quite know how to react to it. But as the drinking progressed, Sam’s alertness faded and it was difficult to hang on to his thoughts. The blood loss made him sleepy and right now, thank goodness, it freed him from the painful grip of sexual urgency.

“Dad…” Sam spoke softly, the words a bit slurred.

“Yes, love?”

“Why me?” Sam was only vaguely aware of what was going through his head.

“What do you mean?”

“Why can’t I be normal like everyone else?”

“Because…” Azazel smiled and caressed Sam’s face again. He let his palm rest on the boy’s forehead for a moment. “you have the blood of kings running in your veins.”

Sam blinked a couple of times. “I do?”

“Of course you do. You are a prince, aren’t you?”

“I thought this was just—” Sam was cut off by a deep yawn that broke past his lips. “Just…” he shrugged. He wasn’t sure what he thought anymore. “You know…”

Azazel let go of Sam’s wrist for a moment. The taste of blood tingled on his tongue.

“There’s ancient magic flowing through your veins, Samuel. You are a real prince.”

“Magic? How so?”
Azazel sank his teeth and drank more. He could feel Sam’s heartbeats become even slower.

“Remember the stories I used to read by your bed at night? About King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table?”

Sam nodded faintly. “The sword, Excalibur…”

“Right. The blood of king Arthur runs through you, Samuel.”

Sam was quiet for a long moment. He closed his eyes and Azazel thought he had fallen asleep. He drank quietly for a few more minutes.

“Those are just stories…” Sam opened his eyes again and frowned. “They aren’t real.”

“Go back to sleep, Prince. We can talk about this some other time.”

Sam parted his lips as if he would say something else, but his tongue was thick in his mouth and he could no longer tell his dreams from reality. It was too easy to just close his eyes and let go, and within seconds the boy was finally asleep again, peacefully this time.

“They are not just stories,” Azazel smiled knowingly as he got to his feet and licked his lips. He felt his body warm and vigorous after the feeding. “I would know. After all, I was there.”

As a vampire, Azazel had been around for a long, long time. So long that the years had ceased to matter, and for way too long he had roamed this earth as the vile creature he was, drinking blood, killing people, being hunted and having to run. Azazel knew very little about his maker. He had been turned into a vampire by some reckless yellow eyed man, in the middle of a freezing cold night in Eastern Europe, around the year one thousand. For years he was lost and confused, living in the shadows, killing animals and living off their blood to survive. For a vampire, it was possible to live off animal blood, but there was only so long one could do that before they started to lose their minds. Azazel had run into other vampires over the years, and he had seen what years of animal blood had done to them. Most ended up taking their own lives. The urge was eventually too great, and when humans started to get killed, the suspicions always rose. It was impossible to live in the same place for too long.

Even among people, the blood varied a lot. Most of the time Azazel was forced to drink from hookers or sailors, or homeless people who would hardly be missed. Whenever Azazel had a chance to drink from the nobility, however, he could taste the strength in their blood, he could see how much more powerful he felt. Good blood was the answer to staying sane and powerful throughout the years, and there was no better blood than magical blood, and Azazel was there when the magic started to fade in the world. Drinking from witches and wizards was one of the hardest things Azazel had ever done, but even though it had almost got him killed, it had been completely worth it. Wisdom, magic and power transferred to him and Azazel grew stronger, his immortality renewed. That was why he always took a keen interest on magic people from Avalon, and the powerful kings that rose and fell.

Nowadays, what is seen as myth, was once Azazel’s life. He was there when it all happened, and he knew the story that hadn’t made into the books full of tales.

Morgana La Fay was a powerful witch from Avalon who had been tricked into sleeping with her own brother, Arthur, inside a pagan ritual that resulted in a child born from incest. Mordred, their son, whose blood combined the royalty of Arthur and the magic of Morgana. Then there were the
knights, and among them, Arthur’s best friend, Lancelot. What most people didn’t know, because they weren’t there, obviously, and because they didn’t really believe these people had existed for real, was that Lancelot’s love for Arthur’s wife, Guinevere, was the closest Lancelot and Arthur could have to expressing their love for each other. Azazel was there, he saw things with his own eyes, and he heard things no one else could fathom. Guinevere, Arthur’s wife, was the connection between Lancelot and Arthur, the love they shared because they could not understand that their friendship was in fact soul-binding love. A love that could never be, even though Azazel was pretty sure that the excessive wine drinking might have led to a night or two of ‘unnatural’ behavior between the king and his trustworthy knight.

Lancelot, one of the finest warriors to ever walk this earth, had had a son of his own, Galahad, in whose blood flowed the bravery and fearlessness of his father.

What Sam had to do with all that?

Azazel kept track of everything. He had always dreamed of getting his hands on the holy grail of powerful blood, and that would be the combination of all the elements in the story. There was a prophecy about the child who would reunite Arthur and Lancelot, so they could be together at last, the same blood in one body, like they could never be when they were alive. It was written in old magic books that Azazel later found in Avalon before it all fell apart under the power of the church, and for hundreds of years he waited in silence, running and surviving, waiting to see whether the prophecy would be fulfilled. There were years of despair in which he thought he had lost track of the blood heirs, but Azazel was relentless, and in the end it had been worth it.

The blood lineage carrying both Arthur and Morgana’s blood that began with Mordred lived through the years, even though the Campbells had no idea they carried this legacy.

Lancelot’s blood had gone on through time and generations and was still pulsing strong in the veins of the Winchesters.

When Mary and John fell in love, they fulfilled the prophecy. They combined the blood of the incestuous child of Morgana and Arthur with Lancelot’s own blood heritage, unknowingly bringing together the soul mates, Arthur and Lancelot, so they became one. In the same blood there was the warrior, the witch and the king, which made the Winchester boys, Dean and Samuel, the highest prize a vampire could hope for.

When Azazel was able to track down the blood lineage again, he was faced with a four year old boy, Dean, and a pregnant Mary Winchester. His first thought was to rob the boy and flee for good into the shadows of the world, but by now Azazel had already heard of Lucifer, and the idea of no more running, of settling down and getting his hands on a baby, being able to raise him from the start into the perfect, consenting victim, and all that with the approval of one of the parents started to take shape quickly in his mind, and Azazel decided that patience would prevail over desperate want. What were a few months for someone who had waited centuries for the prophecy to come true?

If Azazel got his hands on any of the Winchester kids, if he could make sure that this kid remained pure, then he would have the strongest source of power, not to mention the sweetest blood any vampire could ever hope to taste, something that would keep him sharp in body and mind, something that would strengthen his supernatural powers the further he drank.

So long as the kid wasn’t allowed to indulge into libidinous acts, so long as testosterone, the bitter hormone that tainted the perfect blood could be kept to minimum levels, it would be easy to control the warrior streak and relish the royalty and the magic pumping hotly with every heartbeat.
After being presented with the dark gift and left to wander the earth alone like an animal for most of his existence, Azazel now had everything he wanted. With Samuel’s blood and Lucifer’s money, Azazel didn’t have to worry about living off animal blood and blood bags. As long as he had the boy, Azazel could relax and enjoy the pleasures of not having to run anymore. He knew Sam’s youth would not last forever, but he would relish the precious boy under his care for as long as he could. He would drink from Sam’s light until the moment came again for him to go back into the dark. And when that happened, he might still get lucky and end up with a child fathered by one of the brothers. God knew Dean Winchester slept around, so sooner or later he was bound to make a mistake.

Azazel cast a look at Samuel’s sleeping face. In his own twisted way, he loved the boy. After waiting so long for him, there was nothing Azazel wouldn’t do to protect him. After all, Samuel was the only carrier of the pure blood. His brother, Dean Winchester, spent his days corrupting his blood in vile ways. The feeling was selfish and wicked, but it was the closest to caring Azazel could possibly feel after the emptiness of so many years.

“Sweet dreams, my sweet prince.”

He kissed the boy’s forehead tenderly before walking out of the room and sending Crowley back inside.

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tbc...
When Sam woke up the following morning he had a throbbing headache, which happened invariably when his dad ended up drinking too much of his blood. When Sam thought about the previous night he remembered his dream and some fragments of his talk with his father.

“Morning, Prince.” Crowley pulled down the covers and checked on him.

“Morning,” Sam mumbled. He felt ashamed about the past night, and glad it was over. He remembered how desperate he had felt, and how hurting, too. He didn’t remember much else from the moment his dad started feeding on him, though.

“You have a day off today, so what would you like to do?”

Sam took a deep breath and thought about it. He needed physical exercise. His hormones were still soaring, and he knew he needed to let all that energy out somehow. Besides, he would have class in a couple of days. Unless he managed to blow off some steam he would be in trouble being next to Dean.

“Get someone to play racquetball with me.”

“All right. I’ll do that.”

Sam got up and went about his day. By midday Sam was tired and sweaty, but after a quick pause for something to eat in the kitchen he went to the pool, where he swam for another two hours. Before the night had fallen Sam was exhausted and sleepy, all of his muscles sore but relaxed. He would definitely need more of the same tomorrow if he wanted to keep sane; but most importantly, he would definitely have to do more of the same in the next days if he wanted to maintain control when he was next with Dean.

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When Sam walked into Bobby’s classroom in the church, part of him almost hoped Dean wouldn’t show up. Being so close to Dean and feeling his irresistible appeal was taking its toll on Sam, and he didn’t think he could…

“Hey.” Dean’s radiant smile lit up the room and Sam went weak in the knees. His heart fluttered with joy and all his worries melted in a pool of bliss.

“Hey.” he didn’t need a mirror to know his eyes were gleaming. His heart rattled in his chest when he caught Dean looking at him with the same glint in his eyes.
“Be careful and all that shit you know I’m gonna say.”

The two boys looked at Bobby briefly before disappearing past the door and into the dark corridor below the church.

“God, I missed you.” Dean pushed Sam against the wall and they kissed.

Sam let his hand travel to the back of Dean’s head and pulled his face closer, wanting to fall into the kiss. The gesture made Dean’s heart race with encouragement. He kissed the boy harder and pressed into him, and in a few minutes Sam was panting, reeling. ‘What am I doing?’ he thought. ‘I can’t… can’t play with fire, not in the state I am…’ he shut his eyes and summoned all the strength he could to gently, yet firmly, push Dean away.

“You okay?” Dean asked, breathless, as his lips tingled.

“Yeah…just,” Sam swallowed down his dry throat and simply smiled in the poorly lit place. He started towards the door and Dean followed him until they were outside. “What are the plans for today?”

Dean looked around. What could he possibly want to do besides touching Sam any way he could and talking to him and listening to him? “Maybe we could…” he began but Sam spoke again before he could go on.

“I have an idea. We could go jogging along the beach. I’ve seen people do that sometimes.”

Dean smiled and studied Sam with interest. “Is that why you are wearing running pants today?”

“And shoes,” Sam agreed, and Dean chuckled.

“And shoes.” He nodded.

“I could use the exercise.”

“Fine. Me too. We just need to stop by the shack quickly then. I’m gonna change into something more comfortable.” Dean pointed at his jeans.

“Right.” Sam smiled. Jogging seemed like a fine idea. Jogging seemed harmless and healthy, and a fantastic way to spend quality, safe time in Dean’s company.

They did as Dean suggested and went to the beach house where the older man changed from jeans to sweatpants, and also chose a more proper pair of shoes. Sam watched everything from the mirror in front of the bed. He loved how Dean was anything but shy when it came to undressing in front of him, and Sam pretended not to mind the sight of him in nothing but boxers for a few seconds.

“Let’s go?” Dean approached Sam from behind and the boy shuddered when Dean’s chin brushed softly against the curve of his neck. Their eyes met in the mirror and Sam nodded.

“Yeah. Let’s.”
They jogged for about an hour. The temperature was perfect and the beach provided an amazing view. That was so much better than the treadmills he had behind the walls. Sam loved the blue sky on top of them, the sound of the waves breaking on the shore, the feeling of the ocean breeze on his skin and hair…and having all that in Dean’s company was just perfect.

When they arrived back at the shack Dean was covered in sweat. He felt great after the workout, even though it wasn’t exactly what he had in mind when he saw Sam.

“Mind if I take a quick shower?” Sam asked.

“Not at all. I need to do the same,” Dean said, and then after a pause. “You could join me.”

Sam sucked in his breath and his eyes might have widened betrayingly.

“Relax… You can go. I’ll go after you.” Dean hadn’t thought Sam would have agreed to it, but it was worth the shot nonetheless.

“Thank you,” Sam said in a somewhat shy voice before he disappeared in the bathroom.

He came out a few minutes later, and it was Dean’s turn to wash off the sweat. When Dean left the bathroom, he saw Sam looking around.

“Hey,” he said.

“Hey.” Sam seemed edgy. Dean couldn’t quite put his finger to it, but there was something different to Sam today. Not that the boy wasn’t always a mystery, but today Sam seemed a bit fidgety and overly shy.

Dean studied him, head to toe, and a small devilish smile curved his lips. It was good that they weren’t wearing jeans for a change. He sat down on the edge of the bed and stared at Sam with a hint of playfulness and mischief in his eyes.

“What is it?” Sam asked as he studied the look.

“C’mere for a bit. I want to hold you before you go.”

The request was so blunt and honest that it made Sam a bit shaky. He looked at Dean’s shirtless body and realized he too was half naked. He had taken off his shirt to go jogging, and still hadn’t put it on. It meant nothing before, but now, as he walked towards Dean and the bed, Sam could almost feel the heat between their naked skin, it was like this crazy force draw them closer.

“Yeah, c’mere. I won’t bite you,” Dean teased, holding out his hands.

Sam took the hands and let Dean guide him closer, until Sam was straddling him on the bed, Sam’s knees resting on both sides of Dean’s waist.

Dean ran his hands flat up and down Sam’s naked back, and relished the soft little sigh of pleasure that escaped the youngert’s lips. Sam closed his eyes and began to relax when Dean’s fingers kneaded the tired muscles on his back and shoulders. He tossed his head back lightly and felt himself relax under the knowing touch.
“You really know what you’re doing,” Sam pointed out.

“Is that so?” Dean chuckled as he went on with the massage.

“Yeah. I’ve had professionals do this to me after training. I can tell you know how much pressure to apply.”

“I took a course last summer.”

“You did?”

“Yeah.”

They looked into each other’s eyes. Dean then pulled Sam closer against his chest and wrapped him in an embrace, their naked chests pressed together as Sam buried his nose into Dean’s neck, breathing in shamelessly to feel his scent.

“I hope these massage sessions didn’t involve any of this, though.”

Sam laughed. “They didn’t.”

“Or this…” Dean smiled mischievously before letting his fingers go for Sam’s ribcage.

“No!” Sam gasped, surprised. “Don’t!” He let out an embarrassingly high pitched sound when Dean began tickling him.

“What? Isn’t that relaxing as well?” Dean bit down on his bottom lip and tickled Sam further, until the boy on his lap was squirming and panting. The sound of Sam’s uncontrollable laughter filled the room, and Dean drank in the alluring sight as Sam tried helplessly to fight him.

“STOP!” Sam bucked on Dean’s lap. It was hard to breathe, the feeling was so good it hurt, and the more Sam writhed, the more he pressed down into Dean, unknowingly causing a different sensation to stir in him.

“My, my…you’re so ticklish…” Dean stopped and pulled Sam to himself again.

Sam started to take deep breaths when the delicious torture was over. His heart was racing, and it didn’t stop racing when Dean started to place soft kisses all over his face. The lips were first on Sam’s temple, then on his eyelids, nose, cheeks… Sam shivered at the softness. Nothing was ever this tender in his life. The kisses moved in a small wet trail down his neck, and when Dean found the pot of honey in the curve of Sam’s sensitive neck, he licked and blew hotly against the skin.

Sam’s breath heaved and he squirmed again. His eyes fell shut and his temperature rose.

Dean’s butterfly kisses didn’t stop. He tilted Sam’s head back lightly and kissed his exposed neck, going up until his lips captured the boy’s earlobe between his teeth and his tongue lapped at it.

Sam could feel arousal pooling in his lower belly. When Dean’s fingers moved against his skin and flickered over his already hard nipples, Sam moaned softly and his cock hardened.

“Dean…” he whispered.
“It’s okay, baby…” Dean murmured. He captured Sam’s mouth in a kiss and slid his tongue past the boy’s lips. At the same time Dean licked inside his mouth, he pulled Sam further down his lap and thrust up against him.

The boy broke the kiss and panted.

“Oh…” Sam’s lips hung open and his face looked adorably lost and pleading, as if he couldn’t quite understand what he felt.

“So much for sweatpants, mm?” Dean licked at his lips seductively. “Makes you feel it so much more, doesn’t it?” Dean ground Sam’s hips against his until their clothed erections aligned and slid one over the other.

“Mm…!” Sam bent forward, his forehead resting against Dean’s. That was so good. He could actually feel the hardness of Dean’s cock rubbing against his own aching cock, and the feeling was escalating quickly.

Dean wanted Sam to let go. He wanted the boy to relax and enjoy himself, he needed to do that. But he also liked to have Sam sitting on top of him, because he knew it gave him more control in case he felt uncomfortable. And indeed, the fact that Sam was on top gave him a false sense of control. He knew he should stop, he knew he was dangerously aroused, but the feeling of nothing but soft fabric separating their matching hard-ons was addictive. Sam pressed down and rubbed against Dean almost unconsciously.

Dean used one hand to guide Sam’s hips into the friction they created, and his mouth closed around a hard nipple while he tongued it cleverly over and over.

“Nnngh…” Sam moaned incoherently. He was getting so close. He would have to stop this at any minute now, because he wasn’t much sure how much control he still had left.

Dean’s right hand slid between their thighs and cupped Sam’s through the fabric of his pants. Sam panted and looked desperately close to losing control. Yet, he somehow managed to lock his fingers around Dean’s wrist and prevent them from going underneath his clothes. Sam couldn’t handle the contact if Dean’s fingers actually touched his dick.

“I…shouldn’t…” Sam whispered. He had to stop moving and get up, but he couldn’t for the life of him. He kept telling himself just a few more seconds, just another bucking into Dean’s hips, or another squeeze of his thighs, just to try and burn it in his memory so maybe he could dream about it later without interruptions.

Dean’s right arm snaked around Sam’s waistline and his hand pressed against his lower back. He closed his mouth on the curve of Sam’s neck, licking and nibbling at Sam’s weak spot, at the same time his hand slid past the waistband of the pants and his palm cupped one of Sam’s buttcheeks.

“Dean!” Sam squirmed, startled. His heart raced frantically when he felt Dean cupping his ass.

“Shh…relax, Sammy…it’s okay…” He had said ‘Dean’, not ‘no’, so Dean kept going. He could see how aroused Sam was, he could smell the lust building up and the control slipping away as Sam shuddered against his body.

“You know…” Dean whispered hotly into Sam’s ear, the stubble on his chin grazing the sensitive
“HM!” Sam moaned wantonly, the sound going straight to Dean’s cock and making it ooze with need. The touch was so…so intimate, so…so delicate and so…damn…Sam felt so vulnerable and so good, and he was drowning and he couldn’t come back, even though he had to, he had to stop everything. “Dean…” Sam trembled. His cock throbbed and leaked. He could feel Dean’s digit circling his opening, not pushing or anything, just…caressing.

“What?” Dean’s voice was dripping with sex and Sam was helplessly addicted to it. Dean could feel Sam tightening against his fingertip when he stroked him. “Are you? Ticklish in here?”

Dean’s mouth then closed around Sam’s nipple and he licked at it at the same time his finger worked between Sam’s buttchecks. With his free hand, Dean held at Sam’s hipbone, encouraging the boy’s bucking movements.

Sam was caught between too much pleasure. His back arched and his thighs were shaking so hard he couldn’t seem to make them stop. He needed to pull away, he needed to…

“Oh…oh God…” Sam cried out. Dean thrust up against him and his finger was right there and his tongue was doing things that…No. Oh, God. I can’t, I can’t stop it… Sam realized when it was too late that he had lost the battle. His hips moved despite any rational thought and he pushed back against the finger. The sensation was so little but so much! He felt his balls draw closer to his body and desperation hit him a moment before pleasure did. Sam bucked hard against Dean and a string of moaning left his lips. His orgasm hit him like the tallest wave breaking on the shore, his muscles spasmed and there was white hot light in his head when Sam came, shooting hot and wet seed over and over until he was nothing but a trembling mass shaking against Dean’s body.

Dean’s heart would explode. He was sure it would. Sam didn’t just orgasm, he shattered on his lap. The whole thing was so intense that Dean completely forgot about his own arousal. The boy collapsed against him, Sam’s body limp as the boy rested his forehead in the crook of Dean’s neck and breathed heavily.

Sam had trouble swallowing, and his chest moved up and down as he fought to regain control of his breathing. The blissful floating sensation only lasted for a few seconds, though, because soon the reality of what had happened started to close in on him.

He had lost control, and he had lost Dean.

‘Oh, God. What have I done?’ Sam thought with rising despair. His dad would drink from him tonight and would taste his climax, and then it would all be over. Azazel would add that to the dream Sam had had and know something was going on, and then Crowley wouldn’t be able to hide anymore and Dean and he would be exposed. They would never see each other again. His dad and Dean’s dad might fight again, and knowing what his dad could do, Sam feared for what might happen if it came to this.

He had lost Dean. Because he was unable to control his stupid hormones he would never feel the embrace he felt now, ever again, and this crushed him so fast and so hard that Sam couldn’t handle it.
Dean wrapped his arms around Sam’s shaking body, but it was only after a while that he realized, to his horror, that Sam was sobbing.

“Sam?” Dean pulled Sam away from him by the wrists and looked at him. “What’s wrong?”

The tears rolled down Sam’s cheeks and he couldn’t even fight the sobs that tightened his throat and made it hard to breathe. “I ruined it,” Sam blurted. “I ruined everything.”

“What are you talking about? You just relaxed and had some fun. That’s good!” Dean said, encouragingly. He was totally unprepared for the amount of despair he saw now in Sam’s face.

“No, it’s not!” Sam struggled himself free of Dean’s grip and got up. He paced around and ran his fingers through his hair.

“What are you talking about?” Dean got up as well. “It was just an orgasm. Nothing changed.— ”

“Everything changed!” Sam barked. He seemed transformed. His eyes were wild and he looked disheveled. Dean was stunned with what he was seeing in front of him.

“How so? Chill out, man. No one is gonna know what happened.”

“You don’t know that! You don’t know me!” Sam didn’t know where all that anger was coming from. He was just so tired of having to deal with all that. He was a teenager, for fuck’s sake. He didn’t have all the answers, he didn’t know how to have the ridiculous amount of self control that was required of him, and most of all, he didn’t want to lose the thing he wanted the most in his life because he was reckless, because he had failed to stop, because it was all his fault.

“I know you, and I—”

“You don’t know anything about me!” Sam snarled, the tears drying on his cheeks.

Dean looked hurt. He had no idea where that outburst was coming from, but that wasn’t a normal reaction. “Well, perhaps I would if you’d only open up and tell me shit,” he retorted.

“Forget it!”

Dean’s heart fell. What the fucking hell was going on? How did things get to that point so quickly?

“Sam…” Dean softened his voice and held Sam’s arm. “Wait, let’s talk. What happened? Why are you like this?”

“Let me go!” Sam took a step back. This was the last time he would see Dean again, and it hurt so much he just wanted to get out of there.

“No!” Dean held him more firmly. “Not until you tell me what’s going on. Why are you reacting this way? What is the problem? Tell me!”

Sam wavered. He wanted so much to trust Dean and tell him everything, but he knew he would put him in danger if he did. That was Sam’s burden to carry alone. Things had gone way too far as they were.

“You wouldn’t understand…” Sam shook his head and rubbed at his eyes.
“Try me,” Dean insisted.

“No! Let me go, let me…” Sam felt sick. He was so nervous he began to feel sick. The hot pot, the boiling water, the skin peeling away, the blisters…what would his father do tonight? What part of his body would he burn? Sam needed to get out because he was falling apart.

“No more secrets! I’m here for you.”

“You need to forget about me. I’m sorry it got this far. This is over, Dean. I’m so sorry. I need to leave now.”

“Leave? What do you mean this is over? Talk to me!” Dean was growing angry too, out of sheer frustration.

“No!”

“Then how the hell am I supposed to help you?”

“I don’t want your help!” Sam growled. His heart broke. He was so angry and lost and afraid he didn’t know what to do, except that he had to get out of there fast.

Dean’s heart was also breaking, but so was his pride.

“Fine! Go away. Run away from me. You seem pretty good at doing that.”

Sam felt physical pain stabbing at his heart, but it was better like that. If Dean was angry enough then he would let it go, forget about whatever happened between them, and it would be for the best.

Dean watched, in shock, as Sam put on his shirt quickly and headed for the door. It killed him inside because he could tell the boy was hiding something, but what was he supposed to do? Tie him down and torture him into trusting him and telling him what it was? Dean’s ego was already bruised and he didn’t know what to do as Sam went for the door.

“Is that it?” Dean asked. “Are you just leaving?”

Sam looked at him and said nothing.

“Alright. We’ll talk next time then.”

“Dean…” Sam felt his throat hurt with more tears. “There won’t be a next time. This is over. Please don’t come looking for me.”

Dean had never felt so much pain in his heart before. What was that feeling? Why was it hard to breathe? He didn’t understand what was going on, he didn’t know how to make things better and that only fueled his anger.

“Then go! What are you waiting for? Go away!” He blew his top and regretted it almost instantly. Sam cowered towards the door, his eyes huge and swimming with nerve wrecking fear. Dean narrowed his eyes and his heart stopped for a moment when he looked into Sam’s hazel eyes in the brief moment he let his guard down – that boy in front of him was terrified.
“Sam…Sam, I didn’t mean to…” Dean began.

“Sorry.”

Sam whispered and turned around. Dean thought of following the boy running away from his home, but he was so flabbergast with what had just happened that he just stood there and watched, his thoughts racing almost as much as his heart.

_________________________________________

tbc...
Chapter 30

Guys, sorry it's taking so long to update... college's been hard. Your comments, though, they make me find time, so thank you so much!

Chapter 30

Sam’s mind was working so furiously with what had happened that he barely even registered the way back to the church. When he found the hidden door and walked back to the classroom through the dark corridor, his heart was still pounding and his hands were sweaty. He was about to push the door and walk in when he realized he couldn’t let Bobby see him like that.

He closed his eyes, rested his hand on the doorknob and took a deep, calming breath. His body was still shaky from his orgasm, and everything tingled with delight from the feeling, but his heart was breaking in his chest, and his thoughts were already worried about the near future. What would happen to him if his dad drank from him tonight?

Dean’s voice echoed in his mind offering help, but Sam just couldn’t open up, it wasn’t that simple, his entire life was built on that secret.

He breathed in and out a few more times and walked into the classroom.

“Hey, Bobby.”

The priest raised his eyes from the documents he had been reading. “Hey.”

Sam did his best to sound natural and to seem fine, but perhaps there was some kind of red flag all over him telling Bobby otherwise.

“Is something wrong?” Bobby asked. He narrowed his eyes and studied Sam’s attitude. The boy seemed to be going through a lot of trouble to look comfortable. There was a deceivingly calm look about him, but his eyes were wild. Sam looked as if he was secretly running from some life threatening situation.

“Yeah, why wouldn’t it be?” Even to his own ears his voice sounded high pitched and broken. Sam grew more agitated.

“Where is Dean? What happened?” the kid before him was falling apart quickly. The apparent calm dissolved into fidgety nervousness, and Sam looked around like a caged animal.
“I have to go.”

“Sam, wait. Tell me what is going on…” Bobby tried, but as he walked towards the boy, Sam went for the door.

“Not now. I…” for a moment it looked as if he would add something, but then Sam just looked into Bobby’s eyes, a look filled with anguish, and left the classroom quickly, his footsteps echoing in the aisle as he made his way to the car.

Crowley was brought out of his own thoughts when the car door opened and slammed shut. Through the rearview mirror, he could see the teenager in the backseat.

“Let’s go.”

Sam’s hair was disheveled and he looked apprehensive.

“Is everything…”

“Go!” Sam cut him off before he could finish the question.

“Fine.” Crowley started the car. He wondered what had happened between the prince and the mechanic’s son, but for his own sake he chose not to ask.

During the ride back home Sam kept thinking of what to do in case his dad drank from him that night and tasted his orgasm. Whatever happened, he needed to make sure Dean’s name was never brought up into this. It would kill him if his dad found out about them and decided to take action against Dean or his family, so Sam needed to make sure that whatever punishment was in store for his trespass, it would befall on him alone.

His mind worked furiously with what to say in case he got caught. He thought about all the possibilities, but it seemed unlikely that his father would believe Sam had time alone to touch himself. If this was the case then Azazel’s anger would be directed at Crowley, and Sam didn’t want Crowley to be held accountable for this.

Who knew when Crowley might decide that enough was enough and stop covering up for them? If Crowley felt under pressure, Sam was sure he would crack, and he couldn’t have that happening, so he’d better make sure his dad didn’t get mad at his keeper.

Sam’s nervousness got to his stomach and made it cramp with anguish. Sam closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He began to feel sick as he thought of the consequences of his losing control.

Last time his dad had caught him he had burned Sam’s hands in boiling water. What would he do now? Sam trembled in the backseat. ‘He’s my dad, he won’t hurt me, he loves me’, he told himself feverishly. ‘He’s already hurt me once. What’s keeping him from doing it again?’ His mind replied to his own thoughts and Sam was lost and anxious. Would his dad burn him again? Maybe he’d burn him in a different part of his body, maybe his face or…

“Are you alright?” Crowley’s voice made Sam realize he had just let out an audible little whimper.

“Are we there yet?” Sam looked out of the window. His stomach was in knots and Sam thought he might get seriously sick at any moment. The memory of the pain was too vivid. Sam looked at his hands and he could almost see the blisters that had covered his skin and made every tiny movement
with them excruciating. As long as Dean was safe, though, Sam wouldn’t mind it. He just had to make sure nothing happened to Dean because he had been foolish enough to get involved with him. The mere thought that his father might try and harm Dean made Sam’s heart race with fear.

Sam looked out of the window. They were in front of the gate now, waiting for it to open.

“What’s taking it so long?” Sam groaned.

“We’re here already. Just gotta wait for the gate and… prince? Prince, what’s going on?” Crowley watched as Sam opened the door and jumped out of the car. Crowley left his position behind the wheel and went after the boy, and he found Sam bent over his stomach, spilling its content on the grass, a few feet from the car.


Sam was shaking. He barely had anything in his stomach, so he tasted the bitter of his own bile as he threw up on the grass. His stomach hurt almost as much as his head. It was like he suddenly realized that whatever he and Dean had been doing was not a game, and there might be terrible consequences to it. ‘My dad is not a killer. He would never hurt Dean or his family like that,’ a voice argued in his mind, and it felt like there were two different, and extremely strong, points of view running through his thoughts. ‘Would he not? He’s a vampire. I guess that makes him a killer, doesn’t it?’

“I’m fine,” Sam said as Crowley helped him to his feet. “Actually,” he licked at his lips and his hand went for his stomach. “I don’t feel so good.”

Crowley left the car right there and someone else made sure to drive it inside. He helped Sam walk to the house where the boy went quickly to the bathroom. Crowley didn’t follow him inside, but he heard the distinct sound of Sam being sick again before flushing the toilet, and he opened the door when the tap water was running and Sam washed his face and mouth.

When Sam stepped out of the bathroom he looked pale and sick. He didn’t know if all that was just because he was a wreck inside. Perhaps he had indeed eaten something that made him sick? Was it possible that his body was having such a strong physical reaction to his mind and heart being in chaos?

“What can I do for you?” Crowley asked.

Sam took a deep breath and thought about it. He felt the crushing weight of guilt and heartbreak weighing him down and he still had to think of what to say tonight when his dad came to his room.

“Nothing.” Sam walked towards the big beige sofa in the living room where he sat down.

“Perhaps…some water, please.”

“I’ll get it.”

Sam didn’t turn around to watch as Crowley left. He stayed where he was, in the middle of the living room, forcing his tired and frightened mind to work. He looked at his hands on his lap and shivered. If only the whole thing with Dean this afternoon had been nothing but a dream, a delicious and harmless dream…

‘I had a wet dream’, the thought crossed his mind and Sam’s eyes widened with attention. ‘I had a wet dream and Crowley failed to see it, because it was very discreet. Or I tried to hide it, because I
really wanted to go to class today, and I knew that if Crowley found out about my dream then I wouldn’t be able to leave home.’ Sam focused on that and thought really fast. That could work. It wasn’t always easy telling whether or not Sam had had a wet dream, and Crowley was just a human, he could have failed to see it, right? And his dad knew how much Sam loved his classes, so there was a good chance Azazel would believe Sam if he told him that he hadn’t said anything so he could study.

Sam took a deep breath and looked at Crowley when he returned. “Thank you.” He took the water and drank it. Yes, there was a good chance his father would believe that, and if he believed that it was a dream then perhaps he wouldn’t even punish him that badly?

Or, of course, he wouldn’t buy any of that shit and would speculate about it. If Azazel didn’t believe in the dream story, then he would know Sam had consciously found release, and given the dream Sam had had a few nights ago where he woke up hard and desperate, his dad might add two and two and realize something was going on. Of course he would grow suspicious then, first an intense wet dream, then Sam’s blood tastes of testosterone and his climax. What if Azazel decided to investigate? What if he questioned Crowley and Crowley couldn’t keep it a secret anymore?

Sam started to grow shaky and nervous all over again. He finished the water and got up.

“I…I’ll go up to my bedroom,” he announced.

Crowley got up too and followed him at a certain distance. He watched as Sam made his way towards the stairs, but then stopped by the kitchen before going up.

Sam walked into the kitchen and put the glass on top of the counter. His eyes then lay on something that made him freeze on the spot.

“How are you, Prince? Crowley mentioned you don’t feel very well.” That was the voice of good old Mrs. Higgs, but Sam was barely listening to it.

He looked at the big pot on the stove, and the smoke that was coming out of it. Boiling water, probably. Sam’s mouth grew dry and he his heart thudded in his chest.

“What…what is that for, Mrs Higgs?” He asked, almost dumbly, and nodded towards the pot.

“Oh,” she smiled sweetly. “I’m making you some soup. Crowley told me that your stomach is upset, so I figured a nice little homemade soup will change that right up.”

Sam’s tongue felt thick in his mouth and it took him a moment to find his words. “Please, no soup.”

The old lady frowned.

“Please,” Sam repeated. “I just, I don’t feel like eating at all. Could you, could turn that off, perhaps make something else?”

“Um…well, sure. Whatever you want, Prince.”

Sam knew he sounded weird, but he didn’t care. “How about a sandwich then.” Or anything that did not involve fire in its preparation, Sam thought.

“Yes! Of course. What would you like?”
“Whatever you have in the fridge.” Sam wouldn’t eat anything tonight, there was no way he could, even if he felt like it which he didn’t, but he supposed it wouldn’t hurt to take this sandwich and leave it by his nightstand. Anything so he didn’t have to run into the pot with boiling water again that night. ‘You say that is if that’s the only way dad could punish me.’ The whispered thought made him shiver. Last time Azazel had used the pot because it was at hand; he had improvised. Just because there would be no pot filled with boiling water it didn’t mean his dad wouldn’t punish him if he wanted, and Sam knew that, but right now he chose not to think of it.

“I’ll prepare it and send it right up then.”

“Thank you.” Sam left and went to his room. He took a quick shower and got under the sheets.

His thoughts were still racing, and all the nervousness made Sam almost paralyzed with fear and helplessness. He was so stressed that he didn’t really know what to do anymore. Part of him couldn’t wait for his dad to get home and find out, and be done with his punishment. Waiting for what could happen was already some kind of torture.

“Has my dad arrived?” he asked Crowley as he sat in the corner of the bedroom leafing through a newspaper.

“I’ll go check, but I don’t think so.”

Sam watched as Crowley left his room. It wasn’t the first time Sam had made him check. He would be gone for less than a minute to find an answer, and meanwhile Sam waited in silence.

“Not yet,” Crowley announced when he returned. The boy really seemed sick, so Crowley thought he was eager to see his dad, who happened to be a doctor, and get some help.

Sam took a deep breath and waited. He felt weak and tired. The roller coaster of emotions had been taking its toll on him since he had agreed to go to Dean’s home that afternoon. If only, Sam thought, he could evoke thoughts of Dean to make his oxytocin levels spike so his dad wouldn’t taste anything else... It had happened before, on his birthday, so why not now? Sam shook his head lightly, he knew the answer. Unlike on his birthday, Sam was now too filled with dread to give in to good thoughts of Dean. Besides, hormones were tricky, there was no way he could willingly control what went on with his body. It didn’t help that Sam thought he had just lost Dean, that he would never—should never, for their own sake!—see him again. How could he possibly be happy when the future looked so gloomy?

“He’s here now, Prince. I can hear talk downstairs.”

Sam swallowed hard. His chest tightened with worry and he hid his shaky hands under the blanket. Whatever happened tonight, he would make sure Dean had nothing to do with it.

Sam had to wait a while longer for his father. It seemed to take forever until the moment Azazel made it to his room. It was around nine p.m when Sam saw him at the door, dismissing Crowley.

“Hello, dear.”

Sam had already gone through many possible scenarios in his head, and the truth was, he felt emotionally drained.
“Hey, Dad.”

“I was told you are not well tonight. What happened?” Azazel went closer and sat beside Sam’s head.

The boy shrugged and just looked into the distance.

“Did you eat something out of your diet?”

Sam thought of Dean and the ice cream and the pie he had tasted. That had been too long ago, and he pushed the fond memory away.

“No really.”

Azazel frowned and touched the back of his hand to Sam’s forehead. He waited a moment before opening the black bag he had brought with him.

“You don’t seem to be running a fever, but let’s check anyway.”

Sam opened his mouth when his dad presented him with the thermometer.

“Do you have a sore throat?”

“No really.” Sam shook his head.

“Does it hurt anywhere else?”

“My head, a little,” he spoke in spite of the thermometer.

After a few minutes, Azazel checked his temperature and sighed. “The good news is that you don’t have a fever. You do look a bit sick though.”

Sam knew he wasn’t sick. Having a nervous break down, perhaps, but not sick. He did feel weak and battered though, so he supposed his dad had reason to believe something was wrong.

“Who knows…” Azazel looked at him and caressed his face softly. “I work in a hospital. Even though I’m careful there’s no telling what kind of viruses or other infectious agents I might end up bringing home.”

Sam stayed silent. His father’s hand stroking his hair and face was a hot reminder of how quickly things could change tonight.

“Anyway, you should rest, my sweet prince. Stay home for the next three days, no classes. I’m sure you’ll be feeling better in no time,” he smiled softly.

“Thank you, Dad.”

“That’s one of the advantages of having a doctor for a father…” Azazel took Sam’s hand and toyed with his fingers. “I’ll always make sure you’re all right.”

Sam saw it when his dad took his wrist to his lips and kissed the skin softly. He could feel the warm wetness of his dad’s saliva on his skin and he shuddered with anticipation. Azazel studied the way
tiny blue veins were visible through the milky skin of Sam’s wrist and licked his lips.

Sam shut his eyes. ‘It’s over. It’ll all over,’ he thought, desperately.

Azazel let the tip of his nose graze the skin and he kissed it once again, very tenderly. Then, he slowly placed Sam’s wrist on top of the boy’s chest and got up.

“Get better soon, my prince. Sweet dreams.”

Sam watched, somewhat in shock, as his father left his bedroom and Crowley returned.

‘He didn’t drink’, Sam thought. He shut his eyes and felt the wave of relief that washed him over. He could hardly believe his luck. Right now his father was on his way to his own bedroom and Sam could relax. It shouldn’t surprise him that his father didn’t drink from him, it was not something he did everyday, although the frequency had increased over the last months. Yet, Sam had been feeling so guilty and so afraid that he was positively certain he would get caught.

Perhaps Azazel hadn’t drunk from him because he wanted to give Sam time to recover; perhaps he wouldn’t have drunk anyway, but whatever the case was, Sam was just too happy for words. If only he had known that he could have enjoyed the moment with Dean without the fear of being caught… but of course there was no way of knowing that. Maybe it was his own nerves that took the best of him and made him look sick enough.

In whichever case, Sam could now close his eyes and go back to what he had experienced in Dean’s beach shack. He could let his thoughts go back to being on Dean’s lap and pressing down hard against Dean’s erection. Sam felt a pleasurable tingle in his body at the memory. That had been the most erotic moment of his life. The second one had been in the elevator with Dean, and Sam couldn’t help but wonder how much more intense things could be if only he could let himself go.

‘I can’t,’ he thought quickly, and the sadness returned. What had happened today was a powerful reminder of how dangerous it was to play with fire. He could not tell Dean the truth about his father and the reason why he couldn’t enjoy his sexuality. Sam was aware that his dad had built a reputation for himself in the city, and if someone else that wasn’t from the household knew that he was a vampire things could get ugly pretty fast.

There was no way things between Dean and he could go back to what they used to be. Dean wanted answers, he wanted to know why Sam acted the way he did, and he had gotten angry when Sam refused to tell him.

The memory of an angry Dean, yelling at him so he would go away, tugged at Sam’s heart and made it sink. Now that the fear of being punished was subsidizing, Sam could give in to the heartache of their encounter. He had finally managed to push Dean away with the secrets he could not share with him. There was no way he could go back to that house again and pretend nothing had happened. Dean would still want to know what was going on, and Sam wouldn’t be able to tell him for the sake of his family.

It would hurt worse than any punishment his dad might have dished out tonight, but Sam knew his meetings with Dean were over. They reached that point that Sam had been trying to avoid since the beginning—the moment Dean demanded answers to questions Sam could not open up about.

Sam just wished it hadn’t been like that. He wished they could have parted in good terms, perhaps with a goodbye kiss…but then again, the more he thought about it, the more Sam understood that
they had been doomed since the beginning. There was no way this would have worked out. The faster Dean got over him, the better. Ending this before anyone got hurt was the least Sam could do.

Sam looked at Crowley, distracted with his reading, before burying his head in his pillow and crying a few muffled tears into it. It would be for the best to push Dean away from his life; Sam had known it was coming and that it was inevitable. He just hadn’t expected the way he felt now.

Without Dean, Sam almost didn’t care about having a life at all.

------------------------------------------------------

*tbc*...
During the days that followed his argument with Sam, Dean didn’t know exactly what to do or how to feel. He kept playing the moment over and over in his head, trying to understand where it had all gone wrong, and why it had happened at all. It didn’t matter how much he thought about it, though, Dean was still puzzled at Sam’s reaction after having had an orgasm.

It was not possible that the boy wasn’t used to that kind of feeling. He was sixteen years old, even if he came from a family of religious freaks, he must have pleasured himself a few times, right? And why on earth did he lose his shit after climaxing as if someone, anyone, could ever tell it had happened at all?

Dean wished he hadn’t lost his cool. Sam had looked frightened, so for sure there was something important he was not telling him, something that caused him fear. Dean’s imagination ran wild with possibilities. He wondered if Azazel was some kind of crazy devoted man who whipped his own back as penitence for what he considered sins. What if he did the same to Sam? But then there would be marks, no?

‘This is just crazy,’ Dean always ended up trying to shrug off his thoughts. There was no way he could know what was going on unless Sam talked to him, and the fact that he wouldn’t was the very reason why Dean was losing his mind He cared too much about the boy to watch him as anguished as Sam had been that day. Dean wanted to help him, to hold him, to understand…

Right now, though, there was not much Dean could do except wait for the next time they would meet again. Even though Sam had said it was over and they wouldn’t, Dean couldn’t really believe that. Sam must have said that in the heat of the moment, and for sure he would be there waiting for him in Bobby’s church for his next class.

With this thought strongly nestled in his mind, Dean headed for the church the next Monday, and when he knocked at the door his heart made a crazy little loop with expectation.

“Come in,” Bobby Singer said. “It’s unlocked.”

Dean did as told and walked into Bobby’s classroom. His heart sank after he scoped the room quickly. When he looked at Bobby, it was like the older man could read him like a book.

“He didn’t come.”

“Maybe he’s just late.”

“Maybe,” Bobby agreed. “But I don’t think so.” he studied John’s son for a long moment.
“Isn’t he late sometimes?” Dean tried to sound casual, but the truth was that Sam’s words saying that things were over between them weighed down on his heart.

“Dean,” Bobby went on as if he hadn’t heard the question. “What happened the last time you went out together?”

The fast thudding in his chest made Dean’s blood feel like a thousand icy cold needles running through his veins. “Why do you ask that?”

Bobby narrowed his eyes at Dean’s apparent casualness. There seemed to be something off about him, some sort of worry, but Bobby couldn’t quite put his finger to it.

“Nothing. It’s just that Sam looked weird when he came back from the last afternoon he spent in your company.” Bobby chose to come clean about his thoughts.

“ Weird how?” There was again the fast thudding of his heart.

“Agitated. Nervous. Distracted. I don’t know. I asked him about it but he wouldn’t tell me anything.”

“Nothing happened,” Dean said.

“Don’t bull shit a bull shitter. Something happened. It’s written all over your face.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about Bobby.” Dean managed one of his large, carefree smiles. “I’m sure Sam just had some setback at home. He’ll be here on Wednesday.” Dean said exactly what he himself was trying to believe right now, so he probably sounded convincing enough.

“Maybe. In any case, I don’t think he’s coming today.”

“Okay then. I’ll get going. Bye Bobby.”

Dean left before the priest had a chance to say anything else.

~ * ~

Sam was lying in bed reading a book when his dad showed up by the door. Crowley was sitting in the corner, as usual.

“I’m leaving, sweetheart. See you at night.”

“Bye, Dad.”

Azazel hesitated a moment and looked at the boy again.

“Crowley told me you don’t want to go to class again today. You told me you were indisposed the last time. I trust there is nothing wrong between you and the priest?”

“Everything is alright, Dad.” Sam reassured him quickly. He didn’t want to go to class, but the last thing he needed was his dad wondering why. “I just want to finish this book I’m reading. Bobby and I will have a discussion about it when I’m done,” he came up with the first thing he could think of.
That was actually something that Bobby and he had done before, so it came easy to lie so bluntly.

“Oh, all right then.”

“Maybe Bobby could come here next week.” Sam said. It was the exact opposite of what he wanted, but he knew, for the sake of him, that he couldn’t see Dean again. Sam missed him too much. If he were to see his knight in shining armor again, his strong will would dissolve and Sam would rush to his arms. He was heartbroken, but he forced himself to think with reason.

“Whatever you want, Samuel. I thought you enjoyed leaving the house for a bit.”

“I do.” Sam couldn’t bring himself to close that door completely. “It’s just that sometimes we talk about stuff I have read about in my books and I like having them at hand to show him.” Sam wondered how come it was growing so easy to lie through his teeth. Perhaps an entire life of keeping secrets had also taught him to hide the truth.

Crowley observed the interaction with feigned dismay. He was pretty sure something had happened between the Prince and the mechanic’s son, but if that meant they wouldn’t be seeing each other again then in all honesty Crowley was relieved and he couldn’t care less about what exactly had gone on.

“Suit yourself. I have to go now. Take care. I love you.”

“I love you too, Dad,” Sam said automatically. He watched as his father left. Crowley was looking intently at him, and Sam met his eyes. They didn’t say anything, but Sam could almost see the things going through Crowley’s head now.

The boy lowered his eyes to the book and kept reading, trying to ignore the protests of his heart.

~ * ~

When Sam didn’t show up for the second time, Dean’s worry grew. When Sam had been gone for two whole weeks, however, Dean began to lose his mind. He walked into the church for the sixth time since the last time he had seen the boy, and once again there was no sign of Sam. Except that this time Bobby seemed to be on his way out.

“Where are you going? Aren’t you gonna wait for Sam?”

Bobby took a deep breath and looked at the young man in front of him. “I’m heading out to his house right now. Sam has requested a class in his own place.” Bobby watched Dean’s reaction when he said that. He could see how the news distressed him.

“Why would he do that? He loves having time away from home.”

“Well, I don’t know, Dean.” Bobby took a few steps closer until they were face to face. “Why don’t you tell me, huh?”

Dean took a step back and his lips fell shut.

“For the past days you’ve been coming here with that lost puppy look on your face as if you’re guilty
or something, but when I ask what happened between the two of you you won’t give me an answer. So I don’t know what is going on, but I’m glad I’ll be seeing him today.”

“Nothing happened between us…”

“Oh, please!” Bobby fumed.

“Sam won’t accept help, that’s all.” Dean blurted.

Bobby seemed to watch Dean more closely. “And why would he need help?”

“Because he does, and you know that! I don’t know what happens inside his house, and perhaps you don’t either, but you’ve told me before that there’s a lot we don’t know about Sam, and well, I think some of this shit is actually pretty harmful.”

“And why would you say that?” Bobby grew interested.

“I have my reasons. Don’t tell me you don’t have yours,” Dean retorted. “Anyway, why am I being questioned like this? Why doesn’t anyone question that creepy dude Sam has as a father, hm? Don’t you think there’s something going on there? I mean, my dad thinks the guy is evil, why would he say that out loud and have the entire city think he’s crazy?”

“I’ve already told you to go and ask your dad—”

“You know something,” Dean cut him off. “You used to come to our house all the time when I was a kid. I remember you there almost every day looking after me. Then suddenly you stopped coming altogether and my father stopped talking about you. What the fuck happened between you guys?”

“That’s none of your business!” Bobby frowned and eyed Dean angrily.

“Is it not? Because my father’s hatred for Azazel is the only thing in his life strong enough to make him end a friendship.”

Bobby shook his head. He couldn’t tell Dean about the past. He wasn’t even sure how much of what he knew was actually the truth. Besides, it was not up to him to change Dean’s life with the information he had.

“Goodbye, Dean…” Bobby turned around to leave.

“I think Sam’s scared,” Dean said quickly, his heart racing. That certainly got Bobby’s attention. The priest turned around and his features softened.

“Why do you think that?” Bobby couldn’t explain it when his chest tightened with a feeling of dread.

“I don’t know, alright?” Dean looked exasperated. His eyes were glassy with barely contained emotion. “I started asking about his life and he just shut down, and there was this look in his eyes…” Dean could see it in his dreams at night. “I swear he looked terrified or something.”

Bobby didn’t know what to say. He had quite often had this feeling of dread assault him when he was dealing with Sam, as if the boy was somehow in danger. Yet, there had never been any physical evidence that the boy was hurt in any way. Sam had never broken anything, there were never any bruises… There was just that one time that he knocked the pot of boiling water over his hands and
did some nasty damage, but accidents like that sometimes happened even to careful and caring parents. Bobby assumed the feeling had everything to do with John and the crazy stuff his former friend had tried to put in his head. Now, Bobby didn't think John had told his kid anything, so how come Dean started to hang out with Sam and felt the same way?

Bobby took a deep breath to try and clear his thoughts.

“Did he tell you anything?” he asked.

“He didn’t. But I feel—”

“Dean,” it was Bobby’s turn to interrupt him. “I’ve been teaching Sam for years now. I’ve been inside his home for countless times. I think I’d have noticed if anything was going on. I’m often alone with Sam, don’t you think he would have said something had his dad or anyone else abused him physically or verbally?”

Perhaps, Dean thought. He believed Bobby when he said he had never seen anything out of the ordinary, but why couldn’t Dean ignore the thought that something was awfully wrong?

“Could…could you deliver a message for him then? On my behalf?”

Bobby sighed and placed both hands on Dean’s shoulders. “Dean, I know you grew fond of Prince Samuel, but the two of you are way too different. His not coming to classes are his own doing, so I think you should respect that. Give him space.”

“But Bobby…”

“I’m sorry, Dean. If Sam wanted to see you he’d have shown up by now.”

That hurt, even more so because Bobby was probably right. Dean didn’t think Sam’s weird father had locked him up or anything. Sam had said it was over in their last conversation and he was keeping true to his word.

“Can you at least tell me if he’s okay?”

“Of course.” Bobby smiled softly. “I love that kid, Dean. I’d be glad to help him if he needed.”

Dean nodded, even though he was far from pleased.

“Try and get your mind off of him. Go to work, go surfing, go chase girls…” Bobby shook his head. “Go do whatever you used to do before you met him.”

“I thought you didn’t approve of me chasing girls.”

“Don’t be a smartass,” Bobby said and Dean chuckled. “I just figured that if I told you to sit and pray my advice would fall on deaf ears.”

“It really would.”

“I know you.”

Bobby ruffled Dean’s head playfully and kissed his forehead. “Get out of my way now, kid.”
Dean complied and left the church, not sure what to do next.

~ * ~

A few hours later, Dean could be found at the beach bar where he worked. It was still early for parties, but he had opened the bar and invited his friends to grab a few drinks, which was exactly what he needed now.

Benny and Castiel accompanied him as he downed one shot after another, and both of them exchanged silent looks of understanding as they realized how much sulking was involved in the process.

It was a while, though, before any of them made an attempt to talk about it.

“So, Dean…how about the prince boy?” Benny asked, and that earned him a dirty look from Castiel.

“What about him?” Dean groaned, pouring himself another drink.

“When will we see him again?…or perhaps we won’t and that’s why you’re drinking?”

Dean was angry, but above that he was just sad. Those were his two best friends in the world, and he knew they were worried about him.

“I made him come.”

“Where? Is he coming here?” Benny frowned

“Dude…” Cas rolled his eyes and elbowed his friend.

“Oh,” Benny arched his eyebrows and chuckled leeringly. “That was not what I expected you to say at all,” he laughed and punched Dean’s shoulder playfully.

“And then he freaked out, said it was over between us and that we couldn’t see each other again,” Dean went on.

“Damn.” Benny’s face changed immediately.

“What? Why would he do that? Did you guys have sex?” Castiel asked.

“No!” Dean raised both of his hands with frustration. “It was nothing, really. I didn’t even see him naked or anything, but something must have happened because he looked totally disturbed. And now he won’t come to classes and I can’t talk to him about it.”

“That’s really odd,” Cas admitted.

“Do you have any idea why he did that? Didn’t he tell you anything?”

“He told me nothing. I asked him what was wrong but he kept saying he needed to go and that he couldn’t do anything… I was hoping we would have talked about it by now but he’s been avoiding
“I don’t understand why he would do that. But surely he must have a reason,” Cas said. “The problem is that there’s no way you’ll know what it is if he doesn’t talk you.”

“Exactly!” Dean exclaimed, frustrated. “I asked Bobby to send him a message but the priest won’t do it.”

Suddenly Dean’s face lit up and he looked at his friends.

“I should go see him, right? I should totally break into that mansion again and go talk to him.”

“No, that’s no what I said!” Cas said quickly.

“I should go in and talk to him, and ask him what’s going on. That’s the only way to understand what happened.”

Castiel and Benny exchanged a worried look.

“Dude, you’re crazy,” Benny said.

“Why? I’ve done it before, I can do it again.”

“Last time you broke into that house there was a party going on, lots of people in disguises, drunk security…what the hell makes you think you can do it now?” Benny explained.

“I don’t know. But I’ve got to try, right?” Dean asked, hopeful.

“You’ll get caught for sure.” Castiel said.

“I don’t fucking care!” Dean slammed his hands on the counter. “I’ve made up my mind. I’ll go see him.”

Castiel closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

“Wait.” He put his hand around Dean’s arm and held him.

“What?”

“Maybe I can help,” Cas said.

Both Dean and Benny looked at him.

“How so?” Dean was instantly interested.

“I’ve been in that house a couple of times before. I can come up with an excuse and go there again. I’m sure Azazel will see no problem in letting me in and I could deliver a message.”

“What?”

“Would you do that for me?”

Castiel hated what this thing was doing to Dean, but he hated even more to see him suffer.
“Yeah. Tomorrow I’ll go. I need to come up with something first. You go back to the shack and write something down.”

Dean nodded. He pulled Castiel into an awkward hug and smiled before turning around and leaving quickly.

“Ah, Dean? The bar?” Benny called after him.

“Wait for me and don’t drink anything expensive. I’ll be right back,” Dean said hurriedly.

“Are you sure that was a good idea?” Benny asked when Dean was gone.

“Of course not. But do you have any doubts that he would have gone himself if I didn’t offer?” Cas retorted.

“No. No doubt at all.”

The two of them watched until Dean disappeared in the distance.

~ * ~

Bobby stole worried glances in Sam’s direction during the entire class. Dean’s words resonated in his brain. What if Sam was indeed in danger? Bobby studied the boy but there seemed to be nothing wrong about Sam. He didn’t look hurt or anything. He was more serious, that was true, but nothing Bobby wouldn’t have expected since he had a disagreement with his best—and probably only—friend.

Their time together went by fast, and sometimes Bobby felt as if Sam made an effort to seem natural and cheerful. It filled Bobby with the desire to probe, but he kept thinking about John Winchester and his crazy theories, and he told himself he could not go down that same dangerous path.

“So, when are you coming back to the church?” Bobby asked when the class was ending. “Dean’s asked about you today.” And for the past days since you stopped coming, Bobby thought but didn’t say it out loud.

Sam smiled too quickly and the gesture died on his lips before ever making it to his eyes. It was not an honest smile at all.

“Soon, I guess. I was feeling a bit indisposed, but I’m better now. I don’t know when, though.”

Bobby nodded at the vague answer and chose not to inquire further.

“All right, prince… By the way,” Bobby looked around before going on. They were alone in Sam’s room. “Sam…is everything alright?”

Sam frowned. “Uh, yeah. Why?”

Bobby thought for a moment or two and took a deep breath. “Nothing…it's just...you'd tell me if something was wrong, right? You know you can trust me.”
"Bobby, what's going on? You're not making much sense..."

The two of them exchanged a meaningful look. Bobby broke before Sam did.

"I...I'm sorry, Sam. See you in a couple of days, yeah?"

“Yes, sure. Thanks for coming.”

“You know I don’t mind.”

Sam watched Bobby go and Crowley return. Inside of him, his heart bled and ached, and Sam began to wonder when it would finally start to get better.

~ * ~

The next day, when the door bell rang, Sam went downstairs to see who it was. Since his dad wasn’t expecting any visitors, that Sam was aware of, he grew curious enough to leave his room.

Azazel himself opened the door, and from a distance Sam’s heart raced when his eyes landed on Castiel, one of Dean’s friends. The first feeling that hit him was jealousy—Castiel had kissed Dean, he had slept with him! And then longing. Seeing Castiel was like seeing a part of Dean, and Sam’s heart seemed to shatter all over again.

“Castiel!” Azazel exclaimed. “To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit?” he looked surprised.

Castiel looked past Azazel quickly at the boy hiding in the distance. Sam watched the scene with discreet interest.

“Oh, I’m so sorry to show up like this, sir,” Castiel excused himself. “But I think I lost something here on the night of Prince Samuel’s birthday.”

“Really? And what would that be?”

“A business card.”

Azazel frowned.

“One of your guests came to talk to me after the singing, he praised me very enthusiastically. He even said he might be interested in hiring my performance.”

“That’s great. I’m happy for you,” Azazel said.

“Thank you, sir. The problem is that I seem to have lost the business card he gave me, and he does not have my number.”

Azazel frowned. “Well, then I’m sure I can help you. What did this man look like?”

Castiel was glad Azazel had taken the bait. Meanwhile, he made sure to make eye contact with the boy watching everything from a safe distance.
“He was tall…I don’t remember much, but he was wearing a black suit and he had a beard…” Castiel knew he was describing most of the men at the party.

“What color was his hair?”

“I don’t remember because of his disguise…But he was very friendly. He told one joke after the other and wouldn’t stop flirting with all the pretty girls around,” Castiel smiled politely and Azazel chuckled.

“That sounds like Kyle. Was this man a little heavy on the waistline?”

“Uh, yes, a little.” Castiel agreed readily.

“Then it was definitely him. I can get you his number. Let me get it.” Azazel made as if he would turn around. “Make yourself comfortable. I’ll be only gone a minute.”

“Thank you so much, sir.”

Castiel watched the yellow-eyed doctor leave and his eyes met Sam’s. They were quiet for a few seconds, studying each other. Eventually, Castiel moved and made sure his shoulder brushed Sam’s lightly. The boy felt fingers touching his own, and Sam looked down to see a paper note pushed in his hand. He looked up at Castiel but the singer was looking away, undisturbed.

Sam looked at the note, searched for his dad or any of the servants but no one was looking at him. He opened it and read it quickly.

_I miss you. When will we meet? —D._

Sam’s heart fell apart. His lips quivered and he squeezed the note tightly. Castiel watched the reaction from a very small distance. Sam’s face was that of sheer pain. Why was it so hard to do the right thing? By God he was trying, why did Dean make it so difficult?

Sam turned to Castiel and shook his head. To Castiel’s surprise, Sam’s hazel eyes were drowning in evident wetness. The boy tore the message to pieces and shook his head.

“Tell him I’m sorry,” he whispered and went upstairs quickly.

Castiel waited for Azazel to return, not sure what he had just witnessed.

~ * ~

“So, what did he say?” Dean sat by the shore with Castiel by his side. “When will he meet me?”

Castiel had been doing a lot of thinking since he had left the mansion. He had to think fast tough, because the moment he arrived at the beach Dean found him and he needed answers.

“Dean,” Castiel began. He stared at the waves washing over their feet. “Sam tore the message up. He said to tell you that he’s sorry.”
Dean’s face tugged at Castiel’s heart and he wished he could hold his friend and take the pain away. He had never seen Dean that vulnerable and hurting.

“Oh,” Dean said. When he swallowed it felt like his throat was so tight he could barely breathe.

The two men didn’t say anything for a long time. It was the time it took Dean to regain control of his emotions and not let them leak down his cheeks.

“And how did he look?” he asked, as if he didn’t care about the answer at all. “Was he good?”

Castiel considered his answer very carefully. If he told Dean that Sam looked troubled, then his friend would most definitely want to go after him and that was bound to end very badly. On the other hand, if Castiel told Dean that Sam looked happy, he knew it would be a decisive step towards getting Dean to move on. It was on his hands to help his friend let go of this potentially harmful infatuation. ‘Just tell him Sam looks great’, a voice said in his brain.

Castiel opened his mouth and his words died when he saw the sorrow in Dean’s eyes.

“He looks broken.”

Something changed immediately in the way Dean was staring at him.

“He looks so sad I can’t put it into words,” Castiel said. “When he tore the message up and said he was sorry there were tears in his eyes.”

Dean’s heart tightened in his chest in a confusing mix of joy and pain.

“He misses me then.”

“You shouldn’t go back there,” Castiel said. “It’ll only end in trouble, and I mean the serious kind of trouble. Azazel is no normal guy. I think your dad is right when he says something really bizarre is taking place there. I wish you’d leave it alone.”

Dean’s confusing thoughts were all over his face.

“What would you do if you were me?” Dean asked.

Castiel smiled sadly. He had hoped Dean wouldn’t ask that.

“I would go back for him, no matter what my friends told me.”

Dean pulled Castiel close and kissed the top of his head.

“Thank you.”

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tbc...
Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

Guys, sorry for the delay. My finals are getting in the way. Hope it's worth the wait. =)

Chapter 32

Sam finished the chapter and closed the book. His stomach growled and he checked his watch. Dinner would be ready soon, he thought. His dad still hadn’t arrived, and even though Azazel didn’t eat food, unless he was out traveling or had to be at the hospital, the cook waited for him to serve the meal.

The boy looked from his bed to the setting sun outside. He sighed softly, almost unconsciously. Sam looked at Crowley, sitting in a corner of his room and leafing through the newspaper.

“I need some air,” Sam mumbled and got to his feet. He could feel Crowley’s eyes on his back as he made his way towards the balcony. The moment Sam heard movement, though, he stopped and turned around. “I’m just going to see the sunset. Dad isn’t even home, give me a damn break.” Sam frowned and his annoyance was tangible.

Crowley nodded shortly and sat back down. He watched as Sam disappeared on the balcony. From where he was, Crowley could still see a small portion of the boy’s clothes.

Sam looked at the sky and felt the same powerful emotions threaten to surface. He wished he could find meaning in his life again. He wished he could just forget. How long would he have to wait until he was finally able to move on? Why couldn’t he just live his life as if Dean didn’t exist?

Sam took a quivering breath and looked down at the garden. The shadows were already dancing in the yard, and there was not much Sam could see. When his ears picked up a noise, though, a faint ruffling of leaves, Sam narrowed his eyes and tried to look further. He searched, but there was nothing there to see. Sam was about to shrug the sound off and go back inside when a louder, and much closer noise startled him.

“What the—” Sam began, but before he turned around there was a hand covering his mouth as someone grabbed him from behind.

Sam’s heart raced and his first instinct was to thrash violently. He turned around quickly within the grip the person had on him, and the moment his mouth was free he parted his lips to scream.

Except the scream never came.
“Dean!” Sam’s heart, that was already beating fast, started galloping.

Dean opened one of his radiant smiles, one that could shine as bright as the silver moon rising in the sky. He took a finger to his lips so Sam would lower his voice.

“What the hell are you doing here? How did you get past security?” Sam felt shaky. His knees were barely holding him in an upright position. He thought he would never see Dean again, but now, looking at him, he wondered how he could ever think it would be possible to live without that knight in a shining armor smile of his.

“I’ve learned a trick or two with my dad when we went hunting. I slipped past them unnoticed.” The truth was, for the past three days Dean had been studying the movement around Azazel’s mansion. He had observed the schedule of the security guards and found obvious breaches in their routine he could use in his favor. Using the skills he had acquired chasing prey in the middle of the woods without making a sound, Dean had been able to find his way back to the same balcony where Sam and he had been together on the night of Sam’s sixteenth birthday.

“You’re crazy! If my dad catches you here he’ll…”

“Your dad isn’t in.”

“Right, but he’ll come in at any moment…” Sam freaked out. “Besides, Crowley is right here…” Sam pointed towards the bedroom.

“Don’t worry. I can handle him.”

“No,” Sam shook his head. Seeing Dean was amazing, but it was way too dangerous. The mechanic’s son had to leave that property before anyone could see him. Sam could not risk having his father’s people find out about them.

“We need to talk,” Dean said. “Since you won’t come to class, I decided to come after you.”

Sam was torn between the blissful sensation of seeing Dean again and the painful knowledge that they couldn’t be together weighing down on him.

“You have to…”

“Prince? Who are you…” Crowley cut Sam off when he showed up at the balcony. “Dean? What the fuck are you——”

Dean moved swiftly and before Sam understood what was happening he saw Crowley’s red face as Dean got him in a tight headlock. “I’m here to talk to Sam. Are you going to be a problem?”

Crowley looked desperately at Sam as he grew short of breath, but the Prince didn’t come to his aid.

“I asked, are you going to be a problem?” Dean repeated calmly.

Crowley felt faint. He summoned all the air he had left and managed to utter something. “No,” his voice sounded raspy and breathless.

“Are you sure?”
“Please!”

Dean released him and Crowley took a few steps back.

“They’ll kill you when they realize you trespassed,” Crowley said, hurt. He felt at his throat and eyed the older boy.

“That’s why they won’t find out. You go and sit by the door. Let me know if my dad comes in,” Sam said. “We need privacy.”

Crowley stared at the Prince and Sam stared back.

“Go. Now.”

Crowley didn’t feel like he had a choice. He nodded and walked back inside the bedroom, where he found his armchair and pulled it closer to the door. He could hear fragments of the whispered conversation that started in the balcony, but for his own sake he told himself he’d rather not know what the two of them were talking about. Keeping an eye out for Azazel seemed like a much more important task so that was what Crowley focused on.

~ * ~

In the balcony, Sam’s heart raced as Dean and he stood face to face.

“You shouldn’t have come here,” Sam said softly, even though he felt joy vibrating inside of him.

“How else were we supposed to talk then?” Dean stepped closer. He was dying to touch Sam, but the boy looked uneasy so he waited.

“Dean…there’s nothing for us to talk.” Nothing had changed since the last time they had met in that Sam still could not tell the older man the secrets that permeated his life.

“What do you mean there’s nothing for us to talk? You left without telling me what was wrong.”

“You told me to leave.”

Dean swallowed hard. He wanted to pull Sam into a tight embrace and smell his hair, but he refrained. “I’m so sorry. I got frustrated and angry at how helpless it felt, you know…seeing you struggle with something you wouldn’t even tell me about.”

“If that’s what you came here for then I’m sorry. I can’t tell you anything. We shouldn’t see each other again.”

“So you’re saying you don’t miss me?” Dean took Sam’s wrist lightly.

Sam felt his heart burst and his blood rush faster. He looked into Dean’s green eyes and felt lost.

“I…” Sam began. “It doesn’t matter if I do. You want answers, I can’t give them. Trust me, I’m doing what’s best for both of us. If we stop now we can avoid a lot of trouble.”
“And who says I want to avoid trouble? I love trouble!” Dean smiled widely, and he managed to get a faint smile out of Sam. “Come here…” Dean tugged at Sam’s wrist but the boy pulled away.

“You have to go.” Sam had to be reasonable. If they started meeting again it would be only a matter of time until the same questions pulled them apart and caused more hurting.

Dean looked past Sam’s hesitance to what seemed to lay right below the surface.

“Why are you scared?”

Sam’s heart jumped in his chest. “Who said I’m scared?” he tried to sound firm but his eyes betrayed him.

“What’s going on with you? You can trust me, you know that…”

“I can’t talk about it. You can’t help, Dean. Just please, go back to your life, just forget about me…”

“How can I forget about you? How can I pretend nothing is going on? I can see you’re struggling with something…”

“Why do you even care so much?” Sam snapped and stepped back. His voice was low as not to call attention, but it sounded daring and strong. There was a storm of emotions inside of him and Sam could barely keep it all from showing.

Dean stood perfectly still. He felt the drumming in his chest and smiled softly.

“Because I’m in love with you.” Dean smiled and his eyes glowed. He never thought he’d actually say those words, but now, as he spoke them, he understood that was exactly what his heart had been demanding for a long time now.

“You’re what…?” Sam’s voice dropped to something barely audible. His hazel eyes were wide and unblinking.

“I’ve loved you since I first saw you, but it took me a while to figure it out.” Dean studied the boy for his reaction. Sam was dead silent. “Look,” Dean went on. “I don’t mean to be a pain in the ass, okay? I don’t know what your life is like and what you’re going through. I don’t want to be a dick about it, I swear. So if you tell me that you don’t feel the same, I promise it’s fine. It’ll hurt like a bitch, but I’ll leave you alone. I’ll respect your decision, alright? I guess I just needed to tell you this. But if you really want me to leave then I’ll—”

Sam closed the distance between them and Dean hardly knew what was happening before their mouths connected. Sam kissed him hard and Dean wrapped his arms around Sam’s smaller frame, drawing him closer.

The kiss broke but Sam stood just as close, within Dean’s arms.

“I love you too,” he whispered. “I’ve never felt this way before so I might be wrong…” Sam confessed. He looked into Dean’s eyes and his heart thumped warmly. “But I don’t think I am.”

Dean smiled and they kissed again. He didn’t know what feeling had the best of him at the moment, whether it was happiness or relief. All he knew was that his chest could barely handle all the blissful sensations striking at once. He wished he could just take Sam right now and go somewhere.
“Run away with me.”

“What?” Sam laughed softly.

“Just for tonight, c’mon. Let’s go somewhere!”

Dean’s smile was intoxicating, but even though Sam was brimming with love and joy, he couldn’t ignore his reason. “Dean, I can’t… My father will be here at any moment and we’ll have dinner together.”

“But will you at least start going to class again?” Dean studied the boy. “Look, I don’t know what’s going on, but I promise I’ll try and be patient, okay? I just need to know we’ll see each other again.”

Sam nodded. He had no idea what he would do, or what he had just done. Even though he could hear the voice of reason inside of him, his heart was currently in control.

*He was loved. By Dean! And Sam loved him too, so much!* How could Sam not give in to something that felt so amazing? He wasn’t so strong…

“Prince!” Crowley’s rushed voice came up in the balcony and made them pull away, startled. “Your father has arrived. He’s brought guests. He’ll be coming up at any moment.”

“All right. I’m going in.”

“Prince! Right now! C’mon!” he gave Dean a dirty look.

“I said I’m coming. Give me a moment.”

Crowley sighed and looked both annoyed and worried when he left.

Sam turned to Dean and they held hands.

“I have to go.”

“I want to see you again.”

“I’ll go to class next week.”

“No. I want to see you tonight.”

“Tonight? I can’t…”

“I’ll wait for you.”

“This is crazy…”

“It isn’t. You go and have dinner with your dad, then you get your warden to keep an eye out as he’s doing now. Just so we can be together a bit longer…”

Sam thought hard about it and nodded. “Okay.”
Dean smiled and squeezed Sam’s hand.

“I’ll go down and have dinner. We’ll meet here again in about an hour. Can you keep hidden until then?”

“Of course. I’ll find a place near those trees. They won’t come looking for me. I’ll come back to this spot in one hour.”

“We won’t be able to do much, and it’ll probably be very quick…”

“I don’t care. If I get to kiss you one more time it’ll be worth it.”

At that moment Sam realized, a little too late, that his life had probably already changed for good.

“Prince!” Crowley’s voice came from within the bedroom.

“I gotta go. Please hide. Don’t let them see you,” Sam urged.

“Don’t worry my sweet angel. In one hour I’ll be here.” Dean kissed Sam’s lips quickly and moved away.

“Careful,” Sam whispered as he watched Dean jump out of the balcony and disappear in the shadows of the garden.

Sam walked back inside the room a moment before his dad walked in.

~ * ~

“There you are, my lovely,” Azazel greeted him.

Sam waited as his dad walked closer and kissed his forehead.

“Hi, Dad. How was work?”

“Nothing out of the ordinary. But I do have something special for dinner. I have brought a few friends over.”

“Oh.” Sam felt a twinge of fear. “Are they…are they…” Vampires? He wanted to ask, but couldn’t quite bring himself to.

“They’re looking forward to meeting the Prince.”

“Is Lucifer with them?” Sam asked, suddenly. He didn’t know why he brought the business man’s name up, but part of him kind of hoped he would be. Lucifer was, after all, human, and he had been respectful even when they were alone.

“No, Lucifer is somewhere in Europe as we speak.” Azazel seemed to study the boy curiously. “But I’m glad you asked for him,” he said enigmatically. “Now go take a shower and come down so I can introduce you to my friends over dinner.”
“Okay, Dad. Just give me a few minutes.”

Azazel nodded, looked briefly in Crowley’s direction and left the room.

Sam sighed. He hoped dinner would go by fast. It wasn’t the first time Azazel brought important friends for dinner, and Sam was used to being shown around like a prize. He wished it didn’t have to be tonight, though, after he had just agreed to meet Dean in the balcony in one hour.

Sam cast a look full of longing towards the door leading to the open balcony and then looked at the bathroom.

“Crowley, will you please get my stuff?”

“Of course, Prince.”

~ * ~

When Sam left the shower there was no silver robe waiting for him, just his regular clothes, which caused him to sigh with relief. ‘It’s just a quick dinner and then I’ll hang out with Dean,’ he told himself as he got dressed.

“Oh, there you are,” Azazel exclaimed when Sam left the bathroom.

Sam looked around and realized Crowley was gone.

“I’m almost ready, Dad. I’ll be going down in a few minutes.”

“I know.” Azazel was holding a glass of water in his hand. “Come here just a second.”

Sam did as told and joined his father as he sat on the edge of the bed.

“Drink this.” Azazel pushed the glass in Sam’s direction.

Sam’s heart skipped a beat and he felt an intense spike of uneasiness go through him.

“I’m not thirsty. Thank you,” he declined, politely.

Azazel smiled and put a lock of hair behind the boy’s ear. “C’mon, baby. Drink this. It’s just water.”

Sam’s heart raced. He took the glass in his hand and looked down at it. Indeed, it looked like nothing but water.

‘I’ll come back to this spot in one hour’ Sam could hear Dean’s voice in his mind.

“I don’t really want to. I’m good.” Sam tried to give the glass back.

“Samuel.” Azazel’s voice grew a bit deeper and his face became less friendly. “Do as I tell you. I want you to drink this.”

“Why? Is there something in it?” Sam’s heart was racing erratically now.
“Don’t you trust your daddy?”

Sam looked into the yellow eyes coaxing him. He didn’t want to drink from that glass, now more than ever, but he was afraid to say no.

“Please, Dad…” he whispered.

“Drink.” Azazel’s voice was a command.

Sam’s throat was tight but he complied. He swallowed everything down, and even though it looked like water, the taste was somewhat different. Of course it was, Sam thought. He had expected it to be.

“That’s a good boy,” Azazel smiled warmly again. “Now come down with me. Let’s not leave our guests waiting.”

~ * ~

Sam could feel the eyes on him. In the dinning room, there were four of his dad’s friends already waiting around the big wooden table.

“Ladies and gentlemen, this is my son, Prince Samuel,” Azazel introduced him.

“Hello, Samuel,” a woman smiled at him and offered to shake his hand. Sam took it, but didn’t say anything.

“Isn’t he everything I spoke of?” Azazel asked proudly.

“That he is…” Another woman said leeringly. “Hey there, sweetie.”

Sam could see two women and two men. The men watched him from a distance and smiled. Sam had never seen any of those people before.

“Let us eat, shall we?” Azazel said and everyone got a spot at the table.

Sam was walking towards his seat when he felt his sight become a little blurred. He blinked a few times and the feeling went away. What was in that glass?

Sam wasn’t hungry anymore, but the moment he sat down the courses started coming to the table. The boy watched as his father engaged in merry conversation with his friends, and even though they eventually looked at him and smiled, Sam felt they weren’t paying him much attention.

“Would you like some juice, Prince?”

“What?”

“Juice?”

Sam looked at the servant and nodded. He tried to keep his eyes very open to the details, but he
found he was having trouble paying attention. His eyelids grew heavy and his eyes felt dry. Sam ate some of the food on his plate and looked at everyone else’s plates. There was food on all of them, which was good, but Sam didn’t see any of them actually take a bite from it.

“Is it good, honey?”

Sam lifted his head towards his father’s voice.

“Do you like dinner?”

“Yes…”

Sam ate the food slowly and looked around. He wondered what was going on with him. He didn’t feel different, and yet, he knew something was going on.

About ten minutes into the dinner, Sam looked at his hands as his fingers tingled and grew numb.

He raised his eyes to look at his all around, but the blurred vision was back and Sam felt dizzy. ‘Oh God, there was something in that glass. I need to tell Dean, he’ll be waiting, he’ll…’ Sam wanted to scream, but his tongue felt too thick in his mouth and his head was spinning.

“Samuel, are you okay?” Azazel narrowed his eyes and looked at him.

Sam barely heard the sound of his dad’s voice. ‘Even if we just kiss again it’ll be worth it’, the thought echoed somewhere in his mind, and Sam knew he had to stay awake, he knew it was important not to give in the powerful sleepiness taking him over.

“I’m…” Sam made as if he would stand up. He needed to go back to his room. Dean and he would meet in one hour. He had to…

The moment he tried to stand up everything went black. Sam’s eyes rolled in the back of his head before they fell shut, and the prince fell back on his chair, his sleeping head missing the plate by only a few inches.

“Samuel.” Azazel got up quickly and picked Sam up. He checked the boy’s pulse and smiled at the faint heartbeat. He then looked at the four pairs of eyes focused expectantly on him. “Shall we dine now?”

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$tbc…$
Chapter 33

Having found the living heir of such a powerful blood lineage, and having this heir, Samuel Winchester, under his care and protection, growing up as his own son, certainly gave Azazel power and status among other vampires. Part of the security he had around Sam was in fact to make sure no envious vampire would try and steal the boy away.

Since the moment Azazel had started feeding on Sam, he hadn’t really welcomed others to share him very often. At first he had been just too busy giving in to the selfish pleasure of having Samuel all to himself. Now though, as the boy’s blood made him stronger and Azazel grew more confident in his capacity to protect him, he relaxed and allowed himself to bask in the feeling of having something all the other vampires desired, and that could give him an immense influence over the others of his kind. Besides, Samuel was now sixteen and Azazel could no longer tell for how much longer he could keep the boy a virgin, and in a few more years he would have to let him go because of his deal with Lucifer. He knew he should take advantage of the next few years and use the asset he had wisely. And he also knew that after all the trouble he had gone through to get his hands on King Arthur’s blood heir, he was entitled to having some fun with him.

Tonight, Azazel had brought over four of his closest kins. Every six months or so Azazel welcomed them in town for orgies that lasted days, sometimes weeks, but Samuel had never been a part of that. Vampires had an intense blood lust, and every now and then they mated to satisfy the urgency that blood alone couldn’t. Now, as Azazel picked Sam’s limp body in his arms and carried him to his bedroom, he decided to start the night with something extra special.

“Shut the door. Lock it,” Azazel commanded one of the men. He lay Sam gently on his king size bed and began to strip him off his clothes little by little. By the time he was done and Sam was lying naked, there were five vampires hovering over him, studying his smooth skin hungrily.

“My mouth is already watering,” one of the women said. She had long brown hair and dark eyes.

“Hand me those ropes,” Azazel asked the other man, a tall blond vampire with killer blue eyes.

“These?”

“Yeah.” Azazel took the silk ropes and took one of Sam’s wrists gently. He tied the garment around it and then stretched the boy’s arm to tie it to the headboard.
“Oh, this looks yummy,” the other woman, with light hair, giggled and licked at her fangs.

“Why are you tying him up?” the man wearing a dark suit and who wore his dark hair neatly combed asked. “I thought you drugged him so he’ll sleep through it all.”

“I did,” Azazel confirmed. He now used the silk rope to stretch Sam’s long legs and tie them up too, making the boy look completely vulnerable and invitingly sweet. “But I used a really low dose of the drug so it won’t interfere too much with the taste in his blood. In case he does wake up in the middle of it, I don’t want him to get scared and hurt himself.” If Samuel struggled against several pairs of fangs, he could get seriously wounded, and Azazel needed to avoid that.

He stood up and watched the Prince spread open in bed. His heart raced and he smiled. One of the women sat by the bed and ran a hand over Sam’s cheek.

“Can I? Oh my God, I need it so bad… I can feel his pulse beneath my fingertips, so strong…” she licked her lips.

“You know the rules,” Azazel said. The other four vampires stopped in their contemplation of the prince and looked at the host.

“Don’t drink too much,” the blond man said, obediently.

“He’s the appetizer, not the main course,” the dark haired woman completed.


The dark-haired man smiled leeringly and studied the boy in bed. He got hard just looking at his helplessness.

“No sex,” he said.

“It’s really important,” Azazel stressed. “The prince is innocent, and he’ll remain untainted when this is over.”

“Can’t we corrupt him? Just a little? You know, play with him…” the blond man grinned and ran a large hand up and down Sam’s thigh, his fingers circling invisible patters on the soft skin.

“No. We can play among ourselves after we feed,” Azazel stated. “Is that fine by everyone?” Azazel watched as the four vampires got closer to bed and different sets of hands started to explore Sam’s warm and soft skin.

“Yes,” one of the women replied before letting her nose graze Sam’s neck.

“Well, then…enjoy, my friends.” Azazel smiled, pleased, and watched from the end of the bed as the brunette sank her teeth into Sam’s neck.

The blond vampire spread Sam’s thighs carefully and licked at his inner thigh. He could feel the warm blood pulsing just beneath the skin, and when he sank his teeth, the red blood flowed over the white skin, and he licked at it slowly, moaning low in his throat as the taste filled his mouth.

The other woman approached the bed and her fingers spread possessively over Sam’s ribcage before she leaned closer and broke the skin with her fangs. Sam’s taste filled her mouth and she shuddered
with pleasure. “Azazel he is…he’s amazing…!” she exclaimed, in shock. “I’ve never tasted anyone like it…”

“And neither will you ever,” Azazel replied with evident pride.

The dark-haired vampire watched the blond one lick at the dripping blood from the boy’s thigh and adjusted himself in his pants.

“Hold your horses,” Azazel said when he saw the man with the corner of his eyes. “Samuel is an angel to me. Respect his innocence. We’ll take care of this later.” Azazel reached his hand and squeezed the vampire’s crotch, causing him to groan and smile lustfully.

“As you see, I can hardly wait.”

The dark-haired vampire looked deeply into Aazel’s eyes before moving towards the bed. He darted out his tongue and shared the same trail of blood dripping from Sam’s thigh. His hands roamed over Sam’s sweet body as he lapped away at the blood.

Azazel watched the scene and felt his own hunger grow.

After a few minutes, he joined the other vampires, sank his fangs into one of Sam’s bound wrists and drank.

~ * ~

Dean took a deep breath and waited. He checked his watch for the tenth time and looked in the direction of Sam’s window. It had been one hour since he had seen the boy, so Dean started to make his way silently back to the balcony. He hid behind trees and used the shadows to move, but when he managed to climb back to the balcony, the doors to the bedroom were shut, as was the window.

‘He’s still having dinner’, Dean thought. The lights were out and there was no sound coming from the bedroom.

He waited around for fifteen minutes before going down and hiding behind some trees again. Sam was probably stuck in the family dinner, and Dean knew it would be better to wait for him down in the garden; it would be safer.

The young man then thought about their conversation and the boredom of waiting was quickly replaced by the joy of what had happened. ‘He loves me’, Dean smiled a wide, silly smile and his heart fluttered in his chest. He closed his eyes and leaned his head against a tree. Sam loved him, and he loved Sam, and Dean had never felt so happy in his life.

~ * ~

Inside Azazel’s room, behind closed doors, five vampires fed on the naked virgin boy tied to the bed. They alternated places, wanting to try and drink from every inch of skin. Soon, Sam’s body was covered in small red dots as fangs sank deep into his skin to taste his blood.
Azazel made sure they were drinking small little sips at a time. He kept monitoring Sam’s pulse and breathing pattern to be certain that they didn’t drink too much.

“Let’s turn him around,” the brown-haired woman suggested. “More places to explore.”

The other three vampires beamed with the idea and Azazel nodded. He removed the bindings from around Sam’s ankles so he could roll Sam on his stomach a little, even though the boy’s hands were still tied to the headboard.

Azazel spread Sam’s thighs a bit further and soon there were three pairs of fangs sinking into the boy’s naked butt cheeks and thighs at the same time two other pairs of teeth sank on his shoulders so the vampires could drink with abandon.

“He’s so delicious…” the blond woman whispered, her lips red with blood. “You are so lucky…”

“I am.”

Azazel and her exchanged a hot look before they were kissing feverishly, grinding together. The yellow eyed vampire knew that Sam’s powerful and magical blood would give them enough fuel to keep going for two or three days straight, and he could hardly wait.

In bed, the blond male vampire and the brunette made out on top of Sam’s body while the dark-haired male vampire drank from the sensitive skin behind the boy’s knee.

~ * ~

It had been one hour and forty five minutes since they had agreed to meet. Dean looked hopefully at the balcony but the lights were still out, and when he boldly tried the doors, they were locked.

Frustrated, Dean ventured around the mansion, trying to look through the windows, hoping he could find Sam in one of the other rooms. He circled the house until he found the dining room, but there was just a dim light in the room and there was no longer anyone in there.

Where the hell was Sam? Where had he gone? If he wasn’t having dinner any more, then why didn’t he go to the balcony as they had agreed?

Unfortunately, some of the windows had the blinders shut, so there was no way Dean could see what was going on behind them, and not even in his wildest dreams would he have imagined what Sam was going through right now.

~ * ~

He grew vaguely but increasingly aware of small, stinging sensations all over his body. Sam stirred a little and frowned, and when he opened his eyes his heart raced and his brain fought away his drowsiness.

Sam widened his eyes and stared, in shock, as a blond man sank his teeth near his hipbone at the same time a woman with a cascade of brown hair drank from his torso.
“Guys, he’s awake,” the dark-haired vampire said calmly.

“Dad?” Sam called, shakily. “What’s going on? What…?!” Sam realized in a matter of seconds that he was lying on his back in bed, but when he tried he could not move. He looked up in despair and realized his hands were tightly bound to the bed, on each side of his head, and when he tried to kick the strangers off of him, Sam understood that he could not move at all because his legs were also bound.

“Samuel…” Azazel broke the kiss he was sharing and rushed to the bed.

“Dad!” Sam cried. “Who are they? Get them off of me!” Sam thrashed. His head felt heavy and his sight was still a little unfocused. Sam looked around and saw his father’s bedroom, and he didn’t know exactly how many people were in there because it hurt when he tried to count, but he saw that he was naked and that there were vampires feeding off him, and he felt a hot piercing pain all over his body, and he just wanted to get the hell out of there.

“Shhh, it’s okay, baby. It’s okay.”

“Relax, Prince boy…you taste so fucking delicious…”

“No!!! Stay away!!!” Sam twisted and struggled, but he felt weak and confused. What was happening? Why were those vampires feeding on him? “Dad! Please!!” Sam’s voice reflected his rising despair, and he moved helplessly until his wrists burned against the tight ropes.

“Shhh…relax, baby. It’s okay. Daddy is here. Daddy will make it go away.” Azazel opened the first drawer of the nightstand close to the bed and picked up a vial and a syringe from it. He sat by the bed as he filled the syringe with the right amount of medication.

Sam looked at the needle and the flask, and he looked at the vampires in the room eyeing him hungrily, their lips red with his blood and their eyes clouded with desire.

“Dad, what are you doing?” Sam cringed when the needle got close.

“This will all go away, baby. When you wake up you won’t remember any of this. I promise.” Azazel filled the syringe with a dissociative medication.

“Don’t drug me. Please, don’t, please…” Sam begged. He saw the way his father grabbed his arm and the way the needle got closer and closer to his skin. “No! NOOOO!!” Sam’s fear turned into desperate anger and he thrashed violently, making it almost impossible for Azazel to give him the medication.

“Hold him down,” Azazel commanded.

In a heartbeat, there were many pairs of hands holding Sam to the bed, and even though the boy cried loudly in protest, Azazel injected him with a large dose midazolam, a drug capable of causing sleepiness, muscle relaxation and, hopefully, short term memory loss. With a bit of luck, Sam wouldn’t remember any of the night when he woke up in his bed in the morning.

Sam felt the needle go in and he knew he was crying. His vision was blurred form the tears, his heart was racing out of fear and shame, and he just wanted to be left alone, to go away; he wanted all of those people to disappear.
“Dad…” Sam whispered. “Help me…” Sam’s lips quivered as he uttered the plea. He didn’t like the way the vampires looked at him, like he was food, like he was prey.

“Go to sleep, honey…It’ll all be over soon. Shhh….”

After a few minutes, Sam began to drift into unconsciousness and the other vampires gathered around Azazel.

“Is he asleep again?”

“Yeah,” Azazel confirmed. “You have fifteen minutes to drink a little more. He’s already dehydrated, and soon the drug will reach its peak in his blood. So ladies and gentlemen, have your last bites and then we’ll move on to the next part of the night.”

There was the sound of giggling and low chuckling, and then there were hands groping possessively and kneading soft skin in search of the perfect spot. There were fangs sinking deep into flesh and red blood pouring into quick tongues and eager mouths.

Sam’s head rolled on the pillow and his eyelids fluttered open a few times. He couldn’t really see anything with distinction. In his mind, everything was a confusing mix of sounds and teeth and he felt hands running over his body and touching him all over, but when he tried to move away he couldn’t do anything, because his body was floating into a dreamless sleep, and there was nothing he could do but give in to it.

~ * ~

Dean ran a hand through his hair and sighed, a mix of frustration and disappointment. He knew Sam hadn’t forgotten about their meeting in the balcony, but perhaps something had gone down with his father that kept him from showing up. Perhaps there was no way Sam could have warned him that their plans had to be canceled.

Dean was hungry and bored out of his mind. If the lights weren’t turned on in Sam’s bedroom for the next five minutes, then he would give up, go home, and wait to meet Sam again during his classes with Bobby. Sam had already said that he would go back to class, so Dean might just have to settle for the fact that he would no longer see his love tonight.

The mechanic’s son looked at the shadows in the garden and his eyes were once again drawn to the balcony where all the lights remained off.

Five more minutes, he thought.

~ * ~

“That’s enough.” Azazel said. He had his fingers around Sam’s wrist and he could tell the precise moment when the boy’s heartbeats became dangerously weak.

The vampires backed off and Azazel untied Sam carefully. He gathered the boy in his arms and
disappeared with him inside the bathroom to wash away the blood and saliva covering his skin.

When Azazel finished rinsing Sam’s body, he dressed him with his underwear and a silver robe.

“I’ll be right back,” he told the others before he left, carrying the sleeping boy in his arms.

Crowley had been waiting outside Azazel’s room and he stood up the moment his master exited with Sam in his arms.

“Do you need anything, sir?” Crowley asked, trying not to look at the boy and wonder what had happened. It was none of his business.

“I’m going to put Samuel in bed and then I’ll return to my room. Follow me.”

Crowley followed the yellow-eyed man to the prince’s room, where they walked in and turned on the lights. Crowley then watched as Azazel lay the boy in bed gently and pulled the covers up to Sam’s chin.

“He’s under the effect of a sedative, and dehydrated too. He’ll sleep through the rest of the night and morning, but in case he wakes up sooner, make him drink water.”

“Of course.”

“And if he isn’t awake by midday, let me know and I’ll start him on an IV fluid. I don’t think that will be necessary, though.”

“Okay, sir.”

“Other than that…” Azazel turned and looked at Crowley. “I’m not to be disturbed in my room. Not for the next two days. Do you understand that?”

“I do,” Crowley said politely.

“Tell all the other employees that they aren’t to bother me, under any circumstances. You’re the only one who can knock on that door if the prince doesn’t wake up in the next eight hours or so. You must also inform me if anything happens to him, but I trust it won’t be necessary.”

Azazel was looking forward to some good hours of hot sex and unless something urgent requested his attention, he would kill anyone who dared interrupt one of his rare moments of fun.

He looked at the boy sleeping heavily in bed, leaned over and placed a kiss to his forehead. “You did wonderful tonight, my sweet Prince.” Azazel raked his fingers through Sam’s hair and caressed him softly before getting to his feet.

“Good night, Crowley.”

“Good night, master.” Crowley bowed with reverence as Azazel exited the room. He then looked at the boy in bed, sleeping deeply and making no sound at all, and sighed.

Crowley shut the door, picked up a magazine and sat on the armchair in the corner. He doubted the boy would give him trouble tonight.
Dean was almost on his way out when he saw the light coming from Sam’s bedroom. “Finally!” he whispered to himself. Even if they didn’t have much time to talk now, Dean couldn’t resist going back for Sam. He would kiss the boy goodnight, at least one long and warm kiss, and then he would be on his way.

Dean was glad he had waited. Looking into Sam’s eyes and kissing him goodnight would be a delicious end to an already amazing night.

The young man made his way through the garden until he arrived at the balcony, now shimmering under the light coming from inside the room.

For a few minutes he waited outside, wondering what was taking Sam so long to come out there so they could talk. Dean even pressed his ear to the glass door, but there was absolutely no sound coming from within the room. Had Sam gone to sleep? That was not possible. He couldn’t have forgotten their agreement.

Dean looked at the doorknob and his heart raced. It was probably the stupidest thing he would be doing in his entire life, but he took a deep breath and let his hand rest on top of it.

“Fuck it,” he cursed lightly and opened the door.

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tbc...
Chapter 34

Sam’s room was in absolute silence when Dean walked in. He looked around quickly and didn’t see Sam’s bodyguard; he didn’t see anyone but Sam himself, sound asleep in bed.

“What…?” Dean frowned and walked closer to the bed. Why on Earth would Sam have fallen asleep without talking to him first? There was no way Sam had just forgotten about their agreed meeting, especially not after the way their conversation had gone down a few hours earlier.

With disbelief, Dean watched over the sleeping boy and poked his shoulder lightly. “Sam…” he whispered. “Sammy...” Dean shook him lightly at first, and a bit more vehemently later, and yet, there was absolutely no response from the boy in bed. Sam didn’t even stir when Dean cupped his face and stared into his closed eyes.

There were about a dozen questions popping up in brain at the same time, but before Dean could think any further he heard a sound behind him and turned around to see Crowley coming in his direction.

“What the hell are you still doing here?!” Crowley sounded indignant, but still managed to keep his voice down. He had gone to the bathroom and taken his time there, knowing Sam couldn’t possibly wake up so soon. Seeing Dean inside the Prince’s bedroom, though, pushed away all the hopes for a quiet night without drama.

“What happened to him?” Dean went on as if Crowley wasn’t seething. “We agreed to meet again in the balcony and he’s so deep asleep that I can’t seem to wake him up.”

“Then perhaps you should take the hint and leave. Go now before anyone else knows you’re here.”

“No…” Dean looked at the bed and at Sam’s face. There was no way Sam had just fallen asleep so fast and so hard. Something had happened and he couldn’t just leave him like that. “Why won’t he wake up?”

“Are you daft, kid?” Crowley widened his eyes and went closer to Dean until they were face to face. “Leave now before things get ugly, I’m not warning you again!”

“Aren’t you worried about him?” Dean’s heart was beating fast. “This is the boy you’re paid to guard, and he’s lying unconscious in bed. Aren’t you afraid something bad happened to him?”

Crowley gritted his teeth and swallowed hard. Against his will, he found himself stealing a glance in Sam’s direction.

“Sam…” Dean turned to the boy again, “listen to me…” he sat on the edge of the bed and cupped his cheek.
“Dean! Go away!” Crowley grabbed the young man by the arm and pulled him back to his feet. “Now!”

Dean moved quickly and got rid of Crowley’s grip on his arm. He stared fearlessly into the older man’s eyes and Dean’s eyes spoke volumes of his state of mind. “Don’t touch me. I could fucking kill you if I wanted,” he threatened.

“That’s true,” Crowley admitted. “But it’s also true that I could have all the security in the place on you in a heartbeat. And if you got hurt, or let’s say, accidentally shot, who would really blame us? I mean, you are trespassing private property in the middle of the night.”

Dean bit down hard on his anger and the two of them stared at each other in tense silent for a moment.

“I could have them up here in less than a minute,” Crowley narrowed his eyes.

“You could, but you won’t,” Dean said, his voice calmer now.

“I won’t?” Crowley seemed genuinely curious.

“No. Because some part of you has got to be worried about him, too.” Dean pointed in Sam’s direction. “Unless you have something to do with him being like this…”

“Don’t be a fool,” Crowley protested quickly.

“So you can’t really expect me to believe that he just fell into a sleep that’s more like a coma without any reason. Something happened to him, and I’m going to find out what.”

“And just how do you expect to do that, eh? You saw it for yourself that there’s no waking the prince up now.” Crowley realized he had toned down his voice and softened his attitude a bit. No, he didn’t like Dean neither did he like his dad, but on the other hand, he had never seen someone look at Sam and talk about him with so much care and affection.

Dean thought about Crowley’s question, looked at the bed at Sam’s sleeping frame once more, and made up his mind.

“I’m going to take him with me.”

“What?!” Crowley immediately looked around worriedly after he sounded louder than he expected. He walked towards the door and closed it. “Come again?”

“Yeah, I’ll take Sam out of here so he’ll be safe until he can tell me what happened.”

“Dean…” Crowley tried to reason with him, “nothing ‘happened’ to the Prince. He is fine. He’ll wake up tomorrow as he always does.”

“So are you telling me that this happens often?” Dean wasn’t having any of that. Something bad had been done to Sam, he could feel it, and until Sam himself could explain it to him, Dean just couldn’t walk away and leave him there.

“I’m telling you that he’s fine. You should go, really!”
“Thanks, but I’ll be the judge of that.” Dean walked towards the bed and pulled the covers off Sam’s body. He shook him lightly again and tried to put him in a sitting position, but Sam’s body was completely unresponsive. “Sammy?” Dean parted his eyelids carefully and saw the dilated pupils that obviously couldn’t see him. “I’m taking him out of here. My dad’s car is parked outside the mansion. Sam’s sleeping with me tonight, then tomorrow, if he wants, he can return home.”

“Oh really? How do you expect to walk out of here with the Prince and past security?”

“With your help.”

Crowley fell silent. Dean’s eyes were intense and they wouldn’t look away. There was so much resolution there that Crowley thought the young man might put Sam over his shoulder and jump out of the balcony if he tried to stop him.

For a moment Crowley considered that lunacy. Azazel was definitely the boy’s biggest problem, but Crowley knew that for the next forty eight hours the vampire would be way too entertained in his bedroom with his mates to pay attention to anything else. There were other employees, though, but they didn’t have to see Sam at all if Crowley told them the boy didn’t want to leave his room.

“Look at him and tell me this is okay.” Dean dared him.

Crowley swallowed hard and took a deep, silent breath. He stared at his feet because he didn’t know what to say. He hated what happened to the kid in that house, but he didn’t know how to change any of that.

“So, will you help me?” Dean pleaded with Crowley. He knew he had no chance of taking Sam with him unless the boy’s warden decided to help.

Crowley seemed to ponder really hard. He closed his eyes and released a long-held breath. “You do know that Samuel is fine, right? He’s just asleep, tomorrow it’ll be as if nothing happened,” he tried one more time.

Dean didn’t say anything. His heart was beating fast and urging him to take Sam away. It was true, the younger boy didn’t seem injured or anything, but the way he was unresponsive after what happened between them earlier made Dean think something had happened to him against his will, and if Dean added this strange fact to the whole mystery surrounding the boy, he couldn’t walk away as if he hadn’t seen anything. So, instead of arguing, Dean moved towards the bed and started to pick Sam’s body up.

“Dean! Put him down.”

Dean didn’t seem to listen. He had no idea how he would manage to leave the house, but he would try. If Azazel tried to stop him, Dean would deal with him too. Somehow.

“Dean, put the Prince on the bed,” Crowley ordered again when Dean held the boy in his arms, but there was nothing but fierce resolution in the young man’s eyes. In that moment, Dean looked eerily similar to his dad, the town’s mechanic.

Crowley sighed and picked up the phone in Sam’s room. He dialed quickly.

Dean watched with growing apprehension, feeling Sam’s light body and its delicious warmth against
his chest.

“Hey, it’s Crowley. Yeah, do me a favor and get everyone from security inside, immediately.” Crowley stared at Dean as he said his next words. “Send everyone to the kitchen, all the employees here tonight. I need to speak to them. Fine.” Crowley hung up the phone.

“Did you just call security on me?” Dean felt trapped. He realized that it didn’t matter what he felt like he should do, it might be impossible to take Sam out of that mansion, or perhaps it might be considered attempted kidnapping. Dean was certain that if he could, Azazel would gladly find a motive to lock him up.

“Sam’s father is working in his room and he won’t be a problem. I just sent all the household to the kitchen where I’ll speak to them. Wait here for a while until you hear the door shutting downstairs,” Crowley instructed. “You can then walk out of here with Samuel. You’ll have ten minutes or so. Be quick.”

Dean’s heart raced and he smiled when he looked at Sam’s sleeping face. The boy couldn’t see how happy Dean felt, but it didn’t matter now.

“Thank you,” Dean said, and he carefully put Sam in bed again.

Crowley knew that Azazel had asked for two days, so asking Dean to bring Sam back tomorrow was playing it safe in a terribly risky situation. He could hardly understand why he was doing that anyway.

“The Prince must be home tomorrow. I know Azazel pulls all-nighters and sometimes he stays locked up for over a day, but there’s no telling when he’ll come out and ask for his son, so promise me he’ll be here before the sun sets tomorrow.”

“He can come back whenever he wants, and if he wants.”

“Trust me, he will want. He has to. I’ll be waiting outside the gates, on Oak street at around the time his classes usually end. This way I can smuggle him back inside.” The other employees didn’t know how strict Azazel was when it came to leaving the house for his classes, so they wouldn’t find it strange if Crowley drove the limo at any given time of the day pretending to take the prince somewhere.

“Can you set aside some of his clothes, put them in a backpack or something? I assume he won’t like to walk around in a robe when he’s up. My clothes might not fit or call attention.”

“Yes.” Crowley quickly put some of Sam’s clothes in the backpack he used when he went to class and let it fall beside Dean’s feet.

“Thank you, Crowley, I really…”

“Listen, Dean…” Crowley cut him off. “If you touch this boy…” he narrowed his eyes and his meaning was not lost on Dean.


And as outlandish as it sounded in his brain, Crowley knew he could trust John Winchester’s son. Dean cared way too much about the boy, he wouldn’t do anything to hurt him. Besides, Sam trusted
Dean, and even though the Prince was naive, he was also a very clever boy.

“Good.”

“But if he wakes up then whatever we do is up to him,” Dean added.

Crowley thought about saying something, but he heard the movement downstairs of people walking into the place and gave up.

“Ten minutes after I slam the door shut,” he mouthed.

“I got it.”

“Oh, and I almost forgot. Here…” Crowley quickly looked for a piece of paper and a pencil among Sam’s school gear.

“What’s this?” Dean looked at the piece of paper that Crowley pushed against his hand.

“The password that opens the gate. You’ll need it to get out.”

Before Dean could thank him again, he watched as Crowley turned around and left, leaving him alone with the unconscious boy.

~ * ~

In the kitchen, all of the house employees gathered to listen to Crowley. Sam’s most trusted keeper knew that the security guards who stayed at the gates—there were two of them—were anxious and unwilling to be there. They looked troubled knowing they had abandoned their positions, but everyone who worked there knew that in Azazel’s absence they should follow Crowley’s ruling, so no one questioned his command.

Crowley shut the door audibly when everyone got in, and stalled for as long as he could so Dean could walk out of there with Sam. He didn’t even like to think of what might happen if Azazel decided to leave his bedroom and caught the mechanic’s son leaving with his boy. Just the thought of it sent a shiver down Crowley’s spine, and if this happened then Dean would be on his own, there was no way Crowley was sticking his neck out for him.

“Is there a problem?” one of the guards asked.

“No, not really. I just called you all here because I meant to give the information to all of you at the same time.” Crowley paused and looked at the pairs of eyes focused on him, the maids, the cook, the guards, everyone paid him full attention. “The master told me he will be busy for the next two days and stressed the importance of being left alone.”

There was no need to call a special gathering to say that, but Crowley knew it sounded reasonable enough. Everyone working in there, though most did not know of Azazel’s true nature, had the common sense to fear the yellow-eyed owner of the house, and it wasn’t unlikely that he would have the weirdest of requests.

“The Prince has also asked me to be left alone in his room. I’ll be taking his meals upstairs tomorrow.
Neither father nor son is to be disturbed unless something really urgent calls for it, and then I should be notified first.”

As Crowley went on about the employee’s conduct regarding the next couple of days, trying to drag his speech for as long as he could, he tried to imagine whether or not Dean had already managed to leave.

When at last he could hold them back no longer, someone opened the kitchen door and there was no one outside. When Crowley went up to the prince’s room, Samuel was no longer lying in bed and Dean was nowhere to be seen.

Crowley sighed with relief, but the tension was still stiffening his muscles. He knew that would be a sleepless night worrying whether Azazel might leave his room.

Again, Crowley questioned himself on his motives for doing something so stupid. In the end, he had to admit that he didn’t like what the boy was put through, and he didn’t think he could do anything to change that and help him. Dean, on the other hand, and his obsessive dad and the unusual priest, they might actually be able to do something about that.

~ * ~

The moment he heard the kitchen door shutting, Dean slipped an arm between the mattress and Sam’s knees, and the other between the mattress and the boy’s neck. He lifted Sam gently and held him in his arms against his chest. He hoped Sam would talk when he woke up, but right now there were more pressing matters to worry about.

With Sam’s backpack strapped to his back, Dean left the room and went down the stairs carrying Sam’s sleeping frame. The house was indeed empty and quiet, except for the small murmur coming from the kitchen. Dean had no idea what Azazel was doing and why, but he was glad he wouldn’t be a problem.

Dean opened the front door and crossed the garden under the moonlight, and not once did Sam’s eyes open. As Crowley planned, there was no one at the gates, and after punching in the code Crowley had given him, Dean was walking out of Azazel’s house with his precious angel in his arms, under the yellow-eyed man’s very nose.

The Impala wasn’t parked very far. Dean moved fast, but not so fast because he worried about Sam and making him comfortable. Even though the boy didn’t so much as stir in his arms, Dean didn’t want to bump into anything or that Sam woke up suddenly startled and scared.

He opened the car and laid Sam carefully on the backseat. He took a small moment to look at Sam’s beautiful features as he slept deeply, as if the had not a worry in this world, but Dean told himself he needed to move. If anyone tried to come after him now, Dean wanted to be safe and sound in his home.

The drive was a short one, and when he got near the beach, Dean took Sam in his arms again and walked the way up to his door. He managed to unlock the front door with the kid in his arms and let themselves in. Dean locked the door again before he walked towards the bed and laid Sam on it.

Dean was strong, but by now the muscles in his arms were screaming of exhaustion. He didn’t regret
a thing, though. He had told Sam he loved him, and Sam loved him back, and then something had
happened that had taken Sam’s consciousness away. That kind of sleep was not natural; it didn’t
matter what Crowley said, and in the end, if Crowley was so certain that nothing had happened to
the Prince, Dean doubted he would have helped.

“Who did this to you, hm?” Dean brushed a lock of brown hair off Sam’s forehead and let the back
of his hand run down his cheek, chin and neck. “You have got to start trusting me, Sam. I can help
you, I know I can…” Dean whispered vehemently, even though the boy lying next to him was
clearly oblivious.

Dean did some talking and tried to softly shake Sam awake a couple of times, but when nothing
worked he gave up and settled for studying the boy sharing his bed.

So many people had shared a bed with him, and yet, even though he hadn’t bedded the boy with him
now, Dean felt closer to him than he had ever felt to anyone. The feeling was gripping and powerful,
and a little scary too, but Dean felt as if he had known Sam all his life, as if their connection was way
too deep.

“Is this what being a love fool feels like?” he chuckled softly. “Then be it, right Sammy? ‘Cause I
can’t stop feeling this way…” Dean let his fingertips brush Sam’s lips softly. “In fact, I think I fall
harder every time I look at you.”

Sam’s chest moved peacefully up and down. His breathing was serene, and no other part of his body
moved. Lying there beside Dean, Sam was completely vulnerable and yet, absolutely protected.

“What am I going to do about you, hm? About us?”

Dean looked at Sam for a long time, his eyes adoringly lost. He took Sam’s knuckles to his lips and
kissed them, and when he eventually grew sleepy and tired, Dean stripped down to his underwear
and pulled a blanket over them.

“Night, Sammy.” Dean leaned over and kissed him lightly.

He realized then that for the first time he would get to sleep with Sam.

Not what he had in mind when they first met, Dean thought. And then, with amusement, he also
realized that it was a first for him—sleeping beside somebody without having previously pounded
the living daylights out of them. Indeed, it was something new, but as he closed his eyes and put an
arm around Sam’s torso, Dean Winchester understood he had been waiting all his life for what he felt
right now, for the feeling that he finally knew where he belonged.

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tbc....
Chapter 35

Sam stirred softly and his eyelids fluttered. He took a deep breath and felt awareness spread inside of him lazily but unstoppably. He turned around in bed and pressed his head against the pillow, inhaling deeply the sweet scent he found in there. Sam smiled and his heart beat a little faster. He had been dreaming of Dean, and he didn’t really want to wake up.

Sam kept his eyes shut for a few more minutes before the urge to move grew and he blinked a few times.

“Morning, Sammy.”

Sam’s heart slammed against his chest and his eyes were immediately wide open. Could he still be dreaming? That was not possible; he was awake, he could tell that, he could feel that…

Dean watched as the boy looked around worriedly, from the bed to the room around him, while his face was all shock and confusion.

“Am I…?” Sam couldn’t believe his eyes. He looked at Dean again with a befuddled expression.

“In my home, yeah,” Dean said. He couldn’t help smiling. Sam was awake and he seemed fine, and he looked absolutely cute with his hair all messy and his eyes all lost.

Sam looked at the bed and the sheets covering them. Dean and he were sharing a bed, and underneath his robe Sam was almost naked. Suddenly, the scenes from his dream hit him and he felt breathless and lightheaded.

“Oh my God, did we…” Sam’s breath became labored. In his dream, Dean had taken him to his place, undressed him, and then made love to him all night. Had it not been a dream then? “Did we…” What if they had just had sex? What would Sam do? How would he explain it? He was so torn between happiness and fear he didn’t know what to do. “Dean, did we…?” he asked again, his eyes pleading into Dean’s.

“Did we what? Have sex?”

“Yes.” Sam looked frightened.

Dean’s smile faded and he got to his feet. His face changed into something hurt when he spoke again.

“You were sleeping. What kind of sick pervert would take advantage of an unconscious person?”

‘My dad’, Sam thought quickly but didn’t say anything. He watched from his sitting position as Dean stood in front of him, by the end of the bed.
“Then what happened?”

“You were passed out. So no, I did not rape you or anything.” Dean couldn’t help how he felt. “I thought you knew me by now…”

“I… I’m sorry, I didn’t mean…” Sam shook his head. Damn it, why was it so hard to focus? Everything was weird and Sam had no idea what was going on. The more he tried to think hard, the worse his head felt. “I was unconscious, you said?” he frowned.

“Yeah. You don’t remember?” Dean walked closer and sat on the bed.

“Not really, no. And I know you wouldn’t, I just thought…” Sam thought of his dream and fell shut. He blushed a dark shade of crimson and looked at the sheets, his face afire.

Dean frowned again, more curious and less angry now. “Just thought what?”

Sam swallowed hard. He looked into Dean’s eyes briefly before looking away.

“I sometimes have these dreams…” he said in a sheepish voice. When Dean didn’t say anything, Sam went on, albeit reluctantly. “I… dream about us, you know.” Sam could almost see the color in his cheeks. “So when I woke up in your bed I just thought… it hadn’t been a dream at all…”

Dean’s mood shifted immediately. He smiled leeringly and got closer to Sam. “You said you dream about us?” his voice dropped a little.

“Sometimes, yes,” Sam agreed.

“And what do you dream about? What were you dreaming about?” Dean licked his lips unconsciously, and Sam’s breath shortened.

“I…” Dean’s eyes focused on him made Sam feel hotter, and not just on his face. “I dreamed that you were… you know…”

“No, I don’t. Tell me…” Dean’s eyes glowed seductively.

“I dreamed you were taking me. We were having sex in my dream, so when I woke up here I thought it’d been real. I didn’t mean you had taken advantage,” Sam explained.

“That’s okay.” Dean smiled and touched Sam’s face lightly.

Sam relaxed when Dean leaned in to kiss his lips softly, but his thoughts were quickly worried again.

“Dean, what am I doing here?”

“I kidnapped you.”

Sam didn’t look amused; he looked distressed.

“I have to go back. If my dad knows I’m not in my room…” Sam cringed at the thought. He had no idea how Dean had managed to leave the house with him, but right now Sam knew he had to go back as soon as possible before the damage was too great.
“Relax, it’s okay…” Dean tried.

“No, it’s not. You don’t understand…” Sam got up quickly, way too quickly.

The moment the younger boy was on his feet, his dehydrated condition made him feel dizzy and weak. There wasn’t enough blood in his veins to feed oxygen to his brain, so Sam didn’t go further before darkness crept around the corners of his sight and he lost his balance.

“Sam?” Dean got off the bed quickly.

Sam heard him but couldn’t do anything. He felt his hands growing cold and numb, his body falling and his mind shutting down, and then he didn’t know what happened.

Dean rushed towards Sam but not before the boy fell with a thud on the floor. With his heart racing and his thoughts running wild, Dean knelt over Sam’s body and shook him lightly.

“Sam? Sammy? C’mon, look at me.”

When Sam fell, his robe exposed his chest and great part of his thighs. In the process of shaking Sam’s body to try and bring him to, Dean’s eyes wandered and focused on the many tiny red marks on the boy’s body.

“What the hell…” Dean frowned. He opened Sam’s robe a little more and realized the marks were everywhere, and now that he saw Sam so closely in the daylight, Dean realized they had been there on his neck, too. He was still puzzled when Sam moved in his arms and let out a feeble moan.

“Hey…you okay?”

Sam felt his head throbbing. He had not expected the weakness that took over him when he tried to move. He tried to adopt a sitting position and he could feel Dean’s arms around him trying to help. Sam blinked a few times but his sight was still nothing but darkness. His head ached and there was a bitter taste in his mouth. Sam felt confused and weak, but he had an idea of what was going on with him, because he had felt that way before.

“What can I do for you?”

When Sam’s vision cleared and he saw Dean hovering before him, he took a deep breath and licked at his dry lips.

“Can you get me some water, please?”

“Yeah, of course. Just, just stay there, don’t try to get up.”

Sam watched as Dean went to the fridge to get him what he asked. The signs were familiar; Sam knew he was dehydrated, and that could only mean his dad had drunk way too much blood the previous night. Sam closed his eyes and tried to remember the events that led up to him being in Dean’s place, but everything was blank.

“Thanks,” he said when Dean offered him the glass of water. While he drank, Sam realized Dean was looking at the red dots on his arms and probably everywhere in his body; ‘Why are there so many?’ Sam tugged at the robe as if he could cover himself up. He had no idea what was going on, but he did feel the urgent need to pee. “Can I use the bathroom?”
“Yeah, sure.” Dean took the glass and helped Sam to his feet. “Can you do this alone? Are you gonna pass out on me again?” he asked, worriedly.

“No, I’m fine.” Sam didn’t know how much he meant it; his body felt weird. His stomach was upset and his head was clouded, but right now he just wanted to relieve his bladder.

Dean watched as Sam got into the bathroom and closed the door. He put the glass away and then stood by the door in case Sam needed help.

Inside, Sam relieved himself and stood still for a moment. He took his hand to his stomach and frowned, and then the first memory returned.

*Drink this.*
*Dad, I don’t want to.*
*Just drink this, Samuel.*

Sam remembered the glass being pushed into his hand and the stern, demanding look in his dad’s eyes. Suddenly, Sam bent over and went down on his knees, and all the water he had drunk a few minutes ago left him again as he emptied his stomach in the toilet.

“*Sam, are you alright?*” Dean heard the sound of retching and pressed his ear to the door.

“I’m fine!” Sam took a deep, calming breath and flushed the toilet. He sat for a moment as his head swirled and his stomach cramped. All his body stung and throbbed, and he supposed the red dots were responsible for that.

“*Do you need help?*”

“I’m okay. I’ll come out.” Sam closed his eyes and summoned his strength in order to get back on his feet. He walked towards the sink where he washed his mouth and splashed some cold water on his face. When he looked in the mirror and at himself staring back, his head hurt and the images got blurred.

*He’s so delicious…you’re so lucky…*  
*Let’s turn him around…*

There were flashes of faces hovering above him, and the sound of giggle somewhere in the back of his mind. Sam braced himself against the sink and tried to remember but everything was blurred and it hurt when he tried.

Sam pulled up his sleeves and looked at his arms. He checked his neck in the mirror and shuddered at the marks. Sam knew exactly what they were, but he didn’t really understand what they meant. Surely his dad couldn’t have made all those marks himself?

*There were other faces too, men and women, and they stared hungrily at him, and they…*

“No…” Sam whispered as he shook his head vehemently. He opened the bathroom door before he could have any more flashbacks, and the moment he did it Dean was right there, standing right in front of him.

They looked intently into each other’s eyes, and Sam felt a tremor rake him under Dean’s searching
“What happened last night?” Dean asked sharply even though his voice sounded gentle.

Sam breathed quickly and swallowed hard. His bit down on his quivery bottom lip before he could find his voice.

“I don’t know.” Sam’s eyes were wide with fear and confusion, and Dean could see it in his face, and he knew that Sam’s confusion was sincere.

“C’mon, let’s lie down again. You need to drink some more water, right?”

“Thanks, Dean, I really appreciate it, but I have to go, if my dad realizes I’m not…”

“Relax,” Dean interrupted him. “Crowley knows you’re here.”

“He does?” Sam looked surprised.

“He helped me smuggle you out of the house.”

Sam looked perplexed now. Why would Crowley do something like that?

“He did?”

“How else would I have carried your unconscious body past security?”

“But how about my father, he didn’t…”?

“I don’t know,” Dean said. “Crowley said something about him being busy in his office for the entire day. He let me take you out but you must be back before the sunset. He made me promise to take you back.”

Sam relaxed a little. His dad did have moments when he locked himself up in his office and wouldn’t come out for two, maybe even three days. He usually had a few friends over when this happened…

There was the sound of female giggling.

Sam shook his head and blinked a few times.

“Oh, okay…”

“But you don’t have to go back.”

“What?” Sam frowned.

“Sam…” Dean’s heart was beating fast. There was so much he wanted to say, so much he yearned to know. What could he do to help Sam? “You don’t have to go back if you don’t want to. I could help you, you know.”

“Help me?” Sam chuckled feebly. “Why, why would I need help? And why wouldn’t I want to go home…?” Sam wanted to be strong but his head was filled with blurry thoughts and his body was not responding very well to his commands. “I…” Sam trailed off and his hand touched his stomach.
He took a deep breath and felt his fingers grow cold and numb. ‘Oh, god, I’ll pass out again’, he thought desperately. Just how much had his dad fed last night? And why couldn’t he remember anything about it?

“Sam, take it easy…here, go to bed.”

Sam accepted the help because he wasn’t strong enough not to. He let Dean lead him back to the bed and sat down on it, then he took the glass of water Dean offered him again and drank, in small sips this time.

Dean took a deep breath as he waited for Sam to finish his water. The boy looked pale and obviously weak. There was no way Dean would let this go.

“Last night, you were supposed to meet me again, do you remember that?”

Sam thought for a moment and nodded. He remembered, right. Dean had shown up in the middle of the night. Oh God, he had said he loved him, and then Sam…

Sam’s heart beat faster as he recalled the previous events. Of course he remembered that, and now his heart raced at the memory.

“I waited for you, but you never came back.”

Sam was pulled out of his good thoughts as he considered what Dean said.

“I was going to have dinner…” he murmured.

“Yes, you were going to have dinner but then you never came back. I was going to leave but something came over me and I just had to see you.” Dean paused. He nestled in bed, close to the boy staring at the sheets with bewilderment. “I found you unconscious and brought you here.”

Sam squeezed his eyes shut. *There was a glass, and there was his father sitting on his bed, and Sam felt scared, he didn’t want to, he didn’t…*

“Sam…” Dean’s voice was serious and his hands found Sam’s on the bed. “Were you drugged?”

Sam’s heart slammed against his chest and his pupils dilated. *He was having dinner and then he just….everything went black…*

“I…I guess so.”

Sam’s eyes held so much fear and insecurity that Dean just wanted to pull him against his chest and tell him it would be alright, but right now he needed answers.

“Who did that to you?”

*Dad.*

Sam didn’t say anything. He was silent and his pulse was racing. He didn’t want to say anything. If he told Dean that his own dad had made him drink from some water that probably contained some kind of drug that put him to sleep, then what kind of father would Dean judge Azazel to be? Sam didn’t want Dean to think his dad was a monster, because he wasn’t, his dad loved him and protected
“Sammy… Even Crowley was scared, okay? He might not admit it, but he must have been pretty scared in order to let me leave with you. So something happened last night and I need you to be honest with me.”

“Dean, why do we need to go over it? I’m here, aren’t I? And I’m fine. I just need to drink some water and rest and it’ll be okay.”

Dean studied Sam intently.

“This wasn’t the first time something like this happened, was it?” his heart raced because something told him there was a terrible secret lying just beneath the surface, a secret that would explain why Sam was so afraid.

Sam’s eyes strayed and he tried to avoid the subject.

“These marks! How can I pretend I don’t see them, how can you?” Dean took Sam’s wrist and they looked at each other. The burning around Sam’s wrist was fading, but it was still visible. Both their eyes were wide and intense, and the two boys couldn’t look away from the meaningful staring. Sam was shaking a little, and Dean’s breath was labored. “They mean something, don’t they? What happened to you? Who drugged you?”

“Dean, I can’t tell you about it, I don’t even know what happened. Besides, why do you care? I’m fine, it’s over now, I’m…”

“I love you, that’s why. I won’t let go because I’m in love with you and because I’m scared, too. So you need to trust me, Sam, please…”

Sam felt shaky inside. He pulled his wrist from Dean’s grip. He was all covered in bite marks and he didn’t know why, but he felt ashamed and broken in a way he couldn’t explain. But how could he tell Dean what happened between his dad and he? Dean would hate his dad, Dean wouldn’t understand…

“I’m here for you, I promise.” Dean leaned closer and kissed Sam softly. He could feel wetness against his skin.

Sam licked at his lips and wiped quickly at his tears.

“I can’t…”

“Yes, you can.”

Sam looked into Dean’s eyes and the older man could see the battle the boy was fighting inside.

“Let me help…please, Sam…let me help…”

Sam looked at his wrist and the weird rash around the skin, as if he had struggled against bindings, as if someone had tied him down…

Sam covered his face with his hands. He couldn’t do that anymore, he was breaking and he felt it.
“You have to promise…” Sam whispered and a sob left his lips.

“Promise what?”

“If I tell you anything, you’ve got to promise me you won’t tell anyone about it.”

Dean looked at Sam. There was a visible change in him. The sadness quickly gave room to something fierce.

“Promise, Dean!”

“I…I do.”

“No, you have to mean it,” Sam was shaking, but he had to make sure Dean understood. “You have to promise me that I can trust you.”

“Of course you can trust me.”

“If I tell you something, you have to swear you won’t tell anyone, not your friends, not Bobby, not your father.”

Dean frowned. Sam’s hands were closed around Dean’s arms and the boy’s hazel eyes were wide and piercing.

“Sam, I promise. I do.”

“You’ve got to swear.”

Dean’s heart raced with anxiety. Whatever it was that Sam felt so intensely now, it was scary and real.

“I swear. You can trust me.”

Sam loosened his grip and nodded slowly. Dean waited, but Sam didn’t say anything for a while or so.

“Sam…” Dean’s voice was low and soft, almost like a caress. His hand rested on top of Sam’s knee gently. “Who drugged you?”

“He’s not a monster.” Sam’s eyes welled up with more tears.

Dean’s heart fell. Suddenly, he realized he already knew the answer, and his chest felt tight. He let his fingers tangle in Sam’s hair and stroke.

“Who drugged you?” Dean repeated, soft and yet firmly.

Sam looked at the sheets for a while, but then the tears came again and he didn’t see anything.

“He loves me.”

“Sam…who drugged you?”
“My daddy, did.”

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They stayed in bed like that for a while, unmoving. Dean stroked Sam’s hair and waited as a battle seemed to go on inside the boy’s head.

Sam was trembling and his eyes strayed. He felt weak and confused, and all he wanted was to close his eyes and pretend he could be with Dean like that, for as long as he wanted.

“Sam…” Dean insisted in a whispered and gentle voice. “Talk to me.”

The boy stared at his hands and at the sheets covering him. He pulled the robe tightly against his body and shrank away from Dean’s touching.

“He’s not a monster. You’ve got to understand that. He loves me.”

Through Dean’s head, his father’s words kept moving at rapid speed. Something was seriously wrong with the yellow-eyed doctor they had in town; his dad had been right all along. Dean had never cared too much about it, but whatever was wrong with Azazel was affecting Sam, and Dean would be damned if he would turn a blind eye to it.

“You can tell me.”

“You said you loved me, you did, right?” Sam’s eyes were huge and pleading. “Did you mean that?”

“Of course I did.”

“You swore you won’t tell anyone. You promised, right?”

“I did,” Dean reassured him at the same time his own tension grew.

Sam took a moment as his thoughts rushed wildly through his mind. He was almost afraid to close his eyes and have another flash back from the previous night.

“I don’t know what happened last night. I really don’t. I don’t know how I got these marks.”

“I’ve seen those marks on you before. Let me guess, they are not mosquito bites?” Dean asked softly.

Sam shook his head.

“You don’t know what happened last night,” Dean said, “but something like this has happened before, am I right? There’s something going on at home that you haven’t told me.”
Sam nodded. His fingers squeezed the sheets until his knuckles turned white. His lips parted and 
closed, and Dean reached across the sheets and covered Sam’s fingers with his own. Dean squeezed 
Sam’s hand and waited.

“My dad…” Sam looked around worriedly. His heart was racing. “He isn’t like other people. And 

it’s not just his eyes. My dad’s different.”

“Different how?”

“He needs blood to live.”

Dean frowned. “We all do.”

“No,” Sam shook his head. “He needs it as food.” Sam swallowed down hard and took a deep 

breath. “My dad drinks blood, Dean.”

It was Dean’s turn to fall silent for a moment. When Sam didn’t go on, Dean shrugged off his 

clouded thoughts and chuckled nervously.

“You’re kidding, right?”

“No.”

Dean’s eyebrows were drawn close with disbelief and shock. “Sam, are you making this up? 
Because it’s not funny, I mean…”

“I’m not. I’m telling you the truth,” Sam said.

Dean’s eyes were focused and he blinked a few times. Sam’s face was absolutely serious, and when 

the realization started to sink in, Dean’s heart dropped.

“He drinks blood? Like a…like…a vampire? Your dad is a vampire?”

Sam cringed at the word. He looked around worriedly, but there was no one in there that could listen 
to them.

“I…I don’t know. I don’t know what’s wrong with him. He has a medical condition, Dean, he can’t 
help it.”

“If he drinks blood then that means he’s a killer. Sam, you’re dad is a killer, he kills things for blood, 
he…”

“He drinks from the hospital blood supply,” Sam said quickly. “He doesn’t kill anyone.”

“Are you sure? I mean, how can you be sure, if he’s a vampire then he probably needs fresh blood 
and oh God, what the hell am I even saying, vampires don’t exist!” Dean laughed nervously. He 
tried to wrap his mind around it, but it was really hard. Yet, the way Sam looked right now, that 
forced Dean to hold on to his spinning thoughts.

“Dean…”

“Sam, if that’s real then your dad’s dangerous.”
“He’s not! My dad doesn’t kill people, Dean. I know he drinks from animals sometimes but he’s not a murderer.”

“Are you sure?”

Sam wasn’t, not one hundred per cent, but he wanted to be, needed to be.

“He drinks from blood bags, I know that. And the eventual cow, or rabbit or…”

*Oh, God,* Dean shuddered when he connected the dots.

“…or you,” Dean said, matter-of-factly. His blood buzzed in his ears with the realization.

“Yes,” Sam confessed. He lowered his eyes and squeezed his lips shut for a moment. “He’s been drinking from me since I was 10. The marks you’ve seen before? They’re fangs, not mosquito bites.”

“Sam…”

“Wait, let me go on,” Sam said. Because if he didn’t say everything now he might never have the courage to go on again. “He doesn’t do it every night. Sometimes it’ll be days, or even an entire week without him showing up in my room. When he feeds off me he doesn’t usually drink too much. If he does, though, then I’ll probably pass out or fall asleep because I’m weak or dehydrated. I’m always better the next day though.” Sam could see the way Dean was looking at him as if he tried really hard to understand it all. “It doesn’t really hurt, you know. The first time the fangs go in can hurt a little, but there’s something in their saliva that kind of numbs the area.”

“Their?” Dean picked up on the word quickly. “Are there others like your father?”

Sam nodded.

Dean fought the urge to lose his mind. That was too much. He wanted to ask a thousand questions; he wanted to march out of his house and tell his dad about it, and then he wanted to kidnap Sam so he wouldn’t ever have to go back to his blood sucking father. Yet, despite the anger and shock twisting inside of him, Dean did everything he could to remain calm. He knew Sam was opening up for what was probably the first time in his life. And if that was the first time Sam was confiding in someone, then Dean needed to listen, not freak out.

“Do these other vampires drink from you, too?” Dean’s voice sounded hoarse because he tried really hard to keep it under control when his blood was boiling beneath his skin.

Sam thought about the German man in a suit. He thought about the confusing flashes he had from the previous night. He felt ashamed and shy, but he nodded.

“Not often…” his answer was a whisper. “Dad doesn’t like to share me.”

Dean frowned. Why did Sam speak like that? Like he had resigned to being his dad’s food supply? Why didn’t he fight it; why didn’t he try to end this ridiculous abuse?

“I know what you’re thinking,” Sam said as Dean grew silent and increasingly distraught. “My dad isn’t evil, Dean. He’s raised me on his own since I was a baby. I’ve always had everything I needed. He gave me food, clothes, all the toys in this world…he’s kept me safe.”
“Safe enough so he could sink his teeth into you whenever he felt like it?”

“You don’t understand…” Sam shook his head and made as if he would get up.

“Wait…” Dean closed his fingers around Sam’s wrist. He could tell his words had upset Sam, and he didn’t want to push. The last thing he wanted now was to drive Sam away with his opinion on what happened in his life. For Dean it was pretty obvious that Sam was being taken advantage of, but Dean was soon realizing that Sam didn’t see things that way. “I’m sorry. I’m just shocked. I never imagined…”

Sam relaxed and sat back on the bed. He could only imagine how hard it was for someone else to understand what happened to him.

“It’s okay. I never told anyone. I know it’s a lot.”

Dean’s brain was working fast with the information. He looked back on their every encounter and thought carefully about Sam’s unusual behavior.

“Sam…is that…is that why you keep telling me that nothing can happen between us?” Dean asked softly and watched for Sam’s reaction. During all the time they had known each other, Dean had always wondered what was behind Sam’s mysterious attitude and evasive words. Now that Dean was aware of his secret, he couldn’t help but think the blood drinking was extremely connected to the way the boy reacted to their intimacy.

Sam stiffened but didn’t look away. He nodded.

“How so? I don’t get it… I mean, I know this blood thing is quite a secret that weighs on you, but why can’t we be together?”

“My dad can taste my blood. He says it tastes better because I’m a virgin, and that if I do anything I’ll be corrupting my blood lineage.”

Dean didn’t move or say anything. He blinked and stared at Sam as the revelation settled within him.

“So if we do it, if we have sex…” Dean began.

“Then he’ll know the next time he feeds. He’ll know I’m not a virgin anymore.”

“Is that why you eat all those healthy things? I mean, does he control your diet too?”

“Yes…and no. I mean, he does tell me to watch what I eat, but eating healthy is good for my body, not just for the blood.”

“Yeah, but does he give you the choice?”

Sam seemed to shrink in response.

Dean sighed deeply and considered what he knew now and the things Sam had told him before.

“What about touching yourself? You told me you don’t do it; you told me you couldn’t do it… It’s also about the blood, isn’t it?”
Sam nodded.

“I don’t get it,” Dean felt sad and angry and frustrated. “Why can’t you touch yourself, it’s not like it’s the same as sex.”

“It’s about the hormones,” Sam explained. “I don’t know exactly how it happens, but whatever condition my dad has enhances all of his senses. He can taste hormones in my blood. If I touch myself, if I have…release,” Sam tried not to blush. “he will taste testosterone in my blood and he will know.”

Dean thought of all the times he tried to give him Sam pleasure and the way the boy resisted him. It made terrible sense.

“So when you told me you can’t do anything it’s not because you can’t, it’s because he will know if you have an orgasm.”

“Yes,” Sam admitted.

“And what is the problem with that? I mean, didn’t you come when I touched you in the elevator, in your birthday party?”

“I did, but apparently my oxytocin levels were extremely high that night, so much that when he fed he didn’t taste the release in my blood.”

“Your oxywhat?” Dean looked confused.

Sam chuckled softly. “It’s a different hormone. Bobby told me that oxytocin levels are pretty high when someone falls in love.” Only after he said it did Sam realize the implications. He looked away and felt his cheeks afire.

For a moment, Dean forgot his anger and his outrage and just basked in the deliciously warm feeling of knowing how much their first encounter had affected his beautiful angel.

“You fell for me that night, eh?” He teased playfully, his face lit with charm.

“Shut up!” Sam blushed further and his laughter got muffled against Dean’s lips when they kissed.

Sam’s eyes were still closed when the kiss broke, and he opened them slowly to find Dean serious again.

“You said you loved me,” Dean said.

“I did. I do.”

“Then why can’t your oxywhatever levels be high again so your dad won’t know?”

Sam sighed. “I don’t really know how hormones work,” he shrugged. “But I know we can’t control them. Just because I want my oxytocin to be high it doesn’t mean it will be. Besides, if I fear my dad will catch me then it’s unlikely this love hormone will be high enough to mask the taste of testosterone.”
Dean thought about the meaning of what Sam hadn’t really said.

“If he catches you…” Dean pointed out. “What would happen if we had sex? If he tasted your blood and realized you were not a virgin anymore?”

Dean watched the quick transformation that happened in Sam right before his eyes. The boy now looked wary and uneasy, and Dean could tell he was afraid.

“What would he do?” Dean insisted.

“I…I don’t know.” Sam tried not to sound as scared as he felt.

Dean narrowed his eyes as if he was searching Sam for an honest answer.

“Sam?”

“I don’t know what he would do,” the boy blurted.

“But you’re afraid, aren’t you?”

Sam thought for a moment, he felt somewhat desperate under the pressure.

“He’s my dad, Dean.”

“That is not an answer.”

“He wouldn’t like it, I’m sure. He’d be angry.” Sam looked around quickly, as if looking for a way out of those questions. “Can I have more water?”

Dean parted his lips but closed them. He studied Sam a moment longer before nodding. “Sure.”

The younger boy watched as Dean got up and came back with a full glass of water that Sam drank gladly.

“How do you feel?”

“I’m getting better,” Sam said.

It was a lot to take in. It was too much. And yet, Sam had grown up with that. And Sam knew very little of the world. Dean couldn’t begin to imagine how much Sam’s dad had screwed with his brain.

“I thought you had some kind of religious reason not to touch yourself.”

“I didn’t say it was that. I said it was like that,” Sam defended himself. Technically, he hadn’t lied.

“I know…I just never thought…”

“There was no way you could know. No one knows. Bobby doesn’t know.”

‘My dad has an idea’, Dean thought, but didn’t say anything.

“So you really can’t masturbate? Not ever?”
Sam felt shy again. He shook his head slowly.

“How can you do it? Or how can you not do it? I mean, don’t you get hard sometimes? Don’t you feel all hot and bothered? I can tell you have a normal libido, I mean, I feel how hot I can make you when I touch you.”

Sam’s breathing grew a little uneven.

“I do. I feel… I feel the need to do it, sometimes. I just can’t. I go swimming instead, or do something else that takes my mind off of it.”

“Forget me, but not once? Not ever? It seems impossible.”

“I have dreams, sometimes. I dream about something hot and when I wake up I find out that I had release.”

“You have wet dreams.”

“With a certain frequency,” Sam admitted. ’More so since I met you’, Sam thought but didn’t voice it.

“So what? Does your dad get angry, too?”

“Of course not. He knows I can’t control the dreams.”

“So he doesn’t drink from you when it happens?”

“He doesn’t.”

“Why don’t you take the chance to jerk off then? It’s not like he’ll find out.”

Sam sighed. It was all new to Dean, but Sam had known the drill for a long time.

“It’s not so simple. When I have one of those dreams he won’t let me out of someone’s sight. I can’t go out of the house.”

“He’ll have people watch you?”

Sam nodded.

“Like Crowley?” Dean asked again, as if he was putting together pieces of a puzzle.

“Yeah, like Crowley, mostly.”

Dean thought about it for a moment and the more he thought about things, the heavier his chest felt with worry.

“Crowley sleeps in your room every night, doesn’t he?”

“Almost. He has some nights off, but then someone else will take over.”

“It’s not just to protect you, is it?” ‘Oh, God…’ Dean hated the thought that occurred to him now.
“No,” Sam admitted.

“Are they there to make sure you don’t touch yourself?”

“They remind me not to break the rules.”

“In other words, they spy on you. All the time?”

“All the time,” Sam agreed.

“When you eat, when you sleep, when you shower?” Dean felt sick.

“The only time I’m alone is when I’m with Bobby. Or with you.”

Dean’s fist closed tightly and he forced himself to take a breath and relax.

“It doesn’t make any sense. It’s bad enough that he drinks your blood, forces you to be a virgin and that he lies to you about painful sex, but the fact that he won’t let you find release every now and then…that’s just cruel.”

“He says that I shouldn’t have the habit. That if I do this once I might be tempted to do it more.”

“So you’ve really never? Not once?” Dean couldn’t believe it. It hurt him knowing Sam was deprived of such a natural pleasure.

“I… I’ve done it once. I mean, I started to, when I was twelve.” Sam’s voice grew quivery and his heart raced. “Dad caught me. He…taught me not to do that. Since then I’ve never done it again. Never.”

“He taught you?”

Sam’s breathing was audible now.

“What did he do when he saw you?” Dean grew curious because Sam looked truly frightened now.

“Dean no… I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Oh God, he hurt you, didn’t he?” Dean’s green eyes were piercing in their demand for the truth.

Sam licked at his lips and looked away.

“Sammy, you can tell me.” Dean covered Sam’s hand with his own and squeezed.

“No. Please…” Sam shook his head. He glanced at his hands and the painful memory of the burning assaulted him. “I don’t want to. Don’t make me.”

Dean nodded, albeit reluctantly. “Fine. I won’t make you tell me about it now, as long as you promise me you will, eventually.”

Sam looked at him with questioning eyes.
“I want to know what happened to you,” Dean explained. “I wanna know everything there is to know about you.”

“What if you don’t like it?” Sam spoke sheepishly.

“I love you, alright? And I wish I could help you. But knowing what I know now, when I think of all the times I pushed and tried to make you let go with me I was actually torturing you. I was hurting you.”

“No,” Sam urged. “No, you weren’t. You never hurt me.”

“How come? I teased you every way I could think of as you tried desperately not to let yourself go.” Then Dean remembered something. “You did let go, you came on my lap and you started to cry. I didn’t understand it then, but you looked so sad, so broken…”

“I thought my dad would drink from me and find out about us. I thought I had ruined everything. Even if he didn’t find out about us, I thought he wouldn’t let me outside the mansion again to see Bobby.”

“And what happened?”

“He didn’t drink that night. He came to my bed, but he didn’t drink.”

Dean wondered about the level of anxiety that Sam was forced to live in on top of his repressed sexuality.

“I know you’re afraid to tell me everything, but I know you’re scared of your dad, Sam.”

“I…”

“I know you love him, but you also fear him,” Dean cut him off. “Am I wrong?”

Sam was silent.

“How can I help you?” Dean asked the question that was tearing at him.

“You can’t.”

“Of course I can, I just need to know how.”

“Dean, you promised you wouldn’t tell anyone. You promised me and I trusted you.” Sam grew flustered.

“I know. I know I did.” And right now the secret was killing him. “But I want to do something for you, I want to help you.”

“You can do something for me now.”

“What do you need? Just tell me.”

“Do you think you can just hold me and not…not talk about what I told you?” Sam knew he was asking a lot. Dean had a lot of questions and Sam wasn’t a fool not to see the agitation in Dean’s
eyes. But he had to trust him, he had to believe Dean would keep his promise.

“I can do anything for you,” Dean murmured and adjusted in bed so he could hold Sam in his arms.

The boy huddled closer and breathed in Dean’s scent. He relished the warmth and tightness of the embrace, and the fingers that stroked his hair softly.

“I know you want to do more,” Sam said. “But this, right here, is all I need you to do right now. Can you do that?”

Dean sighed and tightened the embrace.

“I can.”

-----------------------------------------------

tbc...
I won't lie guys... I'll be crazy busy till December... but the support you guys show will definitely help me keep this up. Thank you! =)

“Are you sure you’re going to be alright?” Dean looked at the place where Crowley had parked the car for the tenth time.

“I am. I need to go now,” Sam said.

“You can stay at my place if…”

Sam went closer and shut Dean with a kiss that Crowley pretended not to see.

“I’m fine, and I’m going home. Thank you for everything.” Sam knew Dean was troubled with all he had learned about Sam’s family, but in all honesty, Sam would be shocked if Dean weren’t. It was a lot for Sam who had grown up in this situation, so he could only imagine how much harder it was for Dean right now.

Dean nodded and took a deep breath.

“I’ll see you again in a few days, won’t I?”

“I’ll go to class. Nothing has changed.”

“Okay.”

Sam wanted to pretend that everything was all right, but the truth was that he didn’t feel that good either. There were disturbing flashbacks rushing through his mind every few minutes, and the faint rash around his wrists caused his chest to feel painfully tight. Last night was still a mystery, one Sam was afraid to uncover. But he needed Dean to believe he would be alright; Sam couldn’t turn his back on a worried sick Dean.

“You take care. And if you need me just let me know. Ask Crowley or anyone to come find me.”

“It’s okay.”

“Promise?”
“Yes, Dean.” Sam sounded tired and reassuring. “This has been my life for a long time now. I can handle it.”

Dean wanted to say that Sam didn’t have to handle it, that he could just come live with him and get away from his deranged father. Dean knew, however, that things weren’t so simple. Whatever had been happening to Sam, as he had just said himself, it had been going on for a while, and Dean wouldn’t be able to talk him out of it in a few hours. He had to let go for now, because Sam was obviously not ready to deal with things.

“I love you,” Dean said.

Sam smiled lightly. “I love you, too.”

Their hands found each other’s and squeezed, and Dean took Sam’s fingers to his lips and kissed them.

Sam watched as the older man turned around and left, and his heart ached at the reluctance in Dean’s attitude as he forced himself to say goodbye. When he was gone, Sam walked towards Crowley and the limo.

“How are you, Prince?”

Sam stared at him for a while. “Good. Did you really help him take me?”

Crowley seemed at a loss. He immediately second-guessed his decision and it showed.

“It’s okay,” Sam reassured him quickly. “I wanted to thank you.”

“Oh,” Crowley seemed relieved. “I’m glad.” Then he let his eyes study the prince carefully, assessing every detail of him. Crowley was still thinking about whatever had happened the previous night—Azazel’s blood and fuck fest, Sam lying unconscious, Dean begging for help to take him away. “I hope it was the right call to make. I imagine the Winchester didn’t…” Crowley hated to ask, but he had to. A lot depended on that. When Sam didn’t say anything he went on, feeling obviously awkward. “I mean, Dean promised he wouldn’t…”

Sam sighed when he understood where Crowley was getting at. “He didn’t do anything. We didn’t do anything. Dean wouldn’t hurt me. And I…you know I can’t.”

Crowley nodded silently. He was once again relieved.

“Can we just go home, please? I want my bed.”

“Sure, Prince. Get in.”

Crowley opened the door for Sam and then sat behind the wheel. He drove back to the mansion as a thoughtful teenager stared quietly out of the window.

~ * ~

“Where’s my dad?” Sam asked as soon as he stepped foot inside.
“He’s still in his room with some guests. He asked not to be disturbed.”

Sam’s heart raced. **Guests.**

He closed his eyes and the sounds came back, and the blurred images, too. Sam opened his eyes quickly and tried to take a deep, calming breath.

“I’ll be in my room.”

“Do you want me to bring anything up? Are you hungry?”

“I’m fine. Thanks.”

Sam went up the flight of stairs and he stopped for a moment before the shut door that led to his father’s bedroom. Sam felt a chill spread inside of him so he hurried to his own room.

He was getting into bed when Crowley showed up by the door.

“What?” Sam asked, annoyed.

“I’m sorry, but I need to watch you, remember.”

Sam felt his throat tighten and for a scary moment he thought he might cry.

“Jesus, Crowley, I’m not an animal…” his voice faltered a little and Sam could feel a knot of tension choking him. He had a weird feeling about the night he couldn’t remember, and he had just told Dean his biggest secret. Sam didn’t know what would happen now and he felt weary.

“I’m sorry.”

Sam sighed, defeated, and nodded as Crowley sat on the chair in the corner of his bedroom. The boy took a large, hardcover book from the nightstand and began to leaf through it as his thoughts rushed.

What if Dean told someone? What if he told his father? Dean’s dad and his dad were known enemies, what if something terrible happened now that Sam had shared his secret?

‘He won’t tell anyone. He promised’, Sam’s brain tried to soothe his fears. ‘He loves me, and he won’t tell.’ Sam clung to that thought until he could calm down a little. He tried to get his mind off the previous events by focusing on the book at hand. It was Egyptian mythology, and it was interesting enough to get Sam’s mind busy for the next couple of hours.

When the sun had set and the night was dark and silvery, Sam felt his stomach growl. He put down the book and looked at Crowley dozing off on the armchair.

“Hey, Crowley?”

“Hm?”

“Will you ask Mrs. Higgs to make me a sandwich or something? I don’t feel like eating downstairs. My head still hurts.”
“Yeah, sure. You need to drink water. You’re probably still dehydrated.”

They stared at each other in silence for a moment, both afraid to say anything else that might remind them of the previous night.

Crowley got up and walked outside for a bit, probably giving instructions to another employee so the Prince would have dinner sent his way.

As he waited, Sam took a quick shower. The bathroom door was open and Crowley was just standing outside. In that moment of frail privacy, Sam studied himself and pretended not to be disturbed by the many red dots all over his skin. He pushed all thoughts away, washed himself clean and stepped out of the bathroom.

“Here it is,” Crowley said, offering him a plate with a sandwich and pushing a glass of water into his hand. “Drink this.”

*Drink this.*

Sam shuddered.

“No.” he took a step back.

“Prince? What’s wrong?”

“I don’t want to.”

*Don’t you trust your daddy?*

“Samuel...? It’s just water.” Crowley frowned.

Sam shook his head lightly as if he could chase away the memory. He took the glass and drank from it.

*That’s a good boy. Now let’s go down. Ours guests are waiting.*

“I…I am not hungry anymore.”

“You need to eat something. C’mon.”

Sam looked at the sandwich and felt queasy. He knew, however, that part of what made his stomach upset and his head hurt was the amount of blood he had lost the previous night. It was important that he ate and drank in order to recover faster, so he swallowed down his uneasiness and accepted the food.

“Thank you…” Sam looked at the plate as if he had a difficult task at hand, but he sat down and ate everything, washing it down with cold water.

When a few moments later the boy fell asleep, Crowley walked out of the room with the plate and the glass, then he returned and sat down at his usual spot, watching over the sleeping kid.

~ * ~
Dean went home and didn’t leave the shack for the rest of the day. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t stop thinking about everything Sam had told him just a few hours before. Dean’s mind kept going back and forth as if he could learn something new by replaying the conversation over and over again, to the point of exhaustion.

Azazel was a vampire. That made no sense. That couldn’t even exist. Except that it did, because Dean could tell Sam was telling the truth, and because his dad had known, of course he had. All those times people had called John crazy because he had implied that the yellow-eyed doctor was some kind of supernatural, malignant creature, seemed painfully unfair now. How come his dad knew about it? What had happened in the past that had caused John to find out about Azazel’s secret? How did his dad get close enough to know that, or was it a coincidence, like wrong place at the wrong time?

Dean was frustrated because he had no idea what his dad knew, and he was aware that he couldn’t ask him. He had promised Sam not to tell anyone, and Dean couldn’t break that promise. Hell, given the bad blood between their dads, telling John would be the last thing Dean could do now if he wanted to have Sam’s trust, and Dean wanted that.

He knew that the only way to help Sam out of that sick lifestyle was to have Sam trust him that life could be different, that it could be better. A part of Dean didn’t understand why Sam couldn’t just run away and come live with him, why not just give in and do whatever the hell he wanted to? That’s what Dean would have done if he’d had an abuse blood drinking father.

However, Dean also knew that it wasn’t as simple as he wanted it to be. Sam didn’t know any other reality other than the one he had been brought up into. If he was raised to believe that what his father did to him was normal and that it was a form of affection, there was no way Dean could change that in a few hours. When he thought about it now, Sam’s entire life behind mansion walls, with little human interaction, no friends, no real knowledge of life outside the books, it was easy to understand how difficult it was for Sam to realize what was really going on.

The boy had never been kissed, never been touched, hell, he had never even touched himself! Everything that happened between them was new and exciting, right, but also scary, and a lot of Sam’s skittish behavior made sense now.

“What am I going to do?” Dean asked himself for the hundredth time that day. He didn’t know how he could help Sam. Perhaps he could tell his father, break into the mansion with Bobby’s help – hell, maybe Crowley would help too! – and run away with Sam. But then what? Sam loved his father, he had said as much. Dean couldn’t force him to see what was right there—that his dad was a monster who preyed on him, and that had little to do with love and a lot to do with domination.

Dean didn’t want Sam to be mad at him, and Sam would get mad if Dean broke his promise or if he tried too hard to prove that Sam’s entire life was a lie. He had to be patient now. Sam had already taken a big step today; he had shared a deep secret with someone he trusted, and Dean was pretty sure no one knew about the things Sam had told him today. He doubted Bobby was aware of the blood feeding, or else he might have already tried to do something about it.

It was frustrating and maddening, but the best thing to do now was to do nothing at all. Dean needed to wait and see how it would all unfold. He needed to see Sam again and talk to him more. If Sam were ever to understand that he didn’t need to abide to his dad’s cruel rules… The boy just needed to know there was another option; he needed to know he could feel safe and loved and not forced into
anything he didn’t really want.

Dean wondered what it would feel like the next time they were together, how was he supposed to just not touch the boy? Dean was completely infatuated, and his body responded quickly to Sam’s presence. Yet, if Sam couldn’t get release, then teasing him, touching him, even breathing on him would be just too cruel.

Dean sighed, lay in bed and stared at the ceiling. He supposed it would have been much easier if he was just looking for a fuck. Sex was simple. Sex was familiar territory. What Dean felt now, though, that was new and exciting and terrifying. He wanted to hold Sam in his arms and keep him protected from anything or anyone that might try to hurt him, and he wanted that so much that his heart ached.

Love was definitely a lot harder than sex. Dean was used to seeing himself as a good lover, master in the art of love-making, but it seemed like love was much more than what he could have imagined, and right now Dean was a helpless student, trying to learn what it meant to love someone so much.

~ * ~

“Dad! Who are they? Get them off of me!”

Sam thrashed but he couldn’t get away. There were faces hovering above him, grinning faces, hungry faces, and there were hands touching him all over, running up and down his skin, and Sam was naked and exposed, and he felt so vulnerable, so afraid…

“Shhh, it’s okay, baby. It’s okay.”

“Relax, Prince boy…you taste so fucking delicious…”

“No!!! Stay away!!! Dad, please!”

They were laughing, and their teeth looked red. Sam knew they had been drinking from him, he could feel the stinging sensation all over his body, and his mind was unclear because his dad had made him drink something, and now he was going to do it again, he was going to…he had a needle, he would…

Sam struggled violently but he couldn’t move. His heart was slamming against his chest.

“Shhh…relax, baby. It’s okay. Daddy is here. Daddy will make it go away. When you wake up you won’t remember…”

“Daddy!”

“…any of this…”

“Don’t drug me, please, please don’t…” Sam was shaking. He felt cold now, and his fear escalated. He was about to be put under some drug, and then what would happen to him? What were they going to do?

The faces looked at him expectantly, blood lust evident in their eyes. Sam tried to move but he couldn’t, he looked at his dad but Azazel’s eyes were cold.
“Hold him down.”

“Noo!!”

“Shh, it’s okay, it’s okay.” Crowley held Sam’s shoulders and talked to him so he would wake up.

Sam’s eyes opened quickly and he looked around himself. He was in his own bedroom, the lights all on, the blankets thrown off his body, pooling on the floor.

His pupils were dilated and his breathing uneven.

“You were having a nightmare. It’s alright.”

Sam felt the powerful impact of all those images and sounds hit him and he gritted his teeth angrily.

“That was not a nightmare. That was a memory.”

When Sam surged upwards Crowley had to let him go.

“Prince?”

Sam wasn’t thinking straight. He remembered what had happened to him, the tight ropes around his wrists, his naked body spread as a feast to his father’s friends, and all the shame and fear turned into boiling anger. There was no stopping him when he started to move.

“Prince? Where are you going? It’s five a.m. Go back to bed.”

“I need to speak to my father.”

Crowley’s heart skipped a beat. That wasn’t good, it wasn’t good at all.

“Prince, wait!” He put a hand on Sam’s shoulder to try and stop him. “Wait a moment, you need to sleep this off.”

“Let me go, Crowley.” Sam looked at him with fire in his eyes, a fire Crowley had never seen, and that made him step back.

“No. You need to think this through. You’re obviously too distressed now.”

“Let me go,” Sam growled.

“Wait a moment and give this some thought. When you calm down you can…”

Sam grabbed Crowley’s wrist with a strength the older man wasn’t really expecting.

“Get out of my way now.”

“Your dad asked not to be disturbed.”

Sam said nothing. He stared down into Crowley’s eyes until the older man moved away and Sam
could walk past him. Crowley fell behind as he followed Sam towards Azazel’s room. He knew nothing good would come out of it, but he didn’t think he could stop the boy right now. He braced himself for the shit that might hit the fan when Sam knocked on that door.

“Dad? Dad!” Sam knocked as if he would tear the door down. “Open up! We need to talk.”

“Sam, perhaps you should…” Crowley tried sheepishly.

Sam looked at him fiercely over his shoulder and Crowley fell silent and took a step back.

“Dad! I know you’re in there! Open the door or I’ll just keep knocking until you do!”

There were footsteps a moment later and Azazel opened the door. He was wearing a dark green robe and the room smelled weird. Sam felt his will falter when his dad’s yellow eyes locked into his, but then he remembered why he was there and he forced himself to go on.

“We need to talk.”

“Alright. Can’t this wait? I’m in the middle of something here.” Azazel eyed Crowley, who cowered instinctively.

“No, it can’t.”

And before Azazel could say anything else, Sam stormed into the bedroom, his heart thudding loudly in his ears.

The faces that met him sent chills down his spine. There were two women and two men in various degrees of nakedness staring amusedly at him. The nightmare wasn’t just a nightmare, as Sam had suspected. Those were the faces that had stared hungrily at him as he thrashed, and those were the vampires that had fed on him all night while he was drugged.

Azazel shut the door behind Sam and for a wild moment Sam lost control of his feelings and all his anger turned into irrational fear.

The four wildly attractively and lust-ridden strangers came in his direction and Sam could almost read their thoughts. They desired him so much that the thickness of their hunger filled the room.

The smell of Sam’s fear spread and made their nostrils flare with delight.

Azazel could smell that, too. The anger and the fear, and he knew Sam was confused right now. At first there had been blind rage as he stormed into the room, but now as fear gripped him, Azazel and the other vampires could hardly smell anything else that wasn’t the boy’s frighten coming through his pores.

A dark-haired man with piercing blue eyes watched Sam in silence and sent chills down his spine.

“Go away,” Azazel told the other vampires. “Get your stuff and leave the room.”

“Why? We could have so much fun…” the brunette laughed leeringly and Sam stood frozen where he was, listening to his breath.

“It’s over. You need to get out of my house. I’ll see you later.”
“There’s no need to send us away. Your son could join us if he likes…” the blond man walked towards Sam and ran the back of his hand across the boy’s cheek. Sam shuddered and tried to step back, but Azazel’s hand flew at the man’s wrist, stopping him.

“Don’t touch him. Out.”

Sam heard the anger in his dad’s voice, and so did the others. In a few seconds they had complied, getting dressed and leaving the bedroom so that Azazel and Sam were alone.

Sam could then let out the breath he had been holding and great part of his fear slipped away. For a second he was so grateful to his dad for his protection he almost forgot why he was there in the first place.

“So what is it that you need to talk to me so urgently?”

“I…” Sam was at a loss. His feelings were a mess. He looked around at the room as if he tried to remember why he was there, then he saw something on the bed that made his heart sink. Sam took a few steps towards the bed and looked at the ropes hanging from the headboard. Sam touched them with shaky hands, and it was as if the rash in his wrists burned.

Azazel’s nostrils picked up the scent of anger building up again. Sam’s fist closed tightly around the rope and the boy’s lips were pursed with rage.

“We need to talk,” Sam’s hand was closed so tightly around the restraining piece of clothing that his knuckles turned white.

Azazel sighed. He didn’t like the defiance he saw in Sam’s eyes, not one bit. It might be time to teach him another lesson.

“It seems we do.”

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tbc...
Chapter 38

Sam was breathing fast as he stared at his father from across the table separating them. Inside his dad’s room there was a desk and a chair where he usually sat at to deal with work stuff, and that was where they stood now, with the bed behind them. Azazel had his robe drawn tightly around himself as he waited for Sam to begin.

“Last night…” Sam began. “Did you drug me?” He was shaking with the weight of the memories that came crashing back.

“You know I did, so why do you ask?” Azazel seemed perfectly calm, which only angered Sam more.

“Why would you do that? So…so your friends could have a go at me?” Sam could hardly stand to shut his eyes and remember the flashes of people looking lustfully at him and running their hands over his body as if he was a toy they could play with. “You let them drink from me like I was…food, or something…” Sam didn’t want to cry, but he was so angry, and his dad was so intimidating, that the tears were forming somewhere in his tightened throat. For now, though, Sam was managing to keep them at bay.

“I drugged you so you wouldn’t get stressed over it. I didn’t want you to worry or fear. I had it all under control.”

“Oh, really? So you admit that you offered me for your friends to play with? You…” Sam’s accusatory tone was scraping through his throat as he spoke. “You stripped me naked, you tied me to the bed…”

“So you wouldn’t hurt yourself in case you woke up, which you did.”

“Then you drugged me again. I begged you not to, I begged you to let me go and you ignored me. You let them sink their teeth and drink over and over…” Sam was dangerously close to hyperventilation.


“No!” Sam nearly growled.

“You were not supposed to have remembered. The drug I used should have cleared your memory.”

“Oh, really? Because that makes it so much better!” Sam snarled.

Azazel narrowed his eyes. The boy was afraid, yes, but he was also furious, and for the first time in
Sam’s life Azazel could see the warrior in his bloodline clawing its way to surface and taking control. It worried him.

“I’m your father, Samuel. I made sure you were safe. It doesn’t matter what you think you saw, I wouldn’t have let any of them hurt you. You have to understand that.”

“You were supposed to protect me! Instead you drugged me and offered me for dessert. How do you think that makes me feel?”

“Proud. You should feel proud. You are the most important thing in my life, and my friends, the friends you saw, they are very special to me. Letting them taste you, my precious son, is a sign of trust, and a sign of how much you mean to me.”

Sam wasn’t falling for that. His eyes were dancing within flames of powerful rage.

“I’m not your toy!” Sam went on. “I’m your son! You can’t do that to me, you can’t—”

“Enough!” Azazel got up from his seat and slapped his hands loudly against the cold surface of the table. “Shut up and listen to me.”

Sam stopped in the middle of his speech and looked at his dad as his face grew darker.

“Stop being an ungrateful little shit. Yes, I gave you a drug so you wouldn’t be upset. It’s unfortunate that the drug wasn’t enough to sedate you through the whole thing. Yes, I let some of my trusted friends taste your blood and how special you are. They didn’t harm you, they didn’t do anything to corrupt you. You should know better by now, you know I will always protect you.”

“I didn’t want to…” Sam insisted.

“You’re so spoiled, Samuel! All of your life, you’ve always had it easy. I’ve given you everything you wanted since you were a baby. Is there anything you ever asked me that I did not provide for you?” Azazel circled past the table and looked down into the prince’s eyes. Sam seemed to think about it. “I’ve given you everything anyone could ever want. Do you know how many kids don’t have food on the table? How many kids grow up without the love of a parent, without clothes or a roof over their heads? Not you, Samuel. You’ve always had it all.”

Sam’s lips were sealed now. He lowered his eyes to the floor, his heart still pounding.

Azazel watched Sam for the impact his words had on him. He could not have the kid going all rebellious on him. He knew that as a teenager Sam was likely to question his authority, specially given his blood lineage, but Azazel was willing to do anything in his power put off the moment when he couldn’t control the boy anymore.

“You grew up in a fucking castle, Samuel, in all but name! You’ve had servants cater to your every need since you were old enough to want something. You have all the books you want, all the toys you asked for, you had me built a swimming pool because you wanted to learn. How dare you accuse me of not being a good father?! How ungrateful are you that you can’t realize how easy you’ve had it? You’re a Prince! You’ve never been hungry, never been cold, never suffered!”

Sam panted. His dad was right. Sam had everything. Most people had nothing.

“Everything you eat, everything you wear, the roof over your head, it all comes from my work, from
my love to you, and if I have a medical condition that makes me need blood, that’s not something I can help!”

“I’m…I didn’t…”

“Are you judging me because I love you so much? Because the taste of your blood makes me feel alive? I’m sorry I’m the monster I am, I can’t help it!”

“You’re not a monster, Dad…”

Azazel smiled inside because Sam was breaking.

“You think I am! I give you everything a father is supposed to, and the one thing I ask in return is obedience! You’ve never had to work a day in your life, neither will you ever have to because you’re my heir, Samuel. You will never have to face any hardships because I have made sure you are comfortable and wealthy, and you have the nerve to tell me I’m a bad father?”

“I’m sorry…”

“Is it too hard for you to show me some respect? Do you think that bursting in the middle of my private affairs is what I expect from you after all the lessons you’ve had, all the conversations we had?”

“I…” Sam felt his throat tighten, but this time it wasn’t anger. He felt ashamed and confused.

“So tell me, is it too much that I ask of you? To drink a little blood every now and then, a blood that keeps me strong enough to keep providing for you. Is it that difficult for you?”

“No…” Sam shook his head.

“You are not an adult. I’m in charge here. Don’t you think you owe me at least some obedience?”

“I’m sorry, Dad…” Sam repeated in a small voice. “I just…” he tried. “I don’t like it when you let other people drink from me.” Sam felt bad for his outburst. His dad was right. Sam did have it easy. He was a millionaire, he had everything he could ever dream. He had no right to complain. Besides, it was not like his dad could help the blood thing.

Azazel softened his attitude and touched Sam’s arm with the back of his hand.

“I don’t like it. Just…just you.”

“I know you don’t, but sometimes in life we have to do things we don’t really want to, because they’re important. I’m your father and I know what’s best for you. If I say you have to do something, you need to listen to me and obey. That’s what’s expected of you.”

“Are you saying there will be more? More people like them?” Sam felt his heart respond fearfully.

“I don’t know, Samuel. Maybe. Sometimes I have to do things you can’t completely understand. So yes, maybe there will be more people, and I might have them drink from you. Will that be a problem?”

Sam couldn’t say anything. There was something in dad’s eyes that made him silence his thoughts.
“Should I teach you another lesson, perhaps? One that reminds you why obedience is important?”
Azazel let both of his hands slide from Sam’s shoulders to his hands. He grabbed at the boy’s hands and let his fingers brush the palms.

Sam shuddered.

“No, Dad.”

“So will you be a good boy when I need you to?”

Sam thought of Dean but pushed the thought away violently. His dad wasn’t a monster. He was right, he had given Sam everything. Besides, it wasn’t like children weren’t expected to obey their parents. Sam was no different.

“Y-yes…” Sam nodded, his voice unsure.

“I know it makes you uncomfortable, but you have to trust daddy to keep you safe. Do you? Do you trust me?”

Sam nodded again. This time he didn’t trust his voice.

“Then let me see you.”

“What?”

“It’s alright. Let me see you.”

It took Sam a moment to understand what his dad wanted. He hesitated briefly, but one look at his dad’s stern face told him he should comply. Slowly, and with cold fingers, Sam pulled off his shirt, his loose pants and white underwear. He felt vulnerable and sad, and the anger was right there below the surface once again.

“I know you feel ashamed, but you’re beautiful, sweetie. There’s nothing to worry about. I promise.”

Azazel studied the many red dots from fangs over the boy’s skin. Perhaps they had gone a bit too far, but he had known that Sam would be able to handle it. He ran his fingers lightly over the boy’s chest and then checked his wrists. He frowned at the rash around the skin.

“I’m sorry, baby. I didn’t meant to hurt you. I really wanted to protect you from yourself.” He kissed both of the wrists softly. “C’mere.”

Azazel tugged at Sam’s wrist gently and led them towards the bed. He sat on it and opened his arms. Sam stood still for a moment, but the tugging was insisting that he move, and he caved.

“Did you give yourself some rest? Did you drink plenty of water?” Azazel asked as his arms tightened around the boy.

“Yes. I did. My head still hurts, though.”

“We can get you started on an IV with some electrolytes and analgesic if you want.”
“No. I’m fine.”

“Good. That’s my boy.”

Azazel knew he shouldn’t, it was too soon after the strain he had put Sam’s body through, but he just couldn’t control the urge to drink when he had Sam so warm, his blood pulsing quickly in his veins as the kid sat in his lap. The vampire nuzzled the boy’s neck for a moment and before he knew it his teeth were sinking into his neck.

“Dad, no…” Sam put both hands against his father’s chest, trying to stop him, but Azazel tightened the embrace until there was no more fight in Sam.

He didn’t drink much, but for Sam’s recovering body it was enough to make his muscles relax and sleep come back.

Azazel licked at his lips as the boy yawned.

“Shh…it’s okay, love. You can go to sleep here. I’ll take care of you.”

Sam could barely think straight. His brain was so tired it was playing tricks with him.

“Do you really love me?” he whispered.

“Of course I do. You’re my precious gift, Samuel.”

Sam’s lips curved in a small smile, but there were tears behind his eyelids, and even though his eyes were shut, they were also wet, with a sadness so great Sam couldn’t begin to understand.

Dean was wrong, he thought. Azazel wasn’t a monster. He loved him.

Sam drifted into sleep as his dad rocked him back and forth, as he did sometimes when Sam was a young child.

It should be safe and comforting, but Sam felt weary and hopeless, and glad when his dreams took over and he didn’t have to think anymore.

Azazel held him as he fell asleep. He was pleased with himself for turning the situation over, but he couldn’t ignore the spark of fight that he had seen brighten Sam’s eyes today. Azazel knew it was only a matter of time until he couldn’t control the boy anymore, but he wondered if anything had triggered the display of confrontation.

Perhaps he had pushed Sam too far with the other vampires and the drugging, but if he wanted to keep Sam docile for a few more years, he had to push him and make sure Sam understood the consequences of disobeying. He had to keep the boy on a tight leash so it would be difficult for him to escape the mind grip Azazel had over him.

Today, as Sam’s hazel eyes burned with rage and bravery, Azazel couldn’t deny that the boy looked a lot like his father. The warrior blood had buzzed in Sam’s veins, just as it had buzzed through John’s veins when he had confronted Azazel, years before. The time that had passed seemed like nothing; the image of Sam’s demanding eyes made it feel as if Azazel was back in the hospital, watching John Winchester losing his mind, his eyes fiery with the need for an explanation, his whole body taut with tension…
Some years ago…

“That’s alright, Hellen, let him in,” Azazel waved a hand at the nurse who was trying to stop a very distressed John Winchester from walking into his office. There was no way the small woman could have stopped him anyway. John was a big man, and he looked extremely determined to be heard.

John ignored the dirty look the nurse gave him and straightened his jacket as soon as she walked out and left them alone.

“Hello, John,” Azazel greeted him calmly, pushing the papers he had been reading to the side and reclining against his chair behind the desk.

John’s breathing was labored and his eyes look murderous. Azazel knew they might come to a confrontation after their last encounter, with John seeing the blood he was drinking and all, but he had hoped the mechanic would be scared enough to keep his mouth shut. Not John Winchester, apparently, not with all the bravery and royalty in his blood.

“How may I help you today?”

“You are a monster,” John gritted his teeth and took a threatening step towards the man behind the desk.

“Oh…” Azazel refused to engage in that display of testosterone. “So I’ve been told. It seems like you have been around town spreading nasty rumors about me.”

“These are no rumors and you know it.”

“No, I don’t.” Azazel shrugged. “I have no idea why you’ve suddenly decided to bad mouth me to the people of this town. People, mind you, who I’ve been helping since the day I got here. In fact, one would think you might owe me some gratitude after what I’ve done for you and your family…”

“Shut the fuck up!” John put his big hands on top of the desk and his eyes burned into Azazel’s, and they had more fire in them than the yellow eyes studying him pensively. “I didn’t come here for your lies. I came here for the truth. I need you to tell me.” John’s voice cracked a little and Azazel could see he was struggling to go on. “I need you to tell me if you’ve killed my wife.”

“What?”

“I need to know if that was all a plan.” John knew that if what he believed in was real, than he was risking his life simply by being there, but he couldn’t have stopped himself if he tried. For the past months he had been publicly bashing the yellow eyed doctor, to who ever wanted to hear. He didn’t care that people thought he had lost his mind; John didn’t care if they thought he was crazy because he knew he wasn’t. He just needed to know the truth. “I want you to tell me what happened to Mary that day.”

“John, don’t be ridiculous. Your wife died giving birth to Samuel, who was born very sick. We all know what happened.”
“You’re lying!!” John accused him. “You killed Mary! You killed her so you could have my kid, and I swear to God I don’t know why you did something so evil but I am going to find out, and I’m going to kill you.”

“Please,” Azazel interrupted him. “Let me stop you right there. Look at yourself, John. You’re not making any sense. Seven years ago you agreed to give me your son so he would have a fighting chance at living. I didn’t force you to do anything, you did it because you thought it was the right thing to do.”

“You convinced me to do it! You told me my son was sick, you told me he wouldn’t make it!”

“I also told you there was a chance he would, or have you forgotten?” When John was quiet Azazel went on. “It’s not my fault if you’re feeling guilty now. I have taken care of Samuel as best as I could; you have nothing against me.”

“You killed my wife and stole my son! You’re gonna drink his blood, you’re…”

“John…” Azazel shook his head. “Sit down, please. We need to clear this up. You’re obviously confused about what you saw in this office the last time we met.” Azazel knew the man standing in front of him was determined, but he was also lost and desperate. “That wasn’t what you think it was. I wasn’t drinking blood. I’m a doctor for heaven’s sake! I was simply tasting a small sample, now I know it may sound absurd to you, but that’s what doctors did in the past, to try and identify some rare kinds of diseases. If anything I was putting my life at risk by doing that, but I’ve been working on some research that…”

“You’re lying! You’re lying and everyone in this town is going to know that! Everyone is going to know you for who you are, and you can’t hide behind that white coat. You can’t get away with what you did, I know what you are!”

“Oh, really? Do you?” Azazel felt his blood beginning to boil. “What am I, John? Hm? What have you figured out?”

“You are a blood sucking creature, something evil, you’re…”

“Say it.”

“You’re a vampire.”

The next seconds happened too fast. Azazel was out of his position behind the desk in less than a heartbeat. There was no way John could have followed such fast moving. All he knew was that when he blinked his eyes open the doctor had him pressed against the wall beside his bookcase, and John could see yellow, angry, eyes staring deeply into his own.

“Never say that again…” Azazel was all rage as he squeezed his right hand around John’s neck to keep him pressed against the wall.

John tried to speak but the hand pressing his windpipe wouldn’t let him.

“Because if you’re right, and I am something evil, then I could snap my fingers and break your spine right now.” he pressed further and John gagged.

“I….nrgh…” John choked.
Azazel released his grip a little.

“I’m not afraid of you,” John snarled.

Azazel let out a crooked smile at the fight burning in John’s eyes. That fire was exactly why Samuel was very special, so he couldn’t help but soften a little at the sight. John was fierce, because it was in his blood to be like that, and it was in Sam’s blood too, and pretty soon Azazel would be tasting that. The thought cheered him and he relaxed some more.

“Well, you should be, John. If not for yourself, than for your other son.”

Azazel released John and watched him.

“What do you mean?” John frowned. His throat ached badly but he refused to let Azazel see how much.

“You still got a kid to look after. Now wouldn’t it be just awful if you died and young Dean was all alone in this world?”

“Are you threatening my son?” John groaned.

“Of course I am. Try and go up against me and you’ll lose. And when you lose and I’m done with you, I might take your other kid, too. You know, bring them both up as my own.”

John was one second away from charging against him, but the look in Azazel’s eyes kept him. The yellowed-eyed monster really meant what he said.

“Stay away from my personal life. I don’t want to see you again. Stop spreading nonsense about me. Although, let’s be frank, it’s not like anyone would believe you, a simple, unschooled mechanic, over me, the finest surgeon this town has met.”

“It doesn’t end like this. You killed my wife and you took my son, and I’ll make you pay.”

“Go home and look after your kid, John. Dean needs you. Unless you’ll take me up on the offer to raise another one.”

John was shaking with rage inside, but he had to admit defeat. He didn’t care what might happen to himself, but he was too scared for Dean. He knew that man was a supernatural creature, therefore if he killed him, and truth was he could easily do that, then both Dean and Sam would be in his evil hands.

John needed a better plan, but first he needed to get out of there.

“That’s what I thought. Go home and be a good boy, John,” Azazel said as the man strode out of his office.

Half an hour later, in his home, John drank half a bottle of whiskey and passed out in the living room. That night a young Dean called Bobby in a scared voice as he found his dad unconscious on the floor in what was the first, but definitely not the last time.

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tbc...
Chapter 39

In the beginning, Bobby had been there whenever John collapsed and Dean found himself alone having to deal with his dad’s alcoholism. Dean was just a kid, and then he was just a young teenager, having to look after the only parent—and the only family—he had left. Father Bobby being there and helping him through it had meant the world to him, and it had also meant that his heart was broken when Bobby and his dad stopped talking to each other.

At first Dean thought it was just a phase. The young teen waited for the adults to sort through whatever had happened between them, but as time passed by and the visits ceased, never to return, Dean understood that whatever had happened between his dad and the priest had been more than arguing. A serious fight must have gone down, one his dad wouldn’t tell him anything about, and neither would father Bobby.

When the falling out happened, it saddened Dean not to have the older man that felt so much like family in his house anymore, but that had never kept Dean from paying father Bobby visits as often as he felt like. Even though John wouldn’t say a word about whatever the hell had happened between them, his dad never really forbid Dean from going after Bobby.

The truth was that the two men still liked each other very much, but were both way too stubborn to give in and move on from their point of disagreement. It had been a tight friendship until John couldn’t hold his secret back anymore; a friendship forged between kindred spirits, until Sam’s story came up.

Some years ago…

When John Winchester set his mind on some idea, Bobby doubted that God Himself could make him let it go. The worst of it was that, the crazier the idea, the more unlikely it was to make John see reason. Azazel, a vampire? Really?

“Please don’t tell me you took me out of bed at three in the fucking morning to say this.” Bobby and John were sitting in the classroom beneath the altar, looking at each other in the silent and dark of the night as some candles burned and lit up the room.

“Just hear me out, okay? I promise it’ll all make sense. Just listen to this.”

Bobby didn’t want to listen to anything. He wanted to go back to his bed, probably still warm, get under the covers and fall back asleep. But instead he sat there as John went on and on about his crazy theory concerning the town’s wealthy doctor. By the crack of dawn Bobby had been forced to
sit through hours of explanations and book chapters that seemed to point out that supernatural creatures not only were real, but they were also living right there in the same town.

“John, I’ve said this before, but you can’t possibly expect me to buy all this…” Bobby tried again. The sun was probably rising outside and he was getting weary.

“Just think about it, Bobby. Can you just consider it for a moment? It makes sense, doesn’t it? The yellow eyes, I mean, he says it’s a rare congenital disease, but have you seriously ever seen or heard anything about it before? Besides, as a vampire and a doctor, he would have plenty of access to all the blood he needed without rising suspicions. I saw him…”

“Drinking from a blood bag. You’ve said that already.”

“You don’t believe me?” John sounded outraged.

Bobby sighed. He could sense his friend was all riled up about it and he didn’t have the energy to start arguing again.

“John, I think it’s very late, so late that it’s actually early, and we both need to get some sleep.”

“So you don’t think any of this looks suspicious? The books I showed you, the books you lent me! You believe in God and Angels, but you are unable to believe there’s more to this world than what we think or see?”

Bobby didn’t really know what to say or think. John’s theories were absurd, of course, but they were interesting. Bobby would give him that. There was no denying that Azazel was very mysterious, as was everything surrounding his life. It seemed even easy to come up with absurd ideas that could explain the doctor’s eccentric behavior. But c’mon, if any of that was true, someone would have seen something, or said something… Perhaps it was time to face the fact that John’s alcoholism was getting out of hand.

“Listen, John…I don’t know what I think, alright? From what I know about the man he seems a bit peculiar, yeah, I’ll admit that, but then going as far as calling him a blood sucking creature of the night…” Bobby sighed and shook his head. “Besides, he has a son…”

John felt his heart tighten. Exactly. Azazel had a son, his son, and that was why John cared so much, and that was why this was driving him crazy.

“I know. What if the kid is in danger? What if Azazel harms him somehow…”

“I’ll stop you right there,” Bobby raised his hand. “I teach that kid. Sam’s fine. He’s a healthy, smart…even spoiled kid sometimes. He isn’t being harmed.”

“Are you sure? Hasn’t anything weird ever happened?”

“John…”

“Will you pay attention from now on?”

“What? Why?” Bobby sounded every bit as tired as he felt.

“Just promise me you’ll keep your eyes and your ears open, that’s all I’m asking you.”
Bobby looked unconvinced, so John insisted.

“C’mon, Bobby. If there’s nothing there then there’s nothing there. All I’m asking is that you keep an eye out for what happens in that mansion.”

“I won’t be your spy.”

“I’m not asking you that. You said you cared about the kid…Sam.”

“I do.”

“So that’s all I’m asking you to do. Keep caring for him.”

Bobby watched as John got up to leave. He did the same and walked John out of the church. When he went back to his bed and shut his eyes, all that conversation seemed like nothing but a vague memory from a fading bad dream, but John’s words for him to look out for the boy were still in his mind when Bobby woke up.

*

Bobby thought John was overreacting. He thought his friend had lost his mind out of grief. He wished John would stop making a fool of himself in town by accusing a respected citizen of being a monster. Yet, nothing of that changed the fact that Bobby started to pay closer attention to Azazel’s son during their classes.

For the next months the priest listened carefully to the boy, and observed him with a clinical eye at times. Sam seemed like a normal teenager most of the time, but a few times Bobby had caught himself wondering whether there was anything else lying beneath the surface in the life of the boy Azazel treated as a prince.

One of the times in which Bobby caught himself wanting to know more was when he noticed the scars on Sam’s hands.

They had been having class for less than fifteen minutes when Sam picked up a pencil to write a report Bobby had requested. The priest’s eyes then focused on the very faint, but visible burnt marks on his hands.

“You tried to do some cooking, did you Prince?” Bobby asked, feigning a passing interest.

“Hm?” Sam frowned, but then he followed Bobby’s gaze and the pen fell off his hand immediately. Sam’s heart raced and he tried to hide his hands, even though it was obviously too late.

“What happened there?” Bobby’s interest grew. Sam had never shown any sign of injury before, and Bobby was sure that was nothing, but in light of what John had been saying lately, it didn’t hurt to probe a little.

“Oh, nothing.” Sam shrugged. He didn’t like the way Bobby’s eyes narrowed and he wouldn’t look away.
“Really? It seems like it hurt quite a bit.”

“Not anymore. I got burned in the kitchen. I stood too close to a hot pot, that’s all.”

“Both hands, eh?”

“Yes. Both hands.” Sam’s heart was thudding, and he looked at the sheet of paper before his eyes intently.

“Because if something else happened and you wanted to talk to me about it…”

“Father Bobby, please,” Sam cut him off, rather harshly. “Can we focus on the job you are being paid to do?” Sam’s attitude was rude and one might consider it as nothing but a mood from a spoiled and overly pampered kid, but Bobby knew that boy enough to know Sam was unwilling to talk. Pushing Bobby away with the prince-talk Sam had been taught all his life was clearly a defense mechanism.

“Of course, Prince.” John had fucked up his brain, Bobby told himself. Sam was probably just ashamed of talking about it. Maybe he was feeling self-conscious about his hands. Maybe he had been lectured for being careless in the kitchen and just didn’t want to be reminded of it now. Bobby had to let it go; he couldn’t let the mechanic’s ideas get to his mind. “Forgive me my intrusion.”

“It’s…it’s okay.” Sam’s voice softened and he took a deep breath.

Bobby didn’t insist anymore, but he stole one too many glances at those hands when the boy wasn’t looking.

*

The day everything changed between Bobby and Dean’s father, the priest had been walking through the streets on his way back to the church from the supermarket when he heard the screaming. As a priest and someone who tried to put people at ease, Bobby was drawn to the sound of chaos in hopes of setting it right.

When he saw his friend standing in the middle of the park, completely drunk, holding an empty bottle in one hand and using the other to gesticulate as he spoke loudly about a yellow-eyed monster, Bobby wanted to be able to stop time, get John out of there and pretend nothing had ever happened.

“He’s a monster! You choose not to see it but that doctor is the devil!” John’s eyes were bloodshot and his speech was a bit slurred. “Azazel isn’t human, he’s a fucking beast!”

“John…” Bobby rushed towards his friend and waved his hands before John’s face. “John, that’s enough. Let’s get you home.”

“No! Leave me alone, Bobby. I need to tell them. They won’t believe me, but Azazel’s dangerous, he needs to be stopped!” John was desperate. The truth was that he simply didn’t know what to do. He had all these theories in his mind but no one who might believe them. Then there was also all the past that Azazel and he shared and John couldn’t handle that anymore. It was suffocating him.

“C’mon, let’s go.” Bobby tried to move John.
“No! They need to know, Bobby! Someone needs to tell them who that yellow-eyed creature really is. He’s a vampire, Azazel’s a fucking vampire!”

Bobby looked around at the way people arched their eyebrows and looked in their direction disapprovingly. John was making a fool of himself for the people in Glasstown, and he was also putting himself in a dangerous situation. Bobby didn’t believe Azazel was a monster, but going out there screaming at the top of one’s lungs that he was, couldn’t be good at all. You didn’t want someone as powerful as Azazel as your enemy.

“It’s over John. Let’s go. Give me this.” Bobby pulled the bottle out of his friend’s hand.

“No! Let me…get away…”

“Where’s Dean? Where’s your son?”

John stopped in the middle of his drunken protests and seemed to think.

“I don’t know. With his friends, I guess.”

“Let’s go home, John.”

Somehow the thought of Dean made John more compliant, as if he had grown tired of resisting. Bobby was able to take his friend back to the garage where he lived. Inside, Bobby looked around but couldn’t find John’s son anywhere.

“We need to sober you up a bit,” Bobby said.

“Bobby, you believe me, don’t you? Someone has to!”

“John, please…” Bobby shook his head. He was too tired for that conversation again.

“You must have seen something, or heard something…think! C’mon, give me something here, I’m begging you!”

“It’s not like I’m a part of their family or anything, John. They don’t invite me over for dinner or whatever. I go in, teach the boy and come back out.”

“And you never saw anything? The boy never told you anything? You never saw him hurt?”

“No!” Bobby frowned. Then the sight of Sam’s skin healing from what appeared to have been a nasty burn in his hands came to his mind. “He’s a kid. He burned himself once in the kitchen. Other than that I’ve never seen a scratch on him.”

“Burned? Are you sure?” John thought of the blood bag, and the teeth, and the baby and Mary’s blood. “What about blood? Or bite marks? Have you ever seen anything like that? Has the kid ever seemed way too weak? Has it ever looked as if he wanted to escape? As if he needed help?”

“John, what the fuck?!” Bobby exclaimed, feeling tired and slightly angry. “What is wrong with you? Why would Azazel hurt his own child? And why do you care so much about his son?”

Bobby was prepared to argue and listen to some more crazy theories coming from John, but he
wasn’t prepared for the crying that took over.

John’s tears blurred his vision as the sobs left his throat. “My son!” he cried. “He’s not Azazel’s, he’s mine!”

Bobby went perfectly still.

“That boy, he’s no prince, he’s my Samuel, my kid! Mary’s son… my son…” John sobbed and wiped furiously at his eyes. His chest felt light as the weight of his secret left him.

“What…” Bobby couldn’t even begin to try and understand that.

John didn’t care anymore. Now that the secret was out, he rolled with it. It had been so long, he needed to let it out, even if just for one moment, even if just to have someone else to share that burden with him.

“Mary died giving birth to Sam, but the baby survived. Azazel took my son, he convinced me, he…”

“John, are you out of your fucking mind?” Bobby’s heart raced and his thoughts rushed.

“No. I gave him up, Bobby, I did… I… my son, my own blood, and that monster…”

Bobby watched when John stumbled to the nearest sofa and fell hard on it. He didn’t know what to say or do as he watched his friend spill such secrets.

“John…”

“I need more Vodka. Please, bring me some more.”

“You need to sleep it off. You’re not making any sense. Do you realize what you just told me?”

“That Dean’s brother is still alive, yes.”

“John, this is some serious shit, we need to talk about this, you need to tell me all about it! John! John!?” Bobby could not believe it when his friend fell unconscious. “Oh no, you’re not dropping this bomb on me and then simply falling asleep!”

Bobby tried, but there was no waking John up that night. He stayed around for a while longer to make sure his friend wasn’t in any deep alcoholic coma, and when he was sure John would be fine he left and went back to his church, where he spent a sleepless night.

*

The next time they met was a couple of days later, in John’s house again. The priest made sure Dean wasn’t there, because he needed, God, he needed to have a serious talk with the boy’s father.

John watched his friend, the priest, walking into his house and knew he was going to have a thousand questions. They were written all over Bobby’s face before he even said anything.

“Drink?” John poured and offered Bobby a glass.
“No, and you shouldn’t either.”

John ignored it and washed it all down.

“Isn’t you gonna ask me to sit down?”

“That depends on how much time you’re thinking of staying.”

“John, don’t act as if nothing happened. What the hell was all that shit you were talking about last time I saw you?”

John tensed. He had been expecting that, but it didn’t make it any easier.

“Forget it, Bobby. You don’t really want me to tell you that, so go.”

“Oh no, I do. I do want to know. I want to know how could you turn your back on your own baby as if he was dead.”

“He was as good as dead!” John’s temper flared and his voice sounded shaky. “That’s what Azazel told me anyway. He said the baby had been deprived of oxygen or something, that he probably only had a few hours to live.”

Bobby listened to that, torn between the despair in his friend’s voice and his own disbelief.

“Azazel made me believe the baby wouldn’t survive if I brought him home.” John’s eyes looked full of sorrow and regret. “I should’ve fought him over it, I shouldn’t have accepted it so quickly but I…I was devastated Bobby, my wife was lying there after having bled to death, what the hell was I supposed to do, how could I possibly think straight?”

“And you didn’t change your mind later? When he survived, you didn’t want to see him?”

“I did, but…” John raked his large fingers through his hair and sighed wearily. “I didn’t want to screw this up. I wanted him to have the best he could, you know?”

“John, if this is true then you need to tell him!” Bobby went closer and his eyes burned into his friend’s. “Sam needs to know what happened. He has a brother, he has you!”

“He doesn’t need me. How can I just walk up to him and tell him all this shit now?”

“I don’t care how, he’s your son, goddammit!” Bobby didn’t know why he was so angry. His wife had wanted a baby so badly, and he had dreamed of being a father, and yet this miracle had been brutally taken from him. And then there was John, having not one, but two miracles, and now he was telling him how he had turned his back and walked away from his baby.

“You don’t get it! I can’t ruin his life, I can’t change the past!”

“You have to! I’m not telling you to ruin his life, but he needs to know the truth.”

“What good would this do? Nothing good would come out of it.”

“Admit that you’re just scared,” Bobby blurted. “You turned your back on your son and you’re
scared to face him. Admit it.”

“Shut up! You have no idea what it feels like.”

“You’re right!” Bobby was angrier than he meant to be, and his anger was fueling John’s quickly. “I have no idea what it feels like to walk away on my own child and not want to meet them, ever. I have no idea what it feels like to pretend I don’t have a son. I really don’t know what it’s like to be too afraid to tell my son the truth about his life!”

“Go away! Get the hell away from my house. You don’t know anything about me.”

“I know you’re delusional, John! This whole thing is probably just another made up fantasy of your mind. You think Azazel is a vampire, and now you think his son is actually your dead wife’s son that was taken from you in the hospital. You need to see a doctor!” Bobby provoked. The truth was, he believed John was telling the truth, but the at same time part of him hoped he wasn’t. Bobby wanted to convince himself that John Winchester had lost his damn mind, because that story about Sam being his son was way too messed up.

“Oh, really? So now I’m making all this up?! How dare you?!”

“It doesn’t matter, does it? You’re either too cowardly to admit you made a mistake and make it better now, or too fucking wasted from alcohol to know what’s real and what’s fantasy anymore.”

Bobby ducked his head right before the glass flew in his direction.


Bobby swallowed hard.

“Fine.”

The priest walked out and the mechanic didn’t follow him, and it would be years until they talked again, in that same house, about that same past.

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tbc...
The next time they found themselves together, there was an inevitable awkwardness tangling with their surroundings. Sam had been dying to see Dean again, but after everything they had talked about, he was shy and insecure. Dean had anticipated the moment so badly he had hardly slept in the past nights, and yet he didn’t quite know what to do when he laid eyes on Sam in Bobby’s classroom.

Bobby watched as the two boys exchanged greetings. “I’m glad to see you’ve worked out whatever happened between you,” he said.

“Nothing happened. I told you we were good,” Dean replied casually.

“Right. Nothing was ever wrong, Bobby,” Sam smiled with complicity when Dean and he locked eyes.

“Yeah, right.” Bobby watched the two of them. Of course something had happened, but whatever it was, Dean and Sam were still on the same team, and Bobby knew there was no way he could get in the middle of that.

“Alright then, if you say so.”

“See you, Bobby,” Sam said as they headed for the door.

“Yeah, yeah…whatever…” The older man watched as the young ones disappeared out of the classroom and away from sight.

~ * ~

When they stepped outside the church and started to walk around side by side, there as silence at first, a silence neither boy seemed ready to break. Sam’s silence had a timid nature, whereas Dean’s was born out of nervousness and a tingle of frustration.

Their steps ended up leading them to the beach, and when the ocean was right before their eyes, the two of them looked at each other and stood quietly for a moment.

“I love you, you know that. So relax.” Dean stared deeply into Sam’s eyes, and his words seemed to ease the boy’s evident discomfort.

Indeed, Sam felt himself relax a notch. He smiled and his heart brimmed with joy when Dean’s lips met his. They kissed lightly for a moment.
“Is there something you want to do today, somewhere you want to go?” Dean asked.

“I don’t know…anywhere is fine.” Sam had relaxed a little, but he was still insecure.

“Then let’s take a walk.”

Sam nodded and followed Dean. They took off their shoes and walked along the shore, feeling the water bathe their feet as wave after wave washed over their bare skin.

“I haven’t told anyone, if that’s what’s bothering you,” Dean said casually.

Sam felt relieved, even though he didn’t think Dean would break his promise.

“Thank you.”

“I wanted to, though. I hope you know that. I wanted to tell my dad and tell father Bobby, and I wanted to…” Dean realized Sam was looking at him with wide open eyes full of concern. He shook off his thoughts. “There’s a lot I wanted to do, because I’m worried and I don’t understand things, but I’m respecting your position.” For now, anyway. Dean thought but kept to himself.

“I know it must be hard… It’s just, I never told anyone. This is different for me, too. I don’t really know how to deal with the fact that you know,” Sam confessed.

“Do you regret telling me?” Dean stopped for a moment and waited.

Sam thought about it. There were many reasons to regret his decision of opening up, but Sam didn’t.

“No.”

“Good.” Dean liked hearing that. It felt important, like a good start.

They fell silent again and kept walking, and before they knew it they were making their way to that quieter spot on the beach where they could have privacy. They went up a few rocks and a hiking trail before they got there.

As they sat down on the rocks and watched the waves break bellow them, Dean thought of how to ask the many questions floating around in his mind. He didn’t want to scare Sam away, but it was extremely difficult to pretend the boy hadn’t told him all the things he had about his life. He kept looking at Sam and then at the waves, unsure of what to say next. That awkward silence kept going back and forth between them.

“Stop, okay?” Sam said eventually, a seemingly sad smile on his face.

“What? What did I do?”

“You’re feeling sorry for me. Just…don’t.”

“No, I’m not. What makes you think that?” Dean knew Sam was right, though. How could he not feel sorry for a boy that lived as a prisoner of his own father?

“I’m not a victim. I got a good parent who cares about me and loves me, and he’d do anything to
“Except from himself,” Dean said before he could help it.

Sam grimaced a little. That stung, but he chose to go on.

“I can’t complain about my life, Dean. You saw the place I live in. I’ve had everything I could ask for since I was born. I have a lot more than most people could dream of.”

“Do you have friends?”

“Friends?”

“Yeah, like I have Benny, and Cas…do you have friends too, or am I the only one you talk to except for Bobby and maybe Crowley?”

Sam thought about Meg and how they used to hang out when they were kids. That had been taken away from him a long time ago.

“My dad thinks I should focus on my studies. Besides, Bobby’s a good friend.”

“He is,” Dean agreed. He wanted to talk about it, but he didn’t want to push Sam too far.

“I like my life, Dean. I love my books and my classes, and I love swimming and exercising.”

Dean wanted to scream that that was not enough, that Sam was missing out on so much, that his dad had no right to keep him from life’s most amazing things, such as going out, having ice cream, making friends, falling in love, having pleasure…

“And now I love you, too.”

But when Sam said his next words Dean’s thoughts were defused and his heart buzzed. He leaned in and captured Sam’s lips on his own, tasting the boy’s eagerness to fall into the kiss, and deepening it with his tongue.

Sam felt lost the moment Dean’s skilled kissing set in. Dean kissed by the book. His tongue was knowing, bold and teasing, yet his lips were soft and promising as they nibbled on Sam’s parted ones.

When Dean buried his head in the crook of Sam’s neck and kissed him there, the boy shuddered and goosebumps became visible on his forearms.

“Dean…” Sam’s voice was throaty because his body was already responding to Dean’s touch.

The older man pulled away and looked at Sam. The boy’s breath was shorter, and his eyes looked a shade darker, too.

“This will kill us, you know. I want to touch you, I wanna run my fingers all over your body, I wanna see you naked…” Dean’s hands closed over Sam’s arms and squeezed, and the boy closed his eyes for a moment as his head spun.

“I…I’m sorry I didn’t tell you before. About not being able to do anything…” Sam said. Dean
looked really pained so Sam went on. “And now that you know, I’ll understand if you have to see other people. You must have needs. I wouldn’t hold it against you…”

“Stop,” Dean interrupted him. “We’ve been down that road before. I don’t want to see other people. I want to be with you.”

“Yeah, you said that. I just wonder…”

“What?” Dean urged him on.

“For how long this will be enough.”

Dean could see how troubled Sam was. “Look, I don’t have all the answers, right? I have no idea what exactly is going on right now, I mean, I love you, and you love me, and I don’t know much else about this whole thing.”

Sam listened carefully.

“But if it’s sex you’re talking about, I’m not an animal, you know,” Dean chuckled. “Yeah, I miss fucking someone’s brains out, I won’t lie. But there are more important things for me right now.”

Sam just stared at Dean as if he considered what he had just said.

“Besides, you live without sex, don’t you?” Dean asked. “It seems to work just fine for you. And you don’t even get to jerk off for some release.”

“Yes…but that’s not easy. I certainly wouldn’t put anyone through that.”

“You could make your own choices if you’re unhappy with the way things are, you know.”

Sam’s eyes felt impossibly dry at first, and then there was wetness shimmering in them, causing Sam to look away, embarrassed.

“Sam?…”

The boy wiped at his eyes before any tear had a chance to roll down.

There was nothing but silence between the boys and the waves breaking for a moment. Sam felt as if his throat had tightened and speaking wasn’t easy.

“I love my dad, Dean…”

“And you’re afraid of him too, aren’t you?” Dean said what was obviously there, hiding behind Sam’s attitude and hesitation.

Sam didn’t answer that. He seemed to shrug it off and let his eyes get lost in the distance.

Dean found Sam’s hand and squeezed.

“I’ll run away with you if you want me to.”

“What?” Sam smiled as he looked into Dean’s green eyes, so full of truth and promise.
“I mean it. I won’t ever leave you. If you think you’re in danger, if you need to disappear, then I’ll be right there with you. Whatever happens from now on, you’re not alone. I just want you to know that.”

“I won’t run away…” Sam chuckled, but his heart beat warmly at that.

“I’m just saying…you don’t have to face anything alone. I’ll fight for you, and I’ll go away with you. I’m right here, okay?”

Sam chewed on his bottom lip and smiled with his eyes. He felt glad when Dean closed the small distance between their faces and kissed him again, because at the moment Sam wasn’t feeling very good with words.

When the kiss broke, Dean, pressed their foreheads together and they enjoyed the silence for a while longer.

“Hey, is there any chance you’re wearing a swimsuit under those jeans?”

Sam laughed lightly and nodded. “Yeah, I thought we might come here.”

“Great, wanna go for a swim?”

“Yeah.”

The boys left the rocks and went down to the sandy shore. After shedding part of their clothes, they jumped over the first waves and dove into the salty water.

“It’s cold!” Sam complained half-heartedly.

“Aw, c’mon. It’s great.”

“It’s icy cold, that’s what it is.”

“Is that an invitation to go warm you up?”

Sam felt the proximity of Deans half-naked, wet body, and the temperature seemed to rise instantly around his body. Indeed, being with Dean was just like playing with fire.

“Perhaps…” he bit on his lip, the gesture absent and yet coy.

“Damn…” Dean whispered and wrapped Sam in his arms.

They kissed again in the water, and it was salty and wet, and within a minute they were short of breath and Sam pulled away slowly.

“I’m warm now. Thanks,” he chuckled.

“See? You have to learn to enjoy the ocean. You’re just too used to swimming in a pool.”

“And what’s the big difference? It’s water, isn’t it? You move your arms and legs and breathe.”
“Oh, no way. It’s completely different. I mean, it’s similar, but very different,” Dean said.

Sam laughed at that.

“It’s true, though.” Dean went on. “I’d say that swimming in a pool and swimming in the ocean are pretty much like masturbating or having sex. In a way it’s the same, but it’s also completely different.”

“Oh, c’mon,” Sam rolled his eyes. “Does everything have to be about sex with you?” he teased.

“But it’s true! When you are in the pool everything is predictable. I’m not saying that it isn’t good, because it can feel amazing, too. But you know what to expect, you see? There’s little room for improvisation. It’s calm and smooth, and the pool doesn’t react to you. The ocean, on the other hand, the ocean is alive Sammy!” Dean had been surfing since he was a kid. He had a great relationship with the waves, and the glint in his eyes spoke volumes of the joy he felt about it. “The ocean is a living partner; it’ll dance with you, change you, affect you…it can be mind blowing, but it can be a disaster, too. You and the ocean need to be in harmony, you gotta have synchrony.”

“Right…” Sam adored the way Dean talked about it. It felt so passionate. But he was also enjoying to provoke him.

“It’s true, though.”

“You’re just saying that because it’s not like I’d know the difference,” Sam pointed out.

“Well, you have a swimming pool at home, don’t you?”

“Yeah.”

“And you’re in the ocean now. So go ahead, swim. Tell me how it feels.”

Sam narrowed his eyes and a bold little smile toyed on his lips.

“And then if you want we can move on to the other differences, but then we should probably try it in the shack.”

“Shut up,” Sam laughed and splashed Dean with water.

“Hey…” Dean called after him when Sam turned around and started to swim away. “Be careful! You shouldn’t swim towards the open sea, try and swim along the shore.”

But Sam wasn’t listening.

Sam just let himself feel the waves and the movement of his arms. He swam faster against the waves, and he soon realized Dean hadn’t been entirely wrong. The sea was alive, and it seemed to fight him.

“Sam!” Dean watched from a distance and began to swim in Sam’s direction. “Come back here!”

“I’m fine! I’m a great swimmer!”

“I know you are! Just stay close, will you?”
Sam felt free and daring and alive, just like the ocean, and he didn’t pay Dean’s words any heed. He swam harder and faster, towards the horizon he could see in the blue distance.

“Sam!”

It was okay. Sam was free and it felt exhilarating. He could swim as far as he wanted, he could improvise, he could—

A stronger, taller wave took him by surprise and before Sam knew it he was being pulled under the water. He tried to struggle his way back to the surface, but when he opened his mouth widely to breathe, another wave crashed on top of him and salty water filled his lungs until it burned. It might have been nothing but a few seconds, but for Sam those moments lasted an eternity. The water in his lungs made him despair, and the more he flailed his arms trying to reach the surface, the more tired and useless his limbs became. Rational thought gave in to sheer panic and Sam could not believe what was happening.

*I’m going to drown.* The thought hit him like another wave, and Sam saw the blue green vastness all around him, pulling him down with an invisible strength Sam could not get away from. *Oh God… I’m going to die…*

Dean’s arms locked under Sam’s, and in a few seconds Sam felt himself be dragged to the surface of the water. He coughed tremendously when he realized he could breathe air again, and he kept coughing hard in order to expel all that water from his lungs. As he recovered, he might have gone under again if Dean hadn’t been holding him tight.

“Are you okay?”

Sam saw the wide, scared pair of emerald eyes watching him closely. He managed to smile.

“’m fine.”

“Jesus, fucking…are you trying to scare me to death? What the hell were you thinking?” Dean held the boy tightly.

“I was improvising.”

Sam chuckled and ended up coughing again.

Dean shook his head disapprovingly, but he was relieved, and even hid a smile behind his lips.

“Do you need help swimming back to shore?”

“No, I can do that. It’s okay.”

Dean let him go and watched as Sam started to swim towards the sand. He followed the boy closely until they were both safe on the shore, lying on their backs as the water washed over their legs.

“You were right. The sea *is* different.”

“The sea is amazing. But swimming away recklessly into the waves is not the way to go,” Dean said.

“Is that another analogy for sex?”
Dean laughed. “Yeah, maybe it is.”

The two of them laughed for a while. Sam coughed some more and turned on his side so they could face each other.

“Don’t scare me like that, okay?” Dean asked softly.

“You saved my life in there.”

“You’re a great swimmer at home, but I grew up swimming in this place. I know what I’m doing.”

“Are we talking about sex again?”

Dean laughed loudly.

“Seriously, though,” Sam began. “I owe you my life. I freaked out in there. I did the one thing you’re not supposed to do. I lost my calm.”

“It’s good that you learned that. Next time you’ll be more careful.”

“How can I thank you?”

“Oh, c’mon. You don’t have to thank me. I did what anyone would’ve done.”

“I know. It doesn’t mean I’m not grateful,” Sam insisted. “You really did save me. How could I possibly express my gratitude?”

Dean smiled a different smile.

“Do you really want to thank me?” he climbed on top of Sam on the shore, letting his body weigh just a little on top of the boy’s.

Sam sucked in his breath and shuddered.

“Because if you do I can think of something I want from you…” Dean said seductively.

“Dean, I…” Sam swallowed hard. “I can’t…”

“Shh, relax, okay? I’m not asking that. I would never ask that of you in return for anything.”

“Oh.” Sam didn’t know what to think then. “What do you want?”

“I want you to think about what it is that you want.”

“What?”

“I love you, and because I do I want you to be free to make the decisions that really matter to you. So yeah, you spent all your life following rules. What I’m asking is that you take time to think of what you want to do.” Dean looked intently into the boy’s eyes. Sam seemed confused, but Dean knew he understood him just fine. “Not what your dad wants, not what I want. Just ask yourself what you want, okay?”
Sam lifted himself on his elbows and caused Dean to move a little.

“What if I already know what I want?” he asked.

Dean’s heart felt warm in his chest. He rolled onto his back and looked at the sky.

“Then we just need to figure out how we’re gonna get there.”

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tbc...
Azazel was going over some papers in his office at home when the servant announced Lucifer’s arrival.

“Should I let him in, sir?”

“Yes, please.”

Azazel put down his pen and watched as the blond, tall man in a suit walked into the office and sat across from him.

“Lucifer. I’m pleased to see you.”

“I believe you are,” Lucifer smiled charmingly. “You know why I’m here, though.”

Azazel’s lips curved with a satisfied little smile.

“I believe you want to see Samuel?”

“You’re damn right I want to see him. I was away for so long, I want to see him and I want to share his company.”

Azazel could barely hide how pleased he was with Lucifer’s enthusiasm and the way things had worked out with the wealthy heir.

A few years ago…

At first, everything was just a possibility, something that might not quite work, but Azazel knew that in order to settle down he would need help from someone important, someone who could bring in the money so Azazel could pull off his plan of getting the boy to himself. Over the years Azazel had managed to put together a small fortune, but a partnership with Lucifer would still be extremely useful.
Before approaching Lucifer with a proposition, though, it was necessary that Azazel study the wealthy businessman extensively. From a distance and using all the resources available, including his own supernatural ability to lurk, Azazel waited patiently until he learned as much as he wanted about Lucifer.

The handsome heir of a billionaire empire was not someone Azazel could easily get close to, let alone befriend, unless he had something the young man might want, and in order to find out what Lucifer desired, Azazel watched him for years to uncover information. After living in this world for as many years as he had, one thing Azazel knew for a fact was that everybody had secrets, some darker than others, but no one really put their lives out there with all there was to see. Therefore, he just needed to figure out what made Lucifer tick.

It was a delightful surprise to find out that Lucifer’s weakness was in perfect agreement with Azazel’s long term plans. At first Azazel had thought that maybe he would have to turn Lucifer into a vampire in order to get from him what he wanted, but when he realized Lucifer had a soft spot for pretty boys he knew that Samuel would bring them even closer.

The best part was that to society, Lucifer wasn’t a sex predator, at least his attitudes weren’t of one. Whatever dark little fantasies went on in Lucifer’s brain were his own and no one else’s business—except for Azazel’s, now. But it was important that Lucifer be no criminal. Azazel knew the billionaire desired young, teenage boys, and yet the fact he had never acted on this just proved him worthy of trust and partnership. Lucifer was a man who had control over his urges, and Azazel admired him for that.

When he finally had enough information to approach the business man, though, Azazel hoped that some of that control would threaten to slip away once Lucifer listened to what he had to say.

“I’m sorry, who are you again?” Lucifer had just wrapped up a meeting and was on his way to catch a flight. He did not understand how security had let someone into his office when he had given clear orders that he didn’t have time to see anyone. What he didn’t know was that Azazel had walked past security unseen, as the creature of the night he was used to being.

“I assure you I won’t take too much of your time. I know how busy you are. My name’s Azazel, and I’m a doctor at Glasstown.”

Lucifer stopped picking up paper and putting it inside his briefcase and looked up. For the first time he actually saw the yellow eyes looking at him, and those eyes made him stop caring about what he was doing for a moment and listen.

“And why are you here?”

“I have something that interests us both. I believe a partnership is in our best interest right now,” Azazel explained calmly.

Lucifer chuckled lightly. He arched a doubtful eyebrow. “Oh, really?”

“Yes.”

“What is it that you want from me?” he was amused at the stranger’s boldness, but also intrigued.

“I want money, of course. I want some million dollars, your respect and protection so I can settle in
business more comfortably and carry out my plan.”

Lucifer laughed.

“You’ve got some nerve, I’ll give you that.” he stared at the yellow-eyed man, but the so-called doctor didn’t seem to be laughing at all. “So you walk in here and ask me for a few million dollars. What makes you think I’d give it to you. What is it that you have that you think I want this badly? In case you haven’t noticed I’ve got pretty much everything I could dream of already.”

“I have a boy.”

Lucifer stood perfectly still and his smile faded. Slowly, his amusement turned into suspicion and his temper flared. “Who the hell are you?” Lucifer was on the defensive. Who was that man and how much did he know about him? “What the hell do you want?”

“I want to offer you the sweetest boy prince you could ever imagine. I want to offer you my son’s hand in marriage.”

Lucifer walked towards that stranger in his office, his heart beating fast.

“Listen, I don’t know who the fuck you are but I suggest you get the hell out of my office right now or else…”

“Not until you listen to me. I am not joking and I am not insane. I am a vampire, and I’m here to offer you the most precious child you could ever dream of having, but of course that can’t happen until he’s old enough.”

“A what? Vampire?” Lucifer frowned. “Now I’ve seriously had enough, I’ll call security and I don’t ever want to see you again—” Lucifer trailed off when Azazel’s eyes flashed and he exposed his fangs.

The moment Lucifer saw the transformation, he understood very quickly that was no magic trick or an illusion of any sorts. That man standing in his office meant what he had just said, which was both absurd and fascinating. Somehow, though, Lucifer didn’t find himself scared, just back to intrigued.

“So, would you like to hear about this boy? About my son?”

Lucifer didn’t say anything. He went back behind his desk, sat down and pointed a chair to the other man. Azazel sat down before him and they looked at each other.

“What makes you think I’m interested?”

“You like beauty. You like having power over innocence. What this boy has, the blood line he carries, that’s unlike anything you’ve ever experienced. He is unique, and I promise that when you do meet him in person, which will not happen soon, you will fall under the spell of his charm.”

“What makes him so precious?”

Azazel smiled for the first time and licked his lips.

“For me? His blood, of course. His ancestors, his magic, his royalty, his strength. And, of course, his virginity. For you? A boy so pretty that Aphrodite herself couldn’t have made him more alluring.
And I will give him to you in marriage in all his innocence for you to unleash and fulfill all your most private fantasies.”

That conversation had become absolutely surreal, but Lucifer couldn’t back down now.

“You said I can’t meet him now.”

“No. He’s too young.”

“When?”

“When I say so.”

“What if I don’t like him?” Lucifer asked.

“That’s not possible.”

“You seem overly confident.”

“I am,” Azazel agreed.

“What if he doesn’t like me? I’ll be much older than him. He might not even like men.”

“He will like you.”

“Again, you seem impossibly certain.”

“I’m pretty sure you’re familiar with the term grooming?”

Lucifer tensed a little but nodded.

“If we have an agreement then you do your part, and trust me to do mine, Lucifer. I know a hundred million dollars is nothing to you. And I know you are already irresistibly drawn to my boy. You saw what I am, you know I’m not joking.”

“Why don’t you just kill me and get the money you need?”

Azazel laughed lightly.

“I’ve been killing for way too long. I don’t want to do that anymore. That’s why I need you. I want to stop running.”

Lucifer seemed to ponder for a while longer.

“What if I can’t wait until he’s ready? You tell me it’s not gonna be soon.”

Azazel stood up and smiled enigmatically.

“I’ll keep you entertained as you wait.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”
Lucifer watched as Azazel left the office and returned a moment later with a young boy in his arm. Lucifer had no idea how old that boy was, but he was pretty sure he wasn’t of legal age.

“Where the hell is my security?”

“Handled. You can take your time to enjoy the moment.”

Lucifer could already feel himself harden at the sight of the pretty boy looking invitingly in his direction.

“Unless, of course, you have a flight to catch…” Azazel let the sentence hang. He pushed the boy lightly towards Lucifer and squinted his eyes approvingly when the businessman’s eyes darkened with lust.

“Goodbye, Lucifer. We’ll be seeing each other soon.”

He left the office and closed the door behind him.

*In the present…*

“So, where is he?”

“I’ll get Crowley to prepare him. You can spend the afternoon with him,” Azazel said and pushed a button on the phone on his desk.

“No.”

“No?” Azazel frowned.

“I can’t wait as much as you want me to. You said it’d be years until you were done with him. I can’t wait that long. I want him, Azazel. I’ve waited long enough.”

“I’m not ready to part with him.”

“How long? I need a number.”

“Three years.”

“Ten months.”

“Are you crazy?”

“He’ll be seventeen in ten months. We can get married then.”

“Two years.”

“One.”

The two men eyed each other intently.
“His hormones are raging, you know that, I know that. You can’t hold him off for much longer. He needs to be taken.”

Azazel knew Lucifer was right, but he had always dreaded the moment when Samuel would no longer be his sweet little angel.

“One year. And I get to visit and drink from him whenever I want.”

“Fine. I thought you wouldn’t want his blood after I corrupted it with my seed,” Lucifer chuckled darkly.

Azazel cringed at the thought. “It won’t ever be the same, but it’ll still be better than anything I’ve tasted.”

There was a knock at the door that caused them to stop talking.

“Excuse me, sir, did you ask for me?”

“Yes. Get the prince ready to spend the day with Lucifer. Tell him I gave my consent.”

“Yes, sir.”

The two men simply eyed each other with silent agreement as Crowley left.

~ * ~

In the gardens, Sam walked side by side with Lucifer under the bright blue sky.

“So how was Europe?” Sam asked.

“It was good. I had some important business to deal with in there, and I always appreciate the old world, but I confess I’m happy to be back.”

Sam smiled politely. He wondered why his dad was so keen on having him spend time with Lucifer.

“I missed you,” the businessman said and touched Sam’s arm lightly.

Sam looked at the hand on his arm and pulled away slow but gently. He looked at his feet, not sure what to say. Lucifer read what was sheer awkwardness as a deliciously shy attitude.

“Did you miss me?”

Sam thought quickly. Before he had a chance to say anything, though, Lucifer went on.

“Your father said you asked for me.”

Sam realized how happy Lucifer was about it. Indeed, Sam remembered that. He had asked whether the person wanting to meet him in the living room was Lucifer, but that was the night his dad had brought home his four vampire friends and… Sam shrugged off the thought quickly.

“I did…”
“That makes me really happy, you know.”

Sam looked Lucifer in the eyes and looked around. He didn’t know what to say that wouldn’t make him sound rude, so he kept silent most of the time. The truth was, Lucifer was an attractive man. He was tall and blond, and had light blue eyes that were very charming. He was probably twenty years older than Sam, though, and even if he wasn’t, Sam's heart had only one name inside, making it throb and race and tighten, and Sam couldn’t stop thinking about Dean.

“That makes me really happy, you know.”

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“Sit here with me for a moment, will you.”

“Alright.”

Sam complied and they sat at a wooded area of the large yard, where large trees grew and flowers covered the grass like a blanket. There was a wooden bench where they sat, and a water fountain behind them. Sam looked around, but there were no employees as far as his sight went. He supposed his father had ordered the servants to give them privacy. The question was, why?

“Sweet prince…how have you been? It seems like your mind is miles away…” Lucifer took Sam’s hand and toyed with his fingers lightly.

Sam tensed but didn’t pull away.

“I’m sorry. I’m fine, thank you. I’ve been studying some things, though. There’s just a lot on my mind, but I’m okay.”

“Sweet prince…how have you been? It seems like your mind is miles away…” Lucifer took Sam’s hand and toyed with his fingers lightly.

Sam tensed but didn’t pull away.

“I’m sorry. I’m fine, thank you. I’ve been studying some things, though. There’s just a lot on my mind, but I’m okay.”

“You’re such a dedicated boy.”

Sam swallowed hard. Why did Lucifer like him so much? It wasn’t like Sam showed interest in him in the same way, so why?

“I like to learn, that’s all.”

You’re such a dedicated boy.”

Sam swallowed hard. Why did Lucifer like him so much? It wasn’t like Sam showed interest in him in the same way, so why?

“I like to learn, that’s all.”

Lucifer was bewitched, body and soul. He didn’t know how much of his infatuation was Azazel’s fault, after all the expectation and the background story, but Sam was absolutely perfect, and Lucifer dreamed of the day they would be married and he would be able to live some of his dirtiest fantasies with that sweet boy.

“Samuel…” Lucifer’s eyes were sparkling. “Is it okay if I kiss you?”

“Samuel…” Lucifer’s eyes were sparkling. “Is it okay if I kiss you?”

“I…” Sam looked around nervously. Where was his damn warden when Sam needed him? He was certain his dad had told Crowley to stay away, though. Sam wished someone, anyone, would show up, but as far as Sam looked they seemed to be alone. “I don’t think…”

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“Tha’t’s okay. No one is here. You can relax, it’s just a kiss.”

As Lucifer leaned closer to kiss his lips, Sam moved his head, his breathing fast and difficult, but instead of being offended and pulling away, Lucifer kissed Sam’s cheek softly and for a long moment, and he held Sam’s arm to keep him there when his kiss trailed lower and he buried his nose against Sam’s neck.

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Sam shivered softly at the feeling and squirmed.
Lucifer chuckled against the sensitive skin and kissed him.

Despite his control, Sam felt himself harden at the touch. Only Dean touched him like that, and Sam was constantly on edge. It was impossible to control the biochemical reactions that being touched triggered in his body given his constant state of arousal.

Lucifer relished the reaction he got and touched Sam’s crotch boldly. The erection he cupped made him throb in his pants and made his chest explode with joy and need.

“Please, no…” Sam whispered and pushed Lucifer away.

“It’s alright…no one will know, no one will punish you. I won’t let them.”

“I… I can’t, I don’t want to… I’m sorry.” Sam looked uncomfortable and apologetic, and even though his cheeks were flushed with arousal, he looked all sorts of disturbed.

“Hey, hey… it’s okay. I’m sorry if I came on too strong. I just missed you so much. It’s alright…”

Sam wanted to go back into the house, but he figured that was not what was expected of him. He didn’t know what to do, but he cowered a little on the bench and stared nervously at his hands on his lap.

Lucifer wondered what kind of intense grooming Azazel had done. He had truly traumatized the boy. On one hand, it was extremely frustrating because Sam was afraid of being touched, one the other hand, it would make for an even more interesting wedding night.

“Samuel, I’m sorry. Are you okay?” Lucifer touched the boy’s face.

“I am. I’m sorry, too. I just… I don’t feel comfortable with this, I don’t really know what to do…I’m not supposed to.”

“I know, I know, baby…but it won’t always be such, you know that right?”

“It won’t?”

“Samuel… are you happy with my company? Because if you are I can make sure you don’t need to hold back anymore. Nothing would please me more than to help you relax and learn about other things that you might enjoy very much…” Lucifer took Sam’s hand again and kissed his fingers. “If you let me, I could spend my life teaching you to relax, making you happy…”

That conversation was getting way too weird.

“Oh God, there are bees.”

“What?” Lucifer frowned, confused.

“I’m sorry, there are some bees in there, can you see?” Sam pointed towards a tree. “There must be a hive somewhere near. I gotta get inside, I’m allergic to their sting.”

Lucifer looked but didn’t see anything. He didn’t know whether or not Sam was coming up with that just now or if he had indeed seen something, but it didn’t matter much. He knew he had an effect on the boy, Lucifer had gotten him hard with barely a kiss!, and that was enough to please him for now.
Besides, Lucifer had hopefully planted some thoughts in the boy’s head. He hoped Sam would give these thoughts some time and perhaps loosen up the next time they were together.

“Then by all means, let’s get you inside, prince.”

“Thanks.”

Sam got up quickly, and relief accompanied him as they made their way back to the mansion.

~ * ~

Inside the house, long after Lucifer had left, Azazel walked into Sam’s room and asked Crowley to leave.

“How was the afternoon?”

“It was okay. Lucifer was acting weird, though.”


“I don’t know, Dad. He seems to really like me. I don’t really get why.”

Azazel chuckled warmly. He walked closer to the bed and sat down on its edge.

“Of course he likes you. What is there not to like about you? You’re my beautiful, intelligent heir. You’re adorable, and smart, and funny…”

“Dad…”

Azazel took a deep breath.

“Lucifer likes you.” He studied Samuel. “How do you feel about him?”

Sam shrugged. “I don’t know. He’s way older than me.”

“That isn’t a problem. On the contrary, that can be quite useful when you consider his experience.”

Sam frowned.

“Dad… what is going on?”

“Lucifer has expressed his interest in marrying you.”

“What?!”

“Why does that surprise you? He’s a successful businessman, and my partner, too. He’s loyal, decent, and feels very strongly about you.”

“He could be my father!”

“But he isn’t.”
Sam seemed outraged, and that concerned Azazel a little.

“Is it because he’s a man?”

“What?”

“I never asked, but maybe the fact that he’s a man…”

Sam didn’t know what to say. He was in shock.

“Listen, baby, I’ve been around for a long time, and I promise you that this whole gender thing is an illusion.” Azazel himself had been a straight man for hundreds of years until he had his first relationship with a man. Since then he had learned that regardless of gender, the body responded to pleasure just as equally, as long as the mind was in accordance, and the mind could learn to be in accordance.

“I…no, it’s not that…I mean…”

Azazel smiled. He had a feeling that Samuel was attracted to men, even if he was to girls as well.

“I just…I don’t love him. Aren’t you supposed to marry someone you love?”

“Aw, sweetie. You’re still too young to understand these things. But this is not something you have to be concerned about just now, okay? Lucifer knows you’re my baby boy, and that you’re far too young for anything.”

“Dad…”

“Hm?”

“Promise me you’re not giving me up to him.” Sam thought about Dean and his whole body felt tense. “Promise me.”

“Of course not, honey. I wouldn’t do that. As long as you’re my sweet, innocent son I would never do anything you don’t want me to. Remember, I’m here to protect you, haven’t I said this before?”

“You have.”

Azazel still had time to get Samuel to say yes to Lucifer. There would come a moment when Sam would be so desperate for sex that he would agree to being married off to the first stranger just so he could find release. Meanwhile, though, as long as he was still a virgin and his blood was still the holy Grail of strength, there was nothing Azazel wouldn’t do, no one he wouldn’t fight—Lucifer even—to keep Sam to himself, regardless of any agreement.

“You’re my sweet precious boy. I will keep you safe. Now sleep tight.”

“Good night, Dad…”

Azazel leaned over Sam and kissed his forehead, then he let his lips trail lower and locked his mouth around the boy’s neck.

Sam hissed lightly and flinched briefly, but then he closed his eyes and relaxed under the familiar act.
Sam fell asleep before Azazel had even finished drinking.

-----------------------------------------------------------

_tbc..._
Dean watched as his father got ready to go hunting. He had dropped by his dad’s garage to help him out, and in a few more minutes he would be leaving to meet Sam at the church. Even though Dean had been in a hurry to leave, now that he watched his dad gear up he couldn’t help but think about all the stuff Sam had told him about his own father.

John realized Dean was staring. He frowned for a moment then seemed to shrug it off quickly.
“What are you looking at? Wanna come?”

“What?”

“Wanna go hunting? It’s been a while since the last time you tagged along.”

“Ah, no, thanks…” Dean had a thousand thoughts tangled with questions dancing in his brain, but he knew he couldn’t do much about any of that. He had promised Sam not to tell anyone, not to tell his father in particular, but damn, it was so hard! His dad obviously knew something about Azazel. As he grew up, Dean thought his dad had learned some very bad aspect about Azazel and then perhaps exaggerated its importance, now however, Dean was very inclined to believe his dad meant every accusation he had ever dished out towards the yellow-eyed doctor. “I was just thinking…” Dean chose his words carefully. He would not betray Sam’s trust, it didn’t matter how much it was killing him inside.

“Thinking about what?” John urged him, fairly impatient at Dean’s hesitance.

“I don’t know. Azazel.”

John’s hurry abandoned him quickly and he stood at attention.

“Why were you thinking about Azazel?”

Dean shrugged. He swallowed down his throat, which felt a bit dry right now, and considered his words.

“Nothing specific. I was just wondering why it is that you hate the guy.”

“You know why I hate him. He’s a liar, and a monster. He’s not what he says he is.”

“Yeah, you’ve said that before.” Dean was fairly certain his father might have even used the word vampire in previous conversations. “You never told me why you believe that, though. Like, have you seen something? Heard something…” Dean tried to sound as casual as he possibly could.

John put down the backpack he was carrying and walked towards his son.
“Why are you asking this now?”

Dean’s heart raced. promise me you won’t tell anyone! you have to promise!

“No reason.”

“Has the boy told you anything?”

“The boy?”

“Your friend…Samuel.”

Please, Dean!

“Sam doesn’t talk much about his family to be honest.”

“He doesn’t talk much? Has he told you something, though?” John couldn’t help pushing. What if Sam had told Dean something about his evil father, what if he had confessed to being maltreated or abused in some way? His heart was beating erratically and John needed to probe.

Dean began to regret having that conversation. “No, look…it’s just that you keep saying all these terrible things about Azazel since I can remember. I grew up hating a guy I don’t even know, ready to believe all things related to him were pure evil.”

“They are.”

“But then I met Sam, and he’s not evil at all. You saw him. He’s a sweet kid, and I just don’t get how he fits into this whole scenario, you know.”

John looked at the floor briefly and sighed.

“I just wanted to understand, that’s all,” Dean went on.

“There’s not much to understand.” John couldn’t tell Dean what he had seen. Telling his son he had seen Azazel drinking from a blood bag would bring up too many questions. Dean would want to know what John had been doing in Azazel’s office in the first place, and John could not tell him the whole truth. Not now, maybe not ever; he didn’t feel ready.

‘There’s a lot to understand’, Dean thought, but he knew better than to raise his dad’s suspicions even more.

“I gotta go. Have a nice hunt.”

John watched as Dean walked past him and out of the house. He couldn’t help wondering what kind of conversations Dean and Samuel had. If only they knew… John felt a painful twinge of guilt, but he told himself to snap out of it. There was no use in feeling sorry now. It was not like he could change the past anyway, right?...
The boys were both sitting on the rocks, watching the waves breaking in the distance. They had been quiet since they got there, a few minutes before. The tension between them was thick, and Dean wasn’t sure whether he should take Sam back to his shack. Not that he couldn’t control himself, he certainly could, but he would feel bad if he ended up teasing a boy who could not find relief for the building sexual tension. And Dean knew it would be pretty impossible to resist teasing Sam a little. The boy drove him crazy, and Dean had all his libido piled up in a storm of urgency and hot desire…he didn’t quite know what to do.

“We’re having a party at the beach tomorrow night. I wish you could come,” Dean said.

“Oh. What is it going to be like?”

“Ah, you know…the usual luau.”

“I don’t know what an usual luau looks like,” Sam pointed out.

Dean chuckled sadly.

“Well, it usually starts around six, as the sun sets. There’ll be music and people dancing by the shore, around the bar, and a lot of drinks that I’ll be preparing. Someone will bring a guitar, and eventually people will gather around to listen and sing along some old classics. Oh, and there’ll be a fire when this happens. There’s usually a fire.”

“It sounds really cool. I wish I could go.”

Silence fell again as they stared quickly at each other before looking away. For Dean, it felt like some sort of invisible weight crushing his chest as he tried to figure out his way around Sam’s odd lifestyle. For the boy, it was a sad mix of shame and joy being in Dean’s company and sharing some of his burden with him.

“I’m sure you’ll be able to come soon.” Dean tried to cheer Sam up when a shadow seemed to darken the boy’s hazel eyes.

“Yeah…” Sam agreed, albeit feebly. He could not, in a million years, see his father allowing him out of the house to take part in a gathering with lots of booze and young people making out, specially when John Winchester’s son would be involved.

“C’mere…”

Sam accepted the embrace and let Dean hold him in silence. He could smell the faint trace of cologne Dean had sprayed on in the morning, and he snuggled closer.

Soon, Sam would have to make his way back home, but for the time being he let himself forget his restrictions and rules.

~ * ~

Friday afternoon, Dean Winchester double checked the bar to make sure they had enough drinks and finger food for the night. His friends watched him go over everything as they all drank beers.

Dean opened the ice chest for the third time to check anyway.

“Have a beer with us, Dean. People won’t arrive for another two hours or so,” Cas said.

“I guess you’re right.” Dean looked around once more and then slipped under the counter to join his friends. He poured himself some beer and drank it gladly. It was a warm day, one bound to draw a good number of people to the bar.

“Is your prince coming?” Ben asked. “We haven’t seen him a while.”

Dean’s heart ached. “He’s not my prince.”

“Sorry, I meant your boyfriend,” Ben chuckled.

“Fuck off,” Dean mumbled crankily, then sighed and let it go.

“He can’t come, can he?” Cas asked. “His dad would never let him.”

“Yeah. His dad’s a fucking asshole, that’s what he is,” Dean let some of his frustration out of his chest.

“Dude, you gotta at least try and get along with your in-laws,” Ben joked.

Dean gave him a dirty look and drank from his beer.

“Look, can we try and not talk about Sam tonight? He’s not coming, I ain’t happy about it, end of story.”

“Fine,” Ben caved. “We were just trying to cheer you up.”

Ben exchanged a look with Castiel over Dean’s brooding frame and they sighed in unison.

~ * ~

It was six o’clock and Sam was finishing his dinner when Crowley showed up at the kitchen.

“Your father asked me to tell you that he needs to leave. Something came up and he’s on his way out.”

“He’s what?”

“He’ll be back tomorrow. He said not to bother you since you’re eating.”

Sam’s thoughts lit up with hope.

“Prince? Where are you going?”

“I want to see him.” Sam left Crowley behind and went upstairs quickly, and almost ran towards his
father’s office. His heart was racing when he knocked on the door. “Dad?”

“Yes? Come in,” Azazel said from within. “Is everything alright?”

“Yes. Crowley told me you’re leaving. You said nothing of traveling today. What happened?”

“Just some hospital bureaucracy I unfortunately won’t be able to avoid. It’s nothing to get concerned about, though. I shall be back home tomorrow evening or night.”

“Oh, okay then.”

Azazel walked towards the boy and kissed his forehead. “If it’s not too late when I get home, I’ll stop by your room to pay you a small visit.”

Sam shuddered. He nodded obediently, but his thoughts were already elsewhere.

“Anything else? I’m kind of busy here.”

“No…nothing,” Sam said quickly. “Have a safe trip, Dad.”

Sam went back downstairs and waited in the living room, leafing through a book, until the moment his dad left the house. He tried to act cool and uninterested, but fifteen minutes after Azazel was gone was all Sam managed to wait before he cornered Crowley with a demand.

“I need you to drive me somewhere,” he said.

“Excuse me?” Crowley frowned.

“Dad won’t sleep home tonight, and neither will I,” he said. “There’s a luau going on at the beach right now. Dean is there. I want to go.”

“Samuel…!” Crowley sounded tired and a bit annoyed. “You know I can’t do that.”

“Why not?” Sam made sure to keep his voice low, but there wasn’t anyone else paying them attention. “You’ve done it before. You’ve helped Dean smuggle me out of the house and I slept at his place. So why not now?”

“That was different.”

“Just because I was unconscious and couldn’t make a choice?”

Crowley shifted his weight uncomfortably.

“C’mon, Crowley. You know nothing’s gonna happen. You know Dean, and you know me.”

“I know you are both dying to get into each other’s pants, and I know this is a party with plenty of alcohol and grinding. So no.”

Sam didn’t look away. He stared deeply into Crowley’s eyes.

“I never get to have fun. Please…”
Crowley narrowed his eyes.

“I promise I won’t drink.”

“You can’t promise that. I’ve been young once.”

“Even if I do it takes alcohol no more than six hours to wear off and then there’ll be no sign of it in my bloodstream, it’s not like Dad will ever know.” Sam had no idea whether or not that was accurate, but he knew Crowley wouldn’t know that either.

That kid was too smart for his own good, Crowley thought.

“What about that other stuff that won’t wear off if you try?”

“Crowley…” Sam took a deep breath. “I know you’re just trying to look out for me and that’s your job and stuff, but what I do or not with my virginity does not concern you.”

“I wish you were right, but we both know that’s not true.”

“Fine. If you won’t take me then I’ll find a way to get there myself. Good luck trying not to sleep tonight,” Sam threatened.

“You wouldn’t.”

“You and I both know I would.”

There was a moment of silence and then Crowley sighed long and deeply.

“Fine.”

Sam’s heart brimmed with joy.

“If anything goes wrong this is all on you. I’ll tell your dad you escaped.”

“I’ll get ready. Thank you, Crowley!”

The older man wasn’t prepared for the warm hug the prince gave him. It must have been the first time Sam hugged him in a long time, since he was a young and affectionate child. It did melt his heart a little.

“Don’t take too long. And exit through the back door. I don’t want anyone to see us,” Crowley instructed.

“Right.”

“I’ll go get the keys.”

~ * ~

The sun’s last rays of light were shimmering on the ocean and the sound of music filled the air. Sam
had asked Crowley to drop him off at a safe distance so he wouldn’t draw attention to himself by arriving in a limo. He had told Crowley to wait by the car for half an hour, and in case Sam didn’t return during this time—what if he couldn’t find Dean at the beach?—then Crowley was to go back home and wait for him in the morning.

Sam was wearing jeans and a blue T-shirt. He was glad had chosen something casual, because that was the kind of atmosphere he seemed to be walking into.

Right now, as Sam walked over soft sand, he admired every detail of the merry crowd filling the place. It was his first time walking on the beach at night, so Sam took a moment to just watch the waves breaking under the dim light fading fast. His heart was full of expectation. Not that he planned on doing anything he wasn’t supposed to, but for the next hours Sam could allow himself to be normal, as any other regular teenager was allowed to feel. Even if he had rules to go back to, tonight he was going to have fun. But first he needed to find Dean.

Sam walked towards the bar and it wasn’t long before he saw him. That was Dean in his element. The bartender was wearing dark blue jeans, his feet were bare, and his white shirt had all the buttons in the front open. Sam could see it from a distance when Dean turned around to give a drink to a couple of girls. The sight of Dean’s tanned and lithe chest made Sam’s breath pick up.

Sam approached the counter very slowly when Dean turned around to wash some glasses. The older man did not see him coming, but Dean’s friends did, and when both Cas and Ben looked at Sam with evident surprise, the boy put a finger to his lips to shush them. The two of them smiled with complicity and played along.

“Hey, Dean,” Ben said. “Someone in here needs something.”

“Just a moment,” Dean said without turning around.

“I don’t think they’re willing to wait. You better come here right now,” Cas teased.

“Just a moment…damn it,” Dean cursed under his breath. He put down the dishes, dried his hands and turned around. “So, yeah, what can I get you?” Dean’s words faded and his heart burst in his chest. His knees went weak and his pupils dilated.

Sam was right there in front of him. Not dressed as an angel, and yet, with the same heavenly appeal he always had on him.

Sam felt shy yet bold, and his eyes glimmered just as much as the ocean under the light of the rising moon.

“How about the bartender? Can you get me that?”

“Sam!” Dean’s heart slammed against his chest and he slipped under the counter swiftly.

Sam’s smile widened and his heart too raced when Dean wrapped his arms around him and kissed him on the mouth.

“And half the people of the party are pissed right now,” Ben said playfully.

“How come you’re here? What happened?”
“Dean? Drinks…” Cas said when a couple of people stopped by the counter to order.

“Can you guys cover for me for like fifteen minutes? I need a moment. I’ll be right back,” Dean asked.

“Yeah, we got this, but don’t take too long. People are here for your bartending skills, not mine,” Ben said and slipped under the counter to serve the couple.

Sam watched the interaction and waited. The moment Dean turned his attention to him once again Sam’s chest purred with joy.

“So?” Dean asked as he gently led Sam away from the bar and further into the dancing crowd.

“My dad is not gonna be home tonight. I just found this out. He had something to do elsewhere and he won’t be home until tomorrow evening.”

“That’s awesome…but I mean, did Crowley bring you here, does he know?” Of course Dean was happy to have Sam there, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t a bit concerned over the circumstances.

“He knows. It’s fine. I told him that if I didn’t head back to the car in thirty minutes he should drive home and leave me be.”

Dean stopped on his tracks and looked into Sam’s eyes. “I assume that wasn’t an easy conversation, bargaining with Crowley I mean.”

“No,” Sam chuckled. “I threatened to come here on my own if he didn’t drive me.” Sam chuckled when Dean widened his eyes at that.

Dean felt proud of the boy. Sam had stood up for himself. Not against his dad, but the fact that he had managed to get his bodyguard to bring him to a party spoke volumes of how much Sam was changing.

“You are. And we’re gonna have a great time, I promise.”

Sam looked down at his hand when Dean took it in his. The older man took one step closer and snaked an arm around Sam’s waist. Sam closed his eyes for the kiss about to happen. It was soft and gentle, and a little bit of Dean’s fresh breath entered Sam’s mouth and gave him goosebumps.

Dean’s lips caressed his for a bit longer, and then his tongue dove into Sam’s mouth, tasting a territory already too familiar. The boy’s knees went weak at the feeling, and his body tingled in response. When they pulled away for breath they both looked dazzled.

“I have to get back to the bar for at least another two hours. That’ll be the biggest crowd of the night. After that I could probably open a few bottles of tequila, pass them around and close the bar. Will you wait for me?”

“You know I will. I still can’t believe I’m here.” Sam’s excitement coated his every word.

Dean smiled and then looked over Sam’s shoulder in the distance. His smile faded and Sam followed his gaze.

“What is it?” he asked.
From afar, they could see Crowley standing on an observation deck above the beach, looking down on them.

“I’m fine, go away…” Sam murmured, even though Crowley couldn’t possibly hear him what with the distance and noise.

But it wasn’t Samuel that Crowley had his eyes on. The boy’s protector was looking at Dean, and Dean looked straight back at him.

Across the distance separating them, Dean nodded silently in Crowley’s direction. Then, as if that was some sort of silent agreement, Crowley nodded back, turned around and left.

“Is he gone?” Sam asked.

“He is,” Dean said. “It’s just you and me now.”

“Yeah, and all these people around us,” Sam chuckled.

“Right, but they don’t matter.” Dean’s green eyes were flashing with promises and secrets, and Sam was yet again captive of his charm. “Come with me.”

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*tbc...*

*sorry to end it here but it would've been too long... ;-)"*
Back at the bar, Dean was preparing drinks for the young adults enjoying the luau, while Cas, Benny and now Sam sat by the counter, watching him and talking to him.

“So Sam, glad you could make it,” Ben said. “Pick your poison, Dean works magic behind that counter.”

Sam looked at him with a blank, however eager to please expression, one that Cas read quickly.

“He asked what you’re gonna drink,” he explained.

“Oh,” Sam laughed lightly and his cheeks flushed a little. “I don’t drink. I’m only sixteen.”

“So are half of the people in here tonight. Dean!” Ben insisted. “Get your boyfriend something to drink here.”

This time Sam’s cheeks flushed further and he felt all hot around his neck. Specially when Dean turned around and focused on him.

They had seen each other so many times already, and yet, now that Sam saw Dean in his element, being one of the centers of attention in that party, with lots of flirting and swooning going on around him, Sam couldn’t help how amazing he felt to have Dean’s love all to himself. Being that happy felt pretty much surreal.

“So, what are you having, babe?” Dean asked and winked, and Sam’s heart almost melted right then and there.

“Oh, I shouldn’t, you know. I really can’t…”

“C’mon, Prince!” Ben patted Sam’s back. He had already drunk a fair amount of beer and was a little pushy.

“That’s alright,” Dean said before Sam could. “If you don’t want to, you don’t need to. Okay?” Dean put his hand atop Sam’s and gave it a small squeeze.

“Thank you,” Sam said, grateful.

“Although you should celebrate your first luau. It is your first, isn’t it?” Cas asked teasingly.

“Well, yes…”

“Tell you what,” Dean began. “I’ll make you a cocktail, one of my specialties. You can take a sip,
tell me if you like it or not. After all, I’m pretty fucking good with fruit juice, alcohol and ice. Then, if you don’t want to, Cas or Ben will finish it up for you. How does that sound?”

One sip sounded fine. One sip sounded fun.

“Okay,” Sam agreed.

Dean flashed one of his radiant, big smiles, and leaned over the counter to plant a kiss to Sam’s lips.

“I can seriously see a group of girls giving Sam the death glare over there,” Cas observed playfully.

“Oh, shut up,” Dean turned around to go and prepare the drink.

“He’s not joking, though,” Ben said. “Lots of people come to these parties to see him. If truth be told Dean did do a hell of a job earning that reputation,” he chuckled.

“Ben,” Cas elbowed him.

“Ouch! I’m kidding! Actually, I’m not, but Sam knows about it, doesn’t he? He knows he’s going out with the Don Juan deMarco of Glasstown.”

“Oh, he knows,” Sam talked about himself in the third person and the two guys laughed.

“He’s changed, though,” Cas said. “Because of you, you know. He’s not sleeping around anymore.”

Sam listened to that and even though he was happy about it, part of him couldn’t help but wonder whether there had been some hint of guilt-inducing jealousy in Cas’s words. Perhaps Sam was the jealous one, he thought. Jealous that Castiel got to know what it felt like to have Dean inside of him, making love to him, and that he perhaps would never have that chance.

“Here it is. Have a go.”

Sam was glad for the interruption to his thoughts when Dean arrived with the glass.

“It looks nice,” he said. The glass had an orange-red liquid inside, a few ice cubes, a slice of orange decorating it and a thick red straw.

“Go ahead. Drink it.”

Sam complied. He took a sip and the citric, alcoholic taste filled his mouth. It was sweet and refreshing, and hot and ice at the end, but not bad, not bad at all. He took another sip, longer this time, under the appreciating pairs of eyes around him.

“I like it. What is it?”

“Sex on the beach.”

“What?!” Sam asked that so fast and so quickly that some of the drink went to his nose and he almost snorted part of it. That caused a round of laughter in the older men with him.

Dean was still laughing while Sam looked at them with wide eyes and genuine disbelief.
“It’s true, though. You’re having sex on the beach,” Dean said as he lowered his voice and bit on his bottom lip. He took the straw and drank a sip, too. “There, now you’re officially having sex on the beach with me.”

Sam’s cheeks burned and it felt as if there was a ring of fire around his collarbone. He was certain that wasn’t entirely the alcohol’s fault.

“Oh, okay, children…this is getting awkward,” Ben chipped in.

“Is this drink really named that?” Sam asked.

“Here, have a look.” Dean took the drinks chart from the menu and put it before Sam.

The boy went over it quickly, barely believing the long series of creative and funny names.

“Blow job? Seriously?!” His eyes were so wide and he sounded so surprised that he inadvertently caused another wave of laughter to erupt. “I mean…how does that even…no, forget I asked,” he said quickly.

“The blow job is a funny one,” Ben said. “It’s a shot, and you’re supposed to drink it straight from the glass, without using your hands.”

Sam frowned.

“You take the glass between your lips and turn the liquid inside your mouth, all without the use of your hands,” Cas explained.

“That’s not possible,” Sam stated.

“Oohh… show him, Dean! Show him!”

“Well…” Dean opened a sassy little smile. “I’m not supposed to drink while I’m working…” he was cut off by the sound of laughter. “Not too much anyway, but I love a challenge. Besides…” he took a tiny glass from one of the shelves, put it on the counter and took a bottle. “my blow jobs happen to be fucking awesome,” he jested.

Sam’s knees might have given under his weight, but luckily for him, he was sitting. His breath shortened and his blood pumped fast and hot to all parts of his body, one in particular, at Dean’s words.

Cas wasn’t unaffected either. After all, he knew exactly what Dean was talking about, and yes, he still remembered the best blow job he had ever gotten. He shifted uncomfortably in the seat and adjusted himself discreetly.

Dean poured the drink into the shot glass and waved his hands for the music to be turned up. There was some upbeat Latino song playing, and lots of people turned around and stared at Dean when he started to dance behind the counter, walking towards the drink, his white open shirt billowing with the wind, his smooth, rippled chest like a chiseled Greek statue…and that face of a thousand dreams smiling like the sun into the warm night.

Sam’s heart was thudding when Dean lowered his head and picked the glass between his lips. In a swift movement, Dean lifted the glass up and drank it, and put it back down all without touching the
glass once. He then wiped his mouth with the back of his hand at the loud sound of cheering and laughing from the crowd.

“Told you I gave great blow jobs…” he lowered his voice and spoke right to Sam’s face.

‘I’ll die tonight. I will’, Sam thought. When Dean went back to work, Sam grabbed for the straw in his drink and didn’t stop until the glass was empty.

“Good. That will help you relax,” Ben said.

“I hope so,” Sam said softly and smiled. “In fact, I think I’ll have another one…”

“Are you sure?”

“Not really, but I want it,” Sam chuckled, followed by the other two guys. If he was going to get through tonight, he needed to relax some more, that was for sure.

When the movement started to die down a little around the bar, a fire was lit on the beach and there were many people drinking and dancing around it. The predominant rhythm playing was still some sort of Latin beat with sexy melodies and a lot of grinding. Sam had gone through three drinks by the time Dean was able to slip away from the bar and join the party.

“Hey… I’m free now. Wanna dance?” he reached out his hands.

“Oh… no… I… I can’t dance, sorry.”

“Can’t dance? There’s no such a thing as can’t dance. C’mon, I’ll teach you.”

Sam might have protested more had he been in total control of his reason. Right now, though, after the alcohol and the talking and the delightful atmosphere all around, Sam felt less defensive and bolder, so he took Dean’s hands and was surprised when he swayed a little.

“Are you okay there?” Dean smiled. “A little tipsy, maybe?”

Sam grinned. He looked around himself and it felt like there was a two-second delay in the way his sight adjusted to the scenes moving. He felt light and happy, so yes, he supposed he was a bit drunk indeed.

“I guess so. I feel fine, though.”

“Good. That’s great, but no more drinks for you, alright?”

Sam laughed and nodded.

“C’mon.”

Dean led them towards the dancing people. The moment Dean was there, by the fire, he lost his shirt and pulled Sam closer, so the boy was right there pressed up against his chest. Even though Sam’s mind wasn’t as sharp, he could still see the jealous looks people shot in their direction every now and then. Yes, that was the bartender that had slept with probably most of the people in there, and no, he didn’t have eyes for anyone tonight because his green eyes were locked into Sam’s, and Sam fell over and over and harder in love, and he couldn’t even describe the exhilarating feeling taking him
For one hour or so they danced, sang and kissed, and the booze in Sam’s bloodstream made him confident and easygoing, and he had never had so much fun in his life. He wished so badly that night could never, ever end. Dean had eyes for him and only him, and everything was perfect in a way Sam never imagined life could be.

At some moment, Sam didn’t know what song was playing, but there was a guitar and some words in Spanish, he felt Dean turn him around so his back was pressed to Dean’s chest. Then, as they were like that, Dean held on to his hips and they moved together, like one body, grinding slowly to the beat of the song. Dean’s larger hands guided Sam’s hips, and the boy let his neck fall back into the crook of Dean’s neck and shoulder only to leave himself vulnerable to the shower of hot kisses Dean planted along his neck. When Dean kissed Sam’s shoulder, right on his weak spot, the boy moaned feebly, a sound only Dean heard, and the older man responded by grinding himself against Sam’s buttocks, letting the boy feel the tent in his pants.

Sam felt himself harden when Dean pressed his erection against him. His body was warm and disobedient, and Sam just wanted to close his eyes and dance forever, dance until there was no one else at that beach, dance until Dean was taking him and the world was nothing but the two of them.

“Dean… I don’t think I can dance…” Sam smiled coyly. He turned around and looked into Dean’s eyes with a mix of innocence and lust that drove Dean insane.

“The fuck if I care…” he licked his lips. “C’mere.”

Sam let himself be guided towards someplace else. Dean pulled Sam away from the dancing and singing and to the back of the bar, where there were fewer lights and a few couples making out in the distance.

He pushed the boy against the back wall of the bar and ravished Sam’s mouth until he was squirming, trapped between Dean’s body and the wall.

“Dean…” Sam breathed throatily.

“God, I want you so fucking much…” Dean groaned. He pulled Sam’s head to the side and buried his nose into his neck, breathing and blowing into the skin.

“Hmm…” Sam throbbed in his pants. He felt his body hot and languid, and right now Dean could do whatever he wanted to him because Sam could hardly care.

Sam tugged at Dean’s hair and bit back a moan when Dean’s leg rubbed against his erection.

“Oh…” Sam gasped. “Dean… I…God, I…”

“Shhh….it’s okay.” Dean pulled away and took a series of long, calming breaths. “It’s okay…” but it wasn’t. It took everything he had to resist the urge to undress Sam and fuck the shit out of him right then and there.

“Let’s go to your place.”

“Yeah. Let’s do that.”

Dean pulled Sam by the hand and when they were walking past the bar they ran into Castiel.
“Are you leaving already?” Cas looked at the way they were holding hands, both looking disheveled and all worked up.

“We’re going home. Can you cover for me? Close the bar in an hour or so?”

“Sure… are you guys okay?”

“We’re great.” Dean smiled and patted Castiel in the back. “See ya!”

Sam could only laugh and giggle and stumble his way to Dean’s shack. Thankfully, the older man didn’t live too far. By the time Dean unlocked the door and let themselves in, they were already making out and their hands were all over the place as Sam’s shoes and socks came off.

Sam helped Dean out of his pants and let Dean remove his shirt. When they collapsed in bed, Dean was wearing nothing but underwear as he crawled on top of Sam, who was still wearing his jeans and nothing else by now.

Dean pinned Sam to the bed and settled between the boy’s thighs. They kissed open-mouthedly and hotly, with Sam’s body responding beautifully to Dean’s every knowing touch.

“Dean…” Sam could feel his arousal dancing with his clouded thoughts. He wanted it so bad, he was aching all over. “Let’s do it… I want to. Fuck me.”

“Fuck…” Dean shuddered. His cock pulsed and he bit down hard on the lust spiraling out of control. Then he lowered his mouth to Sam’s ear and whispered softly. “I can’t baby…”

The words caught Sam by surprise. “Can’t?”

“Of course not. You’re drunk. There’s no way I’m going to take advantage of that.”

“But I want it. I want it so bad.”

“Of course you do. And so do I…” Dean explained. He pulled back a little to let them both breathe better. “But when you wake up tomorrow and regret it it’ll kill me. So no. That’s not how I’m going to take your virginity, not when you’re all drunk and horny.”

Sam looked into Dean’s eyes and there was something so tender and sincere there that Sam knew it was important, and he wanted to think about it, but right now he couldn’t.

Even though what Dean said made sense, Sam was still impossibly aroused and painfully hard.

“I can still make you come, though…” Dean said seductively.

“I want to see you. Let me,” Sam spoke suddenly, taking control. He pushed Dean out of the bed until Dean was standing in front of him, then Sam reached out his hands and hooked his fingers on the waistband of Dean’s underwear.

Dean’s eyes clouded and he nodded.

When Sam removed the garment he was met with a fierce erection, standing at attention against Dean’s taut abdomen.
“Sam? What are you…?” Dean began to ask when Sam pushed him back until Dean fell on a chair inside the room. The boy then crawled between the v of Dean’s legs and groped Dean’s thighs possessively.

“What was the name of that drink again?” Sam’s question was barely above a whisper as he leaned closer towards the shiny tip of Dean’s cock.

“Sam no…you don’t have to,” Dean tried to stop him, but Sam slapped his hand away and moved closer. “Sam, seriously. You don’t need to, you shouldn’t…”

Dean fell shut and gasped when Sam licked the head of his cock.

It had been so long since Dean had last felt a tongue licking at his dick that it was like a hot current of electricity had just shot through him and Dean bucked a little.

“Fuck, Sammy…”

Salty. It tasted salty and warm against his tongue, and Sam liked it. But more than the taste of it, he liked the power he suddenly had over Dean. The older man was panting and with every heavy breath his cock came closer to Sam’s waiting mouth. The boy licked again, and this time he let the tip into his mouth and sucked around it tentatively.

“Fuck…” Dean whispered.

“Taste salty and warm against his tongue, and Sam liked it. But more than the taste of it, he liked the power he suddenly had over Dean. The older man was panting and with every heavy breath his cock came closer to Sam’s waiting mouth. The boy licked again, and this time he let the tip into his mouth and sucked around it tentatively.

“Fuck…” Dean whispered.

“I’m not supposed to use my hands, right?” Sam teased right before he took Dean as far as he could into his mouth and rubbed his tongue against the velvety skin.

“Hmm…” Dean’s hands went for Sam’s hair, holding it tightly, but not forcing. “Shit…holy fuck….”

“You have a dirty mouth,” Sam chuckled before he went back to sucking. He didn’t have any skills or hints, but he he supposed his instincts were kicking in and teaching him pretty much all he needed to do.

For the next minutes there wasn’t much sound inside the shack. There were the loud gasps and the cursing that flew off Dean’s mouth, and the licking and slurping noises as Sam licked and sucked the throbbing dick in his mouth.

When Dean could no longer hold back, he moaned and his balls drew closer.

“Sam… fuck, you need to stop.”

“No…”

“Sam…” Dean tried to warn him. The boy wasn’t prepared for what was coming next, and Dean didn’t want to scare him or make him do something he wasn’t ready to. So he let Sam suck him off for a few more seconds, holding his orgasm back as much as he could, but when he lost the battle and fell over the edge, Dean pushed Sam back and fisted his cock until he came hard, shooting white spurts of come all over his hand.

Sam lost his balance with the push and landed on his ass, watching, transfixed, as Dean jerked
himself to a shuddering orgasm.

When Dean’s panting calmed down a little and he opened his eyes again, Sam crawled closer with a semi-pout on his lips.

“Why did you push me away?”

“I didn’t want you to swallow my come. You don’t have to.”

“Why not? Does it taste bad?”

“It isn’t good.”

Sam narrowed his eyes suspiciously at him and Dean caved and laughed. He placed a cum coated finger on top of Sam’s lips and smeared a bit to prove his point.

Sam licked at his lips and made a face he couldn’t help.

“Told you,” Dean chuckled.

“Oh…sorry,” Sam felt embarrassed.

“No need to.” Dean slid to the floor and pulled Sam into a kiss.

The boy was still desperately hot and his cock oozed when Dean tongue fucked his mouth.

“Let me do the same to you. Let me show you how good my blow job is…”

Then, suddenly, it was like a small spark of lucidity hit him, because Sam shied away and seemed unsure.

“I…I don’t know…”

Sam’s hesitance to let himself go and feel something good hurt Dean’s heart. It was not fair and not right.

“It’s okay, just relax…” Dean went for the button in Sam’s jeans but the boy tensed visibly. It was true that the alcohol was fading, but there was still enough in his blood to make Sam eager, just not enough to make him completely oblivious. “Are you afraid to let me see you?” Dean asked softly, cooingly.

“A…a little.” Sam breathed quickly, part arousal and part sheer nervousness.

“That’s okay. How about if I just touch you, then? Hm? I don’t have to see you, I’ll just slip my hand inside…” Dean worked the button open and his fingertips caressed the sensitive skin below Sam’s navel, teasing and begging to go lower.

“You said your dad won’t be home until tomorrow night, so he won’t know, right?”

“I don’t know…” Sam didn’t know how long the hormones would linger in his blood if he came, but he was very close to not caring.
“How about you think about yourself and what you want now?”

Sam nodded, he was too hot and needy.

“How about you think about yourself and what you want now?”

Sam’s cock throbbed violently with expectation. He was helpless by now so he nodded. The moment Dean’s hand went underneath Sam’s underwear and his palm came in full contact with the boy’s hard-on, the boy fell forward into Dean’s arms and moaned.

“Oh, God…” Sam shuddered. “Hmmm…” His hips bucked and his spine arched when Dean closed his fingers around his dick.

“Shhh…it’s okay…”

“Dean…” Sam’s voice sounded pained, as if it was too good for Sam to handle. There was suffering and lust dripping from Sam’s pleas, and Dean drank them eagerly.

“Do you want me to stop? I don’t want you to be upset like the last time…tell me if it’s okay…”

It probably wasn’t. Sam would have to figure out a way to cover that up, but right now it didn’t matter and right now he didn’t care.

“Please, Dean…please…” Sam’s hips pushed into Dean’s hand, desperately seeking more contact, and Dean’s response was to stroke him faster, increasing the friction. “Hmmm…” Sam’s fingers tightened into fists and his lips hung open in a silent cry of pleasure.

Dean studied every detail of Sam’s climax building, and his hand moved faster inside Sam’s underwear. The boy’s cock felt swollen and thick against his palm and Dean was about to get hard all over again.

“Oh…I…I’m… OH!” Sam gasped and shuddered. His head fell between his arms and his hips surged forward as his orgasm burst from him and left him boneless to fall against Dean’s chest and within his arms.

Dean caught him and held him as every wave of residual pleasure rippled through him. Sam clutched to Dean for a long time, his head clouded with the aftermath of coming, his body tingling and calm now.

“Sam…are you okay? Sammy?” As Sam didn’t seem to move, Dean cupped the boy’s chin and broke the embrace to look into his eyes.

Sam opened his eyes and yawned, and Dean smiled with relief to see he was alright.

“Can we go to bed now? I’m so sleepy.”

“Yes. Yes we can, love,” Dean said before he kissed Sam’s forehead lightly.

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tbc...
When Sam woke up the sun was already high in the sky. He opened his eyes into tiny little slits and closed them again when the clarity of the day hurt his sight. The moment he shut his eyes he groaned and his head throbbed. It took him a moment longer to remember why he wasn’t home and what had happened the previous night.

“Morning,” Dean said from the kitchen counter where he was making coffee. “Rise and shine…” he chuckled when Sam groaned and buried his head into the pillow.

The boy blinked a few times and sat up in bed. He looked at Dean with a disheveled hair and confused look, and little did he know how adorable that was to the older man watching him.

“How do you feel?”

At first the smell of coffee was delicious, but the moment Sam focused on his stomach there was some twisting and turning inside, and he rushed to the bathroom in a heartbeat.

“Sam?”

From outside, Dean heard the sound of retching and shook his head, not without some amusement.

The moment that liquid was out of his stomach in an angry flow towards the toilet, Sam felt immediately better, lighter and relieved. He got up, washed his face and mouth and looked at himself in the mirror.

“Is it okay if I use your toothbrush?” he asked from the bathroom.

“Are you asking if I’ll be disgusted if you use it?” Dean replied as he sipped his coffee.

“Well, yeah.”

“Did you forget what else you had in your mouth last night?”

Sam was glad he was in the bathroom and out of sight, because the memory of giving Dean a blow job came rushing back and made him turn pink in the cheeks.

“Uh…” he didn’t know what to say. From outside the bathroom he could hear Dean laughing.

“And I kissed you afterwards, remember? So no, I don’t mind. Go ahead,” he laughed softly.
“Okay…” Sam shrugged off his embarrassment and brushed his teeth.

When he was done, he walked back to bed and looked at Dean.

“Coffee now? It’ll help you feel better.”

“My head is killing me.”

“That’s called a hangover. Coffee will help with that, too.”

“Then yes. And I’ll have an aspirin if you have it.”

Sam went closer, poured himself a cup of coffee and took the medicine Dean offered.

“Is that because of the drinks?”

“Yep. And if you don’t eat something while you’re drinking you get drunk faster and will feel even worse later.”

“I knew there would be a consequence for feeling that happy and having that much fun,” Sam joked.

“Hey…” Dean frowned. “Relax, okay? You’re not being punished for having fun. Drinking is like this. You have to learn what your limit is. Since it was the first time you drank it’s natural you’d overdo it a little. I mean, not that you won’t overdo it when you learn your boundaries, but still…you know what I mean.”

“Yeah, I guess.”

Sam took the cup and sat on the edge of the bed.

They sipped the hot beverage in silence for a moment, then Dean put down his cup and sat right next to Sam in bed.

“Other than the hangover, how do you feel about last night?”

Sam finished his coffee, put it on the floor carefully by the bed and smiled.

“It was great. Thank you. I really enjoyed it. I had no idea the beach could be so much fun at night.”

“I’m happy to hear that. Really, I am. But what about the other part of the night…” Dean had been worried since he woke up. He had enjoyed the night so fucking much, but he had been afraid that Sam might wake up regretting it.

“The part where I gave you a blow job?” Sam felt that delicious ring of fire around his throat.

“Yeah. That part.”

A good chill spread up and down Sam’s spine and he gave a somewhat coy smile.

“You tell me. How was it?”

“The blow job?”
“Yeah. How was it? You’re the expert here, so tell me, was it too bad?”

“Are you shitting me?” Dean arched his eyebrows. “That was fucking awesome. So damn hot…I loved it.”

Sam’s heart raced at getting the approval he had sought.

“I didn’t know exactly what to do…but you seemed to be enjoying it so I just went along with it.”

“And it felt really good.”

“Probably not the best fucking blow job ever…” Sam mocked Dean’s boast from the previous night and that earned him a playful slap across his thigh. “Hey!”

“Shut up. My blow jobs are awesome, and you might have agreed with me if only you had let me show you last night.”

Dean was smiling, but it faded and he became serious as he studied the younger boy. “It’s okay, right? What we did last night? I don’t wanna get you in trouble.”

“It’s fine. I mean…it isn’t, but I’ll figure something out.” His dad was coming back later today, and Sam knew for a fact he would be visiting his room. Not only had Sam found release, he had also drunk too much, which meant the taste of his blood was likely to be a mess. ‘Not now,’ he told himself. ‘Don’t think about it now. I’ll get Crowley to help’.

“Good. I really liked touching you, you know that? You felt so hot and so hard against my skin…”

Sam took a deep breath and licked his lips. His body stiffened a little and he looked away.

“Do you remember what you asked me last night?” Dean questioned. “When we first got here and were kissing in bed?”

“Yes,” Sam did. His heart throbbed at the memory.

“You asked me to take you. You wanted us to have sex.”

Suddenly, the fast rhythm of Sam’s heart was not only mere excitement, it was also a bit of distress.

“I know…I remember…”

“How would you be feeling now if we had done it?”

Sam thought for a moment.

“I…thank you for not doing it. I mean…I wouldn’t be mad or anything if it had happened, because I really wanted it, and I know I asked for it!...but…..”

“But now it’s different, isn’t it? You’re sober now, and it feels different.”

“Right,” Sam agreed. “I don’t think I would’ve regretted it…not completely anyway.”
“But part of you would be regretting it now. You weren’t ready. Sometimes we decide things when we’re drunk and it’s not usually the best for us. Sometimes it is, but you just have to wait until you sober up to see whether you feel the same way.”

“Thank you again. You didn’t need to hold back. I had given you permission.”

“I’m not gonna hold you to your drunken word, Sammy. When you want to have sex with me you’re gonna let me know without any alcohol speaking for you. I wanna see it in your eyes that it’s what you really want.”

Sam was quiet for a moment. There seemed to be a shadow in his eyes, something that was quickly gone and barely there, and Dean frowned when he saw it.

“What is it? What’s wrong?” he asked.

“Nothing,” Sam shrugged it off.

“C’mon…what were you thinking just now?”

Sam sighed.

“That I don’t think I deserve you.”

“What? Why?”

“You’re too good, that’s all…” Sam was honest. He had never experienced someone take his feelings into such consideration as Dean did. It felt amazing, but also unreal.

“That’s nothing, Sam. I respect you, that’s all. You shouldn’t feel special because of this. It’s the least people need to give you, you know…respect.”

Sam went silent again. He looked down at his hands and realized he was feeling a little shame, though he couldn’t quite explain why.

“Dean…” he spoke up, eventually.

“Hm?”

“I need to get going. I gotta shower and then…I just have to figure out what to do.”

“Are you sure you’re not in trouble?” Dean went closer and let his hand rest on Sam’s knee.

“It’s fine.”

“We can always run away, you know that.”

Sam scoffed with amusement.

“I mean it. Just say the word and we’ll go.”

“And leave it all behind? What about your dad? Your friends?”
“They’ll survive without me.”

Sam smiled simply because he couldn’t not to. Dean’s green eyes were flashing with promises and love, and just looking at him could make Sam feel warm inside.

“I love you,” he said.

Dean kissed him. It was soft and sweet, unlike the passionate kissing from last night.

“I love you, too.”

~ * ~

Dean walked him back home until they found Crowley waiting in the car on the street behind the mansion.

“Take care,” Dean said and kissed Sam’s lips softly, something that Crowley pretended he didn’t see.

“You too. Thank you for the night.”

Dean smiled reluctantly, trying to hide the sadness he felt. Every time he had to say goodbye to Sam and watch him go back to his home it bothered him like hell. Dean wasn’t joking when he told Sam he would run off with him. It pained him watching the boy go back to that unhealthy lifestyle of his without anything Dean could do to help.

The problem was that Sam wasn’t ready to accept help, because he didn’t really understand he had a problem.

“See you.” Sam said and got into the car.

Dean watched him go, turned around and headed back home. He hoped, as he always did when they said goodbye, that Sam would be alright.

~ * ~

Inside the mansion, Sam went straight up his room and was picking up a few clothes when Crowley spoke to him.

“You smell like pot and booze.”

Sam looked at Crowley silently and kept choosing clothes to put on.

“Seriously, Prince. What the hell happened?”

Sam sighed. “I drank. A few cocktails, that’s all. I didn’t smoke anything.”
Crowley followed Sam when he went into the bathroom and turned on the water in the bathtub.

Sam undressed himself slowly, not minding Crowley’s presence. He had grown used to having the bodyguard there at all times.

“By the way,” Sam began. “You might wanna tell my father that I had a wet dream last night.”

“Wait, what?” Crowley’s eyes widened with alarm and he stepped towards the boy.

Sam took off his underwear and wrapped a towel around his midsection.

“It’s exactly as you heard. Tell my dad I had a wet dream so he won’t come to my room tonight. That will save us both some trouble.”

“Wait, Prince!” Crowley closed his hand around Sam’s arm. “Just hang in there. Does this mean what I think it does? Did you and the mechanic’s son…” Crowley’s heart fell. “Oh God. Oh, no. Tell me you didn’t, I can’t believe it. I let you go out one night and then this happens! What am I supposed to do, what—”

“Chill out!” Sam said. He wasn’t feeling as calm as he pretended to be. His heart was racing and he was nervous about the whole situation, but he refused to let Crowley get to his head and make him feel bad for the amazing night he had spent in Dean’s company. “Just tell him I had a wet dream. It’s alright.”

“No, it isn’t! I told you I wouldn’t lie for you. I can’t believe you… For heaven’s sake, did you…?!?”

“No!” Sam pulled himself free. He turned around and turned the water off, pretending to focus on that for a moment.

“Prince? Did you do it? Because if you did then telling your father you had a wet dream will only postpone the inevitable, and if you did then I need to know…!”

“I didn’t, alright?” Sam replied angrily. “I didn’t have sex. I had a few drinks, we fooled around…”

Crowley cringed at that.

“I got off,” Sam said, and he hated how dirty it felt from the way Crowley looked at him. It hadn’t been dirty or wrong; it had felt so good and Dean had been so loving… It wasn’t fair the way everything got distorted in his life. “I’m still a virgin, so stop bitching me. Now, can you just please tell my father I had a dream? Unless you wanna help me explain why my blood tastes the way it does when he visits me tonight.”

Crowley released the breath he had been holding and looked at Sam with evident disapproval in his eyes.

“You know you were not supposed to. I trusted you to go there, have some fun, maybe dance a little…but of course you had to go and let that horny Don Juan get his paws all over you.”

“Crowley, shut up. You don’t get to tell me how to live my life.”

“Oh, but I do. I do, Prince. Because you see, you’re asking me to lie for you, and I don’t think you realize what this means for me. I don’t think you understand what it means to work for a man such as
your father and to stand right before him and lie. If anything was to happen to you, anything, under my watch, then God forbid what your dad would do to me…”

Sam felt something boil inside of him, some sort of hot white rage he barely understood at all.

“So what you’re saying is that you’re afraid of my father, is that it?”

“Well…” Crowley frowned a little at the question. “Yes, of course. I’d be a fool not to be.”

“You’re saying you can’t lie on my behalf because you’re afraid of what my dad might do to you…” Sam took a couple of steps towards Crowley until they were just a few inches apart.

Even though Sam was a lot younger, Crowley was caught off guard by the realization that the boy he was used to looking after was already taller than him.

“Your dad is a vampire, so yeah, of course I’m afraid of him…”

“I understand that. But what you fail to understand is that my father is not the only one you should be afraid of.” Sam’s eyes were burning and his chest felt hot.

“Oh, really? Who else should I be afraid of then?”

“Me.”

“What?” Crowley scoffed despite himself, the sound an intrigued mix of amused and nervous. “Of you? Why’s that?”

“You keep telling yourself that I’m just this boy you look after, just this obedient and predictable little boy you’ve grown used to, but the truth is, you don’t know me, Crowley. You have no idea what I’m capable of.”

Crowley was much more taken aback by the fiery resolution in the boy’s eyes than by the words themselves.

“You’re in this house to serve me, and you will do as I say. Don’t you dare betray me, Crowley, don’t you dare.” Sam didn’t know where that was coming from, but he couldn’t stop any of it. “You think my father could harm you because you know what he can do, but you know nothing about me. I swear you don’t. No one does. Not you, not my father, not Bobby, not Dean. No one really knows me, hell, I don’t even know myself.”

There was some kind of light burning hotly inside of Sam, some kind of bravery much more ancient than the boy could understand, carrying a strength thick with mysticism and power. Sam didn’t know, and neither did Crowley, but that was the warrior rumbling through his veins like thunder, as if letting go had stirred something deep inside him that Sam had never felt before.

“But you know what, Crowley?”

“…what?”

“That’s gonna change. I know myself better today than I did yesterday, and this isn’t going to stop. You can’t stop me, and dad can’t either. I’m still learning who I am, and I swear to you that I’m someone you should be afraid of.”
Crowley swallowed hard and waited.

“So Crowley?”

“Yes, Prince?”

“Will you please tell my father I had a wet dream this morning?” Sam softened his voice.

“Yes…all right, Prince.” Crowley bowed respectfully. He wasn’t sure what had just happened. Rationally, he wasn’t afraid of the boy he had taken care of since he was a baby, but then again, there had been a spark in Sam’s eyes, something that wasn’t there before, and something that inspired if not fear, at least sincere respect, and Crowley wasn’t willing to mess with that spark.

“Thank you.”

Crowley was about to pull a chair and sit as Sam took his bath when the boy spoke again.

“Oh, and Crowley? Get the hell out. I want some privacy.”

Crowley narrowed his eyes and his lips twitched as if he would say something, but in the end he simply nodded and left.

When Sam found himself alone, he took a deep breath and felt the shaky aftermath of his words.

He got into the warm water and let his muscles relax little by little. That flame that had been burning bright just a few minutes before was fading and Sam felt insecure and afraid. He didn’t know why he had said all those things, or how the hell he had summoned enough courage to stand up to Crowley the way he had. It was like Sam wasn’t himself at that moment.

He did feel like he was someone else entirely.

Respect, Dean had said.

It felt good saying all those things. Nonetheless, saying them to Crowley was entirely different from picturing himself saying the same to his father. Sam wanted to find the same bravery if his dad’s yellow eyes fixed on him and demanded things from him.

Just the thought of his father, however, made Sam shudder and pull his legs up against his chest. It was painfully clear that whatever confidence Sam was discovering within was still frail and hiding in the maze of his thoughts, afraid to come out and fight.

“This isn’t going to stop…” Sam made the whispery promise to himself.

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tbc...
Chapter 45

Chapter Notes

Guys, hope you had a wonderful Christmas, and I wish you all a great New Year.
Thank you for your feedback <3 <3 <3

Chapter 45

When Azazel returned from his trip, he was informed by Crowley of Samuel’s wet dream, and thus he did not pay the boy any visit that night. The erotic dreams were becoming more frequent, and Azazel knew it was to be expected what with the boy being sixteen and all the hormones traveling through his bloodstream. He also realized that the dreams weren’t the only consequence of Samuel’s coming of age. The boy seemed a little different, too. It wasn’t anything too obvious or that concerned Azazel at the moment, but the thing was that the prince was showing signs of the warrior streak living in his blood.

It was nothing so glaring or worrisome, but every now and then the boy would meet Azazel’s eyes with a fierceness that the vampire wasn’t used to seeing in Sam’s usually docile eyes. Sometimes it was a curt answer, a touch Samuel avoided, or just the sulky attitude teenagers were known to dish out. In the end, though, whatever feelings stirred inside the boy, Samuel continued to be very obedient and he still respected the rules.

‘It’s this bloody puberty’, Azazel thought sadly. It was, unfortunately, only natural that eventually Samuel tried to test the boundaries of his father’s control over him. That was why, every now and then, Azazel needed to remind the prince of where exactly he stood in their relationship.

It was three a.m. when Azazel ordered Crowley out of Samuel’s room and closed the door so he could be alone with the sleeping boy.

Sam’s room was under a light shade of grey. Azazel walked towards the bed and for a moment stood there, watching the Prince’s peaceful breathing pattern.

Slowly, he loosened his tie and undid the cufflinks at his wrists. Azazel let the suit slide off his arms and unbuttoned the first three buttons on his white shirt. When he was comfortable, he moved fast and latched on to Samuel’s bare neck, his fangs sinking in deep into the boy’s carotid artery, the sweetest spot.

Sam’s eyes burst open and he gasped, startled. After a few seconds of paralyzing shock, he started to fight the man on top of him before he even understood what was going on. The first piercing feeling was of fear, and when it squeezed his heart it made adrenaline travel his veins and cause his blood to pump faster into Azazel’s mouth.
“Dad?” Sam asked when he began to understand what was happening. His father was drinking from him in the middle of the night. “Dad, please…” Sam tried to get out of the tight grip on him, but Azazel just tightened his hold on the boy, grabbing both of his wrists and keeping them on each side of Sam’s head. “Dad, you’re hurting me…” Sam squirmed. He didn’t know what was happening. Why was his dad feeding so aggressively? What had happened? “Please stop.” Sam’s squirming turned into struggling, but Azazel didn’t loosen his grip. He fed long and hard, his weight crushing Sam to the bed, his fangs making the magical blood fill his mouth swiftly.

Sam’s struggles died down quickly. His dad was feeding off his carotid artery, and in a few seconds the boy was too weak to fight against the much stronger hands holding him down. When Sam gave in and submitted, Azazel let go of his neck and licked his bloody lips with evident pleasure.

Sam blinked slowly as his dad still held him down, now with much less strength.

“What’s going on, Dad?” he asked feebly, his blood pressure low.

“Nothing, sweetie. Just missed you too much. I could not wait to taste you. Now off with these clothes…”

“Dad, no…” Sam protested weakly when Azazel began to undress him. “I need to sleep…”

“Shhh…then go to sleep, my sweet Prince… It won’t be long.”

Sam didn’t want any of that. He hated what was about to happen to him without him being able to stop any of it.

“Dad…”

“Shhh…” Azazel stared at the naked young body and beamed at Samuel’s beauty. “It’s okay…go back to sleep. You know daddy will keep you safe.”

Azazel fondled Sam’s thighs and arms, then he picked up the boy’s wrist and sank his teeth once again.

Sam made a small sound of protest and tried to pull his wrist back, but Azazel was stronger and determined to go on, and there was really nothing Sam could do to prevent that night assault from happening. In a few more minutes, the boy gave up altogether, his eyes rolled back and he fell back into sleep.

When Crowley returned to the room, about an hour later, he stood before the bed and his heart thudded rapidly. Sam was lying naked and spread in bed, sleeping heavily as blood dried on his neck, wrist and thighs.

Crowley swallowed hard. Azazel had never before left the boy to be found in that state. It was like he wanted Crowley to see what he had done, like he was marking his territory all over the kid.

‘This is so sick,’ Crowley thought. Then he shook his head quickly and told himself for the hundredth time it was none of his business.

He went inside the bathroom and took a wash cloth to wipe blood off Sam’s skin. When he was done, Crowley pulled the blankets on top of the boy’s body and sat quietly in his usual position in the corner of the bedroom.
The next time they met they went straight to Dean’s shack by the beach. It had been over a week since they had last seen each other, and they needed some time alone, regardless of the consequences. Dean closed the door and they started kissing almost instantly.

Sam didn’t know how far things would go, but he would allow himself to indulge a little. He didn’t think he could get away with having release, not today, but things were not yet there. Besides, Dean knew now, he understood Sam’s situation, so Sam wouldn’t be alone when he decided they should stop.

Right now, though, Sam didn’t want to stop. He missed Dean, he missed being in his arms, feeling his soft lips caress his mouth, his jawline, his neck. Sam shut his eyes and shuddered with pleasure when Dean’s lips sucked on his neck as his hands roamed over his back.

The feeling was hot and delicious, and Sam was looking forward to that sweet torture when he felt Dean pull away rather abruptly.

The mouth on his skin was gone, and so were the hands all over his body. Sam opened his eyes and found a very distressed Dean looking right at him.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“You tell me what’s wrong.”

Sam frowned. “I don’t understand.”

“Has Daddy been feeding on you again?” Dean sounded bitter, more than he had meant to, but the jealousy that took him over when he saw those puncture marks on Sam’s neck was pretty irrational. Dean saw those red fang marks and his blood filled with white hot anger.

Sam’s hand flew to his neck and he felt at the place where his father had fed the previous night.

“Are those still there?”

“Oh, they are.” Dean didn’t want to sound so curt, but he couldn’t seem to control his reaction. This had been bothering him for a long time now, the fact that Sam’s weird dad drank the boy’s blood. The more Dean tried to push it off his mind for the sake of the promise he had made to Sam, the more he thought about it. And now, upon seeing the bite marks, Dean felt something turn in his stomach and set his insides afire.

“I’m sorry.”

“Why do you apologize for him? This isn’t right, you know…”

“Dean, please…” Sam thought of the previous night. He didn’t understand why his dad had been so dominant over him, and he certainly wasn’t happy about it, but all he wanted was to forget it and enjoy the time in Dean’s company.
“No, Sam…we’ve got to talk about it, you know. I’ve been trying really hard to respect the way you feel about your father, and I haven’t told anyone, even though it’s hard as fuck to keep this to myself.”

“Well, thank you. But you did promise, remember?”

“I know, baby…” Dean softened his voice. “And you can trust me, but that doesn’t mean it doesn’t kill me inside to watch you go through all this as I stand here and do nothing.”

“You’re not ‘doing nothing’,” Sam said. “You’re being there for me…” he tried to touch Dean but the older man moved away and started pacing around the place.

“What good am I if I can’t help you?”

“Dean…”

“No, seriously…what kind of boyfriend sits and watches as his lover is sucked dry by his own dad?…"

“Why do you say it like that?” Sam cringed, and Dean could see he had hurt the boy.

It still shocked and upset Dean that Sam did not realize the extent to which he was being abused by his father. The boy had said before that he wasn’t a victim, but those fresh red marks spoke differently. The fact was that Sam was a victim of his life, but Dean didn’t know how to make him see that. Every time he brought up the subject they ended up arguing as Sam grew defensive and Dean frustrated.

“Because I believe that we should talk about it, that you should see things for what they really are.”

“Dean, we’ve talked about this before. You have no idea what it’s like for me.”

“Did he ask permission this time?”

“What?”

“Did he at least ask or did he just sink his teeth into you in the middle of the night, as you told me he’s already done?”

Sam swallowed hard. He thought about the previous night and his muscles grew tense. He hated having that argument. He didn’t want to talk about those things with Dean. Talking about them made it feel so wrong, and Sam felt so ashamed and lonely…

“Is your dad perfect?”

“What? Why?”

“Is he?” Sam insisted.

“Sam…” Dean sighed. “It’s not like that. It’s different.”

“Is he?”
“Of course not.”

“Mine isn’t either. I’m sure your dad has different issues. Every family has problems, Dean…” Sam tried to reason with him.

“But Sam…” how could he make Sam see that whatever flaws John Winchester had, they were nothing compared to what Azazel did to him.

“But what? Can you tell me, in all honesty, that your dad never hurt you?”

Dean thought of all the times he had picked up his drunken father off the floor. Of course he had. The emotional scarring of having to grow up fast to take care of his dad and himself had left its marks deep within Dean’s personality.

“That picture you have in the living room,” Sam went on, his voice softer after Dean’s meaningful silence. “That’s your mom, right?”

Dean blinked a few times as he wrapped his head around the sudden change of topic. “Yeah, why…?”

“What was her name?”

Dean’s heart ached. “Mary.”

“You were very young when she died, you told me.”

“Yeah.”

“Do you remember her at all?”

“A little,” Dean confessed. “I remember how she would cut off the crusts when she made me sandwhiches…” Dean’s mouth twitched with a sad smile.

Sam smiled, too.

“You have a few memories of her. I have nothing, Dean. I know nothing about my mother, I don’t even know what she looked like. My dad is all I have. I know that a lot of what happens is hard to explain, and I don’t like it either, but he’s had to raise me on his own, and through everything he’s kept me safe. Even when others drank from me, no harm ever befell me. I gotta trust him.”

“But—”

“No buts…please,” Sam begged. He took Dean’s hand and squeezed it. “I have to be back in an hour or so. Can we please just enjoy being together?” Sam could see Dean’s anger dissolving in response to his pleading. “Please…” he cooed, knowing that right now Dean had already given in to him.

“Yeah, we can, baby.”

Reluctantly, Dean let it go and wrapped his arms around Sam. He knew it was not the last time they would argue about that, because Dean would keep trying, but he also knew that making Sam aware of his abusive father was not an overnight job.
When their time was up, Dean walked with Sam back to the church, and inside Bobby’s classroom, under the priest’s curious gaze, the two of them said goodbye.

Father Bobby watched as the Prince left, then he studied Dean’s face and the evident sulk on it.

“What is it?” he asked when they were alone.

“What is what?” Dean retorted.

“Oh, c’mon. I’ve known you since you were too young to wipe your own ass. Something’s got your panties in a bunch.”

“That’s a cheeky choice of words for a priest.”

Bobby chuckled at that.

“It is. But I’m right, ain’t I? What happened? You wanna talk about it?”

“There’s nothing to talk about,” Dean hated the promise he had made Sam. He had given his word, and secrecy was the price for having Sam open up to him. Besides, given the way Sam felt about his dad, telling Bobby would only make the situation messier. Sam wasn’t ready to understand things for what they were. The added pressure might end up causing more damage.

Even if there was nothing to talk about, Bobby knew Dean wanted to say something. John’s son usually dropped Sam off and left quickly to go take care of his things, whether that meant his father’s garage or the beach bar. Now, however, Dean just stayed where he was, pretending to be interested in the images of saints and the black board behind Bobby’s desk.

“Okay, then…” Bobby let his words just hang there, knowing that if Dean needed to say something he would do so when he felt ready.

Dean paced around some more and took a deep breath.

“I mean…” he began, and Bobby hid the hint of a smile. “It’s not like there’s anything to talk about. The kid’s dad is weird as fuck, right? Everyone knows that.”

Bobby’s mood shifted slightly at the mention of Azazel. He grew more serious and interested in the way Dean toyed with some rosary beads he had picked up from a drawer.

“Why do you say that?”

“It’s pretty obvious, isn’t it?” Dean shrugged. “Dad knows there’s something wrong there.”

“And why are you bringing this up? I didn’t think you listened to your dad’s stories before.”

“No reason.”
Bobby narrowed his eyes. “Has Sam told you anything?”

“No, why, has he told you?” Dean shot back.

“Not really.”

The two of them stared at each other for a moment, as if something really important was on brink of happening.

Dean looked away and shrugged again.

“I don’t like him, that’s all. The fact that he keeps Sam isolated from the world is reason enough for me to dislike him already.”

“This is tough, I agree. But every parent believes they know what’s best for their children. You have to respect that, Dean.”

“No, I don’t. Sam had never eaten apple pie until a few weeks ago. He had never gone to a party, never danced and laughed and talked to other people.”

Bobby looked deeply into Dean’s distressed expression. His heart raced at what he saw in there.

“And why do you feel so strongly about a friend, Dean? What is it about Sam that triggers you?”

Dean looked at Bobby and considered whether or not he should answer that.

“I don’t know,” he said, and to his surprise there was a great deal of honesty in that answer. “I don’t know what it is, Bobby, but I look at that kid and I just want to keep him safe. I can’t bear the thought of anyone, let alone his twisted yellow-eyed father hurting him, it just makes something boil inside of me, as if I’ve got to move heaven and earth to protect him,” Dean didn’t even know he had been feeling all that until he spoke it.

Bobby smiled to himself. At that moment he felt really tempted to tell Dean what John had shared about their connection. He wondered if knowing that they were brothers – might be brothers, John could still be mistaken, Bobby corrected himself. But anyway, Bobby wondered if telling Dean would make the young man understand his connection to Sam better. Perhaps all that Bobby saw in the way they had instantly clicked and grown so fond of each other could be reasonably explained by blood itself.

“Since when have you felt this way?” Bobby asked.

“Would you think I’m crazy if I said pretty much since I saw him?” Dean knew it sounded absurd, but it was the truth. “I swear it’s like there’s some sort of invisible connection between us. I’m telling you this because you’re a priest and shit…”

“Oh?”

“And you keep people’s secrets, right?”

“I suppose I do,” Bobby agreed.

“It’s been like this since we first met. I don’t believe in past lives and this kind of shit of written in the
stars and whatever, but if I didn’t know better I’d say that looking after him is what I was meant to
do all along, you know?” the more he spoke, the more Dean understood the feelings he had been
nurturing for a while. “Now, how the fuck can any of this make sense? I barely know the guy, he’s
so full of mystery and stuff.”

“Well, I think it’s a beautiful thing what you said there. Sam’s a great boy, and he really needed a
friend,” Bobby said. “You can relax, though, because I don’t think anyone is out to harm him, so
you don’t need to get all worked up over the idea of him needing protection.”

Dean thought of what he knew about Sam and his father.

“He’d better not hurt him,” Dean murmured under his breath, not really realizing he had spoken the
words loud enough to be heard.

“Are you talking about Azazel?” Bobby frowned. “Why would he hurt his own kid?” Bobby
searched Dean’s face but the young man had grown quiet. “Dean, is there something you would like
to tell me? Did Sam tell you something about his dad?”

Dean shook his head as if he had just woken up from a trance.

“Sorry, Bobby. I got to go. I just remembered I got a ton of stuff to do at the garage.”

“Dean, wait! Come back here,” Bobby tried.

“See you later, Bobby.” Dean turned around and left hastily.

Bobby stayed behind, and for a moment he searched his memories with urgency. There had never
been bruises, let alone broken bones. So why was it that the Winchesters seemed so adamant to
believe Sam was harmed? After going through all the encounters he had had with the Prince, Bobby
gave up and sighed with frustration.

“To hell with all these secrets,” Bobby groaned and poured himself a shot of whiskey.

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\textit{tbc...}
Chapter 46

Chapter Notes

Hope you had a fantastic New Year guys! I hope I can finish the story this year.

Also, I apologize for my mistakes, still going unbeta-ed.

Chapter 46

Dean picked Sam up at the church as usual, but he had been unable to get out of work that afternoon, which meant that whatever little time they would have together, they wouldn’t be able to do much.

“I’ve got to go back to the bar,” Dean said and sounded apologetic. “Cas is covering for me right now, but there’s a surfing event happening so I’ve got to work this afternoon.”

“It’s alright. I’ll go and watch you if you don’t mind.”

“Mind?” Dean’s heart thumped fast with joy. “I’ll love to have you there. You know that. I just wish we could do something just the two of us.”

Sam wished the same, however, he couldn’t help feeling a little relieved that this would be a harmless meeting between them.

After getting so close at the beach party and allowing himself to have a further taste of sexual intimacy, Sam was thirsty for more. He now understood his father when he said sexual pleasure should be avoided at all costs. The more Sam tasted it, the more he craved the feeling again.

“It’s okay. Let’s go,” Sam assured him.

Dean pulled Sam closer and kissed him on the lips before they left the church.

~ * ~

At the beach, Sam sat next to Castiel on the bar stools and watched as Dean poured drinks and cleaned up the counter every now and then. It was the middle of the afternoon, but the bar was relatively busy with surfers and a few tourists who had come by to see the beautiful and daring young people ride the waves.
“Are you going to participate?” Sam asked, eventually.

“Nah…” Dean smiled and seemed nostalgic. “I used to. When I was about your age. Too old for that now,” he winked and laughed.

“Too old? You’re only twenty,” Sam pointed out.

“Well, Dean is into different sports now,” Cas retorted and Sam smiled bashfully with understanding.

“Shut up,” Dean chuckled.

“Hey, barman? Could we have another drink here? It’s been forever…”

Dean rolled his eyes at the impatient request before he turned around to go serve the clients.

“That couple’s arguing,” Sam whispered to Castiel as they watched Dean go take the man’s order.

“Yeah, I saw that, too,” Cas agreed. “That’s not unusual, you know. This bar is a hot spot, lots of people come here, and with plenty of booze it’s not unlikely that an argument or two will sprout.”

“She seems really uncomfortable.”

Sam and Castiel were talking about the couple whose order Dean was writing down. They looked like outsiders who had come to enjoy the event. The woman was wearing a pink bikini and a pink short skirt, and the guy with her was tall and muscular, and he was wearing black shorts and a white tank top.

The last thing Sam wanted was to pay attention to other people’s conversation, but he couldn’t ignore the way the argument between the couple kept escalating the more the man drank.

“I wish Dean would stop pouring him drinks. He looks like he might hit the girl or something,” Sam told Castiel.

“He’ll keep serving the guy drinks unless he thinks he may become dangerous. Dean has denied people drinks before when they became too rowdy, so don’t worry.”

A few feet from where Sam and Castiel talked, Dean took down the man’s order.

“Finally. It’s been forever. Can’t believe this shit place has only got one damn bartender,” the man complained loud enough so more people could hear him.

“Honey, please…” the girl put a hand on his knee, a hand that got immediately slapped away.

“I’m sorry, guys. It’s been busy today. What can I get you?” Dean tried to sound cheerful, but he was paying close attention to the couple’s interactions. The man was obviously throwing a jealous fit, and Dean didn’t like the way drinking was making him speak louder and with a more combative attitude.

He made the man his drink and went on to serving other people. An entire hour went by with more people coming and going, and Dean taking every minute he could to chat a little with Sam or brush his fingers over his hand. It was all going well until the argument between the couple got heated.
“Oh, shut up. I know you were staring at him because you’re a fucking whore and that’s what filthy whores like yourself do.”

“Roger, please…” the girl looked mortified.

“Please what? I know your type. You’re an easy chick, don’t you think everyone else sees that, too?”

“No more drinks for you. Let’s go…” she said.

“I’ll drink if I want to,” he replied stubbornly.

“Sorry to interrupt guys, but I think the lady’s right,” Dean jumped into the conversation. “You’ve probably had enough. Perhaps you should go home and sleep it off,” he suggested.

“Oh, c’mon.” The guy frowned.

The girl turned pleading eyes to Dean, silently asking for his help.

“Listen to him, I think we should go, honey…” she tried.

“No! I’m not ready to go. I’ll have another one.”

The girl eyed Dean again.

“Sorry, dude. No more alcohol for you. Come back tomorrow.”

The guy looked at the bartender and at his girlfriend, and in his intoxicated state he seemed to have understood it all.

“Oh, I see. So now you’ve got the hots for him too, right? Jesus fucking…you’re unbelievable!”

“Roger, don’t!” the girl was so petrified with embarrassment that she couldn’t even raise her eyes to look around. All she wanted was to disappear quickly. She got up and grabbed her boyfriend by the wrist. “Let’s go back to the hotel, please.”

“Don’t touch me, bitch!” the guy yanked himself free and pushed her, and the girl lost her balance and fell on her ass, startled.

“Hey, hey, cut it out. Don’t touch her,” Dean slipped under the counter in a split second and stood between the couple. By now they had the full attention of all eyes on the bar, including Sam’s and Castiel’s. “Are you alright?” Dean asked the girl over his shoulder.

“Yeah, I’m fine…” the girl accepted help when someone offered to pick her up.

“Stay away from me. You don’t know me, dude. This is between my girlfriend and I. Get lost before I kick your ass.”

Sam’s heart skipped a beat and fear grabbed at it when Dean was threatened.

“Oh, I don’t think so,” Dean replied calmly. “Look, man, I don’t want to fight you, okay? Go take a walk and leave the girl alone. You can find her when you sober up.”
“You don’t get to tell me what to do, who the fuck do you think you are, you stupid bartender?” the
guy pushed Dean, and at that moment Sam felt Castiel’s hand on his shoulder, keeping him in place.
Sam hadn’t even realized he had moved until Cas looked at him and silently told him to hold still.

There were voices talking quickly all around them, but Dean kept his cool.

“I’m gonna say this again, man. Go home, take a shower and sleep it off. I’m not here to fight you,
but if you touch her again I’ll hurt you.”

The taller man grinned sneeringly. He obviously measured Dean up and down. He was bigger and
more muscular, meaning that he wasn’t at all intimidated by the bartender.

“Step out of my way now. I’ll give you one chance and one only to get out of this without a scratch.”

“I don’t think so.” Dean stood firmly between the man and his girlfriend.

“Do you know who I am? I fight for a living. Get out of my way before I screw up your pretty face.”

The guy stepped towards Dean until their faces were almost touching.

“I won’t warn you again. Go away,” Dean tried one last time.

The guy’s response was not verbal anymore. The moment he launched at Dean, the bartender was
ready for the blow and dodged it instantly. Dean wasn’t as muscular as the other guy, but he was fast
and strong from all the sports and the training his dad had put him through in their hunting trips. He
knew how to defend himself. In fact, Dean was extremely good at defending himself.

“He’ll hurt him…” Sam whispered, his heart racing.

“No, he won’t,” Cas assured him. “I’ve seen Dean fight before. Relax.”

Sam watched the scene with worry all over his face as the guy charged against Dean once again,
only to miss the target and receive a blow to the nose.

When Dean punched the guy’s face the crowd let out surprised and pleased sighs, and blood gushed
out immediately. That only served to infuriate the man. He charged at Dean again, his fist eventually
brushing Dean’s temple next to his left eyebrow and breaking skin.

The next time the guy came at him, Dean took him in a tight headlock, and he held on long enough
for the strong, tall man with an aggressive attitude to grow quiet and weak. When the man’s knees
faltered, Dean let him fall to the floor and went down too, on top of him.

The guy recovered quickly and started throwing punches. For the next tense minutes, there were
blows and grunts and a lot of rolling around. Sam watched, in horror, as the two men groaned and
fought on the beach sand. Dean was hit, but he also hit the guy several times, and in his green eyes
there was a look of pure and instinctive aggression. Dean was so caught up in the fight that Sam
would have been afraid to touch him at that moment, because there was a look of raw ferocity in his
face.

Dean finally got on top of the guy whose face was bloodied, pressed his right knee to his chest and
held him there, helpless and harmless. He felt something warm trickling down the side of his face but
didn’t pay it much attention.

In a moment, there were other men next to them, holding the guy down so Dean could stand up.

“I called the police. They’ll be here at any moment,” one of the clients said.

“You’re bleeding,” Sam said as soon as he got close enough to Dean.

Dean touched the side of his face and his fingers became red and wet.

“It’s nothing,” he said.

“Perhaps you should go,” Cas suggested. “Everyone knows the guy’s got it coming and the police will only ask you a bunch of questions.”

“He’s right,” the girl said. “Thank you for helping me. I don’t want you to get in trouble because of us.”

“How about you and that douche bag?” Dean asked.

“I’ve called my brother. He’s coming to pick me up.”

“Good.”

“Go back to the shack and look after this cut, Dean. I’ll handle the bar,” Castiel said.

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah. Take Sam and go. He can’t be here if the police come. They might recognize him.”

Castiel was right so Dean quickly agreed to it.

“Come,” he took Sam’s hand and led them out of the bar and back home.

~ * ~

At the beach house, Dean splashed water over his face at the sink to wash away the blood. Sam watched everything from the door, his heart still pounding.

When the blood was gone, Dean checked himself in the mirror. It was a small cut, but it was still bleeding a little.

“See? Told you it was nothing. Must’ve been the guy’s ring or something.”

Sam was relieved to see it was nothing, indeed. Castiel had been right, Dean could fight and defend himself just fine.

“That guy was bigger than you. He looked like a professional fighter or something.”

“He probably was.”
“He could’ve hurt you.”

Dean shrugged. “I can handle myself.”

“I saw that. When did you learn to fight?”

Dean opened the freezer and took some ice from it. He put it in a bag and sat on the edge of the bed before handing it to Sam.

“Press it down so the bleeding will stop,” he instructed, simply because he appreciated the closeness. “And my dad taught me to defend myself since I was a boy. He said it was something basic that I had to learn.”

“I was afraid he’d hurt you…” Sam confessed. “But you kicked his ass.”

Dean chuckled.

“And that was…well, pretty cool,” Sam chuckled, too.

He took the ice and pressed it to the cut on Dean’s head.

“Ouch,” Dean flinched a little and smiled.

Sam sat on the edge of the bed and stared at the man in front of him. He had never seen this side of Dean before. He caught himself playing the scene over and over in his mind, and the same adrenaline rushed through his veins.

“It wasn’t the first time you fought, Cas said.”

“No, it wasn’t. As a bartender, I’ve had my share of rowdy costumers.”

“You’re stronger than you look…”

“Benny would agree.”

“Why do you say that?”

“I broke his arm many years ago before we became such good friends.”

“What? How…?!?”

“Long story,” Dean laughed. “You should ask him to tell you someday.”

Sam studied Dean as if he was seeing him for the first time, and the truth was that there was a part of Dean that Sam was only now allowed to take a glimpse at. Dean was kind and sweet and protective, but he was also strong and violent if need be.

Now, Sam had come to trust Dean with all his heart; he knew there was no way Dean could ever harm him, and yet, after what had just happened at the beach bar, Sam realized that he could. If Dean really wanted to, he could easily overpower him; he could pin Sam down as he had done to the tall guy at the beach, and he could use his strength to do to Sam absolutely anything he desired, and
there would be no way Sam could stop him. The thought sent a chill down Sam’s spine. It caused
him fear, and yet, in a disturbing way, it also aroused him.

“What are you thinking, mm?” Dean seemed to sense that Sam’s mind was drifting.

“Nothing…” Sam shook his head.

“C’mon…you can tell me.”

“It’s nothing…it’s stupid, really.”

“Nothing is stupid. If you’re thinking it, you can tell me.”

Sam sucked at his lips and pondered for a moment. He took a deep breath and shrugged.

“I didn’t know you could fight, that’s all. It’s a little new realizing that you can subjugate a bigger
guy.”

“Is that a bad thing?”

“No, not at all. I’m so glad you dealt with him.”

“So what is it?” Dean was curious about the way Sam hesitated.

“When you overpowered him you could’ve done whatever you wanted to him.” Sam thought back
on the raw anger he had seen on Dean’s face. “You looked so mad, it was as if…”

“I’d lost control?”

“Kind of.”

“Were you afraid?” Dean frowned.

Sam felt the same chill run down his spine and pool on his belly, causing his skin to break with
goosebumps and his heart to race. It wasn’t a bad feeling at all.

“No. I mean, yes, but not really. I know you. I trust you. But…”

“But…” Dean arched an eyebrow and flinched a little at the pain in his cut. He was, however,
unstoppably amused at the way Sam fidgeted with words.

“If you used that strength to subjugate me as you did to that guy you could do whatever you
wanted…there’s no way I could stop you.” Sam felt his cheeks become hot.

It was Dean’s turn to study the boy. Sam sounded concerned, he looked edgy, but right underneath
that there was another feeling scraping the surface.

“I suppose that’s true. I mean, technically if I wanted I could pin you down and do whatever I
pleased and you wouldn’t be able to deny me,” he tested for the boy’s reaction and Sam didn’t
disappoint.

The younger boy sucked in his breath and heat spread inside of him. Dean was way too familiar with
those dilating pupils and flaring nostrils not to realize Sam was aroused. That thought had an instant 
effect on Dean, making his blood rush faster and to specific parts of his body.

“Dean…” the name on Sam’s tongue sounded throaty.

“Let’s try, shall we?” Dean whispered teasingly, his eyes glinting with mischief before he tossed the 
ice aside.

“Try what? What are you—ooh!”

Dean pushed Sam onto the bed on his back and crawled on top of him. He pinned the boy’s wrist on 
each side of his head and pressed down on him with his body weight.

Sam gasped and breathed erratically. His cock twitched to attention and his chest heaved up and 
down under Dean’s searching look.

“C’mon,” Dean elicited.

“C’mon what?”

“Try to fight me,” he licked at his lips and smiled leeringly.

“Are you serious?” Sam’s heart pounded with a twinge of fear before drowning into a pool of 
arousal.

“Damn sure I am. Go ahead. Try to get away.” Dean narrowed his eyes and waited.

At first Sam tried softly. He pulled at his wrists and wiggled a little, but Dean tightened his grip on 
his wrists and used his thighs to settle between Sam’s, denying him an escape.

“Dean…” Sam widened his eyes when he realized Dean was serious.

“Give it your best shot.”

And Sam did. He yanked as hard as he could at Dean’s grip, but Dean’s fingers only tightened and 
pressed. Fear tangled with heat and Sam’s cock throbbed at the same time his heart thudded in his 
chest. He squirmed and tried with all of his strength to get away, but Dean was overpowering him 
just as he had the guy at the beach.

After a few minutes of struggling, there was sweat breaking on Sam’s forehead. His wrists were also 
slick with sweat, but Dean’s grip was merciless.

Dean swiveled his hips and rubbed his erection against Sam’s own hard-on.

“Hmm,” Sam moaned and thrashed anew. Dean’s cock felt full and heavy against his own, almost 
threatening, and Sam shuddered uncontrollably at the feeling of friction.

He twisted and writhed again, but never once did he ask Dean to let him go.

After a little more squirming from Sam and thrusting from Dean, they were both painfully hard and 
panting.
Dean leaned down and let his lips brush Sam’s ear.

“How does that feel, baby? Knowing I have you under my control to do as I please?”

“Hm...”

“I could strip you naked and spread your legs…and have you submit to me, because you can’t fight me...”

“Dean...” Sam’s thoughts were descending into the chaos of lust and need.

“Would you like that, Sammy?” Dean asked, and there was genuine curiosity in his voice. “Would you like me to take control and have my way with you?”

Sam trembled a little and Dean could feel the tremors against his body. At that moment he knew the answer.

“Do you want me to hold you down and fuck you?” Dean whispered and Sam bucked into him, his spine arching off the bed to seek contact.

“Dean...”

“Is that it? Should I just shove my cock so deep into your body that you can’t deny me, that you have nothing else to do but take me as deeply as I’ll go?”

Sam panted hard through his nostrils, his muscles taut.

Dean realized what was going on. He understood Sam wanted him to make this decision for them because he couldn’t, or so he thought. “Do you want me to hold you down and slam my cock into you so it’s done and over with? So you can’t go back? So you have no choice but to accept that it happened?” he asked softly.

Dean pressed his cock between Sam’s thighs. He could feel himself throbbing.

The boy couldn’t speak but he surrendered. Sam gave in, relaxed under the tight grip and nodded.

There was a moment of absolute stillness between them before Dean spoke again.

“I’m sorry, baby, but that won’t happen.” Dean stopped all the friction and loosened the grip on Sam’s wrists.

The boy looked questioningly at him, almost disappointed.

“Oh, don’t take me wrong,” Dean smiled. “I am going to take you. I am going to shove my cock so deep inside you that you won’t remember anything except for what it feels like when I’m pounding harder and deeper into you,” Dean promised lustfully.

“I will fuck you, Sammy.”

Dean sat on his heels and watched the disheveled, breathless boy on his bed. He offered a hand which Sam took, seemingly a little confused with his hazel eyes wide and restless. Dean pulled the boy into a sitting position, too.
“When I do fuck you, though” Dean’s lips found Sam’s earlobe again. “It’ll be because you asked me to. Got it?”

Dean pulled back again, kissed Sam’s forehead with unexpected gentleness and got up and out of bed.

“Until you ask me to, I won’t do anything.”

When the thick cloud of arousal began to dissipate a little, Sam smiled because he understood what Dean had just shown him—Sam didn’t need to be physically stronger to be the one in control.

“So unless I verbally ask you to, you won’t fuck me?” Sam chuckled with a small hint of shyness.

“No,” Dean agreed.

“When I say yes…”

“I’ll fuck you stupid, I promise.”

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tbc...
Chapter 47

It was all confusing and dark and it happened way too fast. Sam was right there with him, in the shack. They were talking and kissing and everything was good, until suddenly the boy’s yellow-eyed father was there too, and told Sam he needed to go.

“You don’t have to listen to him,” Dean said. “Stay here. I can protect you.”

Azazel reached out his hand and Sam took it, but Dean could see it in his eyes the boy didn’t want to go.

“Sam, stay with me.” Dean took his hand but Sam was crying now. He moved away and Dean couldn’t hold on. He was stuck as he watched Azazel take Sam. Then, when the boy stood on his feet, his back to his father as he looked in Dean’s direction, Dean could see Azazel smile leeringly from over Sam’s shoulder.

“Don’t…don’t do that,” Dean shook his head.

Azazel simply laughed and sank his fangs into Sam’s neck.

“DON’T”

He couldn’t seem to move, let alone stop what was happening. “Sammy!”

There were tears running down Sam’s cheeks, but he stood perfectly still.

That seemed to go on forever, and then suddenly Sam’s eyes rolled back and he fell down with a thud.

“No!”

“He’s mine.” Azazel licked his blood covered fangs and smiled again, and that was when Dean woke up, breathless and perspiring.

Dean’s heart was racing and for a moment he didn’t know what had just happened. It took him a few seconds to realize he’d just had an awful dream about Sam’s abusive father, and that none of it had been real.

“Except that it is real,” Dean groaned and covered his face with his hands.

The sheets were tangled around his waistline, and when Dean calmed down a little he could hear the waves through the window.

Sam was fine, he told himself. He wasn’t lying in a pool of blood somewhere in his mansion. Or so
Dean hoped.

“Fuck! Fuck this shit!” Dean tossed the sheets away but stayed in bed. He hated this situation and he didn’t know for how much longer he could handle it. How in fuck’s name was he supposed to sit and be cool when what had just happened in his dream might very well be happening to Sam right now? None of it was fair, and it was unbearable that Dean couldn’t change it. He needed to come up with a plan or something to make Sam understand that what happened to him was wrong. He needed to talk some sense into him! God, what if he just went ahead and took the boy’s virginity? Dean supposed that would force Sam to stand up to his father. And truth be told, the boy clearly wanted Dean to take control and make this decision for the both of them.

As tempting as it sounded, however, Dean knew there was no way he could just take the boy without his full consent. Even though Sam’s body had clearly already said yes, many times, Dean couldn’t bear not having the boy’s mind complete at peace with this decision. There was no way he would fuck Sam until Sam wanted it enough to ask for it.

And speaking of fucking…

“Damn it…” Dean sighed. It had been so fucking long. He had never been so long without sex. How long had it been already? Five, six months? He would go crazy, he definitely would. Either that or he would jerk himself to oblivion until something finally happened with Sam. He was constantly horny. So much that even after a disturbing dream all it took was one simple thought of fucking or not fucking Sam to set his nerve endings on edge.

Dean’s cock hardened as he pictured Sam in bed with him, and the way he had pinned the boy down, thrusting against his very much willing body and conflicted mind.

“Fuck…” Dean wrapped a hand around his cock and felt it swell as he stroked it.

As he closed his eyes, that scene with Sam ended much differently. In his fantasy, Dean didn’t stop as he had done. In it, Dean did what Sam wanted him to, he pulled the boy’s pants down and spread his legs…

Panting became louder in the room as the strokes got faster.

…he position himself at Sam’s entrance without much preparation because they were both so horny and so ready. Dean pushed into Sam and the boy moaned so loud…

“Hmmm….” Dean squeezed himself and his free hand cupped his balls.

Sam felt so tight and warm as he opened for him, and everything felt so good; Dean was making him feel so good, and they couldn’t stop it, they were moving faster and faster…and—

“Oh, fuck….fuck…” Dean gasped and panted as he shot his seed and felt the warm come dribble down his hand. He gave himself a few more strokes and relaxed.

It was far from being what he needed, but once again it would have to do.
Dean took a shower and left his home. It was still early in the morning and he had agreed to work with his father on some of the cars at the garage.

Before nine o’clock Dean was there, in his father’s house, dirty up to his elbows from working with oil and engine rust.

“Dean? Didn’t expect you so early,” John said as he watched his son work.

“Yeah, whatever,” Dean shrugged.

John went closer to have a better look at what Dean was working on.

“Gonna make myself some coffee. Want some?”

“I’m good,” Dean replied curtly.

John frowned and just watched Dean for a moment as he worked away.

“What’s the matter?”

“Well? Nothing. It’s all good.”

John knew Dean way too much to believe that.

“You seem to be in a foul mood.”

“Just working,” Dean mumbled.

“Did something happen?”

Dean sighed deeply. Why was his dad so interested? Or was Dean so obviously ill-humored?

“No, Dad. Not really.”

“You’re usually annoyingly cheerful in the morning. You know, happy nights.”

Dean arched his eyebrows, shook his head lightly and let out a small puff of breath.

John felt something grab at his chest and curiosity had the best of him.

“How about your friend…?”

“What friend? I got many friends,” Dean went on with little enthusiasm.

“That rich one…Azazel’s son.” John pretended it didn’t take a lot from him to say that so lightly.

Dean stopped what he was doing briefly and looked up at his father. He wondered if thinking so much of Sam was somehow affecting people around him. That was a strange question for his father to ask.

“He’s alright.”
“He hasn’t come over for dinner, yet.”

Dean narrowed his eyes and studied his father.

“Yeah, I don’t think he will. His father is very strict about the time he spends outside.”

“I suppose so…” John said casually and sat on the porch stairs.

His dad had never shown any particular interest in any of Dean’s friends before. On the contrary, he barely knew which one was Castiel and which was Benny. It was odd that he had taken such an interest in Sam, but then again… when Dean gave it some thought it wasn’t all that odd in the end. Sam was the son of his father’s enemy. And now the boy seemed to be friends with him. It wasn’t all that surprising that John would be curious about the son of the man he hated so much.

“It’s a shame he can’t come,” John said absently.

“It’s a shame his dad’s a fucking asshole,” Dean muttered.

John went absolutely still and looked at his son. Dean felt his father’s eyes on him and took a deep breath, pushing the tools aside and taking a seat next to his father on the porch.

“You don’t like his dad,” John stated.

“No. So what? Neither do you. I grew up with you telling me all sorts of bad things about him.”

“Why don’t you like him?” John wanted to know.

“Do I need a reason not to? Do you have one?” Dean pushed.

“I told you before, Dean. Those yellow eyes don’t fool me. Azazel is not what he says he is.”

“Then what is he? You said he’s a creature, some sort of supernatural monster, you’ve even called him…”

“A vampire, yes.”

Dean’s heart beat fast in his chest.

Dean thought of what Sam had told him, about his dad needing blood to survive. *His blood.* Dean wanted so desperately to tell his father what he knew, but he couldn’t betray Sam. God only knew what his dad would do if he had that kind of information from the Prince himself, and then everything would be blown out in the open and they wouldn’t be able to see each other again.

“What did you see, Dad?” Dean asked.

“I saw him drinking blood.”

“Did you see him kill someone? What happened?” John had never told him that, and Dean was dying for more information.

“I didn’t see him kill anyone, but that doesn’t mean he isn’t a killer. I believe he is.”
“When did you see him?”

“I…there are things I can’t tell you, Dean. But I know what I saw. I know it and nothing will convince me otherwise.”

“You tried telling people about it…”

“And then the whole town said I was crazy, yeah. Even my best friend thinks I’m crazy.”

Dean took a deep breath and looked into the distance.

“I don’t think you’re crazy,” he said softly.

John tensed and his thoughts ran fast with all sorts of ideas.

“You don’t? Why? Have you seen something? Has Sam told you anything?”

Dean was taken aback by the way his dad’s eyes seemed to have lit up when he asked that. There was something extremely strong and intense in John’s eyes now.

John thought about all his doubts and all his fears. What if Sam had talked to Dean about them? What if Dean knew what really went on in that big fancy house away from everyone’s eyes?

“I’m sorry, Dad…” Dean shook his head. “Sam talked to me about some stuff, but I promised him I wouldn’t tell anyone,” Dean apologized. “He trusts me. I can’t betray that.”

Dean was prepared for all sorts of demands from his father. He was positively sure that John would insist over and over that Dean tell him exactly everything his friend had told him about his father, because of John’s obsession with his enemy. Dean was already regretting that conversation when his dad spoke and surprised him.

“That’s all right,” John said.

“It is?”

“Yeah. We all have secrets. We all have…stuff we can’t say for one reason or the other. I understand that, Dean. I do.”

“Good…thanks.” Dean looked intently at his father.

“You’re right to keep his secrets. That kid doesn’t look like he’s got many friends.”

“He doesn’t.”

“So you be there for him. I know I raised you well and I know you look after the people you care about.”

Dean was relieved, but also a little freaked out by that conversation.

“Be there for him. That’s enough.”

Dean watched as his father got up and stretched.
“Coffee?” he asked before going into the house, leaving behind a very confused and thoughtful Dean.

~ * ~

When Sam woke up he knew something was going on. He felt the wetness between his legs as soon as he opened his eyes, and he knew Crowley would find a reason to inform his father the moment he checked his underwear beneath the sheets.

Indeed, Crowley looked at him and waited a moment before sending for his father. As he waited, Sam was torn between the joy of knowing his father wouldn’t come to his bedroom tonight and the disappointment of not being able to see Dean. Unless he somehow managed to go to class anyway…

A few minutes later his father walked into the room.

“Crowley told me about your dream. It’s all right, dear. I’ll be working late tonight. You might not be awake when I return. Tell the cook she doesn’t need to wait for me.”

“Okay, Dad.”

“I’ll stop by the church and tell Bobby you won’t go today. Don’t worry.”

Sam grimaced at that but didn’t let it show.

“Thank you,” he said instead.

“Take care, sweetie.” Azazel kissed his forehead and left.

When he was gone, Sam took a shower and went downstairs for breakfast, and not once did Crowley leave his side. After a light meal, Sam went back to his room and picked up his bathing suit.

“Good. You’re going for a swim, then,” Crowley observed. “What about this afternoon? What would you like to do?”

“This afternoon I’m going to class.”

Crowley waited a moment to reply.

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me very well. This afternoon I’m going to class as if nothing happened.”

“You know I can’t let you go out of the house.”

“Dad will be home late.”

“That’s what he said. What if his plans change?”

“That’s why you’ll keep an eye out for him. You’ll drive to the hospital and park near the entrance.
If he leaves early you’ll pick me up and bring me home.”

“We would never be home before him.”

“We’ll come up with an excuse, like I felt sick and you took me to the hospital or something. We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it.”

“That’s absurd. Besides, your father will have already told the priest you’re not going to class.”

“I’m not, that’s true.”

Sam chuckled when Crowley looked confused.

“Don’t be so stupid, Crowley. Of course I’m not going to class. I’m going straight to Dean’s place.”

Crowley made an outraged little sound of shock and disgust but Sam ignored him.

“I have already corrupted my blood today. Why can’t I have some fun?”

“Because!...” Crowley looked for words but they seemed to have disappeared. “Because your father said…and, and…”

“Oh, please, Crowley. We’re so over that. You know it, I know it. I won’t have sex. I just want to be a normal teenager with his boyfriend for one afternoon.”

“I don’t even want to think about what you mean by that.”

“Then don’t. Don’t think. It’s better that way. Just drive me there this afternoon.”

Crowley seemed reluctant.

“Look,” Sam sighed and put a hand on Crowley’s shoulder. “I’m my father’s heir. One day everything he owns will be mine. I’ll be the boss of all this and you’ll answer to me. Now tell me. How would you like to be able to do as you please?”

“Sorry?”

“I mean it. Would you like to be free to choose anything else you want to do instead of just being bossed around?”

Crowley’s eyes lit up. He might not admit it, but Sam knew his words had just gotten to him.

They stared at each other in silence for a moment.

“So, pool now, class after lunch?” Sam asked.

“Yes, Prince. As you wish.”
After working all morning and beginning of the afternoon, Dean was filthy dirty, and took a shower in his dad’s house before eating something and going to church to see Sam.

When Bobby Singer opened the classroom door and told him Sam wasn’t coming, Dean’s heart fell and his mood became even more sour than it already was. By the time he made his way back to the shack he was feeling all sorts of angry feelings of helplessness and anger. Today was definitely not a good day. First his nightmare, then the conversation with his father, acknowledging Azazel was a monster and yet being unable to open up about it, then going to church to be told Sam wasn’t coming.

When Dean opened the door and walked in, his face didn’t look good, because it had no reason to.

“Hey there.”

The voice made him turn around immediately, his heart racing.

“Do you always leave the door unlocked? Aren’t you afraid someone might come in?” Sam asked.

Dean’s face opened like the sun after a gray and rainy day. Even some tension left his shoulders and he relaxed.

“Sam! What are you doing here? I stopped by the church and Bobby said you weren’t coming.”

“Are you complaining? Because if you have other plans…” Sam teased.

“Oh, shut up.” Dean closed the distance between them and pulled Sam into a tight hug and deep kiss.

Their lips brushed and their hands kneaded and explored for a moment. When the kiss broke, Dean looked much better than he had when he walked in, but there was still a hint of a shadow in his eyes.

“How come you’re here?”

“I wasn’t supposed to leave home today, but I sneaked out. Dad will be working late so…”

“Why weren’t you supposed to leave?”

“Well…” Sam could hardly wait to tell Dean that they could have a little fun together. “I had a wet dream.”

Dean frowned. He didn’t seem to remember the connection between that and Sam’s curfew.

“I can’t leave when I have one of those, remember? Dad keeps me under close supervision.”

Dean didn’t think about anything right now because his dream came back to his mind very powerfully, and when Dean saw the mental image of Azazel sinking his teeth into Sam and dominating him, his blood boiled all over again.

“Sam, that’s not right…” he shook his head.

“Sorry?” Sam seemed confused.
“Your father…I know you don’t want to talk about it, but this is wrong. Don’t you see it? He can’t tell you what to do, he can’t keep you as a prisoner.”

Sam was quiet. That shadow in Dean’s eyes grew and Sam listened as he went on.

“I know this is hard for you, but this isn’t the way it’s supposed to be. Your dad takes advantage of you, you need to see that!”

“Dean…”

“It’s true, baby. I’m sorry, but it’s killing me seeing all this and being unable to help. You should put a stop to this. It’s not okay for him to drink your blood, this is wrong on so many levels…”

“Dean, please…” Sam’s mood shifted quickly from hopeful to annoyed. “Perhaps I shouldn’t have come today. You’re clearly not in a good mood.”

“Well, forgive me if it bothers me to dream of my boyfriend being food for his vampire dad.” Dean opened up and Sam felt the pain in his words.

“Did you dream that?” Sam asked, his voice softer now.

Dean nodded. He didn’t want to let Sam know how fucking affected he was by it. He felt a mess inside. Dean felt helpless, unable to save the person he loved more than anything in this world, and it was painful.

“I’m sorry you dreamed that.” Sam took Dean’s hands and squeezed. “But you see, I’m okay. I have bad dreams, too. They’re just dreams.”

“This one wasn’t.”

“I wasn’t hurt. I’m here and I’m fine…can’t we enjoy that, please?” Sam begged.

“We need to talk about what happens to you at home,” Dean tried again, but he sounded weary and hopeless.

“Well, fine. If you want to talk about my father I suppose we could do that…” Sam said mysteriously and put the palm of his hand very gently against Dean’s chest. “But that would be such a waste of time considering I managed to sneak out of my house after I had a wet dream, and you know what that means…”

“I do?” Dean frowned with evident bewilderment.

“I suppose I could remind you,” Sam’s voice dropped to something teasing and shy in a way Dean could not comprehend how it was even possible, but it had his full attention. “Since I’ve already had an orgasm today, I know my dad won’t drink from me tonight. Now, I should be under careful observation to make sure I don’t take advantage of this to go and touch myself…but instead I’m right here…”

Dean understood it. And he wished it didn’t affect him so much. He wished he could just go on about how important it was that Sam realized his father was evil, but suddenly all that seemed far less pressing than the feeling of predatory arousal building quickly within him.
“This means…” Sam began.

“That I can make you come,” Dean’s voice was full of lust and need, and Sam sucked in his breath at the urgency he saw there.

The boy nodded.

“But we don’t have to. If you want we can still talk about…”

Dean shut him up with a kiss, and Sam chuckled lightly into Dean’s mouth as they fell silent.

---------------------------------------------

tbc...
Sam’s heart was thudding as Dean’s strong arms snaked around his body and pulled him closer. Dean’s mouth felt hot against his, and his tongue was bold and skilled. Within a couple of minutes, Sam was lightheaded, his blood buzzing with arousal, his jeans tight around his crotch.

Dean tugged at the boy’s shirt and Sam lifted his arms, complying. A moment later, Dean’s shirt was gone too and they were half naked in each other’s arms.

“Dean…” Sam whispered throatily.

Dean kissed Sam’s neck, his lips brushing the skin and eliciting shaky little sighs from the younger boy. “Yes, baby?”

“I’m…” Sam tried to find coherency in the midst of the building pleasure. “I’m not…not ready to go all the way…” he managed to say, though his voice was small and insecure.

Dean pulled back a little and smiled.

“I didn’t think you were. Relax, okay? You know you have the upper hand here.”

Dean smiled largely and Sam mirrored him, although his smile was somewhat shy. The problem was that Sam was so eager to do something, so excited that he could do something, that he was almost afraid to let himself go.

“What did you dream about?” Dean asked softly. He gave Sam some room but stood very close.

“What?”

“You mentioned a wet dream…” Dean licked at his lips and his eyes were sinfully interested in the way Sam blushed. “What did you dream about?”

Sam’s breath shortened and he could feel his cheeks on fire.

“I…I don’t remember…”

“Is that so? It’s such a shame… I’d love to know more about your dreams, especially since you once told me they often involve me,” Dean narrowed his eyes provocatively.

Sam’s blood didn’t know where to rush to. Some of it rushed to his dick, some of it to his cheeks, and the rest made his heart pump faster with desire and embarrassment.

“I’m sorry, but I really don’t…” Sam didn’t remember what he had dreamed, he just knew it had obviously been good enough to get him off.

“Perhaps you could tell me about some other dream you had, then…one you remember, mm?” Dean
stroked Sam’s cheek lightly and ran his fingers through the boy’s hair.

Sam shut his eyes at the caress and nodded before he knew what he was doing.

When he opened his eyes to find Dean’s attentive gaze, he blushed further and stuttered.

“I…I had this dream once…we were here.”

“In the shack?” Dean smiled brightly, already enjoying it.

Sam nodded.

“I was looking at myself in the mirror.” Sam said.

“Show me.”

“Show you?”

“Yeah.”

Sam swallowed a lump of shyness and arousal and stood in front of the mirror, his back to the bed behind him.

“You were behind me.”

“Like this?” Dean moved softly and positioned himself between Sam’s body and the bed, in a way that the boys could both see their reflections in the mirror.

“Yes. No…actually, not quite. We were sitting,” Sam explained.

“Oh, like this, then.”

Dean sat down on the edge of the bed and pulled Sam with him, making the boy land on his lap.

Sam immediately felt the bulge in Dean’s pants, and he gasped at the feeling. “Yeah.”

The two of them just breathed for a moment, Sam’s eyes fixed on Dean’s through the mirror.

The older man ground Sam’s hips down and pressed against him, letting Sam feel pretty much every inch of his erection.

“What else?”

“Hmm?”

“What happened then?”

“You…” Sam’s head was clouded. Dean smelled so good, so fucking good. The way Dean’s hands touched his skin, his fingers roaming, kneading, teasing…”You touched me.”

Dean caught Sam’s earlobe between his teeth and nibbled gently. “Where?” he breathed the question into Sam’s ear.
The boy shuddered. In the mirror, Dean could see Sam’s eyes roll in the back of his head and his stomach muscles go taut with every breath.

Sam bit down hard on his bottom lip. It felt as if fire were licking his face. It burned hotly as Dean studied his every reaction through the mirror.

“Tell me…” Dean whispered as his thumb traced invisible circles on the skin below Sam’s navel.

The boy squirmed on Dean’s lap, his erection forming a tent in his pants. “You touched me…” Sam couldn’t say it, it was too hard. Instead, he took Dean’s hand and placed it on top of his hardness. “Here.”

“Here?” Dean squeezed and Sam moaned.

Dean’s free hand explored the boy’s back and shoulders, caressing and stroking, until his fingers found a hard nipple and flicked at it casually. Dean’s other hand toyed with the button on Sam’s jeans until it opened. He waited a moment, wondering if Sam would stop him. When the boy did nothing but pant and grind down on his lap, Dean let his fingers slip beneath the waistband of Sam’s underwear. The moment he did that, he could feel wetness as his fingertips brushed the tip of Sam’s dick.

“Fuck,” Dean groaned, his voice husky. He tightened one of his hands on Sam’s thigh as his other one slid further down the boy’s pants to palm his cock.

“Oh…” Sam panted. His entire body seemed to be hooked to tiny little electric shock waves of pleasure. He felt Dean’s fingers close around his cock and stroke, and then his eyes fell shut and his head fell back against Dean’s shoulder.

Dean looked at the scene from the mirror. He could eat Sam with a spoon—the boy looked so fucking hot and beautiful. Dean’s cock was rock hard now, and he opened the button on his pants to relieve some of the growing pressure.

“What did I do then?” Dean asked. He looked in the mirror at his hand between Sam’s legs. He couldn’t really see the boy’s dick as he stroked it, but the sight was still so hot that Dean had to struggle not to throw Sam on the bed and swallow that cock that leaked on his hand. He knew Sam would enjoy it, but he wondered if it might be too much for him.

“You…did this. You touched me and…it felt so good, I…”

Dean moved his wrist a bit faster and Sam moaned and his hands clawed at Dean’s thighs for support. In the mirror, Dean watched as Sam’s hips moved in tiny circles to try and thrust into Dean’s hand, desperately seeking more friction.

“Then what? What did I do?” Dean teased. He let his thumb graze the sensitive tip and Sam writhed on his lap.

“I…oh God, oh…” Sam’s cock was throbbing and he couldn’t form any sort of rational thought.

“Tell me…”

“Can’t. Can’t speak.”
Dean chuckled, the sound low and lustful, sending goosebumps down Sam’s arms and thighs.

“Did I suck you off?” Dean’s lips found Sam’s weakness, the sensitive spot on his neck, and Sam’s entire back arched with pleasure.

“Dean…Dean…”

“Did I lick your balls and then swallow your cock until you came?” he spoke hotly.

Sam opened his eyes and met Dean’s in the mirror, and it was like fire burst inside of him, pushing him straight to the edge.

“Did I lick you open until you just begged me to fuck you?”

Sam’s thighs tightened, his balls drew close and everything felt like a blackout. He stiffened but he flew, he shuddered and tensed and then it was good, so good, so fucking good he had no control over anything.

The boy might have fallen if Dean hadn’t kept him on his lap with a tight grip. He milked Sam’s cock until the last spurt of come left the trembling boy, and when Sam was too sensitive to touch, he put a hand above Dean’s wrist, silently begging him to stop.

Dean gave Sam time to regain control of himself. There was nothing but panting for an entire minute as the boy became aware of his surroundings again.

“Sammy?” Dean’s voice sounded raspy, and his breath was moist against Sam’s ear, sending him goosebumps.

“Yeah?”

Dean thrust against Sam’s lower back, letting the boy feel the taut erection pressed against him.

“Can I touch you?” Dean reached his right hand into his pants and squeezed his cock as his other hand was now holding on to Sam’s hipbone.

“Yes…you’ve just touched me, what—” Sam’s words were lost when he understood what Dean wanted.

“Can I touch you here?” Dean’s fingers slipped inside Sam’s jeans and underwear; he spread the soft cheeks of Sam’s ass and let a fingertip rest on the opening there.

“Oh…” Sam gasped. His limp cock twitched to life and he tensed, but it was good.

“I won’t do anything else, just…” Dean felt his cock throb as the ball of his finger teased the sensitive skin he wished so bad he could see. “I just want to feel it…”

“Yeah…” Sam nodded, and he shuddered when he realized Dean was masturbating to the feeling of touching him there. “I, I could do something else, though. I can touch you or suck you off.” Sam’s heart raced. He would like to taste Dean again.

“I…I just…” Dean knew he wouldn’t last much. “It'll be quick, baby,” Dean groaned. “The sight of...
you coming for me, thrashing on my lap has pretty much done me in,” he purred.

Sam closed his eyes and smiled with delight, then he pressed down on Dean’s touch, eliciting a moan from the older man.

“Fuck, Sammy… want you so bad… so fucking bad… dream about fucking your tight little hole…” Dean jerked himself faster.

Sam didn’t know whether the heat on his cheeks was from his orgasm or the blushing.

“Will you…” Sam swallowed hard, looked at Dean’s pleasure-filled eyes through the mirror and smiled devilishly. “… be gentle with me? For my first time?” he spoke softly, driving Dean crazy with the coy attitude.

“Fuck, so very much,” Dean groaned and his wrist picked up more speed and his fingers squeezed with just the right pressure. “Gonna open you up so slowly, so good…” he flicked his finger over the responsive opening, his climax nearing.

“Dean?” Sam felt a thrilling mix of curiosity and excitement.

“Yes, baby?”

“It’s okay.”

Dean didn’t know what Sam meant. He kept stroking himself harder, needing the sweet relief he could already taste.

“It’s okay if you want to… um…” The heat in his cheeks was definitely from the blushing, Sam decided. He pressed down on Dean’s finger to make a point, and Dean was a fast learner. The older man pushed his finger inside just a little, but it was enough to feel the heat and tightness and lose control.

Dean moved his finger just a little and his imagination took him over the edge. “Fuck…” Dean’s forehead fell against the back of Sam’s neck and he came hard and fast, coating his hand with his seed.

They didn’t move right away. Dean held on to Sam’s body on his lap and breathed against his skin until his heart rate was normal. Eventually, Dean kicked the rest of his clothes off and let himself fall back on the bed. Sam got on his feet and pulled his pants up quickly.

“Here,” Dean lifted himself a little and reached into the first drawer. He threw a box of tissues at Sam after taking a few himself.

The boys cleaned up and then Sam lay right beside Dean on the bed.

The older man looked at the boy and smiled lightly. “You pulled your pants back up. So shy…” Dean teased as he lay there, sprawled and naked.

Sam shrugged and smiled shyly, indeed.

“We could do it again in a few minutes. Or we could do something else, too…” Dean licked at his lips, his thoughts already racing.
“I can’t,” Sam chuckled. “I shouldn’t stay much. It’s risky.”

Dean felt all the somber thoughts about Sam’s life threatening to invade his mind again but he pushed them away. He didn’t want to ruin the moment, not now.

“Come here, then. Closer.” Dean opened his arms and Sam moved so he was lying against Dean’s chest. Sam closed his eyes and enjoyed how warm Dean’s naked skin felt against his own naked chest. “Are you okay?” Dean asked gently, his lips brushing Sam’s soft hair as he spoke.

“Yes. Why do you ask?”

“Didn’t I freak you out with my finger?”

Sam’s first impulse was to laugh, perhaps out of embarrassment, but Dean’s face was so genuinely interested and concerned that Sam grew serious.

“No. I said it was okay.”

“Was it any good?”

Sam shrugged. He didn’t want to lie, and Dean seemed to read the discomfort on his face.

“Be honest,” he said.

“It was weird,” Sam confessed. “Not good, but not completely bad. Just…it burned a little, but I can’t say I have an opinion about it.”

Dean chuckled lightly. “That’s alright. The magic still hasn’t happened.”

“Magic?”

“Oh, yeah,” Dean said enigmatically. “I can do magic with my fingers inside you. You’ll see, eventually.”

Sam drew his eyebrows close together as if he didn’t quite believe that. “If you say so…”

“I do. And I mean it. I’ll make you scream…”

“HEY!” Sam squirmed when Dean tickled his mercilessly. “STOP!” he laughed and twisted until he ended up nestled in Dean’s arms again.

“Don’t go. Don’t ever leave this room.”

“I have to…my dad can’t know I left home today. I’ll be in trouble if he does.”

“Your dad shouldn’t be able to control your life like that. It makes no sense that…”

“Dean, please…” Sam begged.

Dean took a deep breath and nodded. He fell silent and pulled Sam closer.
“Thanks…” Sam whispered softly and planted a kiss to Dean’s lips. He had just a little more time to be there, and he didn’t want to spend that time arguing.

Luckily, after a few minutes of silent cuddling, Sam understood that neither did Dean.

~ * ~

That night, long after Sam was gone, Dean invited Castiel to meet him at the bar after he closed, so they could chat and drink a little. All the secrecy involving Sam’s life and the helplessness Dean felt when it came to helping were weighing down on him, and Dean could use a little distraction.

Castiel watched as Dean filled his glass for the second time as they sat behind the counter and listened to the sound of the waves. It was too dark to see the water, but the rhythmic breaking of waves on the shore was soothing.

“What’s on your mind, Dean?” Cass asked after they had talked enough about casual stuff. Dean Winchester was a bartender, but he didn’t drink often. When he did, there was usually something going on.

Dean shrugged. “I’m good.” He wanted to talk to someone really badly. Cass was his best friend, and it would feel so amazing if he could share some of that wicked secret with him and then maybe ask his friend’s opinion on what he should or shouldn’t do… Yet, Dean didn’t want to break Sam’s trust, and it was killing him inside.

“Is Sam alright?”

“Yeah. I saw him today. It was great.”

“You don’t sound too excited. Is it wearing off, perhaps?” Cass teased.

Dean took a deep breath and he seemed so sad that Castiel’s smile faded.

“On the contrary. I love him so much it’s hard to fucking breathe.”

Cass ignored the small twinge of jealousy he felt, because in the end he was happy Dean was finally able to feel this way about someone.

“What’s the problem with that?”

“No problem. Except that I can’t be with him all the time. This whole forbidden love thing sucks.”

Cass chuckled. “Yeah, I guess it kind of does. You have to be patient, though. It won’t always be such.”

Dean looked as if he might say something and then changed his mind. Cass frowned and looked at him with searching eyes.

“What is it?”

“It’s nothing. I can’t talk about it, okay?”
“C’mon, Dean. I’m your best friend. You know I won’t tell anyone whatever it is you wanna say.”

“I can’t. I promised.” Dean’s chest tightened.

“It’s his dad, isn’t it?” Cass asked.

Dean’s eyes widened with surprise and Cass smiled sadly.

“How do you…?”

“Dean, please. I’ve told you before. There’s something wicked about that man. Maybe you know what it is, maybe your dad knows…I get it that you promised Sam not to talk about it, but in my opinion you’d have to be a fool not to think something is wrong with that guy.”

“Right,” Dean agreed. “You’d have to be a fool, or the guy’s son.”

Cass understood Dean’s dilemma when he heard that.

“Yeah, or the guy’s son. Dean, he can’t help it. So what if the guy’s a freak with eyes like the fucking devil…Sam’s his kid, you gotta give him a break. He loves his dad.”

“I know.”

“Sam doesn’t have any more family, does he?”

“No. Just his dad.”

“So relax. The kid needs him.”

“And am I supposed to just do nothing? Even if his dad is a fucked up, controlling piece of shit?”

“Hey, remember Benny’s ex girlfriend?” Cass asked.

“Andrea? How could I forget her,” Dean scoffed.

“She was bad for him, right?”

“Bad? Yeah. More like a crazy psycho stalker bitch, but bad will do.” Dean arched his eyebrows as he remembered.

“And what happened whenever we tried to tell Benny she was no good to him and that he should leave her?”

“They only got closer and closer and he got mad at us.”

“Exactly. It’s like this with Sam and his dad, except it’s more complicated because it’s family. He loves his father. Benny loved Andrea; he was obsessed with her. At that time, nothing we said would make any difference.”

“So are you saying that nothing I say will make Sam change his mind about his dad?”
“Yes, and no…I’m quite sure that deep down Benny did listen to our warnings. He just pushed them aside for as long as he could. The thing is, in both situations we can try and say something, but nothing will change unless they change, too.”

“In other words I can talk and talk and talk Sam’s ear off, and he’ll still protect his dad unless…”

“Unless Sam himself realizes the relationship is not healthy anymore,” Cass completed Dean’s thought.

“And how will that happen?” Dean seemed impatient.

“Same as it did in Benny’s case.”

When Dean just looked at him questioningly, Cass went on.

“We waited for it to happen, same as we waited for Benny to see Andrea’s true colors. They can’t hide forever.”

“So I should just sit and wait for Azazel to show how evil he really is?”

“How evil do you think he is?”

“Very.”

“Then it shouldn’t take long.”

“I’ll drink to that.”

“Cheers.”

There was a soft glass noise before the boys finished their drinks.

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*tbc...*

*a/n: lil’ plot twist coming up next ;-)
At six o’clock when the bell rang, Sam was in his room leafing through one of his books on Greek gods. The noise startled him, as it did invariably when Sam realized his dad was expecting visitors.

Except that this time, Azazel wasn’t. Security called to inform of his surprise guests, so the door bell ringing did not take him by surprise. Still, Azazel was curious as he wondered what those people were doing there.

“Hello,” he greeted the tall blond man and kissed the brown haired woman’s hand. “Lydia…”

The two guests were welcomed into the living room and the door closed behind them.

“To what do I owe the pleasure?” Azazel asked as he led the two vampires into his house.

“We were near the city, so we thought we’d talk to you about the business expansion.”

“We have a meeting about it next month,” Azazel pointed out.

“I know, but as he said, we were nearby,” the brown haired woman with wavy hair opened a big smile.

At this moment, the three of them turned around at the sound of footsteps.

Sam stopped right on his tracks, on top of the stairs, and looked down at his dad and the two people with him. Even though he knew he should have stayed in his room, Sam just couldn’t help himself. The urgency to know was stronger than the hesitation, so he decided to go and take a peek at his dad’s visitors.

“Oh, well. Hello there, sweet Prince,” the man with the killer blue eyes smiled widely and leeringly.

Sam’s heart raced as he looked from the man to the woman now watching him with evident lust and pleasure.

“Hey, Prince,” she licked her lips.

Those were two of the vampires that had joined Azazel in his bedroom to feed on him. Sam had been drugged through most of it, but he remembereded flashes of that night, and when he realized those vampires were back, his blood went cold with fear and he nearly tripped as he made his way back to his room.

“Aaw, poor thing. We scared him,” the woman feigned a pout.

“I’ll go talk to him. But first, let me take you to my office.”
Azazel could see the fear in Sam’s eyes, and he was sure that he wasn’t the only one who had smelled it, too. It was not in his plans to let his friends have a taste of Samuel tonight, so he went up to the boy’s room in order to reassure him.

As his guests waited in the office, Azazel walked into Sam’s room and told Crowley to go.

When they were alone, Sam looked expectantly at his dad.

“Please, don’t…” he said before he could help it. “Not them; don’t let them…”

“Relax, sweetie.” Azazel walked towards the bed and sat on it. He placed a hand on Sam’s knee and squeezed. “I wasn’t expecting them. It’ll be a quick business meeting. You have nothing to worry.”

Sam felt himself relax considerably. “Promise?” Sam still remembered being drugged, so he wondered whether his father really meant what he said. What if he just planned on doing something without Sam being awake?

“Of course I do. Don’t you trust me?”

Not completely, Sam realized, but he nodded nonetheless.

“Good. Now stay in your room with Crowley as I go talk to them. I promise it’s all right. They’ll be gone in an hour or so and then we’ll have dinner, okay?”

Sam nodded.

Azazel made as if he would stand up but then remembered something.

“Before I go…I could use something to make me strong and keep my mind sharp…” he ran a fingertip ever so lightly across Sam’s jaw and touched the boy’s lips. “Would you do this for daddy?” Azazel’s eyes were overly sweet, as was his voice. He stroked Sam’s hair and waited.

“They won’t, right?”

“No. I’ll protect you. You can trust me.”

After a small moment of hesitation, Sam complied because he didn’t really have a choice. His dad’s asking for his blood was just a nice way to put it. Whenever Azazel wanted to feed, it was much more like an order, but he seemed to enjoy asking for it and having Sam say yes, so the boy complied, because he figured it would be in his best interest to keep his dad in a good mood. Maybe that would make sure he kept his promise.

“Alright.” Sam reached out his hand, offering up his wrist.

Azazel took it and sank his teeth into it. Sam didn’t even flinch as his dad drank for a minute or so.

When he was done, Azazel licked at his lips and smiled softly.

“I love you, you know that?” He leaned closer and kissed the boy’s forehead. “Now stay here and read your book. Don’t worry. I’ll send Crowley back.”
Sam watched as his dad left his room. A moment later, Crowley came back, and in the near distance they could hear the sound of a door closing—Azazel’s office, probably.

After twenty minutes or so of silence in the house, Sam relaxed and picked up his book once again.

~ * ~

The three vampires talked business behind locked doors for a while before the blond man looked at his phone and frowned.

“Excuse me. I have to take this,” he looked at Azazel and at the woman and seemed apologetic, “Damn it...this might take a while.”

“It's fine,” Azazel said.

“Gonna need some privacy. Be right back. Hello?” he answered the phone at the same time he opened the office door and let himself out.

The man took a few steps pretending to have a whispered conversation on the phone, but as soon as he realized he was alone, he put the phone back in one of the pockets of his suit and smiled.

The tall blond man with the killer blue eyes went by the name of Gregory. He had been turned into a vampire about two centuries ago, and never had he been as excited as he felt tonight. Lydia, the brown haired vampire still in the office with Azazel, believed they were in this together, but the truth was, tonight it was all about him, Gregory thought.

With soft and sneaky footsteps, he made his way to the Prince’s room, and his blood already buzzed fast with expectation.

Since the day Azazel had introduced them to his amazing boy, Gregory had been unable to think of anything that wasn’t the sweet Prince with royal and magical blood running through his veins. His meals no longer gave him any satisfaction, and immortality itself had little to no meaning if he couldn’t taste the boy’s blood again.

The way he had felt when he had sunk his teeth and drank from the boy had meant the world to him, and until he could have it again, Gregory would not rest. Even if it didn’t work out, even if Azazel found out and punished him, if he could have the boy—not just drink, but possess the boy until he felt all that power seeping into his own core, then everything would be worth it. Besides, he believed there was a chance he could get away with it, but first he had to be quick.

“Excuse me? I think you’re lost,” Crowley said as a tall blond man stood by Sam’s door.

It all happened way too fast. In a moment, Sam was reading a book, comfortably nestled in bed, in the next, there was brief conversation and a startling realization that he was in trouble.

“Oh, so here is Prince Samuel’s bedroom?”

Crowley tensed. He had a bad feeling about that man and the predatory look on his face. Azazel needed to select his company better, that lad was clearly dying to get a taste of the boy.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t let you—” Crowley choked when a strong hand closed over his throat and
squeezed.

Sam gasped and the book fell off his hands. His eyes widened as he witnessed the blond vampire choke Crowley.

“I’m afraid we’re not gonna need you.” The vampire punched Crowley’s face so hard that unconsciousness came instantly. The moment the fingers around Crowley’s neck let go, the bodyguard’s body fell with a thud on the floor and the blond vampire stepped over him and into the room, towards the bed.

Sam’s heart raced and fell and his fingertips grew cold. He jumped out of the bed and looked at the place where Crowley had fallen, obviously unable to help. A red light seemed to flare in his mind with danger written all over it, and when Sam could shake off some of his shock, he opened his mouth and prepared to scream.

“Da—”

The vampire sensed the boy was about to ask for help, so he used his super human speed to make sure he silenced him before he did it.

Sam felt a hand cover his mouth in the blink of an eye. He hadn’t even seen the vampire move, but suddenly he was right there, a hand pressed to Sam’s mouth, their bodies standing very close.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you. It’s not my intention at all to kill you, sweet Prince boy, but I will do it if you make things too hard.”

Sam was breathing erratically through his nose, his pupils dilated as they fixed on the killer blue eyes focused on him.

“If you play nice, I promise this won’t hurt. Make a sound and I’ll kill you, though.” The vampire studied the boy. “Do we have an understanding? Will you be good?”

Sam nodded as his heart slammed against his chest.

“Good.” The vampire let go of Sam.

Whether or not that vampire had said the truth, Sam didn’t care. Perhaps he would indeed kill him, but Sam was willing to take that risk rather than just stand quietly for whatever it was that he wanted to do.

“DAD!” Sam screamed at the top of his lungs.

“Damn it!” The vampire slapped Sam so hard that the boy fell on the floor and the taste of blood filled his mouth.

Sam’s body trembled at the strength behind the blow. He licked at his teeth, wondering if he had broken any, but they seemed fine. He then licked at his lips and realized his bottom lip had a nasty cut and was pouring blood. Sam looked at a silver ring on the man’s hand, now stained with red, and found the reason why it hurt so much.

“You stupid little shit. You wanna make this hard? I can play hard. Now c’mon, we don’t have much time.”
The tall blond man took a handkerchief from a pocket in his pants and shoved it inside Sam’s mouth, muffling the boy’s protests as he picked him up and threw him onto the bed.

The moment he found himself lying down, Sam was all fists and punches and kicks, even as the vampire straddled him to keep him down.

“Fuck it. Just fucking stop!” The vampire took off his tie and wrestled with the boy for a moment. He was way stronger and faster, but the boy was putting on an impressive fight.

“Hmmm!” Sam groaned when the vampire used the tie to bind his wrists together and pin his hands above his head with his grip.

“You know I’ve been dreaming about you since the last time I tasted you? I can’t get you off of my head. And now I have you again…”

The lust on the piercing blue eyes made Sam shudder. He shook his head vehemently, but he couldn’t fight the vampire that sunk his fangs into his neck and drank.

Sam squirmed and groaned, making it very difficult for the vampire to drink, and consequently causing a nasty wound on himself. No matter how much he moved, though, he could not seem to throw the heavier man off of him.

“So sweet…so bloody innocent…” the vampire licked at his red fangs and then smiled a mysterious smile that made Sam’s soul freeze. “I can only imagine how much sweeter it’ll taste when you’re mine.” The vampire tore Sam’s shirt off his body and licked at the boy’s bare chest.

“MM!” Sam twisted, filled with anger and disgust.

“I don’t know what’s gonna happen tonight, but one thing I do know. Whatever precious little gift Azazel’s been saving, it’s all mine now.”

The vampire ripped open the button in Sam’s jeans and pulled them down, along with his underwear.

“MMMM!!” Sam’s groans and cries were muffled by the handkerchief, and his heart was beating so fast that he thought he might get sick or faint at any moment.

He watched, with horror taking over every inch of his body, as the vampire pulled down his pants, exposing a stiff erection between his legs, and crawled over his body.

“Prince Samuel…Arthur, Lancelot and Morgana…” the vampire touched the boy’s lips softly. “So sweet, so special…”

Sam frowned with bewilderment and writhed with revulsion at the touch.

The vampire couldn’t help himself. He removed the gagging cloth from Sam’s mouth and slammed his mouth into the boy’s, kissing him hard and bruisingly.

“I’m gonna take your virginity,” he whispered against the prince’s lips. “I’m gonna make you mine.”

“My dad’ll kill you,” Sam threatened. But the truth was that he was terrified. Where was his dad??
Why hadn’t he come to save him by now?

“Not if I can fuck you first. Do you think he’ll still want you after I’ve corrupted you?” the man grinned. “Aw, baby, the moment my seed is inside you, daddy won’t give a fuck about you anymore. In fact, he might very well sell you to me.”

Sam wouldn’t listen to that. Those were poisonous words meant to scare him.

He didn’t realize he was shaking his head until the vampire sneered at him.

“You think he actually cares about you? Well, we’ll see then, won’t we? We’ll see how much he cares after I’m done branding you.”

“NO! DAD!” Sam screamed again, and this time the punch made his head spin and he blacked out for a split second. The handkerchief was shoved back into his mouth, and it tasted of blood from Sam’s split lip.

When Sam opened his eyes, his vision was blurred and his right eye felt puffy. His cheek throbbed painfully, but nothing was worse than the panic that grabbed at him when the vampire started to spread his thighs.

~ * ~

“Did you hear that?” Azazel asked the brown haired woman sitting in front of him.

“No, what?” she feigned. “But what about the details of the contract? Do you think we could make a difference if we rewrote paragraph three?” She tried to get Azazel to focus on the documents spread before his eyes.

For a while, it seemed as if Azazel would say something else or move, and the woman was stiff in her chair. Then, Azazel shrugged and looked at the papers again, resuming the conversation about business.

She hoped that Gregory was being able to carry out their plan. The reason why they had come to Azazel’s mansion tonight was simple and straightforward, they wanted to kidnap his precious prized boy. Lydia had agreed to distract Azazel as Gregory made sure to take the boy away. What she didn’t know was that the tall blond vampire didn’t care so much about walking out of there with the boy as much as he cared about his own pleasure, even if that was a short-lived one.

Gregory hadn’t told Lydia that he thought they might very well die that night at the hands of Azazel, because the only thing that mattered to him was having the boy once again, and being inside him before that happened. For Lydia, though, he didn’t say any of that. He got her to play along with promises of Samuel’s sweet blood over and over for as long as they could want, and then an orgy with just the three of them.

Lydia could hardly wait to taste the prince again.

“What is taking Greg so long?” Azazel frowned.

“Must be an important call,” the female vampire shrugged off.
The muffled sound came again, and this time Azazel’s instincts kicked off.

In a matter of seconds, he put together the blond man’s absence and the muffled sound that sounded a lot like screaming coming from far away, and his senses became fully alert.

“Let me guess, you haven’t heard that either,” he snarled and placed both of his hands flat on the table.

As he started to move, though, Lydia got on her feet and drew out her fangs.

“Lydia.” Azazel narrowed his eyes and fear stabbed at him. *Sam. They want Sam.* “Get out of my way.”

“I’m sorry, Azazel. The boy is ours now. I can’t let you out of here.”

Suddenly, Azazel became very aware that whatever was happening to Sam needed his immediate attention. Every second mattered, so he would have to get rid of that vampire as fast as possible.

“You don’t wanna fight me,” he warned.

“Oh, believe, I do. For that sweet piece of heaven of a boy, I very much do.”

Azazel thought of the sword he had in his wardrobe, hanging behind his suits. He knew he would be using that very soon.

The next second was filled with the sounds of grunting and hissing as the two vampires went at each other’s throats.

~ * ~

“MM!!” Sam writhed and kicked, desperately trying to get away. He looked at the place where Crowley lay unconscious and started praying that he would wake up soon.

“Stop moving! This won’t hurt too much.” The vampire’s large hands groped Sam’s ribcage, leaving bruises as he tried to hold the boy down so he could force him to submit.

‘No…no….get away from me,’ Sam’s thoughts were frantic and wild, and his adrenaline was so high that he barely felt the pain of the injuries being inflicted upon his body.

The vampire sunk his teeth into Sam’s neck and groaned with pleasure. Sam tried to struggle but his hands were tied and he was no match for a vampire. He felt the man settle between his thighs, and then he felt the man’s hard sex pressing against his entrance.

“MMM!!” Sam twisted and tried to jerk away. He felt dizzy with the amount of adrenaline rushing to every corner of his body. His chest felt hot and his hands and feet were ice-cold. His breathing was fast and scared as his heels kept digging into the sheets.

The vampire licked his lips and held on to Sam’s hips to keep the boy steady.
“I shall drink your innocence as it fades into my own blood.” The fangs pierced Sam’s neck again and this time the vampire pushed forward.

‘NO! PLEASE…’ Sam felt a burning pain as the man tried to push into him. He managed to snap his legs shut and twist away from the feeling. Sam cried, and he didn’t think he would be able to get away. When the man got a more bruising grip on his hips and was able to hold his thighs firmly open, Sam knew he couldn’t fight it.

The boy shut his eyes tightly and gritted his jaw as he braced himself. His forehead was wrinkled with despair, and Sam wondered how much it would hurt.

Oddly, though, the push never came. There was a swift, cutting sound, and the fingers on his hips loosened.

When Sam opened his eyes, his heart was still beating in his throat at the sight before him. His dad was standing by the edge of the bed, a sword in his hand and blood on his clothes. There was blood all over Azazel’s shirt—and in the office too, a lot of blood, but Sam didn’t know that. There was blood on the bed, the sheets soaked with it, and then Sam understood why.

He looked at his naked body and saw the beheaded blond man, his killer blue eyes now dull and dead.

Sam started shaking uncontrollably. His dad came closer and removed the bloodied handkerchief from his mouth, but Sam barely registered it. He looked at the bed and the sheets, completely red by now, and his skin, naked and red with the man’s blood, and the head lying on his lap, still looking at him.

“And what is it?” Azazel put a hand on his shoulder.

Sam tried to speak but a sob left his throat. He looked at the head on his lap and felt all that warm blood pooling around him. The vampire had drunk plenty of his blood before he was killed, which meant that a lot of that warm blood all over him was his own blood, thick and red and warm against his skin.

A shudder raked him so hard that Sam rocked back and forth. He parted his lips again, and this time he screamed.

“Samuel, are you okay?”

Sam was shaking, he was shaking so hard he might never stop shaking.

“What is it?” Azazel put a hand on his shoulder.

Sam tried to speak but a sob left his throat. He looked at the head on his lap and felt all that warm blood pooling around him. The vampire had drunk plenty of his blood before he was killed, which meant that a lot of that warm blood all over him was his own blood, thick and red and warm against his skin.

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‘tbc…’
Chapter 50

Guys, sorry for the delay. This is my final semester of college and it's very busy, but I'll try not to take so long to update. Your comments are pure love that help me find time <3.

Chapter 50

Azazel untied Sam’s hands quickly and grabbed the boy’s shoulder to try and make Sam snap out of that panicked state of mind.

Crowley woke up with the screaming and his hand went to his throbbing head. He quickly remembered the circumstances that had led him to be unconscious in the first place and stood up in a heartbeat, looking around worriedly. What he saw took his breath away.

The prince was sitting on his bed covered in blood, with a severed head on his lap. There was a bloody sword lying by Azazel’s feet as he shook the boy lightly.

“What happened?” Crowley asked, but no one answered. He could hear noise coming from downstairs, the steps of nervous and curious employees moving around.

“Oh my God, Samuel, did he…?” Azazel shuddered at the thought. No, no…that couldn’t have happened, not his precious boy, please no… “…did he defile you?”

Sam looked at his dad as if he had grown a third eye or something. Was he seriously asking him that?

“What…?” Sam asked feebly, disbelief and anger building fast inside him.

“Please tell me he didn’t do it. Tell me he didn’t take you.”

Sam started shaking. His awareness returned at the same his self control slipped away. He jumped up from the bed and stood face to face with his dad. Sam looked so deeply into his eyes that Azazel took a step back before Sam even opened his mouth.

“This is all you care about it, isn’t it?! You don’t give a fuck about me! All you care about is my stupid virginity!!” Sam snapped. “You wouldn’t care less if he’d tortured me or drank me dry as long as he didn’t fuck me.”
“Baby, calm down…”

There was a loud, shrieking sound coming from outside the bedroom. Some other employee had probably found the beheaded body in Azazel’s office.

“Crowley, can you deal with that, please? Tell everyone to exit the house now! I’ll deal with them when I’m ready.”

“Yes, sir.”

Crowley was relieved to leave the room. It felt like the prince still had a lot to say and it wasn’t going to be pretty.

Sam walked towards his sleeping robe and wrapped it around his naked body with unsteady fingers. The delicate fabric was soon tainted with blood.

“Samuel, of course I care about you, you’re my world. I just need to know if I was too late; I need to know if he…” Azazel’s heart was racing.

“He didn’t!” Sam gritted his teeth and he was all anger and shock and residual fear. “He didn’t fuck me. He didn’t corrupt my precious blood. Are you happy now?” Sam wanted it to sound every bit as angry as he felt inside, but the tears were welling up fast. He blinked, and when he did so, they ran down his cheeks and Sam realized he looked more panicked than anything else.

Azazel felt relief wash over him. Yes, everything was a mess, a big fucking mess, but it would be alright with time. Sam was angry now, and scared, and that was perfectly understandable. God, Azazel himself was angry and scared, too. He had almost lost what he cared about the most in his life. And all because of one moment of distraction.

“It’s okay, Samuel…” Azazel tried to grab the boy’s shoulder but Sam stepped back, out of reach.

“Don’t touch me! Don’t fucking touch me!”

“You need to calm down, sweetie. It’s okay now—”

“You!” Sam gritted his teeth, and even though his eyes weren’t yellow, there seemed to be flames coming out of them. “This is all your fault! This is ON YOU!”

“Samuel…”

When Crowley walked back into the room to give Azazel a quick update on his employees, he saw the boy stand up to his father with such fierce determination that he didn’t dare move as the scene unfolded.

“You treat me like I’m a fucking prize or something! You show me off to your freak friends like I’m this perfect gift you’ve got…” Sam’s lips were drawn back as the words stumbled out of his mouth. “That serves you right for letting them have a go at me. This is all on you!!”

Azazel knew the boy was right. If he hadn’t shared him in the first place, none of that would have happened. He had gotten too cocky and certain that he could protect the boy. Azazel had wanted to show off his possession and inspire jealousy. And indeed, he had achieved that, and he had almost
lost it all because of it.

“I’m sorry, baby…I never meant to…”

“To what? Drug me and tie me up so your friends could try me like a fancy dessert? Are you sorry
for the decapitated body of the man who just tried to rape me in my own bedroom, under your
nose?”

Azazel didn’t know what to say. He was still in shock and grateful that he had arrived in time.

“I’m out of here!” Sam made up his mind quickly. “Crowley, take my backpack and get my things.
I’m going to father Bobby’s church.”

“Wait…” Azazel grabbed the boy’s wrist.

Sam looked deeply into his dad’s eyes with something so honestly fierce and wild that Azazel let him
go.

The vampire’s eyes met Crowley’s and he nodded lightly for Crowley to do as told and go with him.
Azazel would handle the mess in the house on his own.

During the next rushed minutes, Azazel stood there and witnessed as his heir stormed out of the
mansion with Crowley following right after him. Never had he seen Sam so disturbed and angry, but
Azazel knew the boy’s emotions were understandably messy after all that had just happened. He
couldn’t really blame the kid for wanting to flee from a house where a dead, beheaded body bled out
on his bed.

It would be alright, of course, but right now Azazel let Sam have his time and space to calm down.
Besides, he had a lot to deal with at home anyway.

~ * ~

Bobby had been reading when he heard the insistent knock on the door. It was two AM in the night,
but insomnia sometimes struck and caused Bobby to spend hours leafing through old books. That
was one of those nights where it felt like Bobby would go well into the night reading in the silence of
the church.

The frantic knocking made him doubt that would be a regular night, though. Bobby put down his
book and got up from behind his desk.

Who was it? ‘Not, John, please…’ Bobby thought as he made his way towards the door. He wasn’t
in the mood to fight, and if John Winchester was the one banging on his door in the middle of the
night then Bobby doubted he—

“Sam?” Bobby frowned and looked at the young teenager standing in front of him. The first thing he
noticed was the swollen eye and the bleeding bottom lip. Then he saw a lot of blood on the boy’s
clothes and his heart raced. “What happened?! Are you okay?” Bobby pulled Sam into the church,
and that was when he noticed Crowley standing right behind the boy, his nose and forehead bruised
as if he had taken a blow.
The two guests walked into the church and Bobby closed the door behind them. The place inside was drowned in a dim, golden light, but it was enough for Bobby to realize something was terribly wrong judging by the look of Sam and by Crowley’s meaningful silence.

“I didn’t know where to go at this time so I came here. Is that okay?” the words were small and insecure, but at least Sam had had some time during the trip there to get a grip on his emotions. He wasn’t crying anymore, neither was he angry. He was still a bit shaky, but right now he felt weirdly calm.

“Yeah, of course it is. What the hell happened, though?”

Crowley looked at the priest who had just cursed and they exchanged a look in silence. If Sam didn’t want to say anything, it wasn’t up to Crowley to talk about it.

“I just…” Sam shrugged. “I don’t really wanna talk now.”

“You’re hurt. Is this blood yours? You need to go to the hospital.”

“It’s not mine,” Sam reassured Bobby. “I’m fine. Just, please…not now, okay?”

Bobby nodded, feeling a bit calmer knowing that wasn’t Sam’s blood.

“Do you need anything? What can I do for you?” he asked.

“I’m not going back home tonight.”

“It’s okay, you can stay here.” Bobby looked at the boy’s battered face again and his heart tightened. There was a nasty wound on Sam’s neck too. John’s words came rushing back and slapped his thoughts. “Sam, did your father…?”

Sam shook his head vehemently. “No. Please, Bobby. I can’t.”

“Alright. I’ll get some ice, okay?”

“Get Dean.” Sam’s words blurted from his mouth before he knew he was going to utter them. “Can you…please…get him here?” Sam felt the shaking threaten him again, and his eyes welled up with something tingly, but Sam swallowed the lump in his throat and held on. There was only one thing he needed, one person.

Bobby looked at Crowley again, and they eyed each other for a long minute. Crowley then sighed and nodded.

“I know where he lives. I’ll get him.”

Sam watched as Crowley left the church towards the limo parked outside.

“Come here, kid. Let’s put some ice on that lip and eye.”

Sam followed Bobby down the stairs in absolute silence.

The older man picked up some ice, wrapped it first in a handkerchief and then plastic before offering it to the boy. “Start with your eye. It looks worse than the lip.”
Sam nodded. He looked around at what seemed to be Bobby’s most private space inside the church, and he felt a little uncomfortable.

“Do you wanna go wait in the classroom?” Bobby asked after reading Sam’s attitude.

“Yes, please.”

Bobby led the way to the classroom Sam was familiar with, and they sat down in silence for a moment as the boy pressed the ice to his blackening eye. The priest studied the prince quietly, painfully aware that the boy was hurt and didn’t want to open up.

“There’s a lot of blood on your robe. Are you sure you’re not hurt anywhere else?” he asked.

Sam shook his head. “I told you it’s not mine.”

Bobby’s heart raced again. What the hell had happened in Sam’s house? Why wasn’t Azazel there? Bobby knew the doctor was extremely protective of the boy, and the thought that Azazel would let Sam leave in the middle of the night, injured and covered in blood, was outrageous. Something really serious must have happened.

“Is your dad alright?” Bobby asked, wondering if anyone else had been hurt.

“He’s fine.”

“Won’t he come looking for you?”

“Not tonight. He’s got more pressing matters.”

“Does it involve the blood on your clothes?”

Sam nodded. He knew that nothing would happen to his dad after tonight. Even though there were two dead bodies in his home, the police would leave him alone because Azazel had strategically placed influence all over the law enforcement of the town. The dead bodies in his house were not only outsiders, they were also not human. The police probably wouldn’t even know something like that had happened in the wealthy doctor’s mansion. As for the employees, they had seen enough to know when to keep quiet, so his dad probably wouldn’t have to worry about that. Nothing a hefty raise in payment couldn’t settle.

“Do you wanna tell me what happened?” Bobby asked gently.

Sam shook his head. His eye was throbbing and there was piercing pain in his lip when he tried to speak. He hadn’t processed everything that happened yet. He didn’t feel like talking about it, and definitely not to Bobby.

Sam felt the tears threaten to come again. He felt lost and betrayed and so alone. He was hurt, so hurt that it hurt even more. He didn’t know what he was supposed to feel or do, but he fought the tears bravely, even though it felt like swallowing a knife that pressed at his throat from inside.

There were steps echoing just outside the classroom, and Sam’s heart rattled inside his ribcage with anticipation. The door burst open a few seconds later and Dean looked around, his eyes wide and worried.
"Sam?"

"I’m here."

Dean cringed at the injuries on Sam’s face but didn’t think twice. He walked towards the boy and pulled him into a much welcomed and needed embrace.

Sam didn’t know what Crowley had told Dean to get him out of bed and into the church, but it was enough to make Dean look worried sick and nervous. Sam could feel every bit of Dean’s preoccupation in the tight way in which he was being held. For the first time that night, Sam found comfort and relaxed.

Bobby looked at the scene intently, unable to look away from the way the boys held each other.

“It’s okay now,” Dean spoke softly into Sam’s ear, his voice so low and gentle that it was barely above a whisper. He let his lips touch the boy’s brown hair, kissing the top of Sam’s head and never loosening the grip on him.

“Thank you for coming.” Sam moved a little and nuzzled Dean’s neck, not caring that other people were there, just craving the feeling of warm safety that wrapped all over him with Dean’s touch.

When the boy buried his head against his neck and sighed, Dean closed his eyes and listened to the way his heart beat fast.

Bobby’s heart was also beating fast, but for an entirely different reason. Crowley didn’t seem to mind the obvious intimacy between the boys, but Crowley didn’t know what Bobby did. He didn’t know they might very well be family.

At first, Bobby cursed himself mentally for being so naive. But then, to be fair, he had suspected the boys were more than friends since the beginning, and in all truth he had done everything he could to try and convince himself otherwise. Now, though, as he saw the tight and tangled embrace, and the loving way in which Dean held and comforted Sam, Bobby knew it wasn’t only friendship, neither was it something casual. He could tell the boys were in love.

“Well, I’ll be damned,” he murmured quietly, and only Crowley heard him and arched his eyebrows at him. Bobby dismissed the look quickly and looked away. What was he supposed to do now? If John was right, and the more Bobby thought about it, the more he believed he was, then the two fools had fallen in love unaware they were the same blood. It wasn’t their fault, how could they have known? But perhaps if Bobby had said something sooner, if he had tried to prevent it… ‘How?!’ His mind protested as he watched the embrace loosen but the boys stand very close and communicate with a silent and yet meaningful exchange of looks.

‘Well, it’s not like I can tell them now’, Bobby pondered. Sam was hurt and in need of someone who understood him, someone who could offer him solace and perhaps help him open up. If Bobby told them what he knew now no good would come out of it. Besides, he still strongly believed it was not his place to be the one breaking this bombastic news. Especially now that they were together, finding out they were brothers would crush them, and both of them seemed to benefit so much from this connection. It tore Bobby up not knowing what to do, because even though he knew it was wrong, it didn’t feel wrong at all.

Dean was running the ball of his finger over Sam’s split lip as their hands found one another and
their fingers held on possessively.

“Keep the ice,” Dean instructed softly and helped Sam put it back against his swollen eye.

“I’m okay now. It doesn’t even hurt that much.” Although Sam knew it must look ugly judging by the look of concern both Bobby and now Dean had given him upon seeing his face.

“Will your father come looking for you?” Dean asked and then he eyed Crowley as well.

“No. I don’t think so,” Sam said and found Crowley’s eyes, too.

“I don’t believe it, either. He’s got a lot on his hands, and he knows you’re safe with Bobby,” he said.

“Do you wanna sleep at my place?” Dean offered.

“Yes.” Sam didn’t even have to think about his answer. He was nodding his head before anyone had a chance to say anything.

For a moment, Bobby wondered how far the two of them had already taken their relationship, but he told himself he definitely did not want to go there.

“Whatsoever you want, Sam. If it’ll make you feel better,” Bobby began.

“Yes. I wanna go.”

“I’ll drive you two, then. C’mon.”

Crowley didn’t protest. There was absolutely no reason why Sam shouldn’t be with someone who loved him and who would protect him tonight. After he and Azazel had just failed terribly to keep him safe, it was only fair Sam turned to the one person who hadn’t disappointed him so far.

“If you need anything just let me know,” Bobby said as he watched them get ready to leave.

“Thank you, Bobby,” Sam said.

Before they left, Dean looked into Bobby’s eyes and nodded thankfully. Bobby nodded back, but little did Dean know the conflicting thoughts going around Bobby’s head at the moment. In the end, Bobby took comfort in the fact that whatever the best thing was in this case, telling them or not, it wouldn’t happen tonight. Tonight there was way too much going on already and he didn’t need to add any more distress to whatever had happened in Sam’s life. And whatever it was, he truly hoped Dean would be able to give the boy the comfort he needed and that he deserved.

~ * ~

“When, don’t forget your things.” Crowley gave Sam a backpack filled with some of his stuff that he had packed as they left hastily. Crowley then dropped them off at the beach shack and drove back to the mansion. He knew Azazel would be needing all the help he could have to deal with the corpses in his house, and for now things were all right as long as he believed Sam was in church with his teacher.
When they were alone inside Dean’s home, Sam looked around and tightened his hands around his backpack.

“I hope Crowley didn’t startle you too much. It’s no big deal, I’m fine.”

“At first I thought it might be a trap, you know. I was afraid your dad had figured out about us. But then he mentioned you were hurt…”

“It could still have been a trap,” Sam pointed out.

“I know. But I couldn’t wait and see.” Dean recalled how fast his heart had started beating the moment he thought Sam might be in danger or hurt. Even if it had been a trap, he didn’t regret having followed his instincts.

“Thanks…” Sam smiled lightly, because anything further and his lip would crack and start bleeding again.

“This blood…” Dean looked at Sam again and his heart tightened. It was a lot of blood, but oddly enough Sam seemed fine. Besides, there was also an ugly wound he hadn’t seen before on the boy’s neck, and that caused Dean’s blood to grow cold with fear.

“It’s not mine. Do you think it’s okay if I take a shower?”

“Yeah, of course.”

“Good.” Sam was dying to wash the vampire’s blood off of his skin. He was dying to wash that entire night off, actually.

Dean waited in bed as Sam went into the bathroom with his backpack and turned on the shower. The boy stayed there for about fifteen minutes before he emerged wearing white pajamas of a soft fabric.

“Feeling better?” Dean asked as the boy walked towards the bed, but Sam didn’t reply.

Instead, Sam climbed in bed with Dean and kissed his mouth. The kiss made him flinch a little because his lip hurt, but Sam didn’t stop, not even when he tasted blood as Dean kissed back.

“Sam?” Dean asked in between kisses, taken aback by the surge of affection.

“What are you talking about?”

Dean had no idea what had happened to Sam tonight, and the more the boy touched him and kissed him, the more puzzled Dean felt.

“I want this, Dean. I want it now, please…” Sam ran his hands down Dean’s shirt and pulled it off. Then he pulled his own pyjama shirt off and went back to kissing Dean’s lips and neck and kneading his shoulders and arms possessively.

“Slow down, Sammy…just let me understand this…” Dean searched for the boy’s eyes but Sam was busy working on the button of Dean’s jeans.
“I can’t stand this anymore. Tonight made me realize that I’m not this boy I’m supposed to be, I don’t want this burden anymore. I want to get this over with,” his voice was shaky but Sam was determined not to stop. “Please Dean, just do it, just take me…”

Sam’s hand went for Dean’s crotch and he slipped it under his jeans and underwear. “Fuck me tonight, please…right here and now…”

Dean’s head was spinning. Those were the words he longed to hear, but something wasn’t right. “Sam, wait.”

“No.”

The boy cupped Dean’s cock and jerked him, but Dean did not respond. Even though Sam fumbled with his inexperienced touching, Dean was limp against his fingers. “What’s wrong?” Sam’s voice sounded dangerously close to a whine. “Don’t you want me? Why don’t you get hard? Why can’t we do it now?”

“Shh….it’s okay…” Dean framed Sam’s face between his hands and spoke softly to him.

“No, what’s wrong? I want it. I’m ready, why don’t you get hard and take me? Please, c’mon, Dean.”

“It’s alright, Sammy. It’s okay,” he whispered gently.

“No, it’s not! Why can’t we have sex?!?”

“Because you’re crying, that’s why.”

------------------------------------------------

tbc...
Dean wiped the tears off Sam’s cheek with his thumbs, and that was when Sam realized Dean was right. The boy gave up trying to stimulate Dean and fell into his embrace.

Dean held him tight in silence as Sam calmed down. When the boy moved and broke the embrace, Sam’s tears had dried, but his face still looked a mess because of the split lip and the black eye.

There were so many questions Dean wanted to ask, but he was almost afraid to begin. Something told him he wouldn’t like any of what Sam might tell him, so Dean dreaded it before he knew it.

Sam took deep breaths and felt himself begin to let go of the night events. He had been holding so much tension since that vampire had shown up at his room, that only now, as his muscles loosened, did Sam realize he was truly relaxing for the first time since it had happened.

He knew Dean needed to know what had taken place, and Sam loved him for not pushing right now. Dean gave him time and waited, and when Sam felt ready he started to speak.

“My father didn’t do it.”

Sam himself didn’t know why that was the first thing he said, but it felt like something he should say.

Dean didn’t even have time to process a proper response to that because Sam went on.

“But it was his fault.”

That, coming from Sam, took Dean by surprise, so instead of saying something, the older man just kept quiet and waited for Sam to go on.

“He didn’t do this, but he didn’t stop it either.” Sam explained. “In fact, I think he kind of caused it in the first place, what with the way he treats me.”

“You wanna tell me what happened?” Dean asked softly, because Sam was beginning to talk in riddles.

Sam nodded. He did. He just didn’t know where to start.

“Wait, let me get some ice so you can put on your eye. I’m afraid it’s gonna look pretty nasty tomorrow.”

Sam waited for Dean to go to the kitchen and come back with an ice bag.
“Here.”

Sam took it and carefully put it against his eye. It was hurting far worse than his lip.

Dean rested his back against the headboard and waited for Sam to speak. The boy took a deep breath and lowered his eyes to the sheets as he recalled the previous events of the night.

“My dad had visitors tonight. I don’t think he was expecting them. There was this couple of vampires at the door, and my dad took them to his office for a meeting. These people, a man and a woman, I had seen them before. They were there the night I was drugged.” Sam made a small pause. “They had already drunk from me.”

Dean didn’t want to interrupt Sam. He listened to the boy as patiently as he could, even though his blood was already becoming hotter at the idea of vampires drinking Sam’s blood while he was drugged.

“I was in my room with Crowley when the male vampire showed up at the door. I knew it meant trouble before anything happened. The man punched Crowley unconscious when he tried to stand up to him, and he was right next to me in a heartbeat. I wanted to scream to warn my father, because I knew there was no way dad had consented to him being there, but the man kept me from screaming. He said he wanted to drink from me again. When he let me go for a while I screamed, and that was when he hit me.”

Dean chewed the inside of his bottom lip and his heart raced with protective rage.

“I tried to fight him but he was obviously stronger. He bit me and drank, but that wasn’t all he wanted.” Sam felt his chest buzz with adrenaline as if it was all happening again. “He took my pants off and said he would take my virginity.”

“He didn’t.” Dean seethed. His knuckles turned white as he closed his hands into tight fists. His eyes narrowed and his breathing became labored.

“He said he was going to take me. He said dad wouldn’t care about me after he corrupted me. I tried to push him away but it was impossible.”

“Sammy, did he…hurt you?” Dean felt his chest ache and shrink at the thought.

“He tried to. I thought he would have his way, but he couldn’t go through with it.”

Dean’s heart was beating erratically and he didn’t even blink.

“I’ll kill him. I’ll fucking kill him.” Dean jumped up and out of the bed and started to pace back and forth as if searching for a murder weapon.

“Dean, wait. Come back here,” Sam called from the bed.

“I can’t! I can’t just sit back down! I can’t let this fucking asshole go on living and breathing after what he’s done to you!”

“He didn’t actually…”

“It doesn’t matter, he tried to! And he hurt you, and he scared you, and when I put my hands on
him…”

“Come back here, Dean…” Sam tried again.

“I’ll be back. You just tell me where I can find him and I swear it’ll be quick. I’ll…”

“He’s dead, Dean.”

Dean stopped in his tracks and turned to face Sam in the bed. For a moment, Dean looked very confused, so Sam sighed and went on.

“My dad finally realized something was wrong. He walked into the room and stopped the man from raping me. Dad killed him. He beheaded him with a sword.”

Dean’s eyes widened and he walked back to the bed and sat down next to Sam.

“I’m sorry, did you say beheaded?”

Sam nodded. He moved the ice a little as it grew uncomfortably cold against his skin.

“Apparently that’s how you kill a vampire. There was a gush of blood all over me in bed. It was disgusting. It was like my bed was a pool of blood. That’s why there was so much of it on my clothes as well.”

Dean realized he was picturing the scene despite really not wanting to. The thought of Sam in a pool of the blood of the man who had just tried to rape him was horrific.

“What happened then?” he asked softly.

“I don’t know,” Sam shrugged. “It’s like a blur, it happened so fast. My father asked whether the man had managed to rape me or not, I got pissed…I yelled at him, we fought…I told him I was leaving. Crowley drove me to the church, then I asked Bobby to see you.”

Dean took a long and deep breath. He reached out gently and took the ice away from Sam’s face for a moment. He then leaned closer and kissed Sam’s bruised eye lightly, right before he kissed the boy’s lips just as tenderly.

“I’m so sorry this happened to you. No one should ever experience that. But to have this happen in your bedroom, in the place where you’re supposed to be safe…that’s just awful. I wish I’d been there to stop it.”

“I wish I could have stopped it myself.”

Sam looked at Dean and a strong thought occurred to him. “You can fight, right?”

Dean frowned.

“You fought that guy at the beach, the one who was harassing his girlfriend. The guy came at you but you fought him. You can defend yourself.”

“Well…yeah. My dad’s taught me a few moves.”
“Teach me, please. I want to be able to defend myself. I’m tired of feeling so helpless like I need someone to look after me because I can’t do things on my own…that’s not who I really am, Dean.” The boy’s eyes were full of something intense right now, and even though he was pleading, there was a lot of strength behind this intensity. “Teach me how to fight. Please.”

“Of course…yeah,” Dean agreed. “I can teach you what I know.”

Sam’s eyes lit up and he smiled, but it was a small smile because his skin broke and hurt when he tried to stretch it. The pain caused him to fall into thought and pretty soon there was sadness clouding his face again.

“What is it?” Dean asked when the boy seemed withdrawn again.

“Nothing…I just…I keep thinking that none of this would have happened if my dad didn’t treat me as a fucking prize or something. He makes other vampires jealous because he has me. When I think about it, I’m surprised it didn’t happen sooner. He was supposed to protect me, you know?”

Dean knew he was walking on thin ice now. On one hand, he desperately wanted to agree and help Sam tear his father’s reputation to pieces. On the other hand, he knew Sam was in a vulnerable moment and might regret whatever he was saying now. If Dean was too vehement to agree, perhaps Sam would resent it when he was able to put this night behind him.

“I know. I get it. Why do you think he treats you like this?”

“I don’t know. He says my blood is special. Something about kings and magic and whatever he speaks about that I can’t really understand.”

“Sam…” Dean thought about everything the boy had just told him. “Are you worried that vampire might’ve spoken the truth?”

“About what?”

“When he said your father wouldn’t care about you if you weren’t a virgin anymore. Do you believe that?”

Sam felt his eyes sting with a different kind of pain than the one throbbing in his eye and lip. He found the ice bag and put it against his lip as he thought about Dean’s question.

“It was the first thing he asked me when he killed the vampire. It’s like this is all he cares.”

“But it can’t possibly be true. I mean, I’m not going to defend your father because you know how I feel about the shitty stuff he puts you through. I think he’s abusive and evil, but…well, he is your father, so I suppose he cares about you. That isn’t going to change based on your sex life.”

Sam didn’t seem convinced because Dean didn’t really know that.

“Sometimes it feels like all he sees when he looks at me is this precious prince with delicious blood. I know he cares, but…” Sam searched for the right words. “I’m so tired of being this boy he wants me to be.”

“Is that why you wanted us to have sex now?”
Sam nodded.

“I know the timing was messed up and all…it just felt like if I just do it and get it over with then I don’t have to be that boy anymore, then I could be free…whether he keeps loving me or not, it would set me free.”

“I understand that. And as much as I want us to have sex, and believe me, as much as it would please me without a doubt to piss your dad off, this shouldn’t be the reason for us to have sex. Do you understand it?”

“I do.” Sam nodded. “I agree. I don’t want my father to be the reason we have sex. As much as I want to break free from what happens at home, I don’t want to use what we have for that.”

“Exactly. When we have sex we do it because you want to fuck me as much as I want to fuck you. We do it because we’re passionate and hot and fucking want each other all the way.”

“I… I’m sorry I tried to push you before,” Sam said. “I know it’s not right, but after what that vampire tried to do…he got so close. He almost took from me what my dad says is the most precious thing I have. I almost lost this tonight, and I want it to be with you. I just felt like we had to do it fast before something happened again…”

“I know. I get it. But that’s not true, baby. That’s not the most precious thing you have. Even if that son of a bitch had taken from you what he wanted, that wouldn’t have changed how fucking precious you are to me. I don’t love you because you’re a virgin, Sammy. I almost love you in spite of it,” Dean chuckled lightly. “Seriously, though, I love you because you are you, and you are smart and sweet and strong and amazing. None of that would have changed if the worst had happened tonight.”

Sam put the ice bag away and smiled. He felt a lump in his throat, but it was a good one, and Dean could tell the emotions wrapping themselves around the boy at this very moment were good ones.

“Thank you for saying that.”

“It’s the truth.” Dean studied the boy and Sam still seemed troubled. “What is it?”

“Nothing…”

“Sam… what are you thinking about?”

Sam’s heart raced and he felt a little shy.

“It’s not just my father…not just about not being a prize anymore.”

Dean frowned as he tried to understand what the boy meant.

“Is there another reason why you came on to me just now?”

Sam nodded and bit down on his lip.

“What is it?” Dean coaxed softly.

“When I got out of the shower and you were there…it occurred to me that if we just did it then
nothing like that would happen again. No vampire would try to rape me if my blood wasn’t so special anymore.”

That actually hurt to hear. Dean wanted to promise Sam nothing like that would ever happen again, but so much about the boy’s life was beyond Dean’s control. He didn’t want to make empty promises.

“You know I’m here to help with whatever you need, right? I’ll give my life to keep you safe. But this means you’re afraid, and fear isn’t a good reason to have sex either.”

“I want us to do it because we want it, too,” Sam agreed. It would be so easy to confront his dad and go ahead and defy his rules by sleeping with Dean. Sam could say yes and let it happen just out of spite, just to prove a point, just to break free. But Dean was right, they deserved so much more than that. “I don’t want to do it because someone else may force me.” They deserved love and passion and truth, not anger or fear.

“Good.”

“I just…I want it to happen but…I see now that my dad’s prohibition is an important part of what keeps me, but it isn’t the only thing stopping me as I thought it was.”

“It’s good that you realize this. What else is keeping you?”

“I’m afraid. Not of the act itself. I mean, perhaps a little of the act itself…” Sam admitted. “But so much of my life has revolved around this and what it means to be innocent…I’m afraid of how this will change me. I’m afraid of who I will be after this.”

“Then that’s what you need to figure out, okay? Forget your father’s rules and everything else. I’ll help you deal with whatever happens between you and him. But you have to focus on yourself. I know I’ve said this before. Just…don’t overthink it, okay? Sex is like eating or sleeping…it’s a natural need. You might not think you know anything about it, but you do. It’s instinctive. And you’ll only know what it feels like when you do it. So there’s no use worrying about it too much.”

“Right,” Sam smiled lightly.

“As for the fear of the act itself…” Dean’s voice dropped even though he barely realized it was happening. “You know I’ll make you feel good.”

Sam felt a warm piercing sensation spread and tingle everywhere inside him at those words.

“I know…it’s just that…”

Dean waited, but Sam didn’t go on.

“That what?” he insisted softly.

Sam’s chest tightened and he bit down on his bottom lip.

“When the vampire tried to force himself on me…it…it burned… I feel like it would’ve hurt quite a lot if he had gone further.”

Dean swallowed hard the anger he felt towards a man, no, a monster, who was thankfully already
dead. He opened his mouth but Sam was faster.

“Now, I know it’s not the same. I know you’ll be careful and all.”

“Right,” Dean agreed.

“But part of it is just what it is. There’s no changing that.”

“It’s true.” Dean understood what Sam meant. It didn’t matter how careful he was, anal sex was still what it was. “But then again, you’re talking about sex with me,” Dean smiled cockily. “And I’m a sex god, remember? You said so yourself,” he chuckled.

“Now you’re just bragging.” Sam arched an eyebrow and they both laughed.

“It’s late. You should get some sleep, c’mon.”

Dean pulled the covers and let them both under them. He kicked the ice bag to the floor and pulled Sam closer into his embrace. Dean turned off the lights with the switch next to the bed and the boy fell asleep fast in the quiet of the room.

~ * ~

Sam jumped into the pool and started to swim. He felt the warm water all over his body, caressing his skin, creating resistance to his movements. He swam harder and further away, but suddenly there were waves fighting him, and it was no longer a pool but the ocean itself.

Sam swam with renewed strength, but the waves were hitting him hard, and he was being thrown under the water where he couldn’t breathe. Panic began to set in when the water around him was no longer water, because it was red and it was bleeding.

‘Oh, God…it’s blood. There’s blood all over…’ Sam tried to swim back to the surface but the blood was thick and it pulled him down. ‘I’m drowning…I’m gonna suffocate on all this blood, someone else’s blood…’

Sam moaned and twisted. ‘No…no…’ He had to swim, he had to…

“No… NO!”

Dean stirred and opened his eyes.

“Hm…no…”

He blinked a couple of times and realized Sam was squirming in bed next to him.

“Hey…” he poked the boy softly. “Wake up…are you having a nightmare?”

When he finally reached the surface, Sam realized he was in his own bed, and there was a severed head looking at him, and the blood was flooding the bedroom, soaking the sheets.

“NO!!” he screamed.
“Sam, wake up. Wake up!” Dean shook him harder this time.

Sam sat up in bed, his heart racing out of control and his breathing coming in short gasps.

“There’s blood, blood all over…” Sam looked at the bed. “There’s blood, oh God…”

“Relax…it’s okay. It was just a dream. There’s no blood.”

“Turn on the lights, Dean! There’s blood, I was swimming and there was all this blood….”

Dean looked for the light switch and flicked it open. It took Sam a moment to realize the blood was only real in his dream.

“See? No blood. It’s alright,” Dean said.

“It was a nightmare…it felt so real, though.”

“They usually do.” Dean looked at the way Sam seemed spooked and awkward. “Hey, you just saw your father cut a man’s head off on top of you. If that didn’t give you nightmares it’d be weird.”

“You asked me if I was afraid of my dad,” Sam said. He kept thinking of the look on Azazel’s face as he held a blood tainted sword and stared at the dead man on Sam’s bed. That was the look of a killer defending its prey from another predator. Thinking about it now made a chill run up and down Sam’s spine. “I love him, and I hate him. He killed the man in my room, and he probably killed the woman who arrived with him. I don’t think that was the first time he did that.”

Dean didn’t really know what to say. It was the middle of the night and his thought process couldn’t catch up with Sam’s quick train of thought.

“I am, Dean. I am afraid.”

“Sammy…you don’t have to be.”

“I’d be a fool not to be. Everyone fears him.”

“My dad doesn’t.”

“He should.”

“Neither do I. I’m not afraid of Azazel.”

Sam fell silent, snuggled closer and kissed Dean’s lips. Eventually, Dean reached for the switch and turned off the lights. They stayed like that for a while, and Dean was already drifting back into sleep.

“Then you’re a fool, Dean. You both are.” Sam whispered softly before he fell back into sleep.

______________________________________________________________________________

*tbc...*
Chapter 52

Sam felt the hardness against his lower back, and once he felt it, he couldn’t go back to sleep. His eyes darted open and he stirred, realizing there were arms wrapped around him. Quickly, everything came rushing back and Sam remembered he was sleeping with Dean and why. The moment he realized it, though, he also felt the stab of pain on his lip and eye.

“Dean?” he asked softly and moved. Sam pushed slightly back against the hardness he felt and Dean groaned. The boy chuckled and his cheeks felt warm. “I can tell it’s a good morning for you.”

Dean mumbled something in his half-sleep state and blinked a few times. Sam turned around and looked at him, and he could see the moment realization sunk in for Dean, too.

“Hey, morning…” Dean squinted with worry the moment he saw Sam’s black eye and the healing wound on the boy’s lip. Now, as the daylight spilled over the place, Sam’s injuries looked more painful and Dean’s heart ached at the sight.

“I suppose I don’t look so pretty,” the boy smiled sadly.

“You look beautiful, my sweet angel…” Dean smiled lazily yet charmingly. “But there’s still some of last night on your face.”

“I can feel it,” Sam acknowledged. “It still hurts. I guess my morning didn’t start as well as yours did,” he nodded towards the tent in Dean’s midsection.

The older man looked down at his thighs and pulled the sheets off his body. Indeed, there was an evident tent under Dean’s boxers and the older guy smiled leeringly.

“Can’t help it. I’m that kind of person,” he shrugged. “Specially when your warm body was so close to mine.”

“I could do something about it…” Sam’s heart thudded a little faster, but arousal wasn’t exactly compatible with his mood right now. He was still in pain and everything still felt a bit weird and scary. However, the thought of pleasing Dean was always a good one, and Sam was more than willing to watch Dean have pleasure.

“It’s okay.” Dean covered and stopped Sam’s hand when the boy moved it towards his hard-on. “We’ll have time for that later if we want to. How did you sleep?”

“Okay, I guess.”
“You had a nightmare, remember?”

“Oh.” The image of blood all over him filled Sam’s mind quickly and he remembered. “Yeah, I do.”

“Are you okay about the stuff you told me? Do you wanna talk about it?”

“Not really. I’m fine. I guess the blood thing really weirded me out. I’m gonna need some time to get that scene off of my head.”

“I think so,” Dean agreed.

“But I’m okay now. I’m glad I’m here.”

“I’m glad, too. But what are you going to do? Will your father come looking for you at the church? I don’t want you to go back home now.” Dean didn’t want Sam to go back home ever, but he didn’t voice it.

“I don’t know. I think I need to go back to the church. Besides, Crowley only got a few of my things. I’m gonna need more clothes and some other stuff if I’m going to be with Bobby for longer. And by Bobby I mean you, of course,” Sam smiled.

“Do you think your father will let you stay? At Bobby’s, I mean. He’d go crazy if he knew you were here.”

“I don’t think he has a choice as of now,” Sam’s forehead wrinkled and Dean definitely liked the attitude he saw there. “I’m not going home. I can’t look at him after what he’s done. I just have to make sure he sees me at the church. I don’t think he’ll try to force me to go back, not now anyway. He knows I’m angry. I won’t go; I don’t care what he does.”

“Good.” Dean nodded. “You know I’m here for whatever you need, right?”

“Yeah, I know. Thank you.”

Sam went closer and they kissed, and Dean’s arms wrapped all over him in a heartbeat. The two boys stayed like that, and even though Sam could still feel Dean’s hardness pressing against his thigh, the tenderness of the moment overcame the desire.

~ * ~

A couple of hours later, Dean drove Sam back to the church and they met Bobby in the classroom downstairs and talked. Sam knew he couldn’t take chances with staying all the time with Dean at the beach house. He knew that sooner or later his father was bound to stop by the church and look for him. Meanwhile, he asked Crowley to go back and pick up more of his stuff. If his father asked Crowley about Sam, the prince told his warden to simply say he was fine at Bobby’s and wasn’t coming back home yet.

However, when Crowley returned to the church with more clothes and some objects of personal hygiene, he wasn’t alone.

When the bell rang and Bobby left the classroom and went upstairs to answer it, he saw the boy’s
father standing at the church door with Crowley by his side.

“Hi, Father Bobby,” Azazel greeted him.

“Hi.” Bobby’s heart raced. He thought of Sam and John’s kid together in the classroom and a feeling of dread ran over him. He knew Azazel had no reason to be suspicious of anything, and in all those years the yellowed-eyed man had never actually stepped foot into the church, even though he had been there a few times to speak to Bobby. Come to think of it, one might say it was actually very strange. Perhaps John would have something to say regarding the evil nature of the town’s doctor.

“Excuse me,” Crowley walked quickly past the door and past Bobby, towards the end of the church and the stairs that led down to the classroom. Bobby was instantly relieved. Sam’s bodyguard would make sure to let Dean know to stay put and don’t show up no matter what.

“So Crowley tells me my son is here.”

“Yes, Sam’s resting.”

“How is he?”

Whatever had happened at Azazel’s house the previous night, the man seemed pretty shaken up by it.

“He looks like someone has roughed him up,” Bobby admitted, and studied Azazel for his reaction. Usually, Bobby was very careful when choosing his words near that man, but he sensed there was some weakness in Azazel as he asked about his son now.

“I feel so bad about it.” Azazel shook his head, then as if he something occurred to him, “did he tell you what happened?”

Bobby could sense the man’s tension as he asked that. He hesitated for a moment longer and watched as that tension grew.

“Not really.” Bobby finally answered. “He didn’t say anything, and I didn’t make him.”

“Thank you for your discretion.” Azazel nodded lightly. “There was a breaking and entering in our house last night. I’m afraid Sam is still upset that I couldn’t prevent it from happening what with all the security we have…but sometimes things just get out of our control, right?”

“Do they?”

There was a weird moment between them, and Azazel narrowed his eyes a little, but the moment was quickly gone because Azazel saw something past Bobby’s shoulder that captured his attention.

“Samuel?” Azazel called out.

The boy had shown up at the aisle. Sam knew it would be good for his father to see him there. Whether he would admit it or not, Azazel trusted the priest to take care of him, and right now Sam wanted his father to back off and leave him alone. He knew it’d be easier if Azazel knew he was under the priest’s care.

The boy approached his father but didn’t say anything. When he was just a few steps away, Azazel
flinched at the bruise on the boy’s face and the cut on his lip. They looked painful, and Azazel felt a stab of guilt. He had almost lost it all the previous night. He had bragged so much about the boy, he had flaunted Sam for his friends to see and envy, and he had come this close to losing the most precious gift he had ever had.

“I’m sorry, baby.” Azazel tried, but Sam’s eyes didn’t flicker. The vampire could tell the boy was angry. He could feel the resentment building up and emanating off Sam’s body in thick waves that hit him over and over again. “You can come home. It’s safe now.”

Sam shook his head vehemently and the sight of blood filled his mind. The shaking went down to his hands and his breathing quickened. The boy swallowed hard and took a step back. It wasn’t just that he wanted to stay with Bobby because then he could stay with Dean. Sam truly didn’t want to go home now. The thought of sleeping on his bed again, where the head of a vampire had fallen on his lap and flooded the sheets with blood a few seconds after the same vampire nearly violated him… that was too much, and he shuddered just to think about it.

“No,” Sam whispered. “I’m fine here.”

Azazel could smell the anger but he could also smell the fear. ‘Give him time’, he told himself. Samuel was a good boy, and he had gone through something traumatic. Dragging him back home into the bedroom where he almost got raped probably wasn’t the right course of action if he intended on having the boy’s trust again. Azazel knew he had failed to keep the boy safe, and he deserved some of Sam’s attitude now. He thought it would be better to give the boy time until things cooled off more. He just needed to see him with his own eyes and make sure he was okay.

The urge to pull the boy towards himself and sink his teeth into one of the throbbing vessels in his neck was tempting as hell. After the stress Azazel had been through, he could really do with some powerful and delicious juice to get him back on track, but that would have to wait. Sam was too important to mess everything up now. Give him time, let him be an angry teenage boy. He had earned that after the previous night.

“Alright. I’m sure Bobby will look after you for a couple of days.” Azazel looked at the priest. “I hope you’re not bothering him, though.”

“He isn’t. I’m happy to welcome him for as long as he wants to stay.”

“It won’t be long,” Azazel said quickly. “But thank you very much.” The vampire looked at the boy once again but Sam was looking at the floor, his eyes unreadable. “Crowley has brought some of your stuff. I need to get going. Take care, Samuel.”

Azazel nodded quickly at Bobby and turned around. As he walked back to his car, Bobby closed the door and released the breath he hadn’t even realized he was holding.

Outside, before Azazel got into his car, he looked around and frowned. There was a black Impala parked nearby, and he knew who that car belonged to. A snarl twisted his face before he got into his car and shut the door.

That car meant the mechanic’s other son was around, and Dean was the last person on earth Azazel wanted his precious Samuel talking to. The boy’s brother represented everything Azazel had tried so hard to protect Samuel from, and the vampire told himself that as long as Sam was in the church with father Bobby he would be safe from the dangers of the city.
After all, the church was the least likely place one could expect to find Dean Winchester.

Azazel chuckled at the thought, started the car and relaxed.

~ * ~

Back in the classroom, Bobby watched the two young men sitting close to each other. Sam held ice to his eye as Dean watched him quietly.

There was a lot Bobby wanted to say and ask, but right now didn’t seem like the right moment to do it. Sam was still injured from whatever the hell had truly gone down in Azazel’s mansion, and asking them about their love life didn’t seem fit. Besides, even though Bobby knew he had to say something, he wasn’t looking forward to that conversation. He didn’t know what he was going to say for fuck’s sake.

“So here’s what we’re going to do,” Bobby said. “Sam can stay with you, but he’ll come to the church everyday to check in, just in case Azazel drops by again. And if anything happens I’ll send Crowley to your place to get him back.”

Dean nodded. “Thank you, Bobby.”

“Are you going to tell me what happened last night?” The older man turned towards Sam and questioned.

The youngest looked at the priest and then lowered his eyes. When Sam didn’t say anything, Bobby sighed and nodded with resignation. “Fine. Did he talk to you, at least?” he asked Dean.

Dean looked at Sam briefly before nodding. “He did.”

“Okay, then. Take good care of him. I have some stuff I got to do.”

“Thank you for what you’re doing, Bobby,” Sam said.

Bobby looked at the kid and that black eye and the sadness in Sam’s eyes got to his heart. “You’re welcome, kid. Don’t forget the stuff Crowley picked up for you.”

~ * ~

The two of them spent the day at the beach. At Sam’s request, they chose quiet places and avoided Dean’s friends. Sam didn’t want to be seen looking like that; he didn’t want to answer more questions. For most of the time they were quiet, sharing each other’s company until the sun began to set.

When they went back to the shed, Dean called his boss and asked for a few days off. He didn’t know how long Sam was going to be with him, but he wanted to be there for Sam for as long as he needed.

Inside the shed, the boy looked around while Dean made them dinner.
The older man watched when Sam stopped by a picture frame and stared. From the kitchen counter, Dean looked at the boy curiously for a few minutes.

“That’s your mom, right?”

“Yeah,” Dean agreed.

“She looks beautiful. Have I told you this before? She must’ve been very kind.”

“She was…” Dean frowned. It had been so long, sometimes it felt like his memories of his mother were fading away. His heart tightened at that thought. “She was very sweet.”

“I wish I knew what my mom looked like. My dad never showed me a picture. I wonder if she was beautiful like your mom.”

“She must’ve been very beautiful to give birth to you,” Dean said. And very stupid to get involved with someone like Azazel, Dean thought to himself.

“Sometimes I think it’s my fault she died.”

“You can’t mean that.”

“It’s true…perhaps if I hadn’t been born she would still be alive.”

“Don’t say that. You can’t know for sure. No child is ever to blame for being born. Bad things happen sometimes.” Dean’s eyes seemed lost somewhere far away when Sam looked at him.

The younger boy walked towards the counter and studied Dean curiously. The older man seemed to be avoiding eye contact, and Sam could tell Dean was hurt.

“What is it?” he asked.

Dean shrugged. “It’s nothing.”

“You always make me talk when I do that, so what is it now? I want to know,” Sam said softly and smiled with encouragement.

Dean sighed.

“My mom was pregnant when she died. I was going to have a little brother. She died giving birth to him.”

Sam widened his eyes. “I had no idea…I’m so sorry, Dean…”

“That’s alright. Dad and I, we don’t talk about it. It’s way in the past and we’d both rather forget it ever happened. It hurts too much.”

“I can imagine…” Sam went closer and put his hand on top of Dean’s.

“So don’t apologize for being here. You know, I’m sure my mom would’ve been happy if the baby had got to live, even if she couldn’t.”
Sam watched as Dean stirred the mac and cheese in silence. Then, the boy looked up again as if a thought crossed his mind.

“We’re not that different, you see.”

Dean looked up at him.

“I mean, we are…” Sam added. “But we have this in common. So we’re not that different.”

“We aren’t,” Dean agreed. “Are you hungry?”

“Starving.”

“So am I. C’mon, let’s eat.”

“See? Not that different.”

Dean chuckled at that.

~ * ~

“I’m coming,” John said from the garage when someone rang the bell. He was sweaty and covered in dirt, but he didn’t think any potential client would mind, considering that they expected him to look like that when he fixed cars.

John walked into his house and washed his face and hands quickly before heading towards the door.

“Hi, how—” ‘can I help you’ is what John was going to ask, but he stopped when he saw the priest standing at his door.

“I believe you,” Bobby said.

For a few incredibly long seconds, neither man said anything. John frowned and stared as Bobby waited for his former friend to process what he had just said.

There were a number of implications to Bobby’s statement. What did he believe, exactly? After so many conversations and so much arguing about a lot of theories, the priest would have to narrow it down for him.

“What do you believe, Bobby?” John sighed. He sounded weary.

“I believe the boys are brothers. I believe Sam is your son.”

For another moment John stood exactly where he was, as if he was choosing how to take the news.

“Come in,” he offered eventually. “Drink?”

“No,” Bobby accepted the offer and walked in, closing the door behind him. “I’ll be quick because I have to go back to the church.”
“Alright then,” John raised his arms and let them fall loosely to his sides. “What changed your mind?”

“I assume you know the boys are close,” although just how close was something Bobby wasn’t prepared to discuss with John.

“I know they’re friends. The boy’s been here before.”

“The boy is Samuel, and he and Dean are…” Bobby held back and shook his head. “Well, they like each other a lot. I see them together; I see the connection. And maybe you’ve gotten into my head or something, but I’m beginning to see the resemblance, too.”

“Well…so what? You believe what I’ve told you. Great. Why did you bother to come here and let me know?”

“Because,” Bobby walked closer and stood face to face with John. “it’s their right to know, John. They’re brothers, and they deserve to know.” Bobby wasn’t sure that was what they wanted to hear right now, in fact, it probably was very far from it if they were romantically involved, but regardless of the nature of their relationship, they had a right to know.

“We’ve been over this before, Bobby.”

“I know. And you said you can’t change what is done, that you can’t destroy the boy’s life even though you think he lives with the devil himself.”

John was quiet at that.

“But there’s Dean, too, and he needs to know. Dean thinks his little brother died, and Sam believes the only family he has in this world is the yellow-eyed monster you despise. So don’t you think they deserve to know they have each other?”

“You’ve said it yourself: they’re close, they like each other. What difference would it make if they knew the truth?”

Bobby took a deep breath. He was pretty sure Dean and Sam were in love. He didn’t know how advanced their relationship was but he had an idea, given Dean’s previous records. However, Bobby had never actually seen proof of said relationship, much to his relief, actually. He didn’t know how the boys would react if they realized they were blood related. It would probably crush them, but it was their right to know. They were already brothers, knowing it or not wouldn’t really change things, it would just make them aware to understand their situation and choose what they wanted to do. From Bobby’s perspective, even though there would be all the reason in this world to frown upon that relationship, especially having a religious background, he didn’t want to judge the couple. It had been hard enough to get the church to understand and accept same sex love, but incest was still very taboo. However, the way Bobby saw it, if the two boys decided to be together despite their blood situation, they wouldn’t be hurting anyone, and it wasn’t like they had to worry about genetics and offspring, but still that would be a lot to deal with, and it would change their lives forever.

“The difference is that they deserve to know, John. You’ve tried really hard to make me believe Sam is in danger living with Azazel, well, now there’s someone who could keep him safe, someone who cares enough about Sam to protect him, and someone Sam opens up to. So I’m telling you, Dean has a right to know it’s his brother he’s looking after.”
And then, Bobby thought, Dean would decide what to do with that information. If someone should tell Sam about his past, Bobby realized no one would be better than Dean. He knew it was a lot to put on the older boy’s shoulders, but if John couldn’t go up against Azazel to tell Sam, then at least Dean should be allowed to know the truth to decide how to use that information.

“I don’t think so…” John shook his head vehemently.

“Sam showed up bruised at my doorstep.”

That got John’s attention immediately. He turned around and looked at Bobby with renewed interest.

“He had a black eye and a split lip. Now, before you ask me, no, I don’t think Azazel himself punched him. But I do think he has something to do with it, considering Sam’s left home and is living with me right now.” Actually, he was living with Dean, but John didn’t need to know that. ‘Hey, I think your sons are screwing, so you’d better tell them they’re related’ was definitely not how Bobby wanted things to go. He had no idea how John would react to that.

“Is he…alright? Does he need anything…? Maybe I should…”

“He’s fine,” Bobby interrupted him. “Dean is there for him. Sam trusts him. So maybe you should too, you know. You raised a good boy, and Dean will know what to do if you tell him. You owe it to him.”

“Why didn’t you tell him if you say you believe me now…”

Bobby shook his head. “They’re not my kids, John. I’ve got my own pains and my own demons, but this is your burden. It’s not my place to say that and you know it.”

“So once again you come into my house to tell me what to do, is that it?” John started to grow defensive and Bobby knew it was time to go.

“Yes. That’s what friends have to do sometimes. Goodbye, John. I have to leave.”

That was not what John was expecting. He imagined a heated argument would now begin and end with them yelling at each other and probably one or two shattered glasses on the floor. Instead, Bobby turned around, opened the door and left quietly, leaving John standing alone in the middle of the living room to think about everything.

You owe it to him.

Bobby had barely left but his words were already echoing.

“I can’t…” John shook his head and his chest felt tight with anguish and doubt. “After all this time I can’t…can I?”

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tbc...
Chapter 53

For the next couple of days, Sam stayed at Dean’s place. He made sure to stop by the church during those periods of the day when he thought his dad was more likely to drop by, but Azazel didn’t pay father Bobby another visit. Crowley told Sam that his dad asked about him everyday and wanted Sam to go back home, but for now he wasn’t pushing. Sam knew it was only a matter of a few more days before he had to go back home, but he trusted Crowley would let him know when Azazel grew impatient, and when it was time to go back and face him.

Meanwhile, Sam enjoyed Dean’s company as if they were any normal couple their age. Except for the part where they didn’t have sex. Sam could tell Dean was constantly aroused. He felt the hardness against his body when they woke up, and he knew Dean was trying his best to be patient and control himself. The past two days since he was attacked had left Sam feeling more scared than passionate about everything, but being with Dean all the time, and sleeping with him so close together was quickly changing that—Sam’s injuries were healing, and so was his libido.

Since Dean left the window above the bed open when they fell asleep, so the ocean breeze would swipe over them, they usually woke up with the first rays of sunlight. And for the third morning in a row, Sam woke up with Dean’s hard-on pressing against his lower back. This time, instead of shying away, Sam pressed back until Dean groaned and pushed against him, probably still asleep.

There was no clear rule about doing something right now. It was not like Sam was willing to let his dad near him, even if he had to go back home, and yet, something seemed to be always holding him back.

“Morning, Dean…”

The older man blinked a few times and the first thing that hit him was the throbbing erection in his underwear. Normally, Dean wouldn’t even wear underwear to sleep, but since Sam was sleeping right next to him, he figured the more barriers between them the easier it would be to keep his urges down. Apparently, Dean was failing, because his body was strung as tight as a bow, and Dean needed to fuck something soon. That, or jerk off until he passed out from exhaustion.

The thought of reaching down and finding release was tempting, but Dean heard Sam’s voice and felt his warmth, and he shrugged off the thought. He was better than that, he was perfectly capable of controlling his urges. ‘I guess…”

“Morning, babe. Did you sleep well?”

“I did. You?” Sam watched as Dean got up and walked away from the bed. He could see the evident arousal between his legs. Hell, if Sam squinted he could almost see the large vein running under Dean’s cock beneath that thin fabric.
“Yeah...okay. Coffee?”

Sam frowned. Dean seemed way too eager to move away from him and do something else.

“Are you alright?”

“Me?”

“Is there anyone else here?”

Dean chuckled at that. He prepared the water and the coffee he was going to brew. “I’m fine. Just a little bothered, that’s all.”

“Are you talking about the tent in your underwear?”

“It’ll go away, don’t worry.”

“What if I don’t want it to go away?”

“Sam, don’t.” Dean shook his head and stopped on his way to getting himself a cup.

“What’s wrong?”

Dean sighed and walked back to bed. He stopped before the boy and shook his head lightly. “I’m sorry. I’m just...guess I need to clean the pipes, that’s all. It’s very hard waking up right next to you and not being able to do anything.”

“I know.”

“I’m not pressuring you, okay? You asked me what was wrong, I guess I’m a little tense, that’s all.”

“Why don’t you do anything? You haven’t tried to touch me since I got here, and we’re together all the time.”

“Well, your eye is just now healing, and your lip is finally looking good. After what happened I didn’t think you wanted to do anything.”

“I didn’t,” Sam acknowledged. “I do now, though.”

“I can’t,” Dean confessed.

“Why not?” Sam looked truly puzzled.

“Because I want this too much. I’m afraid I won’t be able to stop myself if I start something, and I’ll hate myself if I take it too far. I’d rather not risk it.”

“Are you talking about making me come?”

Dean felt a shiver of arousal run down his spine and his cock ached.

“Yeah...that too.”
“Oh, are you talking about…taking me? Like you wouldn’t stop and would just…”

“Sammy, no…” Dean shook his head; he seemed painfully confused. “You know I’d never, it just…”

“Relax, I know. I’m just teasing you.”

‘Yeah, that much I know’, Dean thought. Even when Sam didn’t mean to, everything he did made Dean want him badly.

“I need to go to the bathroom. Help yourself to some coffee.”

Sam watched as Dean disappeared into the bathroom. He walked up to the counter and poured himself some coffee. He heard the shower run in the bathroom, and a few minutes later Dean left with a towel wrapped around his midsection, looking clean and smelling delicious. Sam put down the mug and walked up to him.

“Did you do something in the shower?”

“What?”

Sam narrowed his eyes accusingly.

Dean laughed softly. “No. I thought about it, and I should have, but I didn’t. I got the bluest balls ever, but I didn’t masturbate.”

Dean listened to his words and couldn’t help thinking about Sam’s situation, and how he managed not to touch himself ever.

“Dean…I’ve been thinking…sit here.”

Sam took Dean’s hand and led him to the bed, where they sat facing each other.

“Walk me through it.”

Dean frowned.

“Through what?”

“Through sex.”

“What?” Dean scoffed.

“I don’t know what it’s going to be like, and people tend to fear what they do not know or understand. I read that in a book some time ago. So I want you to tell me exactly what you’re going to do to me when we have sex.”

“Walk you through it?”

“Yes, please.”
Dean’s heart started to race. God, he should’ve jerked off. He should’ve jerked off twice.

“Fine…” he took a deep, calming breath and looked very intently into Sam’s eyes. The look he gave him was so full of attention and expectation that Sam’s stomach fluttered. “First, I’m going to kiss you on the mouth, very slowly.”

Sam watched the way Dean licked his lips and narrowed his eyes, and it grew instantly hot in there because Sam could tell Dean was picturing it.

“Then I’m going to lick a trail from your jaw to your neck, and I’m going to kiss you on that sweet spot that makes you squirm and moan, until I feel the goosebumps break all over your arms as I pull your shirt off.

Sam did his best to keep a straight face. That was important to him. He didn’t just say that so Dean would go on and on about arousing thoughts, Sam actually needed to know exactly what was going to happen.

“I’m going to take a lot of time to shower you with kisses because I know you’re going to be nervous and I want you to relax. So I’ll lick your nipples and lick down your stomach, and I’ll probably tongue-fuck your little belly button until you’re on the edge of giggling and begging me to stop because I know you’re ticklish.

Sam smiled widely and bit down on his bottom lip with a hint of shyness at how well Dean had gotten to know him.

“Then I’m going to undress you, and I’ll take my time admiring you because I’ve never really seen you naked.”

Dean smiled so knowingly that the boy looked away, embarrassed. “Hey…” he put a finger under Sam’s chin and made their eyes meet again. “You asked for it.”

“I know,” Sam agreed. “What then?”

“Then I’m going to keep kissing you lower and lower, and I’ll spread your thighs a little so I can kiss you there, where the skin is soft, you know? I’ll let my nose brush against your skin as I get closer and closer to the hard-on I know you will have by then.”

“Yeah, I think so,” Sam chuckled.

“I’ll finally let you know how good my blow jobs are. I’ll stroke you with one hand and suck you into my mouth for as long as I have to so you’ll relax and want more.”

Sam’s cock was rock hard in his pants, but he refused to pay it any heed. It was important that he pay attention, and he was doing exactly that.

“I want to know about…”

“I know. But you can’t rush me.”

“Sorry,” Sam chuckled.

“When you’re very aroused, I’m going to make you bend your knees, and then I’ll let my kisses trail
lower…”

Sam’s breath picked up, and he hoped he didn’t look as edgy as he felt.

“I’ll use my thumbs to spread you, just a little, just enough so I can see it…” Dean narrowed his eyes, and Sam could swear the older man was seeing it right now, as he spoke, at least in his mind he was. “And I’ll lean in and lick you, slowly at first, just so you can get used to the feeling.”

Sam began to regret his request. He didn’t know if he would be able to make it to the end. His cock pulsed as more and more blood rushed to it, and it was extremely hard not breaking eye contact.

“Then I’ll circle your opening with my tongue and lick you open, little by little, until you squirm with pleasure so much I have to hold you down with my hands…”

“…” Sam’s breath became audible, and his pupils dilated.

“Are you alright?” Dean asked with feigned surprise.

Sam swallowed hard. He was throbbing and desperate, because he could almost feel all the things Dean was saying, but he managed to nod.

“When you start to relax, I’ll get the lube from the first drawer, you remember I got it before, right?” The boy nodded and Dean went on. “I’ll open it and smear some on my index finger. Then, I’ll circle your opening again, and it’ll feel cold…” Dean licked his lips with a cat-like smile, predatory but sweet. “…so I’ll let you get used to it before I push it in, just a little bit, just so I can feel how warm your body will feel when it’s wrapped around my finger.”

Sam’s eyes fluttered shut and his hands clawed at the sheets. He held on really hard to the sheets and braced himself because he had to listen to everything, even though he would probably come in his pants if Dean cupped him right now.

“And then?” he croaked, his voice harsh with arousal. The sound surprised Dean, and the older man nodded approvingly at Sam’s bravery.

“Then I’ll let my finger go all the way inside. At first I won’t move it or anything, I’ll just let you get used to it. And when you do, I’ll lube another finger and squeeze it inside you, so you’ll learn to adjust to me.”

“And when I adjust?” Sam didn’t know how he was managing to speak, but he was grateful to have found his words.

“I’ll move my fingers, in and out, very slowly, very gently…but then…” Dean paused and moved even closer. He took Sam’s wrist and turned the boy’s arm so the sensitive skin of Sam’s inner arm was at sight. “Then I’ll crook my fingers like this, and let them do this inside you.”

Sam looked down as Dean’s two digits stroked his arm in a small circular movement.

“And then you’ll cry out.”

Sam’s eyes widened and adrenaline shot through his system. The boy could feel the shaky aftermath of the discharge.
“Why will I cry out?”

“Because there’s a sweet spot inside boys, and when I rub against it like this…” Dean added pressure to Sam’s arm and stroked. “You’ll feel pleasure and I just know you’re going to moan and push against my fingers.”

Sam panted and shut his eyes, and Dean was not immune to that either. That visual description was killing him. Going on with it was almost masochistically fun, but right now he couldn’t stop.

“So I’ll add another finger, and you’ll stretch around it, and I’ll keep stroking until your hips are moving in bed, meeting my fingers, wanting to feel them deeper…”

“Dean!” Sam cried. “I…” the boy was shaking with arousal. “I don’t think I can…” he was panting so hard it hurt, but it was a delicious feeling. “I’m sorry…” he whispered.

“Shh….here…maybe this will help…”

Sam frowned as Dean lifted himself a little and slid closer to him, until their bodies were touching. Dean let his hand run through Sam’s soft, silky hair, and his mouth went close as if they would kiss, but instead Dean kept moving until his lips brushed Sam’s ear. “I’ll just whisper the rest, is that okay?” Dean’s voice was low and sexy and it sent goosebumps down Sam’s neck and arms, but the boy nodded bravely. “Good. So when you’re relaxed, moaning and panting and ready to come, I’ll take a condom from the same drawer, open it and slide it down my cock. And Sam, my cock will be so fucking hard from watching you…”

The boy shut his eyes and pictured it. Yes, he knew Dean would be thick and hot and ready to take him.

“I’ll smear a lot of lube on my dick, and then I’ll crawl on top of you and spread your thighs a little further…”

Sam’s breath was shaky. When Dean spoke his lips brushed against his ear and Sam shuddered.

“Then I’ll push forward until the head of my cock brushes against your opening, and I’ll just wait, because I know you’ll be tense. So I’ll tell you to relax, and eventually you’ll listen to me, and when I push a little I’ll be able to feel your little hole twitching to take me in…”

“Hmm,” Sam bit down on his moan but it was too late. He started to shake but Dean’s hand on his thigh steadied him a little.

“I’ll push in, little by little, and then it’ll burn and hurt a little, babe…but when I’m all the way in, you’ll be in my arms and you’ll feel me throbbing inside you.”

Sam’s toes curled at the mental image.

Dean’s fingers ran through Sam’s hair and his lips spoke into the boy’s ear. “I’ll move in and out, slow and gently for as long as you want me to, but Sammy…” Dean shut his eyes and licked his lips. His cock was leaking at the scene he painted. “when my cock hits that sweet spot inside you, you’re gonna want me to move faster.”

Sam squeezed the sheets. “I will?” he asked, throatily.
“Hell, yeah. And I’ll start to move faster and harder, and before we know it I’ll be slamming into you, and you’re going to feel so tight around my cock, you’re gonna squeeze me every time I thrust, and soon I’ll be fucking you deep and good until we’re both moaning and grinding…”

Sam opened his eyes abruptly when Dean’s touch went away.

“I’m sorry.” It was Dean’s turn to pull away and look distressed. “I went too far, didn’t I?”

“No…”

Sam watched as Dean squeezed himself under the towel. Dean’s face looked pained. Sam wondered if he should do something, like touch him or…

Dean took a deep breath and stilled Sam’s hand when it reached towards his crotch.

“It’s alright…” Sam said.

“No,” Dean shook his head. “You asked for information, I dirty talked you into stupid arousal, didn’t I?” Dean’s eyes looked glassy and a bit tired. For a moment, he thought that maybe Sam should stay with Bobby at the church. It was physically hurting him having the boy so close and having to hold back, and Dean was beginning to doubt his ability to hold back his sex drive without losing his sanity in the process.

“Well, yes, but you…”

“I’m fine. I’ll be fine,” Dean reassured him. An then, as he struggled with how painful it was to want something so bad and not be able to have it, he remembered Sam’s situation once again, and that was enough to make his arousal dissipate a little. “I just…I don’t get how you can do it.”

“What?”

“Not jerk off. When no one is looking… I mean, what could your father possibly have said to make sure you never did it? I don’t think anything would’ve been strong enough to stop me from finding release when I’m this horny.”

Sam’s face shifted a little and he became serious. It was definitely not something his dad had said. It was what he had done, the pain, the burning…

“Dean… I need to stop by the church and talk to Crowley… make sure I’m there if my dad drops by before work.”

“Right. I’ll put some clothes on.”

Dean got up and looked out of the window. “It’s getting cloudy quickly. I guess the weather is turning.”

Sam looked out too and agreed.

“We’d better hurry then.”

Sam got up as well and stopped Dean before he moved away.
“What?” the older man asked.

“Thank you.”

“Did it help? Me, walking you through it?”

“Yes. It did.”

“Then I’m glad.”

They stared at each other and Dean tilted his head a little. “What is it? You seem different.”

Sam shrugged it off and smiled.

“Perhaps I woke up feeling different,” Sam answered enigmatically.

“Sam…” a thought crossed Dean’s mind. “About before…I want you to know that I’ll always be able to stop myself when it comes to taking care of you. I promise.”

Sam’s heart twitched at that. His arousal melted into warmth that brimmed with love inside of him.

“I know.”

“You do?”

“I do.”

Dean smiled and kissed him on the mouth sweetly.

“You know what else I know?”

“What?” Dean wrapped his arms around him and smiled against his lips.

“That you love me.”

“I do?” Dean chuckled.

“Yes. A lot.”

“You’re right. I can’t help it.”

“And I love you, too.”

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a/n: we’re almost there guys! ;-))
Chapter 54

Even though Azazel hadn’t, so far, stopped by the church looking for the boy, Crowley made sure Sam didn’t forget the complicated situation he was now in. As Bobby and Dean gave them some privacy, Crowley updated Sam on his father’s feelings concerning the situation.

“I hate to say this, but you should come home,” he said.

Sam’s face changed immediately with dread. He knew that moment was coming, he knew the amazing days and nights right beside Dean were unrealistically good, and yet it still hurt to acknowledge that Crowley was probably right.

“I don’t want to,” Sam mumbled, almost to himself.

“I’m afraid that if you don’t he might come looking for you, and if he does set foot in this church again he’ll drag you home. I know your father.”

Sam sighed and remained quiet.

“Go back, get some of your stuff. It’s been a while anyway, you need clean clothes and probably some more stuff. You can be mad with him if you want, and I know you’ll set whatever boundaries you see fit…” Crowley said enigmatically “but seeing you home will calm him, even if you do spend most of the days at Bobby’s.” the warden air quoted that last part and made Sam smile despite himself. “All I’m saying is, come back, sleep at home and put your father’s mind at ease. He knows you’re still angry, so you probably have enough leverage to get away with a few more rebellious moves.”

“Crowley, Crowley…” Sam’s smile widened and he studied the older man with a playful and knowing smile. “Who would’ve guessed that you’d be helping me be bad…?”

It was Crowley’s turn to take a deep breath and ponder his next words.

“I was meant to protect you, and so was your dad. We both failed, and something really bad almost happened.”

Sam’s smile faded quickly.

“I’m sorry for that, Prince. Perhaps we can’t protect you as you deserve.” Perhaps Dean can, perhaps he should. Crowley thought but didn’t dare say the words. “So whatever I can do in my power to make sure your welfare is preserved, I will.”

“Thank you, Crowley.”
“Make no mistake, though. I’m on your team, you know that, but if your dad finds out…”

“I’m on my own, I guess you’ve made that pretty clear.”

“Well, you want to make your own decisions, you have to understand they have consequences.”

“I do.”

“Do you?”

Sam nodded slowly, gravely. “I do.”

“I should leave now. Go home tonight. And go back to wherever you were quickly, because there’s a storm coming.”

Crowley walked past Sam and left the boy to his thoughts for a moment. There was a lot going through Sam’s mind right now, but when a loud thunder rumbled outside the church, the boy snapped out of it and went to find Dean.

~ * ~

“We need to go. It’s going to pour down,” Dean said when he saw Sam.

“I know. I heard it. Let’s go, then.

“Is everything alright? Did you talk to Crowley?”

“Yeah, it’s okay. He thinks I should go home. You know, at least sleep there…”

“Sam—”

“Boys, whatever thoughts you have on this you’d better discuss them when you get home. Unless you plan on staying here, which is fine by me, but it’s not even midday and it’s very dark outside. You don’t wanna be on the beach when the storm breaks.”

“Fine. We’ll go. See you, Bobby. C’mon.”

Dean put a hand on Sam’s shoulder and they walked towards the hallway under the church until they were outdoors.

Lightning broke in the sky and a few seconds later another loud thunder echoed above them.

“Wow. I knew it was going to rain, but the sky changed so fast.”

“It usually does at the beach,” Dean explained. “C’mon, we have to hurry.”

“It’s the lightning, isn’t it?” Sam asked as he caught up and started to walk faster. The streets were full of people hurrying to get somewhere before the storm started. “Bobby said we shouldn’t be on the beach because of it, right?”
“Yeah. It’s not the safest place to be. It’s worse if you’re in the water or next to a tree.”

Sam’s heart thudded with apprehension and he looked at the sky. Another bolt of lightning lit up the darkening sky and made him hurry.

Five minutes later, they were almost at the beach when the first fat drops of water began to fall down.

“Oh, no. It’s begun,” Sam frowned and looked around. “Perhaps we should run back to the church?”

Dean heard the nervousness in the boy’s voice and took his hand. “It’s okay, trust me. We can do this.”

With a few more steps they reached the soft sand of the beach, but that was when the heavy storm started fiercely. There wasn’t a single soul at the beach except for them, even though it was the middle of the day. Everyone had already left when they heard the signs of the impending storm.

Sam started running alongside Dean, and the storm raged on all around them. The fat drops were so powerful that they left the boys soaked in a matter of seconds. They were running as fast as they could, but soon it was raining so hard it was difficult to even see the way in order to keep running.

“Dean!”

“It’s alright.” Dean tugged at Sam’s wrist when the boy stood still, as if frozen. “Come. It’s faster this way.”

The boys went up the rocks they often climbed when they wanted to reach that more secluded and private part of the beach. Not that the entire beach wasn’t very private right now, considering they were most likely the only two people on the coast during the storm.

As soon as they went down the rocks, Sam looked at the spot where they usually sat and talked and swam. The ocean seemed angry—there were tall waves forming and crashing on the shore, and a chill ran down his spine and made him shudder.

“We’ll never make it to the shack with this rain. We’re gonna end up slipping or something,” he said.

“Come on, baby.”

“Dean…it’s dangerous, what are we going to do?”

Dean looked around. His place wasn’t far, but it wasn’t close either. There were only a few miles to go, but there were many trees and rocks on the way. He sighed and smiled.

“You’re right. We won’t get there, not with this rain,” he realized.

“Oh, God…” Sam panicked. “What do we do now? Dean?” Sam had to speak up because the rain seemed to drown out their voices.

“Now we lie down.”

“What?!!”
“We lie down. C’mon.”

Sam widened his eyes with surprise and confusion.

“It’s alright,” Dean chuckled. “Down.” He sat on the sand and pulled Sam down until the boy complied, then he lay flat on his back, and Sam did the same. “If you have nowhere to go and you’re caught at the beach during a storm, there’s no need to freak out, okay? Just lie down on the sand and wait it out.”

Sam looked at Dean’s face, a few inches from his own as they lay on the sand under the heavy rain.

“Is this safe?” the boy asked as he covered his face to protect from the rain.

“It is. I promise.”

Then Dean moved and covered Sam’s body with his own, so most of the heavy rain poured on his back and not on the boy.

Sam looked at Dean’s face so close to his, and the water that kept running down from Dean’s face and all over Sam’s skin.

“Dean…it’s okay, I can handle it. This rain has got to be hurting you.” Sam knew it was. The rain drops were so powerfully fast that they had felt like a thousand needles on his skin as he was running before.

“It’s alright,” Dean smiled, shielding Sam with his body. “This is a typical summer storm. It’ll die down in a few minutes. Besides…I don’t really mind this position.” Dean winked provocatively and Sam chuckled.

“Good. I don’t either.”

Sam’s heart beat fast when Dean leaned a few inches and kissed him. The rain kept pouring hard around them, but Dean’s lips were on Sam’s, and Dean’s tongue rubbed against the boy’s leisurely, and it was all so good and passionate that Sam forgot about everything else in the world, including the lightening and thunder still raging above them.

Eventually, the rain began to quiet down, just as Dean predicted. The thunder and lightening stopped, and the heavy and powerful rain drops turned into a mild, regular summer rain.

When that happened, Dean rolled over and sat next to Sam. He offered his hand to help the boy into a sitting position as well.

“No more lightening.”

“No. Just some good old rain.”

They went quiet for a few moments, watching the rain fall in the ocean and little by little smooth over the waves into something peaceful.

“Are you cold?”

“A little.” Sam looked at the goosebumps on his arms.
“Wanna go home?”

“Not yet.” He shook his head. “It’s actually pretty beautiful now. And quiet. I like it.”

“I love the beach when it rains,” Dean confessed. “I mean, not during a storm, but when it’s just
raining and there’s no one here, it feels like I have all this nature to myself…It’s kind of lonely, but I
can’t help loving it.”

Sam smiled at that.

“Dean…earlier today, when I asked you to walk me through it…”

“Yes?”

“You said you’re going to use a condom.”

Dean chuckled at the unexpected change of subject. He could only imagine, given Sam’s situation,
that the boy’s mind revolved around thoughts of having sex.

“Right. Because I’m going to.”

Sam had studied about sexually transmitted diseases in one of his biology classes.

“Is it necessary?”

“If we’re going to have safe sex, yes.”

“Does that mean you have something?” he was afraid to ask, but also curious.

Dean looked at Sam’s hesitance and fear and laughed a little.

“I’m sorry I asked, it’s just…”

“Relax…” Dean laughed. “It’s okay, Sam. You have the right to be curious. No, I don’t think I have
anything. I won’t lie and say I’ve always used a condom every time I had sex, but I always did when
I had sex with strangers. Anyway, I got myself tested about eight months ago, and I haven’t had
unprotected sex since.”

“Oh. Okay.” Sam looked at Dean. “I think it’d be nice to feel you, that’s all.”

“But you’re a virgin and I…well, I’ve been around. It’s not fair to you…”

“But if you got tested…”

“I did. I used to donate blood so I got tested even more often. Then one day my dad found out and
just yelled at me to stop. I never really understood why…” Dean’s words faded and after a few
seconds of realization he lowered his face and shook his head. “Of course. I get it now.”

“It’s because of my dad, isn’t it?” Sam swallowed hard.

“Probably. You said your dad drinks blood bags from the hospital supply.”
“He does. Do you think your father knows that?”

“Come to think of it now, yeah, I do. I don’t know how he does, but he must know something. I always thought it was weird the way he freaked out when I said I donated blood every three months.”

A different kind of silence fell between them, filled with tension and unspoken thoughts. Dean looked as if he was struggling not to say something, but then Sam sighed deeply and broke the silence.

“The first and only time I touched myself I was in my bedroom and my dad walked in on me. He shamed me for doing that, said it was wrong and not what was expected of me. But lecturing me was not enough. He needed to punish me so I would really understand the lesson.”

Dean looked at Sam as the boy went on without flinching.

“He ordered everyone out of the house and took me to the kitchen. There was a pot with boiling water on the stove.” Sam paused briefly. “He took my hands and forced them under the water.”

Dean gasped. His fingers tightened around the sand on his sides.

“I don’t know how long it lasted. I think I might’ve peed myself from the pain. I got first and second degree burns. I couldn’t use my hands for at least a week. The employees, specially Crowley, had to do everything for me. Feed me, bathe me, dress me. My dad showered me with gifts after that, said he was sorry for the pain, but he hoped I could understand from that one lesson what I was not supposed to do.”

“Sammy…”

“Every time I felt desire to touch myself I looked at my hands and remembered the pain. It was often enough to make the feeling go away.”

“Jesus…” Dean squeezed his eyes shut. “I’m so sorry… Baby, that’s monstrous, that’s…”

“I’ve been afraid since then,” Sam cut Dean off. “I guess that was the first time I learned to fear my dad more than respect him.”

Dean found Sam’s hand on the sand and squeezed it.

“I don’t wanna be afraid anymore.”

“You don’t have to be.”

“I’m ready to live my own life. I want it, Dean.” Sam looked right into Dean’s eyes and squeezed his hand back. “Will you take me?” Sam’s lips quivered a little before opening into a smile.

“Are you sure?” Dean was a little surprised, but not very. He could tell there was something going on in Sam’s head for a while, and he could tell that was what the boy had been meaning to say.

“I am. And you know this isn’t just spur of the moment. There’s no alcohol either. I’ve thought long and hard about it, God….if anyone has thought over and over about doing it or not it’s me. And yes,
I know all sorts of things might happen, and I know there will be consequences, but you’re gonna be with me, and that’s all that matters.”

“Of course I will. Always,” Dean promised, his green eyes wide and focused.

Sam closed the small distance and kissed Dean, and his heart raced when Dean’s fingers raked across his hair to pull him deeper into the kiss.

When it broke and their lips brushed, their fast breathing puffed hotly between their mouths. “We’re gonna do it. We’re gonna have sex…” Sam laughed and shook a little. He was so happy, so excited, and he felt so free that he couldn’t possibly brace himself against all of those powerful emotions.

Dean kissed him again, hard, and within seconds he assumed the same position they had during the storm, with his body on top of Sam’s. Only this time Dean settled more fully between Sam’s spread thighs, and his hands framed the boy’s face between his hands as the kiss deepened and the friction intensified.

Sam moaned at the feeling of Dean’s heavier and warm body covering his own, pressing him into the sand with his weight.

“Dean…” Sam whispered when Dean stopped briefly to pull off his shirt. When Sam raised his arms, Dean did the same to him, until their naked chests pressed, and the cold water on their skin grew hot with the friction of their bodies.

Dean’s lips closed on Sam’s neck and he teased and licked and sucked on the boy’s weak spot until Sam was hard and squirming and bucking into Dean’s hips.

Suddenly, the realization that he had said yes and that things were actually going to happen hit him hard and made Sam shudder with delight and expectation.

“Dean, are you…are we…?” he was scared, but also excited and eager and horny.

“Am I going to fuck you right here on the beach?” Dean’s voice was low and he punctuated his question with a thrust of his hips that let Sam feel the thick hard-on in his shorts.

“Y-yeah?”

“Of course not, don’t be foolish,” Dean laughed when Sam looked confused. “Trust me, as romantic as it may sound, I’m not going to let your first time be in the middle of sand and without any lube,” he pressed his nose to Sam’s and caressed his hair. “No, I’m going to do this right. We’re going to do it right, okay?”

“Okay…” Sam was lost in Dean’s eyes and voice. Whatever happened to his world after it changed, it was worth it because Dean meant everything to him.

“That doesn’t mean I’m stopping, though. I’m going to make you come for me first.”

Sam swallowed hard and bit down on his lip when Dean’s hips rolled into his and their erections aligned.

“Mm…” Sam held on to Dean’s arms and spread his thighs to increase the sensation.
“I want to see you come undone, Sammy…over and over and over again… God, I want to spend the rest of my life making you come.” Dean thrust more rhythmically against the boy, and their wet clothes made it possible to feel all the hardness that throbbed between them as they rubbed harder and faster.

“Oh…” Sam panted. “It’s so good…” he mumbled, his head thrashing on the sand, his hips bucking into Dean’s movements.

“It’s just the beginning.”

Dean smiled wolfishly and kissed the boy, then grabbed Sam’s thighs and thrust his cock against Sam’s until the boy stiffened and shuddered and Dean swallowed the desperate moan in his mouth when Sam came. After the build up from the morning, it didn’t take Dean long to let go as well. There was a lot of sexual tension that needed to get out, and with a few more thrusts, Dean came in his underwear and collapsed right next to Sam.

For a few minutes they lay there, catching their breaths under the falling rain. As they looked at the grey sky, their fingers squeezed together.

“See…?” Dean said after a while. “The beach isn’t so frightening. There’s no need to panic in a storm. Even if you feel like you don’t know what to do, the best thing is to stay calm. You know, try to relax.”

“Dean?”

“Yeah?”

“Is that another metaphor for sex?”

Dean burst out laughing.

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tbc...
“I need to go home tonight.”

They had made their way back to the shack, where Sam, and then Dean, took a warm shower before they both settled in the kitchen to eat something.

Dean put down his sandwich and his heart twitched.

“No, you don’t. Stay here.”

Sam sighed. ‘If you don’t come back I’m afraid your father will look for you and drag you back’, Crowley had said, and Sam believed he was telling the truth. He could see his father doing that, and God forbid his father found out that he was staying at Dean’s. The last thing Sam wanted now was for his freedom to go to Dean’s house to be jeopardized.

“My dad needs to see me and know I’m fine. I don’t want to push my luck and cause him to go looking for me.”

Dean shook his head lightly. “Let’s run away then. You can’t go back.”

“Dean…”

“He burned you!” Dean felt heat close a knot of anger around his throat and he held back not to let all of the emotions rumbling through him right now surface, otherwise he might very well cry.

“I told you that, but it was a long time ago. He hasn’t hurt me ever since.”

*Blood drinking, drugging, that doesn’t count?!* Dean thought.

“Sam—”

“Look, I know what you’re thinking, okay? I can see things…well, a little differently now. Don’t worry.”

“How am I not supposed to worry? The person I love the most is going back to the most unsafe place possible, to live under the same roof as an abuser, and I know you don’t like it when I say that, but honestly, it’s the truth.”

Sam sighed again. He wouldn’t engage in an argument because he knew how Dean felt, and he knew that all he wanted was to protect him.
“Dean, things are different now. You have to believe me. I’m going home because that’s where I live, and he’s still my father no matter what happens. But things won’t be like before. I won’t let him control me anymore. I won’t let him feed on me.”

Dean studied Sam with evident worry and doubt in his mind.

“Are you sure? What if he insists?”

“I’ll stand up to him. I’ll say no. It’s over, Dean. After what nearly happened to me because he wouldn’t stop treating me like a fucking prize, there’s no way he can keep doing that.”

Dean thought about it.

“Sam…as much as I love to hear you say that, are you sure it’s the best thing to do? What if your father doesn’t take no for an answer?”

“He will have to.”

“What if he doesn’t?”

“Dean…” Sam let out a puff of breath as if he was half-amused but also half-angry. “What are you implying? No is no…do you think my dad would force me? Like the other vampire tried to?”

Did Dean think Azazel was a rapist? No…not really. But he was extremely abusive and manipulative, and Dean did not think Sam was ready to deal with his father’s strength, even if he believed he was.

“Trust me, Dean…it’s the best I can do right now. I go home, I let my father see I’m okay. I stand my ground and I can preserve my freedom to come here during the day.”

It was Dean’s turn to sigh deeply and look thoughtful.

“I don’t want him growing all suspicious.” Sam covered Dean’s hands with his own. “Especially not now when we have…well, plans…” Sam lowered his voice and chewed on his bottom lip. He could feel his cheeks coloring with shy and eager desire.

Dean smiled at that.

“I’ll be okay. I’ll go home, and then the next time I’m here…” Sam didn’t finish, because the way Dean looked at him made him shudder with excitement and, truth be told, nervousness as well.

“I just want you to be safe,” Dean said.

“I will be. I promise.”

Dean took Sam’s hand and kissed his knuckles.

“Sam…?”

“Yeah?”

“I can tell you’re nervous. You know it doesn’t have to happen the next time we’re together.”
“I know. But you and I both know it will.”

~ * ~

Dean walked with Sam until they were close to the mansion and he said goodbye reluctantly before the boy went inside.

“I’ll be okay. Trust me.”

“I do. But be careful.”

“See you tomorrow.”

Dean felt Sam’s soft kiss on his lips before the boy turned around and walked towards the gates. He had no choice but to go back home, too. It was hard not to worry, but little by little, as he drove back to the beach house, Dean began to relax. He thought about Sam’s decision and smiled a large, foolish grin of expectation. Dean could tell it was close now. Perhaps just a few more hours, and finally he would know what it felt like to have the boy in his arms and to be inside of him.

Of course the thought kept the older boy awake for most part of the night, but Dean didn’t mind it one bit.

~ * ~

The guards let Sam in and closed the gate behind him. Sam looked at the garage and saw his father’s car there, meaning Azazel was already home. Before he opened the front door and slipped inside, Sam took a deep breath to steady his feelings.

There was no one in the living room when Sam walked in, which was sort of a relief. He knew the guards had probably already let his father know that he was home, but Sam was glad he wasn’t there waiting for him already.

The boy took the elevator to the second story, and the moment the doors opened he saw Crowley standing right in front of him.

“I’m glad you came,” he said.

“Well, I’m not,” Sam mumbled under his breath.

He walked past Crowley and into his bedroom. The moment he walked past the door, though, Sam stopped abruptly and stared at the bed. His heart raced and his hands felt cold. There was nothing there, his room looked perfectly clean as if nothing had ever happened there, yet, the memory of the beheaded vampire bleeding on top of him made Sam tense and shake his head lightly to try and fight the thought away.

“Everything has been changed.”
Sam heard the voice right behind him and jumped a little, startled.

He could see Azazel over his shoulder, and Crowley was nowhere to be seen.

“The sheets, the blanket, the mattress…everything is new.”

Sam took a deep breath and didn’t say anything. He took one step towards the bed and studied it.

“I’m sorry you had to go through that, Samuel. I mean it.” Azazel walked closer and put a hand on the boy’s shoulder. “If you want you can come sleep with me. I know it must be hard—”

“No,” Sam cut him off.

There was no way Azazel would trick him into that. If he slept in his father’s bed, Sam knew he would be feasted upon all night long, perhaps without even coming to realize it. Sam had no desire to let that happen.

“As you wish. I just thought that maybe it’d be difficult for you to sleep in here.”

Sam knew that conversation was going to come, so he turned around and looked his father in the eye.

“I’m sleeping here. But I’m going back to Bobby’s tomorrow. The less time I spend here the better,” he stated.

Azazel narrowed his eyes a little, but Sam didn’t waver.

“And what is it that Bobby gives you that I can’t? I’m your father, you know…”

“Safety. I feel safe there. I can be there and go to sleep knowing no vampire will come to my bedroom and drink my blood.” ‘And that includes you’, Sam thought, but didn’t have to say. He could tell his father understood it.

“I’m so sorry, baby… I feel terrible for what happened to you. You have got to believe me. It won’t happen again, I promise you.” Azazel took Sam’s hand and squeezed it. The boy tried to pull it away but Azazel held on firmly. “I know I failed, but every parent does so eventually. I’ve learned from my mistakes. You have my word.”

Azazel took Sam’s hand to his mouth and kissed it lightly. The moment his lips touched it, though, he felt Sam’s strong pulse just beneath the soft skin and a ravenous need stirred in him. Before he knew it, Azazel’s tongue darted out to taste the skin, but before he could go any further the boy yanked his hand free and frowned.

“No.”

In Sam’s eyes there was resolute intention and little room for negotiation. “No drinking.”

Azazel let it go and nodded. “I’m sorry. It’s too soon, I understand. I just miss you so much, baby boy. And I’m so deeply sorry. But I understand if you need time.”

“It won’t happen again. I’m not your prize anymore, I’m your son.”
Azazel looked at the boy long and calmly. For sure Samuel was still angry and scared, and Azazel couldn’t really blame him. The worst had almost happened to him. Had he arrived a minute or so later to the scene and the boy would have been raped in his own bed, where he was supposed to feel safe. He understood Samuel’s feeling of insecurity, and he knew that being a teenager and having all those rebellious hormones going through his bloodstream only worsened the situation, even more so considering the warrior streak in his blood. Therefore, Azazel would give him time to work through this. No drinking? Yeah, right. The boy would come to his senses soon, or Azazel would make him come to his senses, but for now it was all way too recent, and he knew that giving Samuel time to process everything and heal was the best course of action.

“I know, sweetie. That’s why I’ll give you time to go through this. I understand you need some space. You know I can be very patient, especially when you’re dealing with so much. Just know that you can come to me if you need help. If you have nightmares or just want to talk…you know daddy is here, and I can help you.”

Azazel leaned closer to try and kiss the boy’s forehead, but Sam moved away and avoided contact.

“I’m hungry,” he said curtly, even though he wasn’t, before walking past Azazel and out of his bedroom.

The vampire sighed deeply and ignored the ache urging him to feed on Samuel’s precious blood. Force the boy now and you lose him, he told himself. There were times to push and times to hold back, and Azazel knew he should do the latter if he planned on gaining Sam’s obedience and trust back.

‘Just enough time so he can get over it. I can wait,’ he told himself and left the bedroom, too.

Besides, Samuel was spending his days inside a church, with a priest. It wasn’t like anything bad could happen to him in there.

~ * ~

It was a little after midnight when Sam found himself unable to sleep. He tossed and turned in bed, but the memories from last being in that bed coupled with the thoughts of meeting Dean tomorrow caused him to be anxious and eager and totally restless.

He got up from the bed and put his robe around his body. Crowley had been sleeping on the seat in the corner of the room, and he woke up with the movement.

“Is everything alright? Where are you going?” he asked.

“Outside. Just need some fresh air.”

Crowley looked at the bed and nodded. He seemed to understand part of what was bothering the boy.

“Do you want me to go down with you?” normally that wouldn’t even be a question. Crowley would follow Sam wherever he went and end of story. The fact that he asked whether the boy wanted his company was just another indicator of how much things had changed.

“No, it’s fine. I’ll take a walk outside the garden; I just need to clear my head a little.”
“All right. I’ll be here then.”

Sam nodded and walked past Crowley. His father was in his room, probably working or perhaps sleeping a little, but Sam didn’t think it was the latter. He didn’t really believe Azazel needed sleep, although sometimes he lay down and rested for hours.

The house was dark and silent downstairs. Sam walked through the living room and kitchen, and opened the back door to the garden. He didn’t use the front door in order to avoid the guards at the gates. All he wanted was some privacy, a little time to think about things and perhaps give his brain a chance to grow sleepy.

Outdoors, Sam took a few steps and sat down on a bench. The night was deliciously pleasant after all the rain. The temperature was fresh, and there were stars and a moon that was almost full spilling down its silver light.

Tomorrow everything would change.

Sam felt a hot, yet paradoxically icy cold chill grab his insides and turn them. He felt shaky and excited and he chewed down on his bottom lip at the prospect of sleeping with Dean. He had been waiting for that moment for so long…and since he met Dean he had hoped so much that he would be the one to take him… Of course there was a lot that could go wrong, and perhaps his father would be extremely angry when he found out, if he found out, and maybe he would try and do something to pull them apart, but Sam wouldn’t let him. Dean loved him, and he would do anything for him.

And worst case scenario, if Azazel really found out and lost his mind, they could always run away, as Dean had promised. It wasn’t what Sam wanted—he hoped his father would understand that he was in love and happy, but if it came to that, Sam would choose Dean; he would choose freedom and happiness, because not all the money in this world could change how he felt about Dean, and even though Azazel was his family, if he couldn’t understand Sam’s love, then Sam would let him go, too. After tomorrow, after they became one, Dean would be like family too, and no one would change that.

The thought tickled him and Sam hid a smile under the revealing moonlight.

“Hey there…”

The voice made him jump out of his skin. Sam had been so caught up in his thoughts that he hadn’t heard someone approaching him from behind.

“Meg?! Jesus…you scared the heck out of me.” Sam’s heart raced erratically.

The girl grinned. She seemed a bit tipsy when she did so.

“Can I sit, oh you majesty?” She bowed with mockery and Sam chuckled.

“Yeah, sure.”

Meg sat down heavily beside him and looked up at the stars, too.

“Are you drunk?” Sam asked. He could smell alcohol in her breath when she sat down.
“Just a little. Are you really alone here? Where’s your baby sitter? Actually, where have you been for the last few days?”

“Have you not heard what happened here?”

“Some of it. My mom told me that a vampire broke into your room and tried to hurt you.” Meg looked at Sam and narrowed her eyes, looking for signs of injuries on Sam’s face. When she saw the fading bruise around the boy’s eye she flinched. “So it’s true then?”

“I’m okay now. Been spending some time at Bobby’s.”

“Yeah, right,” Meg let out a burst of laughter and Sam frowned.

“What? Why is that funny?”

“You say that like it’s true.”

Sam’s eyebrows drew close together with puzzlement.

“Aw, c’mon. You don’t need to lie to me. I saw you at the luau a couple of weeks ago. How’s Dean doing?”

Sam’s heart stopped for a second or two, and his face must have shown his horror.

“I…I don’t know what you’re talking about…” he babbled.

“Oh, you do. So tell me, when you go to church, how much do you enjoy getting on your knees and worshipping?” she giggled naughtily.

Sam went pale.

“Geez, relax. You look like you’ve seen a ghost or something. I haven’t told anyone.”

“Meg…you…you were there?” Sam’s lips trembled.

“Of course I was. You were so happy you didn’t even see me there, but I don’t blame you. The way Dean was kissing you and dancing with you…God, you’re one lucky bastard. I swear if he ever looked at me the way he looked at you I’d die a happy woman.”

“Why didn’t you tell anyone?” Sam felt stiff with tension.

“Why would I? I knew you’d get in trouble. Especially Dean being Dean, I mean…c’mon!” She chuckled. “Could you seriously piss your dad off more badly?” She laughed again. “You go, I’m proud of you.”

Eventually, Sam relaxed a little and the hint of a smile came to his lips.

“So you won’t tell on me?”

“Of course not. I’m happy you’re having fun. And the fact that your dad has no idea you’re screwing the mechanic’s son, that’s just sweet irony. I love it.”
“Why are you protecting me?”

Meg looked at him and her eyes turned serious. She wasn’t as drunk as she seemed to be. “I like you, Sammy. Your daddy screwed up our friendship, so screw him and all the rules he makes you live by. If you have a chance at being happy then I’m happy for you.”

“Thanks…”

“I don’t like your dad,” she blurted. “No one does, really. Sorry to be so honest. But you must have guessed people fear him, that’s all. I mean, my mom has something good going on, she works few hours and makes good money, and I wouldn’t ruin that for her. She’s had a hard enough life. But I honestly couldn’t care less about your father. If you ever need my help going behind his back, I’m your girl.”

“Thank you…so much.” Sam couldn’t explain how relieved he felt. His heart was finally beating at a normal pace.

“Besides…Dean! Holy fuck, you’re a lucky little devil. Who would’ve guessed? I mean, I thought you had the hots for me, thought you were straight.”

Sam smiled and thought about it. “Well, I did.” It was true, for a long time he had fantasized about Meg and dreamed of her. “But I don’t know what happened when I met Dean…”

Meg grinned and nodded with understanding. “Oh, believe me. I’ve heard that story many times before.” She elbowed Sam playfully. “So, c’mon. I wanna know all the dirty little details. Do tell.”

“What do you mean?”

“Oh, you know. I’ve slept with him a long time ago, so please throw a girl a bone and refresh my memory. Is he still the god he used to be in bed? The hell am I asking, of course he is. What with all that experience he has it’s no surprise…”

“We haven’t…we haven’t had sex.”

Meg frowned and stared deeply into Sam’s eyes before erupting in surprised laughter.

“Shhh,” Sam hushed her and looked around, afraid she’d draw attention.

“Right. Fool me, will you?”

“It’s true, though. We haven’t…not yet.”

“So the night of the luau when you disappeared with him you guys just what, went dancing somewhere else?”

“We went back to his place.”

Meg arched her eyebrows with amusement.

“I…I gave him a blow job. He touched me. Nothing else happened,” Sam’s heart was once again beating fast, and he could feel the heat in his cheeks.
“Oh, Lord…I believe you. I can’t believe it, but I do. How come, Sam? How come you have this god of sex head over heels into you, because word has it Dean hasn’t picked up someone for sex in months!, so I figured he’s got to have serious feelings about someone and, well, that lucky someone is you…so how come you haven’t fucked him yet?”

Sam’s smile faded, he shrugged and swallowed hard.

“Aw…you nervous?” Meg softened her voice and put a hand on top of Sam’s fingers.

“I guess…” Sam confessed.

“Relax, Sam. Enjoy life. Dean’s very hot in bed, but he’s also very sweet. I can only imagine how special it’ll be given that he obviously likes you so much.” Meg studied the boy for a moment. “Do you love him?”

Sam’s chest filled with butterflies when he nodded. “I love him.”

“Then relax. Being with Dean is like…like having the most delicious chocolate cake ever right there in front of you, it’s delicious and sweet and you just want more and more. I can’t believe how much self-control you have. And Dean, my God…he must be horny all the time waiting for you.”

“I know…he’s been waiting all this time and what if…what if I’m not good?” it felt weirdly comforting to have someone to talk to about it.

“Not going to happen. Dean will teach you to enjoy yourself.” Meg put an arm around Sam’s shoulders and pulled him close. “Just go for that chocolate cake, Sam. You deserve it.”

Sam and Meg stayed like that for a while longer before they said goodbye and Sam went inside, straight to his room. Crowley was still sleeping when Sam slipped under the sheets and nestled in bed.

The moment he closed his eyes, Sam fell asleep easily and only woke up in the morning, with Crowley shaking him a little.

“Wake up, Prince. Mrs. Higgs is glad you’re back and she asks what you would like for breakfast.”

Sam sat up in bed, blinked a few times and ran a hand through his hair. He took a deep breath and his heart raced.

“Chocolate cake.”

Crowley frowned at the unusual request.

“But, you’re not supposed to…”

“That’s what I want.”

Sam thought of his conversation with Meg and smiled.

“Today I’m having chocolate cake.”
tbc....
Chapter 56

Sam tried not to rush through breakfast, but it was hard because all he wanted was to leave and go find Dean. It was still early, though. His father had just left for work, believing Sam would spend the day at church with Bobby. It was just eight o’clock and Dean was probably still asleep after working the previous night.

Besides, Sam didn’t want to look suspiciously overeager.

He finished the last piece of chocolate cake and smiled as he remembered the look on his father’s face when he had seen him eat that cake. Of course Azazel disapproved of it, but he hadn’t said anything, which meant Sam still had leverage.

With Azazel gone, Sam went up to his room and locked the bathroom door in order to take a shower. He definitely didn’t want Crowley there watching him.

Sam felt the warm water on his naked skin and sighed long and deeply. He was so anxious he felt shaky, and the bar of soap slipped out of his unsteady hands one too many times. Now, he had heard Dean tease him time and again about the things he would do to him when they were together…so regardless of how exactly things would unfold, Sam wanted to be prepared. He took the longest shower he had ever taken, and washed himself over and over, until he was satisfied he was absolutely clean…in every possible place he could reach in his body.

When he turned off the shower, Sam’s heart was racing with anticipation. ‘I'm gonna leave this house a virgin for the last time.’ The thought didn’t help calm him down. Sam was excited and nervous and a little scared but also so happy he could barely hold on to the overwhelming feelings. He looked at himself in the mirror. ‘Deep breath, c’mon’, he peppe talked as he combed his hair.

Sam then chose his clothes carefully, and forty five minutes after he had locked himself in the bathroom, he was finally ready to leave the house and go find Dean.

~ * ~

Dean knew Sam would be coming today. Even though he had gone to bed late last night, Dean hadn’t been able to sleep with thoughts of Sam filling his dreams and making him get up feeling excited and energetic.
He made himself his favorite breakfast with eggs and bacon and then took a refreshing shower. He was getting dry when someone knocked at the door.

Dean wrapped a towel around his midsection and left the bathroom with his hair still wet.

_Sam?

Dean walked towards the door and glanced at the clock on his way. It was just half past nine, could Sam be the one knocking?

Dean opened the door and loved the answer to that question. “Hey.” he smiled largely at the sight of the beautiful boy on his doorstep, looking all handsome and shy and eager.

“It’s too early, isn’t it? I’m sorry, I thought you might still be asleep. I could come back later, you know, hang out with Father Bobby for a while, give you more time…”

Dean pulled Sam close and kissed him shut. The boy’s words died quickly as Dean’s tongue felt around familiar territory. By the time the kiss was over, Sam was less talkative, but his eyes were still wide and questioning.

“Come in, babe. It's okay.”

Sam walked in and Dean locked the door behind him.

“Are you sure I’m not bothering you this early?” Sam looked at the towel wrapped around Dean’s hips and the perfect, almost chiseled shape of his muscles. Suddenly, his mouth felt try and Sam licked at his lips absently.

“Relax, Sammy…” Dean looked into his eyes and smiled with the corner of his lips.

The boy felt a shiver run down his spine. Perhaps it was just him being overly sensitive to everything Dean did, but it felt like there was something different in Dean today, something…well, instinctive and…hot.

“Have you had breakfast?” Dean asked casually when Sam sat on the edge of the bed.

“Yes, I have. Thank you. Have you? Because you can totally have now in case you haven’t, I mean, it’s not like we have to do anything, especially if you haven’t eaten…”

Dean felt like laughing. Sam was so nervous it was cute.

“Hey, hey…relax, okay? I’ve already had breakfast, I was just wondering if you wanted something to eat.” He walked closer to the bed and stood in front of the boy.

“I’m good,” Sam said quickly. He could feel how cold his fingers were, and how fluttery his stomach felt. “We can…um…you know,” he shrugged. His throat felt tight with anxiety. “We can get to it.”

“Jesus…!” Dean laughed loud and deliciously, and Sam looked puzzled. “Could you be more nervous? I don’t need to touch you to know you feel tense as hell. So just chill out, okay?” Dean smiled softly as the boy paid close attention to him.
When Sam looked as if he would pout, though, Dean sat down right next to him and put a hand on his thigh. “It’s okay, baby...really...we don’t have to do anything today. You’ve said yes, I know you want it, but it doesn’t mean it has to happen now. We’ve got plenty of...”

“No!” Sam cut Dean off. “I want it to happen now, please Dean...I want it, and I’m ready for it...don’t...don’t make me wait any longer, please...” His eyes were wildly wide and pleading, and Dean frowned as his hand went up to caress Sam's cheek.

“Hey...it’s okay...I just want you to be comfortable and relax...that’s all.”

“I know. I know you do, but no amount of you telling me that will change the fact that this will make me nervous no matter what. I’m ready, trust me. It’s just...” Sam swallowed hard. His whole body felt strung very tight with tension. “I’m so nervous but I’m also so happy about it, I’ve been waiting for this for a long time, and since I met you, well, I dreamed about this moment...so yes, it’s a big thing for me, and I want it, and I’m sorry but you’ll have to deal with me being anxious and excited and not knowing what to do, but I promise this is exactly what I want right now.” Sam squeezed Dean’s hand and looked very deeply into his eyes, hoping Dean would understand how much he meant every word.

Dean’s face softened and his fingers stroked Sam’s hair affectionately.

“I know how much this means to you. I just wish you’d see it as any other of the days when we’re together. Nothing needs to happen if you don’t want to, okay? Promise me you won’t say yes just because you think it’ll please me. I’d hate to do something you don’t really feel ready to.”

“I promise.”

“You mean it?”

“I do,” Sam nodded. “I’ll ask you to stop if I don’t want something.”

“Good.” Dean kissed Sam’s hand and then let his fingers play with the boy’s hair. He raked a lock of brown hair behind the boy’s ear and leaned closer to kiss his lips again.

The moment Dean kissed him, Sam could smell soap and shampoo, and Dean’s scent that filled his nostrils and caused his heart to slam so powerfully against his chest that Sam went weak in the knees. Sam parted his lips and licked at Dean’s tongue slowly, tentatively, and suddenly he became very aware of Dean’s hand resting on his thigh.

Dean kissed the corner of Sam’s lips and moved his kisses to the boy’s jawline and neck, letting his lips brush softly and allowing his warm breath to stroke the skin until goosebumps broke and Sam squirmed a little.

“Shh...it’s okay...” Dean cooed. One of his hands still rested on Sam’s thigh, casually. His other one moved from the boy’s back to his waist, caressing and kneading. He found the sweet spot on Sam’s neck that always made the boy melt, and Dean licked and kissed him there, breathing on the boy’s skin.

Sam shuddered and felt a stab of pleasure pierce him. The thought that there was no stopping now, that things would go all the way, assaulted him and caused him to stiffen, head to toe. It didn’t matter how much Sam told himself to relax, his body wouldn’t obey him. He was tense and nervous and the thought that his anxiety was getting in the way disturbed him even more.
Dean could feel every muscle in Sam’s body stiff under his touch. The boy’s breathing was fast, but not the good kind of fast like when he was aroused. The hand on Sam’s thigh moved and found the boy’s fingers, which were cold and a little sweaty.

Dean pulled back and looked at the younger boy.

“I’m ruining it, aren’t I? I’m so nervous, I’m so sorry, I can’t relax…” Sam apologized.

“Sammy…”

“No, I’ve waited a long time for this and I’m gonna ruin it like a stupid dumb virgin…” when Sam felt the tears welling up in his eyes, he nearly lost it. That was not the way he had planned this moment. His body was fucking everything up and the more Sam tried to fight it, the worse it got.

“Hey, hey…” Dean saw the tears and his heart ached. “It’s alright…it’s okay, Sammy…” he wiped the tears gently. “I’m not judging you. Stop telling yourself that I am. You’re the one being hard on yourself. Relax…take a deep breath, c’mon.”

Sam obeyed and breathed in deeply.

“Where are you going?” he asked with a rising pitch that indicated impending panic when Dean left his side and went to the kitchen.

“Just gonna get some water. Calm down.”

Dean was back in less than a minute, sat right next to Sam again and handed him the water.

“Drink.”

The boy drank quickly before putting the glass on the nightstand. “Thank you.”

“Better?” Dean smiled a knowing, chivalrous smile that made Sam crack and smile, too.

“Yeah,” he said softly.

“Tell me what were your first impressions of me.”


“I don’t know. Just curious. You never told me what went through your head the moment you saw me at your birthday party.”

Sam’s eyes lit up all of their own at the memory. His heart raced but with a more steady and softer rhythm as he looked back on that moment.

“I…I thought you looked so handsome,” he admitted. “When I looked down and saw that you were looking at me, my first thought was that you didn’t belong in that party; you looked like one of those princes in fairytale stories.” Sam knew he was blushing a little but he didn’t care.

“That so?” Dean was delighted to hear that, especially when the boy nodded shyly. “Well, I’ll tell you that I thought heaven itself had come to earth and I was seeing a true angel staring at me.”
“Shut up.”

“I did, though,” Dean chuckled. “You were so fucking handsome, I couldn’t take my eyes off you. The moment you looked back at me I knew I was lost. I just had to find you and talk to you and touch you.”

“So you took the elevator.”

“So I did, and then I found you there.” Dean’s hand was still in contact with the boy, stroking his arm and waistline softly, and he could feel Sam had already relaxed considerably. “Tell me how it felt when I first kissed you.”

“Oh, God…” Sam chuckled warmly. “That was…well, that was unexpected.” Sam’s heart jumped merrily as if it was all happening again, for the very first time. “I had no idea what you were doing and what I was supposed to do, but then you were all over me, and when you kissed me…” Sam closed his eyes for a moment. “I swear the rest of the world didn’t exist anymore.”

Dean smiled before growing serious and leaning closer to kiss Sam again. They kissed slowly this time, with no hurry at all. Dean pulled away just enough so he could speak, his lips still brushing Sam’s.

“Do you remember what I told you then? That you made me want to do all sorts of things to you?”

Sam smiled coyly and nodded, his nose touching Dean’s.

“I remember your exact words.”

“You do?” Dean arched surprised eyebrows.

“You said you wanted to lick me in places that would make me blush if I knew.” Sam finished the sentence and sucked in his breath. He felt hot under the look Dean gave him, as if the older man was searching his very soul.

“You know…” Dean stroked Sam’s hair. “I could not believe it when you gave in and lost control in that elevator. I swear it was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.”

Sam felt his cheeks were afire. He didn’t need a mirror to know they looked flushed, too.

“And damn if you aren’t beautiful when you blush.” Dean leaned in and kissed each of Sam’s cheeks lightly, causing the boy to laugh a little. “So…fucking…beautiful…” Dean planted soft kisses between every word; he kissed Sam’s nose and temple, then he kissed the boy’s lips and his jawline, and while he did that one of his hands was at Sam’s hip, sensing how the boy responded to him.

Sam closed his eyes and enjoyed the sweet, butterfly kisses Dean planted all over his face. For the first time he relaxed under the gentle shower of affection, and eventually he was the one who cupped Dean’s face and kissed him more passionately.

They kissed for a long time, and when Dean’s lips moved and the older boy planted kisses on Sam’s neck, the boy could already feel the effect of those kisses on him. Dean once again found Sam’s sweet spot, where his neck and shoulder met, and he kissed him hotly and wetly as his hand tightened on the boy’s hip.
Sam sucked in his breath. He had been so relaxed that when Dean went for his weak spot Sam was defenseless, and his body jumped and squirmed and his dick twitched to life as Dean’s tongue traced invisible patterns on his skin.

Dean could hear how rough Sam’s breath grew, and he took that as a sign to slide his hand beneath the boy’s shirt and let his palm come in contact with Sam’s hot skin. The moment his fingers kneaded possessively around Sam’s waistline and ribcage, Dean felt his erection make a tent underneath the towel.

Sam was still caught up in the feeling of Dean’s mouth locked on his neck, causing all sorts of tingling sensations on his body, and then suddenly he became aware of Dean’s fingers on his skin, and those fingers moved up and down, stroking and caressing, and when Dean’s fingertips brushed across Sam’s nipples, the boy squirmed and hardened.

Sam shut his eyes and focused on breathing. Dean’s touch was everywhere. From the small flickering of Dean’s fingers against his nipples to the mouth kissing him all over, it felt just too good.

When Dean tugged at his shirt, Sam was already hard and in need of more. The moment he was naked from the waist up, Sam looked at Dean and saw the boner the towel was now covering.

“Is everything alright?”

Sam bit down on his lip and pushed the towel off Dean slowly. The older man chuckled hotly when Sam’s eyes fixed on the hard cock standing at attention between Dean’s legs.

“You wanted to see me?”

Sam licked his lips in response, something that was so unconscious it made Dean ache with urgency. ‘Slow’, he told himself. There was plenty of time.

Dean could finally see what he wanted in Sam’s eyes, the dilated pupils, the flaring nostrils…the arousal building up and making Sam want to be touched. Of course, the evident tent in Sam’s jeans was also pretty indicative of the boy’s state of mind.

Dean took the opportunity to let his kisses trail lower, enjoying every inch of exposed skin, and taking his sweet time to roll each of Sam’s nipples on his tongue, licking and teasing until Sam’s fingers tightened on Dean’s hair and the boy’s hips bucked a little.

That was when Dean let his hand move from Sam’s knee to his thigh, and as his tongue still worried a sensitive nipple, he let his hand squeeze gently before resting on top of Sam’s cloth-covered hard-on.

Sam was breathing raggedly. He looked down at Dean’s light hair, and the way his fingers raked through that soft hair as Dean’s mouth worked on his chest, as if each flick of Dean’s tongue against his nipples sent an electric current of arousal to his groin. When Dean’s hand squeezed his cock a little, Sam’s mouth hung open and he licked at his lips.

“Dean…” that was the first plea that left his lips, but it was far from being the last.

Dean moved and made Sam lie on the bed, all the while watching as the boy adjusted to the position, wondering if he was fine with what they were doing. When Sam lay on his back, his chest heaving up and down with labored breathing, Dean rested his hand on top of the button on his jeans and
waited. The boy looked at him with evident lust in his eyes, so Dean let his fingers fumble with the button until he opened Sam’s jeans and slid down the zipper.

When Dean was about to pull his pants down, however, Sam covered Dean’s hand with his own.

They looked into each other’s eyes.

“I…it’s okay…” Sam said quickly and swallowed hard.

Dean took off the boy’s jeans and stared at his underwear. “I’ve never really seen you naked,” he said, not without some amazement.

“I know,” Sam was very aware of that, and suddenly very self-conscious, too.

Dean could read that on his face.

“It’s just…no one’s seen me naked…I mean, not like this,” Sam nodded towards his erection.

“Can I be the first?” Dean smiled teasingly, hoping to reassure Sam that it was okay.

After a second or so of hesitance, Sam nodded, but the moment Dean removed his underwear and he lay in bed naked, Sam squeezed his eyes shut and held his breath.

Dean let his eyes feast on the scene. Sam was as beautiful as Dean’s fantasy of him. The boy’s cock was hard and thick, and from his close position Dean could see the tip was wet and swollen. It made Dean’s own cock throb in response.

“You are fucking perfect, baby…”

Sam opened his eyes, and when Dean saw so much insecurity there, he had to stop everything and kiss the boy again, long and hard, until Sam understood that Dean meant every word.

“Do you think so?” the beginning of a shy smile toyed with Sam's lips.

“I can’t wait to show you so.” Dean let his palm graze the skin of Sam’s naked thighs and then rest on top of his hot dick.

The boy gasped and smiled.

When Dean’s thumb grazed the head of his cock, Sam shuddered with need and clutched the sheets between his fingers.

Sam’s reaction spurred Dean on. He went lower so he could spread Sam’s thighs a little and plant kisses from the back of the boy’s knee up to his thigh. When his tongue licked at Sam’s crotch, the boy bucked and laughed a little.

“New places where you’re ticklish, eh?” Dean nibbled on Sam’s other thigh and licked a trail towards his sex that had the boy twisting between pleasure and the need to get away from the ticklish sensation.

Dean’s tongue lapped at the boy’s balls before sucking on them, and he relished the first loud moan that fell from Sam’s lips. Dean could smell Sam’s arousal, and he couldn’t wait to do what he was
about to.

“I’ve been waiting so long to taste you…”

Dean’s husky voice caused something warm to pool in Sam’s lower belly, and his eyes shot open to see the moment Dean darted out his tongue and made a show of licking the tip of his cock.

“Oh, God.” Sam shook. He had never, never…

When Dean let the tip past his lips and sucked on it, Sam bucked hard and had to be softly restrained by Dean’s hands on his hips.

Dean stopped and looked at the boy with a wolfish smile.

“Dean, I…” Sam sounded desperate. “That’s…”

“I know,” he chuckled. “I can tell.”

Dean took Sam in his mouth again, going down as far as he could, then bobbing his head up and down a few times.

Sam’s head thrashed on the pillow and his body grew stiff with need. It was so little and yet so good. Sam had never felt anything like that and he knew he was going to come very fast.

Dean stopped again and looked at the boy. Sam was panting, and his face looked pained with desire.

“Touch yourself for me.”

“What?” Sam frowned.

“You were not allowed to…well, now you are. Go ahead. Give your cock a good jerking,” Dean provoked.

Sam didn’t know if he might laugh or moan at the intense way that Dean watched him. He felt shy and a little insecure, but when Dean nodded encouragingly, Sam reached down his hand and wrapped his fingers around his dick.

The shyness and shame at being watched faded with the first stroke. It felt so good, so…so damn familiar and amazing that Sam smiled, and that smile turned into warm laughter.

“That good?” Dean watched him intensely.

Sam nodded. He felt a strange mix of safe and exposed and loved and shy under Dean’s passionate gaze. It felt hot that Dean watched him pleasure himself. Everything was so erotic that Sam could hardly register the many wakening needs within him.

“Oh!” Sam gasped when Dean’s lips closed on his tip and his tongue rubbed against it.

“Don’t stop,” Dean instructed. “Keep feeding me your cock.”

Dean’s voice went straight to Sam’s dick and made it throb and ooze with need. The boy kept moving his wrist up and down at the same time Dean’s mouth closed on his tip and sucked on it.
“Oh…mm…” Sam’s mouth hung open and his head fell against the pillow. That was way too good, he couldn’t…he wanted it to last but it was impossible…

Dean’s tongue rubbed against the sensitive skin of Sam’s tip as the warmth of his mouth kept firmly wrapped around it. He knew the boy was close, he could feel the tension building up and the moaning becoming incoherent and desperate.

“Dean…oh…my…mmMM!” Sam bucked and convulsed, his entire body shaking as he came hard and breathlessly into Dean’s mouth.

Dean closed his eyes and swallowed the hot spray that hit the back of his mouth. Then, as Sam let out a series of shaky sighs, Dean milked him in his mouth, licking him until he was soft.

When Dean lay right next to him, sharing the same pillow, Sam didn’t know what he should apologize for first.

“I’m sorry…I tried to warn you, but…I could not,” Sam confessed. It all happened so fast. His knew his orgasm was building, building, but then sooner than Sam could have anticipated it, he had lost all control.

“Shut up. I would not have let you keep me from tasting it.”

“Even though it’s not good?”

Dean laughed.

“It’s not about the taste. It’s about how it feels to do that and watch you come undone.”

Sam smiled, still breathless.

“I…I’m sorry I didn’t last longer.” Something seemed to darken his eyes and Sam’s brow furrowed with worry. “I don’t want this to be over, Dean, I want everything. I’m sorry I couldn’t wait, I… please tell me this is not the end, please…”

“Relax, baby. I knew it was going to be this way for you,” Dean explained. “Just like I know that in fifteen minutes I can have you hard and aching for me again,” he bragged and winked playfully.

“Oh.” Sam had the decency to blush as he acknowledged that as the truth. “You planned this, then?”

“Of course I did. Now you’re more relaxed and we have time to take things slow.”

“You little devil,” Sam laughed.

Dean licked his lips and spread his legs a little, letting Sam see his hard-on.

“If you want, this is just the beginning.”

Sam’s heart raced.

“Yes,” he nodded. “I do.”
Dean’s lips were on his in a heartbeat. Sam tasted his release on Dean’s tongue and felt a stab of arousal pierce him again. Dean ravished his mouth and whispered a lot of dirty words about what they had just done, and when the older man pulled away, he looked down at the place between Sam’s legs and laughed hotly.

“What?”

“I don’t think we need to wait fifteen minutes.”

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tbc...

A/N: Sorry I had to break it in two chapters... blame it on Sammy. ;-)}
They were lying side by side in bed, and Sam closed his eyes and relished the feathery stroke of Dean’s fingers as they ran up and down his naked body.

Even though Dean had a raging erection at the moment, he took things slowly, taking his sweet time to playfully provoke Sam into full arousal again. Dean kissed the boy’s neck and stroked over his ribcage until Sam laughed and squirmed, but also hardened with need.

“Stop!” Sam cried as Dean tickled him. He thrashed until he ended up on his stomach, his face buried in the pillow as he laughed some more.

“What? Don’t tell me you aren’t enjoying it…” Dean teased. Then, he took a moment to appreciate the view. “My, my…nevermind, I like this new position, too.” He pinched Sam’s butt playfully and the boy jerked.

“Hey!”

They chuckled, and Dean took the moment to stroke Sam’s shoulders and neck. He moved so his body was partially atop Sam’s, his chest pressed to the boy’s back, then Dean let his lips do the work, locking on the boy’s neck and teasing him with his tongue.

“Hmm…” Sam sighed. He could smell Dean’s aftershave when he brushed his face against Sam’s neck and shoulders. The feeling caused his skin to break into goosebumps, and Sam pressed into the mattress a little, enjoying the friction against his hardening cock.

“That good, baby?” Dean whispered.

“Hmm, yeah…” Sam’s voice was slurred, still caught up in the aftermath of his orgasm.

Dean kneaded the muscles on Sam’s back and arms, his fingers adding delicious pressure with a touch that was warm and knowing, and that made Sam’s eyes roll back at how good it felt. Then, there was Dean’s mouth, planting kisses on Sam’s neck and shoulder blades, before parting his lips and letting his tongue trail a path down Sam’s spine.

When Dean nibbled at one of Sam’s butt cheeks, the boy made a sound that was ridiculously similar to a giggle and squirmed.

“Stop!” he laughed, wiggling his butt.

“Stop what? I haven’t done anything.” Dean grazed his nose over the smooth skin of Sam’s round little ass. “Yet…” he swallowed hard and let a finger brush softly against the crack between those cheeks.

Sam sucked in his breath and his cock throbbed. He felt Dean spreading him softly, then he felt the
warmth of Dean’s breath tickling his sensitive opening. “Dean?” Sam’s voice was a plea and a question, thick with lust and anticipation.

“Now is the part where I fulfill my promise. Gonna lick you open, Sammy.”

Sam felt an icy hot spike of expectation grab his stomach, twist it, and set a bunch of butterflies free. The moment Dean’s tongue lapped at his opening, his stomach tensed and his lungs worked hard with a heavy and short, yet pleasure-ridden breath.

“Oh, fuck.” Was all Sam managed before incoherence took control.

Dean’s cock throbbed and leaked as he spread that puckered little entrance with his thumbs and tongued it. Sam’s hips bucked into the touch, and Dean had to wait for Sam to ride out the initial shock explosion of surprise and pleasure.

Sam panted and his face looked pained. Dean couldn’t see that, neither could he see the rock hard erection that was now pressed between the bed and Sam’s body, but he had an idea the boy was enjoying his ministrations, because the sounds that spilled from Sam’s lips were nothing if not obscene.

“Hmmmmmm,” Sam’s moan dissolved into whining as he tried to wiggle free at the same time he pushed against Dean’s tongue. The feeling was so good it was almost too much.

Dean grabbed more firmly at Sam’s hips and added more pressure to his tongue, circling the opening before trying to breach it.

Sam panted and pushed his face into the pillow. He offered his hips wantonly towards Dean’s mouth, and when that tongue started to fuck him, he groaned and clutched the sheets so tightly his knuckles turned white.

“Dean, Dean, Dean…” Sam chanted, his throat tight, the words difficult to grasp.

Dean spread Sam open and licked him a while longer before his own arousal was begging for more.

He stopped his ministrations and tugged at Sam for him to roll over and lie on his back once again, this way they could look into each other’s eyes.

Dean looked at Sam’s cock, completely hard and begging once again, and he smiled with delight, but also with relief. He wanted so bad to please Sam, it not only made him hot seeing the boy was horny, it made him happy.

“I wanna look into your eyes now,” Dean said. “First drawer,” he instructed.

Sam looked to his side and reached over to open it. He got the lube and handed it to Dean.

“There’s a condom in there, too.”

“I want to feel you.” Sam closed his eyes and spread his legs. His fingers were still clutching the sheets when he took a deep breath. “Do it.”

Dean laughed, the sound low and sultry. “Hush hush…we’re not there yet.”
“We’re not?”

Dean shook his head, opened the lube and poured a generous amount on his index finger. “Gonna open you a little more first. The more relaxed you are now, the better it’ll feel.”

Sam watched as one of Dean’s hands wrapped around his thigh, soothing and stroking, coaxing his legs further apart. The boy complied and his heart raced when Dean’s cold finger smeared the lube against his opening.

“Is it okay?” Dean looked into Sam’s eyes. He let the ball of his finger stroke and circle, but he wouldn’t push until he knew the boy wanted it.

“Yeah.”

“You’ll tell me if you want to stop, right? No matter what, if you change your mind we can do something else. I promise it’s good.”

“Just stick it in already.”

Dean laughed at Sam’s impatience, and the boy followed along, albeit a little nervously.

Slow and gently, Dean pushed his finger all the way in. The tightness and heat closed in on his finger and made Dean shut his eyes and take a deep breath to calm himself. As he gave Sam time to adjust to the foreign feeling, he moved slowly in and out, not really letting his finger completely out of the boy’s body.

“How does that feel? Tell me the truth,” Dean demanded.

“It…it burned a little, but it’s less now. It is a little weird, though.”

“I’m going to add another one, okay?”

Sam nodded. He felt a flush of hot arousal circle his neck and go up to his cheeks at the way Dean was talking him through everything. Besides, the careful look of both protection and lust on Dean’s face was maddeningly good.

Dean used more lube to squeeze another digit into the tight channel. He watched Sam’s face closely, and there was a wince there when his second finger was in.

“Shhh…it’s okay, baby…just try to relax…if you don’t like it just tell me and I’ll withdraw, okay?”

“It’s…it’s fine,” Sam managed to say. The fingers were large and Sam could feel himself stretch around them. For a moment he wondered how much more it would burn when Dean’s cock was in there. The idea made him tense and he squirmed a little with discomfort.

Dean waited a while longer before moving his fingers gently in and out, trying to loosen the ring of muscles that gripped him tightly. He could see Sam was fighting the invasion, and he felt the boy tense around his fingers. Dean then felt inside Sam until the pads of his fingers found a round bulb of tissue, and he stroked gently over it.

At first Sam was so tense that he didn’t feel anything, but when the burning lessened, it was like his whole body went silent to pay more attention to what he was feeling inside. There was something…
good there.

Dean pressed against Sam’s prostate lightly before stroking it back and forth.

“Oh…” Sam widened his eyes and looked at Dean.

“How does it feel?”

Sam supported himself on his elbows to get a better look, even though he wasn’t seeing anything. He was feeling something good, something he had never felt before, and the more Dean moved his fingers, the more it spread inside him.

“Not…not bad,” he gasped.

Dean chuckled. He moved a little and swallowed Sam’s erection in his mouth at the same time his fingers worked inside the boy.

“OH!” Sam groaned. “That’s…God, that’s even more not bad…” his head fell back as a wave of pleasure took control.

As Dean’s mouth bobbed up and down on Sam’s cock, the boy relaxed around the fingers and Dean added another. Judging from the string of moaning, Sam didn’t seem to mind.

After a few minutes of that, when Dean let Sam slip out of his mouth and continued fucking him with his fingers, the level of arousal was enough to allow the boy to give in to what he felt inside.

“Dean…” Sam rolled his hips. “God…this…this thing inside…”

“You like it?” Dean stroked the spot over and over.

“I do, yeah.” Sam’s hips were following Dean’s fingers when they tried to withdraw, and the pleasure was growing so fast that he hardly cared about how greedy he looked, his thighs spread open and his hips bucking against Dean’s fingers for more contact.

“That’s good, baby…relax for me.” Dean was salivating. His cock was so jealous of his fingers it was throbbing angrily by now. It took a lot of self-control and years of experience to know to wait until Sam was ready for more. And even when the boy was moaning and fucking his fingers rhythmically, Dean’s heart still tightened with concern, and he felt something he had never felt before during sex.

He felt nervous.

“Dean, please…please, do it…” Sam didn’t know how much longer he could last. If Dean kept doing what he was, Sam thought he might come without another touch to his cock.

The older man withdrew his fingers, and even though Sam had asked for more, he winced at the loss.

“Sammy? Look at me, okay?”

The boy fixed blurry eyes on Dean and nodded.
“Lift your hips a little, yeah…” Dean slipped a pillow under Sam’s lower back to better position his hips. “There you go.”

He moved between Sam’s thighs and poured lube from the tip of his cock to the base. “Damn…” Dean frowned as he stroked himself. He was so fucking hard, he hoped he would last long enough to make Sam come.

The boy watched as Dean stroked himself. The sight of that sent more stabbing jolts of pleasure down his groin. However, it also gave him a reality check. Dean’s cock was bigger than his fingers, from the engorged tip to the thick base; there was no way that would go in without some amount of pain.

“I’m ready, Dean.” Sam’s heart was slamming against his chest because it was true. “I’m scared as fuck and probably shaking like hell but I’ve never wanted something so bad.”

Dean stopped stroking himself and looked into the boy’s eyes. There was so much emotion in Sam’s eyes, so much love…Dean had never had that connection with anyone, ever. It made him breathless.

“I love you so fucking much.” He hovered above Sam and kissed his forehead before kissing his mouth. “You know that, right?”

“I feel it. I love you, too. A lot, Dean.”

Dean spread Sam’s thighs and pressed the head of his cock against the quivery entrance to Sam’s body.

“Sam…please, please promise me…” Dean didn’t have to say anything further. Sam knew what he meant.

“I promise.” He would tell Dean if something was wrong.

Dean nodded and took a deep breath. He pushed just a little, and the feeling was already fantastic.

“I need you to relax. I know it sounds like the last thing you wanna do, but you have to try and stop fighting me…” Dean instructed.

Sam nodded. He felt Dean push again, and this time it hurt. Sam’s body shook and he closed his eyes. He was afraid to open them and have Dean see his pain. What he didn’t know was that Dean wouldn’t have to look into Sam’s eyes to know it was hurting him. The boy’s body was tense, and his brow was furrowed tight.

“Look at me, Sammy…shhh, just relax for me, okay?” Dean cooed and pushed a little more, until he felt the tip of him breach the hot, velvety walls trying to squeeze him out.

“Hm,” Sam groaned.

“You’re doing so good…you feel so good, Sammy…”

The boy desperately tried to relax, but the burning feeling of being opened like that was new and piercing, and his toes curled as Sam tried to relax through the pain.

“Do you want me to pull out?” Dean asked gently. He stroked Sam’s cheek and stayed perfectly still.
“No.” Sam shook his head. “Please, go on.”

Dean nodded. His heart ached at Sam’s pain, but he knew it wouldn’t last for long. Dean pushed all the way inside slowly, until he was completely sheathed inside Sam’s body, the boy’s heat wrapped around his dick so tightly it made Dean shudder and bite back a growl.

“No…” Dean cursed. “You’re so. Fucking. Tight.” He groaned and moved a little, despite himself.

“Hm,” Sam groaned, too, because his body burned and it hurt and Dean was inside him and it was so amazing he couldn’t believe it.

“Dean…”

“I’m right here, babe, right here…” Dean cooed again. He lowered himself until he could feel all of Sam’s body beneath him, their thighs tangled as Dean’s hips fully settled between Sam’s. “I’m inside you, Sammy. You’re mine now.” Dean whispered into the boy’s ear possessively, and Sam moaned in response.

The boy’s short fingernails dug into Dean’s back when the older man started to move. Sam’s thighs were trembling because he was so tense his muscles were going into fatigue, and the painful feeling of being completely filled was still a reality.

Dean reached between their bodies and closed his hand around Sam’s cock. He squeezed and stroked in time with his long and gentle thrusts, and all the time his lips were right there by Sam’s ear, whispering words of encouragement and reassurance, but also dirty little promises that caused Sam’s skin to feel afire.

“You feel so good wrapped around my cock, baby…fuck…” Dean kissed Sam’s neck until he found the boy’s weak spot. When Sam moaned and bucked, Dean’s hips moved too, thrusting a little deeper.

“Dean…”

“Gonna make you feel so good on my cock, Sammy,” Dean promised. He grabbed the boy’s waist and swiveled his hips inside him, trying to stimulate his prostate again.

When Dean’s cock found the right angle and brushed against Sam’s prostate with every thrust, the boy’s thighs relaxed and his lips parted.

Still, it took a few more thrusts stroking against Sam’s prostate for the boy to assimilate the pleasure.

“Oh…” the little smile that took over the boy’s face and caused Sam’s beautiful features to relax, made Dean realize just how nervous he was, too. When Sam licked at his lips and swallowed a shy little moan of pleasure, Dean was able to relax and pick up the rhythm.

“Is it better, love?”

Sam nodded. His eyes were shut because he tried to focus on what he felt. It was like his body had become used to Dean’s size, and instead of burning painfully, it now burned hotly, and every time Dean pushed in and stroked the pleasure spot inside him, Sam’s hips moved on their own, shyly meeting the thrusts.
They moved in silence for a few moments, getting used to feeling of being so close they could breath each other. Sam wrapped his thighs around Dean’s hips and moaned when Dean’s thrusts got more demanding. It wasn’t just the pleasure, it was everything. Dean was in his arms, and even though he had said that Sam was his now, the opposite was also true. Dean was inside him, and Sam held on to him fiercely, because Dean belonged to him in that moment as much as he himself belonged to the man moving on top of him.

“…oh…mmm…”

“Let me hear it, don’t hold back…” Dean smiled breathlessly. He thrust harder, hitting Sam’s prostate over and over until the boy was bucking to meet every pistoning thrust of Dean’s hips.

“MMmmm!” Sam’s breath began to grow desperately short and he held on to Dean. ‘I never want this to end’ he thought vaguely. Everything about that moment was special, so much more than he could have dreamed.

Dean’s mouth locked on the sweet spot on Sam’s neck and his large hands held Sam’s hips for his thrusts to go deeper.

“MMM!” Sam squirmed. “Please…” he didn’t know why exactly he was begging, but he was desperate. His body was on fire, every nerve ending overwhelmed with pleasure and urgency.

“I got you, babe,” Dean’s voice was low and throaty, and a few seconds after saying that his hand wrapped around Sam’s cock and began to stroke it in time with his thrusts.

Sam’s reaction was nearly violent. The boy’s nail’s now dug painfully into Dean’s arms as he tried to hold on to his senses. There was pleasure inside him and now Dean jerked him and his cock throbbed, and Sam was so sensitive and hot he couldn’t…”MMmmmpf!”

“Let me hear it, Sammy.” Dean drank every sound, and he was afraid to blink and miss one second of Sam’s face as he began to lose control. “Are you gonna come for me again?”

“Dean!” Sam cried. He was bucking under Dean’s body, desperately trying to feel Dean’s cock inside and thrust up into the hand pleasuring him. “I…I can’t, I…” Sam tensed. There was a chill in his stomach as if he would fall hard, but a good one, filled with pleasure and anticipation, and then Sam began to lose control of his mental faculties.

“That’s alright, Sammy. Come for me.” Dean’s sultry request and the dick slamming inside him were too much.

“…mmmMMM!” Sam’s body thrashed and his body tingled, he was falling harder and faster but instead of crashing he floated, and everything went still for half a second before he shattered and came hard, spilling a hot load all over Dean’s hand and between their bodies.

Dean watched as Sam came undone in his arms, the contractions of Sam’s orgasm nearly pushing him over the edge, too. The older man enjoyed the rippling waves of Sam’s pleasure as the body clenched and unclenched around his cock.

“Fuck…” Dean gritted his teeth and thrust long and hard, needing to feel every second of that heat and tightness around his dick.
When Sam’s shaky breathing became more regular, he opened his eyes again to the sight of Dean moving on top of him, and when Sam looked at his lust-filled eyes, the small trickle of sweat on his temple and the way Dean bit down on his bottom lip as if the pleasure was simply more than he could take, Sam understood why people said he was a sex god. Everything about the way he moved was sensual. Not just the fact that Dean was so giving, but the fact that he sought his own pleasure with sheer abandon was so fucking sexy that Sam couldn’t get enough.

When Dean caught Sam staring, he looked at him and smiled breathlessly.

“You good?”

“I’m great.”

Dean slowed down his thrusts. “Do you want me to stop? You’ll be more sensitive now that the pleasure bubble has burst.” He stopped moving altogether.

“No!” Sam cried in protest. “Please, I want you to finish inside me.”

“It’s fucking amazing being inside you, and I won’t mind finishing by your side in bed if I’m hurting you.”

“Dean!” Sam half-complained, half-whined, then started moving his hips beneath Dean to try and get him to pick up the rhythm again. “Go on, please…Take me to the end, you promised.”

“I did?” Dean chuckled and his hips started moving again.

“You promised you would fuck me when I said yes. So do it. Fuck me.”

Dean shuddered and let out a groan that caused the hairs to rise on Sam’s arms.

“All right, I’ll fuck you.” Dean’s green eyes seemed a shade darker when he started thrusting faster and harder.

“Oh…ohmmmm…” Sam sighed. Yes, he was sensitive. Yes, it felt like Dean was twice as big now that Sam had already come, but there was no way he wasn’t going to feel it all to the very end.

“FUCK, Sammy…you feel so fucking good…so fucking hot…” Dean’s lips brushed the boy’s ear and he let himself go and indulged, seeking with every thrust something that only Sam could give him, and this something was deep within. “I loved to watch you come on my cock…” he whispered.

Sam’s heart raced at the words. He wrapped his hands around Dean’s thighs, further encouraging his thrusts.

“Shit…! The way you squeezed my cock when you came, nearly lost it right then and there, Sammy…Fuck!”

Dean felt it build fast when he let himself go. He pressed his forehead to Sam’s because he wanted to look into the boy’s eyes when he came. Their eyes were almost physically connected to each other as Dean’s hips moved between Sam’s parted thighs. The older man’s breath grew louder and more clipped, and when the end hit him, Dean groaned low in his throat and held on to Sam’s thighs as he emptied himself inside him.
Low, murmured curses left Dean’s lips as he came, and when Dean fell over the edge, Sam watched every second of it, trying to hold on and memorize it, because that was the hottest, most beautiful thing Sam had ever seen. He felt instantly jealous of everyone else who had been able to see Dean in that moment, because when he came he was bare, he was vulnerable and he glowed. Indeed, a sex god, but his god from now on.

Dean pulled out carefully before he allowed himself to collapse on top of Sam, tired and content.

Sam wrapped his arms around Dean and felt a giddy kind of joy when Dean nestled his head under his chin and sighed.

“You’re all sweaty,” the boy pointed out, but that didn’t stop him from stroking Dean’s back and arms up and down.

“Sweaty and covered with come. So are you,” Dean joked.

“Ew,” Sam laughed.

“We can take a shower in a moment. Right now I don’t wanna move, though.”

“Neither do I,” Sam confessed. He let his fingers rake through Dean’s short hair, and that went on in silence for a long time. Eventually, Dean looked up at him, his head still resting on Sam’s chest, and his eyes opened into tiny slits that were enough to let the green of his eyes flash with sparks.

“Your touch feels so good. Don’t stop,” Dean said before closing his eyes again.

Sam thought Dean might purr as he stroked his hair. The thought made him chuckle warmly.

“Dean…”

“Hm?”

“I’m sorry it took us so long to do this.”

“I’m not,” Dean replied readily.

“You aren’t?”

“I got to know you. I mean… I might’ve had a crush on you before,” Dean looked into the boy’s eyes. “But now I love you.” He kissed the hand that stroked his cheek and caused Sam to smile.

“Dean?”

“Hm?”

“I get why people say that sex is like your super power.”

Dean laughed into Sam’s hand.

“Right now I wish you had another super power, though.”

“What would you like baby?” Dean raised his head and looked at the boy.
“I want time to stop and leave us alone.”

“Well, why don’t you look at it differently. This was our first time together. If we don’t stop time, there are many more times together coming up. I bet I can make you moan louder and come harder in the future.”

Sam’s eyes widened and he felt his cheeks become warm.

“That you can still blush and look shy after the things I’ve done to you is seriously beyond me.”

“Shut up,” Sam slapped Dean’s head playfully and colored further.

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a/n: Hope it was worth the wait, guys.... would love to hear your thoughts on the chapter. =)
Chapter 58

The boys showered together and then Dean made them something quick to eat. As they sat across from each other at the kitchen counter, Dean’s eyes would often meet Sam’s.

“Will you stop?” Sam shook his head with amusement.

“What?”

“Staring. I’m not gonna freak out.”

“Are you sure?” Dean teased.

“I promise.” Sam chuckled and enjoyed the feeling of Dean’s hand covering his. “I’m fine with this. It’s what I wanted.”

“I know. But there was a lot of expectation on your part, and I just wonder if everything is really okay.”

“It is. It’s funny…I guess part of me sort of expected to feel different after doing it. I feel pretty much the same, though. Perhaps a bit different,” Sam thought about it. “In that I feel happy. Very happy. But that’s all.”

Dean smiled at that. “I’m glad. Besides, the fact that you don’t actually feel different is just one more proof that your virginity did not define you. It was just part of you that changed, not something you lost.”

Sam smiled. He loved Dean so much, but he thought he might begin to sound repetitive if he said it again. At the same time Dean’s words were loving, though, Sam couldn’t help feeling a bit of sadness creep in as he thought of his life with his father.

“I don’t get it. I mean, I do, it’s the whole blood thing. But I just don’t understand how something so good and special could make my blood tainted.”

“Is that what he told you? That having sex would taint your blood?” Dean asked.

“Taint, corrupt…spoil. You choose the word. Dad made it very clear that sex would ruin my magical heritage, whatever the hell that’s supposed to mean.” Sam arched his eyebrows.

“Do you think that what we did was dirty?”

“No, not at all,” Sam answered quickly. “It was beautiful, and you made me feel so loved and happy…” Sam hated the way his throat threatened to close with a knot of painful sadness.
“Then I think it’s pretty safe to admit your father has lied to you in order to make you obey.”

Sam didn’t say anything, but he nodded vaguely.

“I don’t know about blood taste…” Dean began.

“Thank God,” Sam joked, relieved.

“But whether or not it changed after what we did, it’s not like your dad will find out, right? You won’t let him drink from you anymore,” Dean’s question was more of a statement.

“I won’t,” Sam agreed, and he could see Dean release a tense breath he had been holding. “That is over. If he wants me as his son, he’ll have to be a normal Dad. No more blood sucking and offering me up for his sick vampire friends,” Sam shuddered at the memories.

“Good. That’s great.” Dean looked into Sam’s eyes and then looked around. He had more to say, and he wondered how the boy would take it. “But Sammy…you know you’ll eventually have to tell your father about me, right? About us…?”

“What? Why?” Sam’s heart raced.

“Don’t you think he’s bound to find out? It’s surprising he hasn’t yet figured it out. Besides, this whole sneaking around and hiding…” Dean shook his head and sighed. “I’m just saying it’d be nice if we could be together in front of people, without you having to lie about being in class.”

“Dean, you don’t know my father…”

“There you go, still being afraid of him… I told you I’ll be right there with you. You don’t have to tell him alone.”

“But my father and your father hate each other. Do you think that will change just because we’re together?”

“I don’t know, maybe.” Dean saw the look of doubt on Sam’s face. “Look, my father likes you, I guess. He even asked about you one of these days. He doesn’t need to like your dad to accept that we love each other. Why can’t our fathers—”

“You don’t know him,” Sam interrupted him. He thought about Lucifer and his chest felt tight with worry.

Sam got up and walked around the place for a moment. Dean watched him, and he could almost touch the tension that had suddenly built up within Sam, so thick it was.

“What’s wrong?” he asked when the boy sat down on the edge of the bed.

Sam shook his head and bit down on his bottom lip.

“Remember the guy I had dinner with a while ago?” Sam asked.

“The one who kissed you?” How could Dean forget?
“Yeah. His name’s Lucifer. He works with my dad and is friends with him.”

“And why does that bother you?” Dean didn’t know why that was relevant but then Sam went on.

“My dad wants me to marry him.”

It took Dean two or three seconds to frown and scoff with angry surprise. “What?!”

Sam swallowed hard and looked at the floor.

“Lucifer is a rich CEO, and my dad trusts him. The last time he paid us a visit he was acting really weird and friendly around me, and when he left my dad asked me how I felt about marrying him.”

“I don’t get it. Your dad doesn’t let you go out and meet people. Does he even know if you like men?”

“It doesn’t seem to matter.”

“That’s crazy…”

“Besides, Lucifer is much older than me. He could be my father. He isn’t bad company, I confess. He’s intelligent and funny, and so far he’s been very respectful. But I obviously don’t love him.”

“Why didn’t you tell me this before?”

“Because it’s upsetting,” Sam confessed. “Because I don’t want to marry him, and because Dad promised me he wouldn’t make me.”

Dean softened his voice a little and sat down beside Sam. He covered the boy’s hand with his own. “I’m sorry, baby. I don’t want to upset you, but the fact that your dad thinks about marrying you off to some rich friend of his, even though you don’t want to…well, it’s upsetting to me, too.”

“Don’t worry,” Sam let his fingers intertwine with Dean’s. “It won’t happen. I just…I don’t wanna tell my dad yet. This is so good, and it’s just begun…I just want to enjoy this more before he knows. I know you’ll be there with me, but there’ll still be drama,” Sam pointed out. “Can’t we just have a lot more sex before the drama kicks in?”

Dean chuckled and his face opened into a smile, at last.

“Of course we can.” He licked at his lips seductively and his eyes narrowed as he studied Sam with such piercing interest that the boy shifted his weight, growing a little hot. “Do you wanna start now?”

Sam sucked in his breath and nodded. The moment Dean’s lips were on his, there was a hot stab of arousal spreading inside of him and making him instantly ready for more.

“Yes.” Then, as if a sudden thought occurred to him, “I mean, can we even do it again? Today…?”

Sam’s honest curiosity made Dean laugh.

“We can do whatever we want to. Although I’d rather give you some time to recover. You might feel a little tender from this morning.”
Sam could tell his cheeks were changing color because they were already changing temperature.

“Speaking of this morning…” he began.

“Yeah?” Dean moved in closer, his eyes drinking in the sight of Sam.

“I want to thank you. You were everything you promised to be and more.” Sam looked into Dean’s eyes, it didn’t matter how embarrassed he felt. It was something he wanted to tell him. “You made me feel very safe and…well, good, of course. You were so respectful. And very sweet, too.” He chewed on his bottom lip, feeling a little shy.

Dean smiled and there was a delicious warmth spreading inside of him.

“Sam, baby…I love you so much, of course I wanted to make you feel good and safe. But even if this was nothing but casual sex, no one should ever settle for anything less than respect from a partner. Truth be told, when you have casual sex it isn’t always like that. Most of the time people just want to get off and end up being somewhat selfish. I confess it doesn’t really work for me. If I don’t see that the person with me is enjoying it, then it’s like I can’t fully enjoy it either. It makes me feel good, and yeah, I guess proud, too, when I can make someone feel pleasure because of me, and I love seeing people come undone.”

“I guess that’s how you got your reputation,” Sam snickered.

“Yeah… You know I’ve had sex with a lot of people, but for me it was always about making the person feel crazy good, that’s what thrills me. And that’s why I can’t really understand forcing someone to engage sexually. It’s like, it loses all its charm and appeal, not to mention it’s fucking disgusting. It pisses me off when someone is only thinking about themselves in bed, especially to the extent of hurting their partner. So yes, respect is the least one should expect.”

Sam knew it was a serious and important discussion, but he couldn’t help the thought that crossed his mind.

“So, are you saying that you’ll always be completely respectful of me?” His voice had a teasing tone that Dean didn’t fail to notice.

Dean squinted his eyes and fire licked at his insides.

“That’s different, baby boy…” he spoke in a low and promising voice. “If you consent to it, I’ll definitely disrespect you in the most naughty and dirty ways possible,” he chuckled and tickled Sam.

“HEY!” Sam laughed and squirmed as he lay on his back.

Dean followed him down and hovered above him, already feeling the heat of the boy’s body so close.

“You know, when you pinned me down to bed and asked me to try and fight you, that wasn’t so bad,” Sam confessed.

“I know. But that has nothing to do with what I was talking about. When I pinned you down,” Dean pressed his body into Sam’s and held the boy’s wrist on each side of his head. He laughed low in his throat at the surprised moan that escaped Sam’s lips when he realized Dean’s body was on top of his,
pressing him down. “I could tell you were enjoying it. And even if we pretend I’m going to
manhandle you as I please, I need to know it’s what you want, and it’s important that you understand
you get to stop it when you say so.”

“What if I don’t want to stop it this time?” Sam’s voice was a little above a whisper, and all it took
was him arching up into Dean’s body for the older man to take control.

Dean covered Sam’s mouth with his and kissed him thoroughly. By the time Dean managed to get
them both undressed, they were hard and aching for more.

Dean covered Sam like a blanket and thrust his naked erection against Sam’s.

“Mmm…” the boy moaned softly and spread his legs a little further for Dean to settle more fully
between his thighs.

“Feels so good to finally do this without clothes on the way,” Dean smiled and kissed Sam again.

They rubbed against each other in a slow build up for more. Sam’s body was finally relaxed enough
to enjoy being touched without the urgent need for release. Having already climaxed twice not so
long ago made it a lot easier to wait and build the pleasure slowly.

When they were both painfully hard, however, Dean knew there was so much more they could do
other than just rub against each other to orgasm. Nonetheless, he wasn’t willing to penetrate the boy
again so soon. Maybe tomorrow or the day after. Sam might be eager to do it again, but Dean knew
his body would benefit from taking it slow. Besides, now that they didn’t have to hold back, there
were many things they could try.

“Sammy?” Dean reached a hand between their bodies and wrapped his fingers around both of their
cocks, as much as could.

“Ah…” Sam arched and pressed his head against the pillow. “Yeah?” he was already breathless.
Dean was absolutely intoxicating. Everything he did felt good, his touch was so skilled and
knowing…

“You wanna try something with me?” Dean licked his lips at the thought.

Sam focused his haze-filled eyes on Dean questioningly.

“Like this, let me show you.”

Dean made Sam move and took his position, lying on his back in the middle of the bed. Sam
watched him from a small corner of the bed when Dean reached out his arms in his direction.
“C’mon, babe. Can you be on your fours on top of me?”

Sam knew he was blushing furiously, and yet, a spark of arousal made his cock throb at the idea.

“Um…”

“Here, I’ll show you how.”

Sam wasn’t sure what Dean wanted him to do, specially when Dean maneuvered Sam’s body so
Sam was facing the mirror, his ass towards Dean’s face, and, well, if Sam looked down he could see
Dean’s cock just a few inches from his own face.

“Dean, why am I—oh, ooh…Oh!” Sam felt Dean spread his cheeks and lick at his opening before flicking his tongue against it. Sam shuddered and his limps went weak at the bolt of pleasure that shot through him. “Dean…” Sam panted. He hadn’t been expecting that, and when one of Dean’s hands closed around his cock and stroked at the same time his tongue worked him open, Sam bucked back and forth into the stimulation.

It was only after some intense minutes of pleasure-filled responses that Sam realized he could do something for Dean, too. He looked at the glistening tip of Dean’s engorged cock, just a few inches from his lips, and lowered his mouth towards it in order to lick around the wetness in there.

Dean stopped all ministrations for a second and sighed deeply. He closed his eyes when Sam’s lips wrapped around his tip and the boy’s tongue rubbed against his sensitive gland. “Fuck,” he cursed.

The fact that Dean was enjoying it just spurred Sam on with an eager desire to please. He swallowed Dean in his mouth as much as he could, and there was sweet retaliation from Dean—the older man reached for the lube still lying by the pillow and pressed a cold finger to Sam’s puckered entrance.

“Hmm,” Sam moaned, the sound vibrating around Dean’s cock.

“Shit…” Dean groaned at the feeling, and watched, transfixed, as his fingertip toyed with the twitching hole. “So fucking hot, Sammy…you’re so fucking perfect.”

Sam’s chest filled with joy and heat, and he bobbed his head up and down a little faster. When that finger breached him, however, Sam let Dean slip out of his mouth and moaned.

“Is it okay?” Dean asked, breathlessly. “You can tell me if you’re too sensitive,” Dean didn’t move his finger as he waited for Sam to say something.

“It’s fine…”

Dean moved his finger slowly in and out and made sure his other hand was firmly wrapped around Sam’s cock, jerking him in time with the finger thrusting inside him.

Sam was having trouble concentrating. He didn’t know whether he should focus on the cock he was sucking or the pleasure building as Dean’s hands worked on him. The moment Dean’s finger brushed over his prostate, though, the choice was easy. Sam let go of sucking Dean off and let his head fall between his arms, his face drawn tight with pleasure.

“Fuck…oh, God…Dean…”

Dean felt his balls tighten at Sam’s evident pleasure. He added another finger and stroked over that sensitive bud within.

“This good, love? Do you want me to continue?”

Sam’s reply was a series of incoherent moaning and the rhythmic movement of his hips following Dean’s fingers.

The way Sam was fucking himself on Dean’s fingers alone was hot enough to drive Dean to higher heaps of pleasure and need. When the boy lowered his head again and began to moan around his
cock, as he tried to suck and lick Dean’s dick with as much focus as he could manage, it quickly
become too much for Dean. The sight of Sam spread before his eyes and the sounds the boy was
making were so much like Dean’s fantasies that they drove him wild with aching need for release.

Dean finger-fucked Sam faster, and squeezed his fingers around the boy’s cock, stroking with more
urgency.

“Ohhh…” Sam’s rising moan was the end for him. He tightened around Dean’s fingers and a second
later he was coating Dean’s chest with his come.

“Shit, shit, shit…” Dean groaned and squirmed with need at the feeling of Sam clamping down
around his fingers and coming on top of him. “So fucking hot, baby…” he slurred the words.

Sam was shaking all over. His body was pleased and spent, but he quickly remembered it wasn’t
over. He felt Dean’s fingers slip carefully out of him, and the hand around his cock stopped stroking
when Sam’s hand on Dean’s wrist silently begged him to. Yet, Dean was still hard and obviously
horny as hell, and Sam would make sure to take care of him.

“Where are you going?” Dean asked when Sam moved so he was no longer on his fours on top of
him.

“Relax,” Sam smiled. “I wanna look at you as I do it.”

Dean complied, he relaxed and his lips curved with a smile when Sam went down on him, except
this time their eyes met every time Sam bobbed his head up and down.

“So good…so fucking good…” Dean babbled. He forced his hips not to thrust up into Sam’s mouth,
and instead tried to relax and enjoy the licking and sucking increasing in frequency around his dick.

“This time I won’t stop. Please, don’t make me.” Sam looked into Dean’s eyes, wondering if he
understood what he meant by that.

“Are you sure?”

“I am.”

Dean nodded. He closed his eyes and bit down on his bottom lip as his orgasm neared. If Sam
wanted to taste him, then he wouldn’t stop him. Hell, the thought of Sam swallowing his come was
enough to push him closer to the edge.

Sam used his hand to stroke the base of Dean’s cock as he sucked the tip into his mouth, rubbing his
tongue against the skin. He picked up on the sudden shift in breathing patten and knew Dean was
close.

“Sam…Sam, I’m gonna come…oh fuck…” Dean felt that warm and wet mouth firmly wrapped
around him, and the hand that stroked him faster and steadily. His mind filled with thoughts of
everything they had done today, from the moment he had first seen Sam naked to being inside of him
and making him come, and Dean couldn’t hold back anymore. “Fuck!” he cursed and fell over the
edge, and as he came he managed to look into Sam’s eyes and see the moment the boy swallowed
him. Dean shuddered and closed his eyes.

Sam knew what to expect, but it was still surprising when that hot spray hit his mouth. Even though
he swallowed it fast, the taste lingered in his mouth.

“C’mere,” Dean opened his arms and Sam moved so they were lying in each other’s arms. “Kiss me.”

Sam parted his lips, and let Dean kiss him until the taste of his orgasm faded and there was only the familiar taste of their kissing.

For a while they lay there in silence, catching their breath. It was the middle of the afternoon outside, and Sam knew that he would soon have to get ready to leave in order to sleep home and prevent his dad from growing suspicious.

“Dean? Do you wanna shower again?”

“Considering I’ve got your come all over me, yeah, I guess that’s a good idea,” he laughed softly and so did Sam.

“I was wondering, though, how come people get any work done at all, how come they don’t just stay indoors all day, having sex?”

Dean laughed, loudly this time.

“Well, for one, fucking makes you hungry, so you need to work to have food and therefore have energy to keep on fucking.”

Sam twisted his lips and nodded, seeming to consider that.

“Yeah, it makes sense. Hey, does this mean that when I inherit my father’s fortune and we have all the money we need for food, we can be here all day and fuck?”

Dean kissed Sam’s hand and looked deeply into his eyes.

“Yes. That’s exactly what it means.”

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tbc...
Chapter 59

The second time they made love had been sweet and slow, pretty much like the first. Dean had taken a long time kissing and licking and preparing Sam, enjoying all the small little moans and sighs and every little writhe of pleasure his touch elicited from the boy. Dean had then penetrated him gently, stroking Sam to make sure he was ready and eager for more, and then they had built it slowly, until they both gave in and climaxed, lying around in each other’s arms for a long time after that.

The third and fourth time weren’t much different. By the end of the week, Dean could tell Sam had learned to relax and was beginning to take control of his own pleasure, asking for more when he needed, touching himself if he wanted. The idea that he was teaching Sam to discover his own sexual drive was amazing, and Dean couldn’t think of his time with Sam as anything less than blissful. He didn’t want to work or even leave his house, he just wanted to be inside the boy, making him cry and moan and beg, and then spilling inside of him all the need that had been building up since they had met, over and over again.

Still, even though Sam was much more relaxed during sex, every experience was a discovery, and Dean loved showing him new possibilities, and he also loved—he wouldn’t lie—when Sam blushed like a shy maiden every time Dean suggested something different or a little more sassy.

Like what he was about to do now, for example.

Sam grabbed fistfuls of sheets and moaned as Dean picked up speed on top of him. His body was on fire, hot with pleasure that kept building every time Dean’s cock stroked his prostate. The whole thing was intoxicatingly good, the way Dean moved, the way he looked and sounded, the way his skin smelled, and the voice dripping lust every time his lips brushed Sam’s ear and Dean whispered something dirty.

“Hmm.”

Dean grabbed Sam’s hips in his hands and slammed a little harder. He could tell the boy was used to his size and enjoying every thrust, which made him eager to take him in every possible way.

“Sammy?” Dean slowed his thrusts and whispered into his ear.

“Yeah?” Sam frowned when Dean stopped moving altogether. He looked at him with questioning eyes.

“Turn around for me,” Dean’s voice was low and thick, and it made Sam’s skin break into goosebumps.

The younger boy watched as Dean moved back and sat on his heels, his erection standing proud and thick between his legs.
“Turn around like…” Sam looked around quickly, feeling a little awkward.

“Will you be on your hands and knees for me?” Dean begged hotly, stroking himself casually, completely aware that Sam was drawn to Dean’s hand pleasuring himself. “Hmm? Will you let me take you from behind?” Dean’s eyes were completely clouded with lust, and it was impossible not to be infected with the passion roaring through him.

“You mean like dogs do?” Sam knew there was a shade of crimson red on top of his already heated cheeks

“Yeah…that’s exactly what I mean,” Dean chuckled.

Sam swallowed hard and began to turn around slowly. When he lifted himself and crawled on his hands and knees, though, Dean’s hand covered his and the older man looked into his eyes.

“Are you uncomfortable?” The lust in Dean’s eyes seemed to have lifted, and there was nothing but genuine concern there. The feeling warmed Sam’s heart, but it was nothing compared to the fire still burning hotly inside of him. Yes, he was a little embarrassed, but he was also aching for more of Dean’s touch, and he knew Dean would make it good, no matter what.

“I’m good,” Sam reassured him, and he wiggled his ass in the air to prove his point.

“Fuck,” Dean cursed at the sight. In a heartbeat, he was on his knees behind Sam, his hands grabbing Sam’s hips possessively as his thumbs spread him gently. His eyes got once again hazed with desire as he studied Sam’s opening and the small little gap, obviously missing the cock that had been pounding inside it a few seconds before.

Dean poured some more lube on his cock and penetrated Sam again, causing the boy to arch his back beautifully and moan at the feeling. He started slow and steady, allowing Sam to get used to the new position and angle. Then, Dean lubed his right hand and reached for Sam’s hard cock. “This way I can do this,” he squeezed and stroked the dick in his hand, and when he did that Sam cried and bucked.

“Oh…” When Dean’s cock hit his prostate at the same time his hand stroked Sam’s cock, the boy nearly lost it. “So good…so fucking good…”

Dean slammed harder and stroked faster, loving the way Sam began to move under him, lost between thrusting into his hand and bucking back on his cock.

Sam let his head hang between his arms and his lips parted around a rising moan. “Please don’t stop, please…” he begged. The double stimulation was maddening. His cock was throbbing in Dean’s hand, and every time the tip of Dean’s dick stroked his prostate, Sam descended into the utter chaos of pleasure.

The sight of Sam on all fours moaning and bucking into him was so much like Dean’s fantasies that he knew he wouldn’t last. He slammed harder and faster, with a possessive drive that made him clutch at Sam’s hips and push deep and harder, until his balls brushed against Sam’s skin.

“Mmmm,” the boy moaned.

Sam was more than sweet. His moaning was sheer sugar injected into Dean’s veins and making him helplessly high and addicted “Holy fuck…” Dean groaned. His fist worked faster when he sensed
Sam’s movements become more erratic and greedy. “I want you to come for me, baby…” Dean covered Sam’s back with his chest and whispered into his ear. “Come for me, Sammy.” Dean thrust steadily against Sam’s prostate until the boy’s body gave up and gave in.

Sam moaned wantonly as his body exploded and thrashed. His throat constricted and his balls felt heavy and tight when he came, shooting several arcs of seed over Dean’s fingers and on the bed, and when he thought he was done, there was another slam of Dean’s hips into him, another assault on his prostate, and Sam was coming again, his eyes rolling back in his head and strong muscle spasms taking over his body.

Sam’s orgasm hit Dean like an explosion, and he rode the boy until the last wave of pleasure made him shudder and cry softly. Dean’s eyes were drawn to the fluttering opening that clenched around the base of his dick, squeezing him impossibly tight during Sam’s orgasm and then relaxing and allowing him deeper.

Dean’s lips brushed Sam’s ear again.

“You came for me so hard, baby. So fucking obedient.”

Sam’s whole body tingled in response. His body was spent and satisfied, but every time Dean thrust it was like Sam’s very skin came alive, and his blood rushed to all parts of his body, and Sam could feel it in his fingertips, in the hairs that stood in his arms, in the heat that kept traveling inside of him, making everything inside light up with joy.

“Dean…” Sam whispered, his eyes half-closed.

“You’re such a good boy, aren’t you?” Dean let go of Sam’s cock and grabbed his hips with both hands, thrusting helplessly into the heated passage.

“I am,” Sam licked at his lips and smiled, a content and naughty little smile that although Dean couldn’t see, he could hear in Sam’s breathy voice.

Sam lowered his upper body and pressed his cheek into the pillow, which caused his ass to arch up in the air and Dean to lose control.

“Fuck…” Dean’s grip tightened and he slammed harder. The way Sam’s body had tightened and convulsed around him had been too much, and now the sight of Sam’s willing body sent a bolt of pleasure to Dean’s groin and he shuddered. “I’m gonna come, too.” Dean’s heavy panting echoed for a moment before his hips lost control and he slammed them into Sam’s, holding on to the boy’s hipbones as he emptied himself deep inside him.

When he was done and out of breath, Dean still managed to pull out gently before he collapsed in bed beside Sam. The boys didn’t say anything for a long time, they simply held each other in the messy aftermath of their climax and enjoyed the closeness in the blissful silence wrapped around them.

During those moments in which it seemed impossible to feel any closer to each other, it was as if nothing in this world could ever pull them apart. Perhaps deep down they both knew that kind of ecstatic happiness couldn’t last, wouldn’t last…but they were simply too happy to care.

~ * ~
During the next couple of weeks, Sam and Dean’s lives was something out of a fairy tale. They spent all mornings and afternoons together, sharing all the delicious moments they might have dreamed of. They walked on the beach, talked, laughed; Dean made Sam try different foods, and of course they explored and deepened their intimacy. Sam relaxed and allowed Dean to guide him into this new world of pleasure, where nothing was forbidden, and where Sam learned more and more about his body and what made him feel good.

The more they spent time together, exploring the new shades of their relationship, the more Sam realized he had never truly been happy until that moment. Suddenly, he understood that his father had been lying to him all this time, because sex wasn’t something dirty and shameful that would corrupt his blood, sex was this beautiful thing that made him feel like his body burst into a thousand pieces of happiness only to be put together again by Dean’s tenderness. Pleasure didn’t feel wrong at all. When Sam was with Dean, everything felt so right it was difficult to understand. There was nowhere else in the world where he’d rather be, and he knew Dean felt exactly the same, which was almost eerily supernatural.

During the few shifts they couldn’t be together because Dean had to work, Sam spent time at the church, having class with Bobby. He only went home to sleep, and so far his father hadn’t approached him again. Sam knew he couldn’t be so naive as to think Azazel wouldn’t try again, but he was determined to stand up to him and say no if he did. Sam didn’t believe his dad would force him, but if truth be told, Sam was afraid he might. Whenever he thought about it, though, he told himself he had Dean on his side, and Dean wouldn’t let any harm befall him. If his father found out he wasn’t a virgin anymore, Sam hoped he would understand that he had fallen in love, and that he was happy. A father was supposed to want that for his children, now wasn’t he? Therefore, Sam hoped that his father would understand. If he didn’t, however, he was ready to leave his home and go live with Dean. Sam had been scared before, but before he had also been scared of way too many things. Since they had begun having sex, Sam had never been more certain of wanting something in his life, and he wanted to be with Dean, it didn’t matter at what cost.

Dean’s love and touch had made Sam believe in himself and feel stronger than he ever had, and the transformation might not be very evident to his father, since Sam had been avoiding Azazel deliberately, but it was easy for Bobby to notice.

Bobby had been shocked and extremely worried since the night Sam had shown up at his door with bruises and a scared look. He had tried to probe him, but Sam didn’t open up about it. Not to him, anyway. Bobby was certain the kid had talked to Dean, whom Bobby now was pretty much sure was more than just his friend. The boys were in love; and Bobby could tell that something had happened between them, something good, because after the somber mood that had surrounded Sam after the assault he wouldn’t talk about, it was like something extremely good had happened to him. Sam’s wounds had healed and he seemed more than just happy when they had class—the boy seemed ecstatic. And Bobby would be a fool not to assume Dean had everything to do with it, considering they only had class when Dean was busy working. Given Dean’s fame of being the town’s Don Juan, Bobby could only imagine why Sam was this happy lately, but he pushed all thoughts away as much as he could, because just the idea of wiping that smile off both the boys’ faces hurt him.

Bobby also knew something had gone on between Sam and Azazel, because for the past weeks the same boy who had never been allowed outside the mansion, and who sneaked out for a few hours of fun, was now spending most of his days outside, with Crowley by his side, but more importantly, with Crowley on his side, giving him room to do what he wanted.
“Is Dean working today, then?” Bobby questioned lightly as the boy wrote down a report.

“Um-hum,” Sam nodded.

“Will he come pick you up later?”

“Yes. We’re gonna have lunch together.”

Bobby sighed and thought about his next words for a moment. He seemed to weigh them for a long time as he watched the boy write away.

“Sam…?”

“Yeah?”

“Is Dean your boyfriend?” Bobby’s heart raced and his fingers seemed to go cold as the seconds went by and he waited for an answer.

Sam wasn’t expecting that question, but he didn’t really mind it. He thought it was already pretty obvious, so he was a little surprised by it.

“He is,” Sam answered, and his heart thudded and basked in the warmth those words evoked inside him. “We’re in love.”

Bobby’s fingers tightened around his black robe behind the table where he was. He took a deep breath and thought of how John would react when he found out. How would Azazel?

For a moment Bobby was very tense, wondering if Sam would ask him why he wanted to know that, but the boy seemed very laid back as he worked on his assignment. It was only several minutes later that Sam spoke again.

“Are you really that surprised?” Sam asked wittily, looking into Bobby’s eyes and making the older man shake his head and smile lightly.

“I guess not.”

“Is that a problem for you?” Sam lifted his eyes off the paper quickly and eyed Bobby meaningfully before looking down again.

What could he possibly say? ‘No, it isn’t for me, but it might be for you once you realize you’re brothers.’ Bobby shuddered at the thought.

“Aren’t you afraid of getting hurt?” he ended up asking.

“Hurt? Why do you ask that?”

“Well, Dean does have a reputation of not settling down.” Bobby doubted that anything he said would change how the kids felt about each other, but he could try. If they went back to being just friends, then perhaps they wouldn’t hurt so much when they found out they were related, if they ever did.
“That was before,” Sam explained. “He had never been in love before. He told me that.”

“Do you believe it?” Bobby asked, with genuine honesty.

“Do you not?” Sam shot back, a large smile on his face.

“Bollocks, you two,” Bobby cursed. “You damn love fools.”

Sam laughed, and Bobby couldn’t help it when he laughed, too. Sam’s happiness was contagious. Dean was also wearing his heart on his sleeve as of late. What could he possibly do?

“Relax, Bobby. We’re good for each other. It’s not just sex. Dean takes care of me.”

“Oh, please, spare me the details. I’m still a priest.”

Sam chuckled, feeling tiny little giddy butterflies inside his chest.

“It’s true, though. Dean makes me feel safe, and he makes me feel like I can do anything I want. I can’t explain, but when I’m with him it feels like he’s gonna protect me and love me no matter what.”

“Kinda like a big brother, eh?” Bobby couldn’t really stop the words.

Sam frowned.

“Uh…I guess…I mean, we do some stuff that is pretty…”

“Too much information, kid. Too much,” Bobby interrupted him right there.

Sam laughed lightly, but when Bobby’s face turned serious, so did his.

“What is it?” he asked.

“Sam, you know your father and Dean’s father hate each other. You know this relationship won’t be easy.”

“I know,” Sam swallowed hard. He didn’t want to talk about it. “I don’t care what they think.”

“What if…what if they find out, what if they say stuff that will hurt you and pull you apart?”

“Nothing will pull us apart.”

“Sam, listen to me. I don’t know exactly what happened between your dad and Dean’s dad. I believe no one does except for them. But one thing I do know, and it’s that there are a lot of secrets in the past. I’m afraid that you being with Dean might cause some of these secrets to surface.”

“Do you know something, Bobby?” Sam felt a twinge of something between worry and fear.

Bobby didn’t want to lie to the kid, but he didn’t want to tell him John’s secret either. “I’ve been told some stuff, but I don’t know anything for sure. Besides, it’s not my story to tell. I’m just your teacher, and friend. I wasn’t part of that past.”
Bobby could tell Sam had grown thoughtful and serious. “Look, kid. I don’t want to rain on your parade. I know you’re very happy, I’d have to be blind not to see how happy Dean makes you. All I’m saying is that if being together is what the two of you really want, you’ll have to be strong.”

“I know.”

“You’ll have to fight. But you’ll also have to accept, and to forgive.”

“Bobby…you’re not making much sense.”

Bobby sighed and shook his head. “I’m sorry. I got carried away.”

In one moment, Sam’s face was drawn close in concentration, in another, the door opened in the classroom and Dean walked in, and just like the sun, Dean’s presence chased away all the shadows in Sam’s thoughts and the boy’s eyes sparkled.

“Dean!”

“Hey.”

Sam got up and they hugged, and since Bobby already knew anyway, Sam kissed Dean on the mouth and was immediately kissed back. In a matter of seconds, their closeness set fire to them and Bobby could swear there was an explosion of pheromones all over the place.

“Ahem. Boys. This is still a church. Get the hell out.”

“Yeah, sorry,” Dean smiled widely, not sorry at all.

Sam muffled a sound that was much like a giggle and the two of them left quickly, Sam’s report left and forgotten on his desk.

When they were gone, Bobby got up and went up the stairs to the hall church. It was near midday and there were a couple of people praying quietly upstairs.

Bobby stopped right before the altar and looked at the big cross and the Jesus figure on it, bleeding from his wrists, forehead and feet. Bobby made the sign of the cross and got down on his knees.

“Dear Lord,” he prayed. “I need help. I don’t know what to do. Please guide me.”

It killed Bobby inside because that was the kind of situation in which right and wrong were difficult to tell. It didn’t matter how wrong a romantic relationship between Sam and Dean seemed, Bobby closed his eyes and all he could see was the way they smiled at each other and the happiness that was all over their faces.

Bobby then thought of Azazel and John, and the potential mess the boy’s love affair could generate. There was a lot going through Bobby’s head, but in the end, he resigned and held on to one thought only.

“No matter what happens, please let me help them.”

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tbc....
Chapter 60

The boys were sitting at their favorite spot on the beach, the deserted little piece of sand and rocks where the ocean belonged to no one else but them. They had been together since morning, and after the steamy time they had spent in Dean’s bed pleasuring each other twice, they ate something and went for a walk. As it happened invariably, they ended up heading to the secluded spot, sitting on the rocks and watching the waves break from a small distance.

Dean couldn’t remember having felt this happy before. In all those years he had spent fucking his way through Glasstown, he had never imagined something would make him happier than that lifestyle. Right now with Sam, tough, it was such a peaceful feeling of being exactly where he belonged that Dean couldn’t even explain it, just feel it.

There was one thing, however, that still bothered him.

Azazel.

He took a deep breath and looked into the horizon. “How is it at home?” he then asked.

Sam looked at him and frowned.

“What do you mean?”

“Has your father tried anything?”

“No. He tries to talk to me when he gets home. You know, make small talk. I barely say anything. He knows I’m still angry.”

“So he hasn’t tried to drink again?” Dean felt at the same time relieved and apprehensive. He wondered how long Azazel would wait for Sam to be angry before he decided to make a move.

“He hasn’t. I told you I won’t let him do that anymore.”

“You told me he drugged you before. How can I be sure you’re not in danger?”

Sam felt all the anguish in Dean’s face and he wished he had a more convincing answer.
“He’s my dad, Dean…I know now that what he’s done to me is messed up. But he’s still saved me. I don’t believe he would force feed on me. He’s never done that.”

“What if he does so in the middle of the night?”

“I don’t think he’ll…”

“But what if he does? He’ll know you’re not a virgin anymore. What do you think he’ll do?”

Sam dreaded the answer to that question, and Dean could tell it made him afraid.

“You’ve told me before that you’re afraid of him. So why don’t you come live with me? You don’t have to face him if you don’t want to.”

“It’s not like that…I…” Sam felt a lump in his throat and chewed on his bottom lip.

“Hey, I didn’t mean to upset you…” Dean put a hand on his shoulder and squeezed.

“I know. It’s fine,” Sam said hurriedly. “It’s just that…I know what he did to me was wrong, and I don’t forgive him for what he’s put me through and the things he made me believe about myself and about sex… But he raised me. He’s the only family I have. I’ve got to believe he’ll understand it when he finds out I’m in love. Yeah, I know he’ll be pissed and probably he’ll yell at me and perhaps not talk to me for a while…but this will pass, right? He’ll understand how I feel. Eventually…” Sam added, a pleading question in his voice.

“Sammy…he burned your hands when he caught you masturbating. What if he does more than just yell? What if he tries to hurt you and I’m not there to stop it?”

“I won’t let him, Dean. I promise I won’t let him hurt me. When he punished me before I let him do it. I let him hurt me. I won’t let it happen again. You and your dad can think whatever you want about my father, and I know he’s a vampire and he deserves a lot of those thoughts, but he wouldn’t physically beat me, Dean. He’s all about punishment and mind games, and I won’t put up with those anymore.”

“You promise, right?”

“I do. I’ve changed. You know that.”

“I do,” Dean agreed.

“I just need to give him a chance to actually prove he’s my father and cares about me when he realizes I’m not the perfect son he expects me to be anymore.”

“And when do you think that will be?”

Sam shrugged. He remembered Bobby telling him they would have to be strong if they wanted to be together.

“Are you in a hurry to find out?” Sam asked.

“No. Not really.” They were living a dream, and Dean was in no hurry at all to be pulled back to reality. He then smiled lightly and his eyes seemed to glow with something different. “You know
what I am in a hurry to do, though?” he bit down on his bottom lip provocatively.

“Again?” Sam laughed, feigning outrage. “You’re insatiable.”

“Me? I’m not the one begging for more and for harder and for please not to stop,” he teased.

Sam sucked in his breath and his cheeks grew hot.

The boy’s reaction had an instant reflex on Dean, whose breath shortened as well.

“Let’s go?”

Sam nodded quickly and got up. As he moved fast in order to follow Dean, though, Sam slipped on the rocks and his left foot slid against the sharp shells attached to side of the rock where he had been sitting. He immediately felt the pain, although he only assessed the damage when he managed to pull his leg back from between the rocks and look at it.

“Damn,” he whispered.

“Sam?” Dean turned around when he heard the movement of Sam losing his balance. “Are you okay?” he stared at the boy’s leg when Sam managed to get back up on the rock. “Fuck.”

“I’m fine.”

Sam looked at the deep cut made by one of the broken and sharp shells on the rock. It had broken skin and for a split second all Sam saw was the white of fat tissue on his leg, then there was blood, tiny little drops that in a matter of seconds became an intense and angry flow of red.

“Shit.”

“Damn, baby,” Dean frowned. He bent over to take a better look at Sam’s cut. It was bleeding so much he couldn’t really see how deep it was, and it made Dean’s heart tighten with worry. “Here, I got you.” Dean helped Sam up and the boy winced when his foot touched the rock.

“We need to get you back home and clean that up so I can take a look.”

“I’m fine. It’s just a cut, I didn’t hit anything.”

“How bad does it hurt?”

“Right now?” Sam shrugged. “I can barely feel it. But ask me again in a couple of minutes,” he chucked sadly.

“Can you walk?”

“Yes.”

Sam said so, but when he tried to, more blood gushed out and the first real stab of pain made him stop.

“No, you can’t. Wait.” Dean took off his shirt and wrapped it tightly around the cut, to help stop the bleeding. “I think it’s pretty deep. We might need to take you to the hospital for some stitches.”
“No,” Sam shook his head quickly. “I can’t go to the hospital, Dean. My father will know for sure if I’m there.”

“Fuck, there’s that.”

“Just help me back to the shack, we’ll figure it out.”

Dean turned his back to Sam and the boy understood what he wanted. Sam put his arms around Dean’s neck and his knees around his torso, and let Dean walk back to his house carrying him. Luckily, they weren’t far from it.

When they were inside, Sam sat on the bed and Dean removed his shirt from around Sam’s leg to study the wound.

“Jesus, Sam. It’s still bleeding a lot. We need to close it. If you don’t go to the hospital your dad will find out anyway when you limp and bleed your way around the house.”

“I can’t, Dean. The other doctors will tell him. Most of them know who I am because of the check ups my dad takes me to do every now and then. Even if I ask them not to tell, one of the nurses might still do it. It’s not safe.”

“But Sam…”

“How will I explain it?”

“How will you not get medical attention? I mean, my dad has taught me a few tricks when it comes to first aid, you know, what with him hating your dad and needing to avoid the hospital environment at all costs, but I don’t have anything in here now.”

“Has your dad taught you to do stitches?” Sam marveled.

“Can you blame him for not trusting the doctors at your father’s hospital? If he could I’m sure my dad would operate on himself if it meant not stepping foot inside the hospital ever again.”

“Then take me to your dad. Do you think he has the stuff necessary to do the stitches?”

“I guess…” Dean pondered.

“Then please, take me there, not the hospital.”

What Sam proposed made sense.

“Do you think he’ll help me?” Sam grew doubtful.

“Yes, of course he will. I’m just afraid it’ll leave an ugly scar given that my dad is not a plastic surgeon or anything.”

“I don’t care.”

Dean seemed to think about it.
“It’s not like we have a choice,” Sam said.

Dean went into the bathroom, took a clean hand towel and soaked it with water in the sink, then he crouched before Sam and put the boy’s leg on top of his knee. Dean cleaned the wound and took a closer look at it. He could see fat and muscle tissue exposed. If they did nothing to help that wound close then it would take forever, leave an ugly scar and probably get infected.

“Alright. I’ll help you get in the car.”

~ * ~

John was talking to a client at the gate when Dean arrived in the Impala.

“There’s someone talking to your dad,” Sam pointed out, worriedly. What if it was someone who could recognize him?

“Don’t worry. Stay in the car. How is the pain?” Dean asked before moving.

“I’ll survive.”

Dean smiled lightly, kissed Sam’s cheek and left the car.

“Hey, Dean,” John greeted him when he saw him walking in his direction.

“Dad, can I talk to you for a second?”

John looked at his son and then at the client before him.

“Little busy here, Dean. Can’t it wait?”

“Not really.”

John looked more closely at his son and narrowed his eyes. Then, instinctively, he looked at the car and saw there was someone else in there.

Sam?

John’s heart raced.

“Excuse me, Mr. Harrison. I’m afraid I have to go.”

“No problem. Can I pick the car up on Friday?”

“Sure. I’ll have it ready by then,” he promised.

“Thank you, John.”

Dean watched as the man his dad had been talking to turned around and left. When there was a good distance between them, John turned to Dean with questioning eyes.
“What happened?”

“Sam’s hurt. We need your help.”

John’s heart slammed against his chest and his mouth felt dry right on the spot.

“Hurt?” he felt his hands grow cold as his head filled with a thousand nightmarish scenarios. “What happened?”

Dean was slightly taken aback by the wave of concern that hit his dad so fast.

“He’s fine. He slipped on some rocks and got a pretty deep cut on his leg. We can’t go to the hospital. His dad doesn’t know he’s not home.”

‘I am his dad,’ was John’s first thought, but of course he couldn’t say anything.

“Is he the one in the car?”

Dean nodded.

John walked to the Impala and took a look inside. “Hey, Sam. How is this leg of yours?”

“It’s okay. Dean thinks it needs stitches, though. I kind of agree with him,” Sam confessed. He removed the towel he had been pressing to the wound and let John see the extent of the lesion.

John frowned and shook his head.

“Dean will help you inside. I’ll go prepare my stuff.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, son.”

John felt a chilling sensation spread inside of him, and for a split second he was absolutely certain Sam would realize everything right then and there. For him it was so obvious that it was difficult to believe the boy wouldn’t think anything about being called son. It was just an affectionate term that Bobby sometimes used to refer to him as well. Besides, Sam was in too much pain to pay attention to such a small detail.

~ * ~

When John walked back into the living room with his first aid case, Dean and Sam were waiting for him. The boy was sitting on the sofa, his leg on a kitchen stool, and Dean was sitting right beside him with a worried expression.

For a split second, John just watched the two of them, looking so good and so strong…it made him feel proud, even if he couldn’t demonstrate it.

“Okay,” John said as he began to prepare what he would need. “I got something for the pain but it seems to have expired three years ago.”
“Oh, great.” Sam chuckled nervously.

“Go get him some whiskey, Dean. This is gonna hurt.”

“I don’t really drink…”

“You will want to, trust me.” Dean had had his share of accidents to know what to expect.

“Fine,” Sam nodded as Dean left to get some booze.

“You were lucky. Those shells can be pretty sharp. This isn’t too big, though. Deep, but not too big. I think three or four stitches tops, and you’re all set.”

“Thank you.”

John looked into the boy’s eyes.

“You don’t need to thank me, Sam. You’re Dean’s friend…”

“I know. But I also know that my dad…” Sam saw the shadow that crossed John’s eyes. “Sorry.” He trailed off sheepishly.

“Let’s not talk about your dad, perhaps, eh?” John hated the word dad to refer to Azazel. It was wrong, so very wrong.

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. I have nothing against you. I…” I care about you, I love you, I failed you…God, so many emotions!

“Here it is.” Dean returned with the bottle. “Go ahead,” he pushed it into Sam’s hand.

The boy drank a couple of large sips and made a disgusted face.

John touched the boy’s leg to assess the cut more closely. When he did it, however, it immediately occurred to him that it was the first time in sixteen years that he had touched his son. The last time Sam had been a newborn. The feeling overwhelmed him and John took a deep breath, his eyes lost somewhere in the past.

“Is everything okay, Dad?” Dean asked.

John snapped out of his reverie and nodded. “Yeah. Let’s do this.” He picked up a pair of procedure gloves and put them on.

First, John cleaned the cut with a proper anti-septic product, then he prepared the needle and the material he would use.

“I’m gonna use absorbable sutures, so you won’t need to have them removed, okay?” John instructed. “When they fall off, it’ll be healed.”

“Great.”
“Now hang in there.”

The booze he had drunk did little to prevent the pain from the needle going into his skin and across the cut. Sam’s fingers closed around Dean’s arm, but he didn’t make a sound.

“It’s okay. My dad’s good at it, it’ll be fast,” Dean encouraged him, and placed his hand on top of Sam’s.

“I’m fine,” Sam managed to say, even though his entire body was tense and he might be perspiring a little.

The first stitch closed beautifully. Indeed, John Winchester knew what he was doing. The second stitch made Sam’s blood pressure drop, and he felt a little lightheaded. Dean, who was watching him closely, tightened his hand on top of Sam’s and stroked it lightly.

“You’re doing great. We’re almost there.” John looked at the boy’s face, frowned in concentration. He didn’t believe how steady his hand was, considering what he was doing.

“Here, have more.” Dean offered the bottle but Sam refused it.

“I’m fine.”

“Last one,” John announced. The needle went in and out again, and John used some gauze to clean to blood so he could see what he was doing. By the time he managed to finish the last stitch, the boy looked pale and relieved. “There you are.”

“Thank you.” Sam’s hand loosened around Dean’s arm and he relaxed.

“You’re gonna need some pain killers, and I’m pretty sure you could use some antibiotics, too. Those shells can be pretty nasty when they cause an infection. Can you get those?”

“Yeah. My dad has a cabinet full of drugs in his office.”

John cringed at that. How come it hurt so much to listen to Sam call that evil monster his dad? How could the boy possibly believe he was Azazel’s son? For sure Sam knew he was a vampire. John shook his head, because in all truth, how could Sam not believe? He had grown up into that lie, and John was to blame for that.

“Dean, will you get me some more gauze and medical tape to put on it?”

“Yeah, sure.”

Dean got up and disappeared somewhere inside the house.

Alone with John, Sam didn’t really know what to say or what to do. He felt a little awkward and he didn’t even understand why. It must be good having a father who could watch you bleed and not lick his lips with hunger at the sight—the impulsive thought hit him and Sam nearly laughed out of nervousness.

“Thank you so much for helping me…you didn’t have to.”
“Of course I did. You’re Dean’s friend…” John felt his throat tight. He couldn’t take his eyes off Sam. Dean looked so much like Mary, his light brown hair, dirty blond from so much sun, his green eyes and fair skin…but Sam, Sam was all his. Even though the boy’s eyes were hazel, his hair, his jaw line…they were obviously John’s.

“I know, but…I also know you and my dad don’t really get along…” Sam chewed on his bottom lip, looking shy and uncertain.

John waved a hand dismissively, but Sam went on.

“I don’t know what happened between you, but I’m sorry for whatever my dad has done,” the words blurted out before Sam could even consider them. They surprised him as much as they surprised the man staring at him.

“I…” John thought of his guilt and his pain. How many times had he wished he could go back in time and never accept Azazel’s offer to take the baby? ‘I’m sorry, too,” he ended up saying, a hint of sadness in his voice.

“Here,” Dean came back with the stuff his dad had asked for and John finished the bandage around the boy’s leg.

When it was ready, Sam got up and tried to walk. It hurt, right, but it wasn’t unbearable. If need be, he thought he could walk as if nothing was wrong around his father, at least until he was safe in his room.

“Thank you, Dad.”

“You’re welcome. Don’t let him walk around too much, okay?”

“Yeah.” Dean secretly enjoyed the concern his dad showed towards Sam. None of his other friends had ever received such warmth.

“Thanks again.”

“No problem.”

John watched as Sam put an arm around Dean’s shoulder and was helped out of the house and then into the car. When he was alone, John started to clean up almost mechanically, because his mind was running wild with thoughts.

‘Dean deserves to know’, Bobby had said. Besides, Dean already cared so much for that boy. Perhaps if he knew they were brothers things wouldn’t even change that much. Perhaps they would grow closer.

Except that Dean would need to tell Sam, and then Sam might hate him. If the boy found out he had been lied to his entire life, what were the odds of him ever letting John into his life? No, John couldn’t dream of that, he wasn’t a fool.

However, the thought of Sam living every day of his life with a vampire, believing he had no other family, wasn’t it worse? Even if Sam never forgave him, wouldn’t it be better if knew the truth, if he was set free from whatever devotion he thought he owed Azazel?
Maybe Dean could help him tell Sam. Maybe, John couldn’t help the hopeful thought, Dean would
make it so that Sam understood, with time of course, and accepted John as his father, or at least as a
friend.

Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad if they boys knew.

‘They deserve to know, John.’

Bobby’s words echoed louder this time.

John looked at the gauze in his hand stained with Sam’s blood and a million thoughts took him over,
and all the time Mary’s face was vivid in his brain, and John couldn’t pretend he didn’t know what
she would want him to do right now.

“Alright, fuck me,” he sighed. The moment John made up his mind it was like the weight of the
moon left his shoulders. The relief was almost as strong as the fear that grabbed his heart and took it
on a crazy spinning dance inside his chest. “It’s been too long already. I’ll tell him.”

John laughed nervously, shut his eyes and squeezed the bloodied gauze in his hands. “God help
me…” he whispered and drank a generous amount of the bottle still lying on the sofa.

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tbc....
When Dean stopped the car safely far from Sam’s house, his heart tightened and he didn’t want to let the boy go. After helping Sam out of the car, Dean watched as the boy took a few tentative steps trying to hide the limping.

“Can you tell something is wrong?” Sam asked worriedly.

“Yeah, but that’s because I know you’re in pain.”

Sam looked concerned.

“Don’t worry, though. I don’t think your dad will notice. Especially if you don’t walk around too much.”

“Good.”

Dean took the boy’s hand and squeezed it.

“Are you sure you’re going home tonight?”

Sam sighed softly and nodded.

“He’s my dad, Dean. It’s okay. Nothing will happen. I’ll see you again tomorrow morning, as soon as he leaves.”

Dean’s every instinct wanted to fight that decision, but unless Sam changed his mind, there was not much Dean could do without kidnapping the boy.

“Alright. You be careful, though, okay?”

“Yeah,” Sam smiled, slightly amused at Dean’s concern. “I’d better walk to the gate alone.”

“I know. Bye, Sammy.”

The boys kissed on the mouth unhurriedly before parting ways.

Inside the mansion, Sam ran into Crowley in the living room.

“Is my dad home yet?” Sam hadn’t seen his dad’s car outside, but he wanted to check.

“Not yet. Why?”

“I hurt myself at the beach. Nothing serious, but I’ll rest my foot for a while.”
“Do you need anything?”

“I’ll get some drugs in dad’s office.”

Crowley nodded and watched as the boy took the elevator to go upstairs.

Inside his dad’s office, Sam walked towards the medicine cabinet and picked up some pain killers and antibiotics. He was about to turn around and leave when something occurred to him and he looked for something else. Sam found a band-aid and wrapped it around his thumb carefully before going to his room and nestling in bed with a book.

~ * ~

Azazel arrived home about two hours later. When he walked in he knew the boy was there because he could smell him. As he went upstairs and into his room, though, Azazel’s nostrils flared and his blood pumped with desire. It wasn’t just Samuel’s usual scent that had triggered his hunger, there was something else in the air.

Blood.

Azazel’s stomach rumbled and his heart rate increased.

Sam stiffened under the blanket when his dad’s yellow eyes narrowed and he took a few steps into the bedroom and towards the bed.

“Are you hurt?”

The boy’s pulse raced. He knew his father was able to smell the blood from his cut, and Sam could only imagine how that was affecting him.

“Nothing serious. Paper cut.” Sam lifted his thumb with the band-aid wrapped around it.

“Oh.” Azazel’s scrutinizing look dissolved into a tense smile. Just a paper cut? Holy shit, he must be really desperate for the boy’s blood to get so worked up over a stupid paper cut. “It’ll be all better tomorrow.”

“I know.” Sam didn’t want to talk much. He was still angry at his dad. But neither did he want to argue. Keeping the peace between them and having his freedom was a good situation in his life right now.

“How is Bobby?”

“He’s great.”

They looked at each other in silence for a moment and then Azazel sighed and waved his head.

“Well, it’s late,” Azazel sighed. “I shall get some sleep, and so should you.”

Sam nodded.
“Goodnight, dear.”

Sam didn’t say anything. He watched as his father left his room and relaxed when he was alone again. There was no need to worry. When Sam fell asleep an hour later, he truly believed that he had everything under control.

~ * ~

In the middle of the night, Azazel stopped going over documents and looked into the distance. His body was craving Sam’s blood so badly he could hear it pounding in his ears. It hadn’t even been that long since the last time he had fed on the kid, but the thought that Samuel was denying him was extremely provoking. Besides, the metallic smell of blood had excited his predatory instinct, and Azazel couldn’t focus.

He knew the boy was still coping with what had happened, but perhaps it was time to push a little bit. Sam had had enough days to get over the bad experience he had gone through. It was about time he trusted his father again and, most importantly, obeyed Azazel again. Maybe a little push would show Sam that it was alright to give in, that everything would be the way it was before, that Azazel would take care of him and keep him safe, and all the boy had to do was give in and allow him to take control.

Or perhaps Azazel was just blind and hungry and desperate.

Either way, he put down his pen and got up. As he walked towards Sam’s bedroom, his blood buzzed in his ears and the smell of blood got stronger.

Inside the bedroom, the boy was sleeping peacefully in his bed, alone. Since the night the vampire had nearly violated him and the heated argument that had followed, Crowley didn’t spend all the night in his room anymore. The boy had earned some privacy, and Azazel respected him for that. There was only so much a boy with Sam’s blood lineage could take without fighting back.

He was, however, still a teenager, and the years of grooming wouldn’t just go away because the boy was learning about his power.

Azazel’s mouth watered as he walked towards the bed. The boy’s breathing was slow and steady when he licked his lips and climbed slowly on top of the kid.

~ * ~

There were eyes watching him. Whether he was awake or sleeping, and if it was a nightmare or reality, Sam couldn’t tell, not right away. He just sensed the eyes staring at him and opened his own eyes, just two tiny slits in the middle of the night.

Sam’s brain couldn’t care less about the difference between nightmare and real life, because there was a man on top of him, and there were eyes staring at him, ready to…

I’m going to take you.
“AAAAHHHHH!!!!!!” Sam screamed at the top of his lungs. The surge of adrenaline that took over him was so strong that his heart slammed against his chest in furious and terrified heartbeats that caused his entire body to shake. The vampire was back on top of him, and there was no one to stop him from raping him now.

“Samuel?” Azazel was taken aback by the screaming.

“GET AWAY! GET AWAY!!! NOOOO!!!!” Sam’s breathing was so messy that in a matter of seconds he was hyperventilating.

“It’s Dad. Relax.” Azazel held Sam’s twisting body down and watched him, in shock.

Sam whimpered and shuddered, but he opened his eyes further and was met with his father’s yellow eyes.

The smell of fear filled the room like a cloud. Now, usually fear was extremely arousing for a vampire, but Sam’s horror was so intense that it took Azazel by surprise and made him change his mind about feeding on the boy. After raising Samuel since he was a baby, Azazel cared about him as much as he possibly could, and it did not please him to see the boy in that level of fear and distress. Even though fear could be a delicious little edge to the blood, what Sam experienced now was something Azazel dreaded tasting.

“I’m sorry. Relax…” he squeezed the boy’s shoulders.

“What are you doing?” Sam pulled his knees to himself and cowered away from under his dad’s body.

“I…I missed you so much, baby. I couldn’t really stop myself.”

At that moment, Crowley showed up at the door. He wasn’t sleeping far from Sam, and when he heard the screaming he woke up with his heart racing and jumped up and out of bed as fast as he could. When he saw Azazel on top of the kid, though, Crowley forced himself to step back and go away. He needed to go downstairs quickly and reassure the other employees that everything was fine. He assumed people would be startled, especially due to the most recent events involving screaming in the house.

“How could you do this after what that vampire tried to do to me?” Sam was still shaking. His throat was so tight with fear and anger that it was difficult to swallow.

“I didn’t think you would react that way. Besides, it’s about time I have your trust again. You know I won’t hurt you.”

“Assaulting me in the middle of the night is how you expect me to trust you again?”

Sam got out of the bed. In the midst of high adrenaline he didn’t even feel the pain in his foot.

“I’m sorry, baby. I thought you were ready…” Azazel breathed in the fear and regretted his stupid and impulsive decision to try and feed on the boy. Of course Sam wasn’t ready, and now he might have delayed the boy’s healing even more. “I can see now that you’re not.”

“I can’t be in this house anymore! You don’t respect me! You don’t care about me!”
Sam couldn’t believe his dad had just tried to feed on him like that. Yes, it had happened before, but after what Sam had just gone through in that very bedroom and bed, he could not believe his father would be that insensitive.

Or perhaps, he kind of could.

“Crowley!” Sam shouted.

“Where are you going?”

“Away from you!” Sam barked.

Crowley showed up at the door and saw Azazel grabbing the kid by the arm.

“Wait,” the yellow-eyed vampire said.

“What? Are you going to force me, too? Like your friend did?”

“Well, if you want me you’ll have to force me and hurt me, because I won’t let you.”

Fuck, Azazel cursed mentally. He hadn’t invested so much time and careful preparation for that kind of attitude. He wanted Sam to respect and fear him, of course, but the boy had to be a willing victim, that was an essential part of what made his blood taste so good. Taking it by force was not in his plans, because if he did it now, he might jeopardize years and years of consented blood sucking.

“Crowley, get my things. I’m leaving again.”

“You and I, we have to talk.” Azazel let go of Sam’s arm.

“No, we don’t.”

Crowley’s eyes didn’t meet Azazel’s as he did what the Prince asked.

Azazel’s blood boiled with anger and regret and hunger. Why did he have to go and ruin it? The boy was healing, he could tell that. Perhaps if he had waited another week or so. And now Samuel was once again afraid and rebellious. Azazel could either let him go again to give him space or force himself on the boy until he broke Sam down with genuine fear instead of fearful obedience. He didn’t want to choose the later, not yet.

When Sam put some clothes on and stormed out, Crowley looked fearfully in Azazel’s direction before following the kid out of the mansion. Azazel didn’t stop them. He watched in silence as the boy left with his bodyguard, certainly headed for the church once again.

The vampire walked towards a large mirror on the hallway wall and stared deeply into his own yellow eyes.

“Shit!!!” he gritted his teeth and smashed his fist against it, shattering his image into a thousand tiny pieces.
Sam didn’t go to the church this time, he went straight to Deans’s house. Crowley dropped him off with his things and told Sam he would sleep in a hotel nearby. He didn’t seem to want to go back to the mansion either, and Sam appreciated that.

When Sam knocked on the door it didn’t take Dean long to answer it.

“Sam?” Dean looked sleepy, and so damn handsome that Sam smiled and relaxed.

“Are you okay? Oh God, what happened?” Dean shrugged some of the sleep off and began to check Sam’s face for injuries.

“I’m fine. Can I come in?”

Dean moved aside so Sam could step in. He saw the limo drive away behind Sam and then shut the door.

“What…”

“My dad tried to feed on me. I woke up with him on top of me in bed. I guess the smell of blood from my cut got to him. He scared the shit out of me.”

“Damn it…did he hurt you?”

“No. I’m fine. He didn’t drink. I…I left again.”

Sam sounded apologetic.

Dean didn’t even know where to start. He was about to sound like a broken record when he opened his mouth, but Sam shut him up with a passionate kiss. Dean’s words got blurred and forgotten as Sam’s tongue probed and the boy’s body pressed against him. The moment Dean felt Sam’s hard on against him, though, he pushed the boy away softly. He had a strong déjà vu and the feeling he would find tears in Sam’s eyes when he looked at him.

There were none.

“What happened?” Sam questioned.

“Are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” Sam assured him. “I was scared shitless when I woke up in that situation, but I’m fine now. And I want you…” Sam’s hands flattened on Dean’s chest and he licked his lips suggestively. “I need you to take me, and I’m fine, I promise…I just…I really want to be in your arms, and feel you inside me, and just know it’ll be okay…you know?”

Dean smiled and relaxed. Sam looked spooked, but he also seemed fine. He didn't look like the scared and lost boy who had tried to have sex with him the night the vampire nearly forced him.

“You do know we’re gonna have to talk about what happened, right?”
“Yes.”

“And you know what I’m going to say.”

“Yes,” Sam agreed again.

Dean nodded.

“I know, but can it wait?” Sam begged.

Dean looked intently into Sam’s eyes, studying him.

Sam put his arms around the older man and his lips brushed Dean’s ear. “Can you just fuck me now?”

From the first time he had laid eyes on Sam, dressed as an angel, Dean had known, deep down, that that boy would be his weakness. There was nothing he wouldn’t do for that boy, no wish he wouldn’t do his best to please. Particularly when they were talking about such a delicious little plea.

“Do you want me to fuck you nice and slow or long and hard, baby?” Dean groaned and tightened his arms around Sam, too, pressing his hardening cock against Sam’s own erection.

“Both. Please.”

The boy moaned low in his throat and everything else happened as if in a blur. Dean took off his clothes and helped Sam out of his. He laid the boy on the bed gently and his fingers were all over Sam’s body, kneading and stroking, eliciting delicious little moans of pleasure as he he worked his lips from Sam’s neck to his thighs.

“Dean…” Sam breathed in throatily as slick fingers slid into him and rubbed at his prostate.

Dean was already wild and throbbing with lust. He didn’t have to prepare Sam for too long. They were both ready for more, so Dean used his own dick to stretch the boy slowly, and he kissed Sam’s lips and swallowed down the boy’s sigh of pleasure when he pushed all the way inside him.

Sam locked his thighs around Dean’s lower back and they began moving in a rhythm that was already too familiar to them, and Dean gave it to him just as he had promised. Nice and slow at first, long and hard as Sam neared his climax.

Sam’s toes curled and he arched into Dean’s thrusts. He reached between their bodies and stroked himself when Dean’s groans grew grittier and more clipped.

Dean’s fingertips dug into Sam’s thighs and he pushed the boy’s body onto his cock as much as he thrust inside him. Sam began to tremble and his orgasm hit him almost at the same time Dean lost control.

The two of them still moved slowly as heavy breathing filled the room around them. When Dean eventually pulled out, Sam could feel his seed trickling down his thighs. He smiled at that. The warm feeling on his skin made everything real, it made Sam know that Dean was really there for him, and that no one could take away what they had together.
Dean looked at the mess between Sam’s legs and stroked his fingers across the boy’s thighs and lower belly.

“Let me get something to clean you up.”

“Thanks.”

Dean got up and returned with a hand towel from the bathroom, and when he stood by the bed and Sam kicked the sheets off and moved, Dean’s eyes widened with worry.

“There’s blood on the sheets.”

“What?” Sam followed Dean’s eyes and realized he was right. “Shit, it must be from my foot. I forgot it was hurt.”

After all the adrenaline buzzing through him tonight, Sam had barely remembered his cut.

“I’ll get another towel,” Dean said and turned around.

Sam cleaned up the aftermath of their love making and then the blood off his foot and leg. It wasn’t much, and luckily the stitches were still in place.

“Sorry about the sheets.”

“Aw, shut up,” Dean chided softly. “Is it hurting?”

“Just a little.”

Dean sat by the bed next to Sam and looked carefully at the boy’s wound.

Sam looked too, but his thoughts were else where. The boy studied the stitches and thought of Dean’s father helping him and being so nice to him. Then Sam thought of his own father, assaulting him in the middle of the night.

“Your dad is so cool,” Sam finally admitted. “You’ll think I’m crazy, but I kind of envy you for having him as a father.”

Dean sighed and smiled sadly. “I know where you’re coming from, but my dad isn’t perfect either. Although yeah, I admire him and love him, and he would never hurt me the way your dad has been hurting you.”

Sam bit down on his bottom lip and fell silent.

“Dean, I…I need to talk to my dad. I need to tell him I won’t accept his feeding anymore, and I need to tell him about us.”

Dean felt his chest tighten with expectation, pride and sheer tension, because he had waited a long time to hear Sam say that, and he knew it wasn’t easy at all.

“There is, however, a chance he won’t understand,” Sam’s fingers curled, almost unconsciously, around the sheets on the bed. “If he doesn’t…”
“Of course I will,” Dean said quickly.

Sam frowned. “How do you know what I’m going to ask?”

“I just know. And the answer is yes.”

Sam had to ask it anyway.

“If he doesn’t accept us, will you really run away with me?”

Dean found Sam’s fingers, still tight around the bed sheets, covered and squeezed them.

“To the end of the world, Sammy. I’ll run away with you. I swear.”

Sam felt himself relax a notch and smiled. The two of them kissed again, and in that isolated beach cottage, away from the rest of the city and the world, Dean took Sam again, and they were as close as they could be, and closer than they could imagine.

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*tbc*...
Chapter 62

For the next few days, Azazel lived in complete doubt as to what he should do about Samuel. On one hand, he didn’t want to force the prince back home and break down the wall he had built around himself with sheer authority. He knew there would be plenty of undesirable consequences in forcing Samuel to submit. On the other hand, how long could he sit and wait for the boy to come around? At the end of the day Azazel was still the boy’s father, and he had the power of decision over him. How much longer could he sit and wait as the boy rebelled and pushed him away? Wasn’t it about time to show Samuel enough was enough?

Azazel could hardly concentrate on his work because thoughts of the boy and his sweet blood filled his head almost constantly. Every day he got home at night and Sam wasn’t there, it was a struggle to decide what to do. So far, Azazel had chosen to wait, but his patience was wearing thin.

Apparently, he wasn’t the only one whose thoughts were focused on the boy.

“Hello?” he picked up the phone and put down the pen he had been holding.

“Hi. It’s Lucifer.”

Azazel’s fingers tightened for a moment, but he took a deep breath and forced himself to relax. Of course it was Lucifer, there was still the billionaire into that equation.

“Hi, Lucifer. How are things? I hope everything is all right.”

“Everything is fine, thank you for asking,” Lucifer said politely. “You know why I’m calling. How is he?”

Azazel licked at his lips an chose his words carefully.

“I’m afraid the prince is not well.”

“What happened?”

The immediate alarm coming from the other side of the line was almost endearing, and it made Azazel relax further.

“Don’t worry, my friend. Nothing serious. He’s come down with a bad case of the stomach flu. He should be fine in a week or so.”

“Oh. That’s too bad. I have a meeting near Glasstown in a couple of day. I was thinking of paying him a visit.”

The last thing Azazel needed right now was to have Lucifer around when his control of the boy was
slipping through his fingers. Even though Azazel cherished the romantic interest he had nurtured in Lucifer, that part of his plan would have to wait until Azazel had restored his dominance over the boy.

“You’re always welcome, my friend. I just fear Samuel won’t be too excited about company when he can barely go a few hours without using the bathroom.” Azazel fidgeted with the pen as he waited for Lucifer to say something.

“Well…in that case, I’m afraid my visit will have to wait. I…let me check my schedule…”

Azazel took another deep and triumphant breath.

“Yeah, I can drop by next month. Would that be convenient?”

“That would be lovely. You know that.”

“Tell him to wait for me. And tell him I miss him. Will you do that?”

“Of course I will. I’m sure hearing from you will cheer him up, even though he’s weak and tired. He’s asked about you a couple of times.”

“He has?”

Azazel almost snickered. Lucifer, the brilliant brain of a multimillionaire empire was just another love fool. With the help of Sam’s mystic allure, he had grabbed Lucifer by the balls, and right now he had him exactly where he wanted him, which was head over heels in love with the boy.

“Don’t get too excited. He’s still mine for a while.”

“Right.” There was a pause, an almost too long one. “I need to go. Goodbye.”

“Goodbye.”

Azazel hung up and picked up the pen once again. His control over Lucifer was exactly as expected. By now he was pretty sure his wealthy boss would do whatever he had to do in order to be with Samuel. There was only one part of the plan that wasn’t following the script.

“Very well. I’ll give you one week,” Azazel spoke in his imaginary conversation with the boy. If at the end of this week Samuel still hadn’t come to his senses and gone back to being the sweet boy he had raised him to be, then Azazel was going to try something less understanding and more dramatic. After all, he knew the boy tended to react beautifully to punishment.

For now, though, he relaxed and waited. One week, and then he would have a firm pulse.

Azazel narrowed his yellow eyes and wondered what Sam was doing in Father Bobby’s church right now. Was he reading? Was he eating stuff he was not supposed to? Was he telling Bobby any secrets?...

~ * ~
Sam was moaning as Dean’s mouth bobbed up and down on his cock. His fingers held on to Dean’s silky hair, tightening to a painful grip when Dean’s tongue flicked against his tip.

“Hmm.”

Sam didn’t know whether he wanted to snap his thighs shut or open them further as his pleasure built. His chest heaved with every breath and his tongue darted out to lick at his dry lips every now and then.

Dean went down on him like his life depended on giving Sam pleasure. His fingers stroked the smooth thighs open before him, holding them in place as his tongue lapped and his lips tightened.

“Dean…” Sam’s throaty plea was a familiar warning. Whenever the boy’s voice became low and his thighs became shaky, Dean knew he was close.

He let Sam’s dick out of his mouth and licked his lips.

“C’mere.” Dean sat on the bed and patted his thighs. “Come sit on my cock.”

Sam shuddered and his eyes darkened. He complied and moved closer, drawn to the erect and promising column of flesh between Dean’s legs.

Dean handed the lube to Sam, who spread a generous amount on his hands before stroking Dean up and down, smearing lube from his base to his tip, squeezing and jerking until Dean’s hips tried to thrust into the ministrations.

“So fucking good, baby. But I want more.”

“Yeah? What do you want?” Sam whispered hotly, their lips touching, their tongues provoking.

“I wanna split you open on my dick,” Dean groaned into Sam’s ear and grabbed him by the hip.

“Oh…shit…” Sam breathed hard and goosebumps broke on his thighs and legs.

“Would you like that?”

Sam’s response was to position himself on Dean’s lap, grab his cock around the base and lower himself on it slowly.

“Holy fuck,” Dean cursed as Sam’s tightness and heat wrapped around him like the perfect sheath around a flaming knife.

The two of them sighed in unison when Dean was buried to the hilt inside.

“Ride me, babe.”

Sam nodded and swiveled his hips. He was getting good at sex. In the end it was easy and instinctive. It felt good and he let himself go, riding Dean’s cock as Dean’s hands ran up and down his back and lower back, massaging and encouraging his movements.
“Fuck, you look so hot.” Dean’s mouth found Sam’s sweet spot where his shoulder and neck met, and he closed his lips on the skin, teasing softly but mercilessly.

“MMm…” Sam bucked when Dean’s mouth attacked the sweet spot on his neck at the same time his cock rubbed against the sweet spot he had within.

Dean knew Sam had found pleasure, because the boy quickened his movements and rode him harder, pulling himself up and clamping down on him again, seeking friction against his prostate.

“There you go, Sammy. Fuck yourself on my cock.”

Sam shivered and threw his head back. His arms wrapped around Dean, needing the support. Sam’s thighs were shaky from the strain of lifting himself up and bringing himself down, but the pleasure was escalating and he didn’t want to, couldn’t stop.

“Help…help me,” he croaked when fatigue took his muscles and the need to come was soaring through him.

Dean’s hands tightened around the boy’s thighs and he helped him bounce on his cock at the same time he thrust up into him, slamming against his prostate.

“Oh…OH!” Sam’s eyes shot open with surprise and he looked deeply into Dean’s eyes. It happened way too fast, and with a strength that nearly made him fall. “HMmmmm!!” Sam moaned wantonly loud and shook, and when Dean felt the tight contractions around his cock he could hardly believe what was happening.

“Fuck!” Dean looked between their rubbing bodies to see the moment when Sam came hard, his come spilling against Dean’s lower belly, his body bucking forward as his thighs finally gave in.

The sight of Sam coming untouched made Dean’s control slip away.

Dean moved fast and hungrily. He stopped moving and pulled out before pushing Sam onto his back on the bed and slamming back inside him, hard and deep.

“Oh!” Sam winced with surprise. Dean was almost too deep, and at the same time it hurt a little, Sam was still floating in the aftermath of his orgasm, so he relaxed and smiled.

Dean placed both of Sam’s legs on his shoulders, opening the boy up completely for his demanding thrusts.

“Fuck, Sammy. You make me lose control.”

Sam smiled and looked into Dean’s green eyes, now dark and filled with lust. He felt completely open and vulnerable, and the way Dean took control of him was the hottest thing Sam had ever experienced.

“Come inside me. Please.”

Sam knew exactly what to say to make Dean lose his mind. Some might say Dean was the sex expert, what with all the experience he had. But Sam, in all his innocence and tentativeness knew exactly what to say and when to say it to make Dean lose control.
Dean thrust with renewed urgency for a few last desperate times and groaned, the muscles on his abdomen clenching as his cock throbbed and he released inside the boy, long and hard.

When Dean at last collapsed in bed beside him, Sam clutched him and they stayed like that, a mess of sweaty limbs and spent bodies, still relishing the waves of an intense climax.

Dean kissed Sam’s mouth and looked at him very serious and intently.

“What?” Sam ended up asking.

“You came without my hand on you.”

“Yeah…?”

That Sam found nothing strange about it was even more endearing.

“It doesn’t happen often, that’s all. I’ve heard about guys coming from being fucked but I’ve never…”

“Oh.” Sam understood it, and when he did, he blushed. “Was I your first?”

“Yeah,” Dean chuckled softly.

“Um. Okay.”

“You don’t need to go red in the cheeks. That was super hot.”

They kissed again before Sam’s cheeks grew even hotter. When the the kiss broke and they still felt each other’s breaths on their faces, Dean’s hand tangled in the younger man’s hair and his eyes seemed intense and serious.

“I wanna have a whole lot of firsts with you,” he confessed, his heart beating faster. “Do you want the same?”

“I do.” Sam wanted to stare into those eyes for the rest of his life, he didn’t care what he had to do or who he had to face. “Even though there will probably be a lot more firsts for me than…”

“Marry me.”

Dean felt like electricity shot through his body and trembled in his veins, making his chest explode with love and fear and excitement.

Sam’s eyes widened and he understood the depth behind Dean’s eyes. He knew the older man really meant it. There was no denying how serious Dean was and how much he meant it.

“Yes.” Sam didn’t have to think. There was only one answer. And if the world was going to try and pull them apart, well, they had another thing coming.

Dean’s chest seemed to burst into a thousand fiery pieces. He kissed Sam again, hard, and they held at each other obsessively, almost as if something was coming to get them.

“Let’s get married right now, then!” Dean started to laugh.
“Why are you laughing?” Sam didn’t know why, but he was laughing, too.

“Because I never ever thought I’d be proposing to someone and yet here I am, the happiest man alive.”

Sam’s heart was beating very fast, making him feel alive and invincible.

“Let’s go find Bobby and ask him to marry us right now. I wanna see your dad try and separate us after that. Vampire or not, he’ll have to kill me to make me go away.”

“Don’t say that…” A shadow crossed Sam’s eyes. “Don’t even joke.”

“It doesn’t matter. Let’s do this now.”

Sam was smiling widely when Dean got to his feet.

“Dean, wait.”

“What?”

“Can we at least shower? I mean, we’re covered in…you know.”

It took Dean a second to realize they were still both naked.

“Right.”

Sam laughed at him. In a heartbeat, Dean helped him to his feet and into the shower, where they stumbled in a mess of groping and kissing and rubbing until they were both hot and ready for more.

By the time they turned off the shower, they were both hard and grinding against each other. Dean had Sam pinned against the bathroom wall and his breath tickled the boy’s face.

“Are you sore?”

“No.”

“Do you think you can handle me again?” Dean’s voice was dripping lust and Sam felt himself throb in response. He nodded and swallowed hard.

“We’re supposed to go to the church…” Sam whispered throatily.

“How about we skip to the honeymoon?”

Dean licked Sam’s throat and captured his earlobe between his teeth.

“Yes.”

“Yes?”

“Yes.”
Sam felt Dean’s arms pick him up and carry him to the bed, and everything was a delicious blur after that.

~ * ~

John left the garage after lunch and put a closed sign on his door. He had no idea what time he would be getting back, so he made sure people wouldn’t wait for him.

For the first time in a long time, John headed to the coast. He was going to speak to his son because he had made up his mind. Bobby was, he hated to admit, right.

It had been too long.

Now, Dean would probably hate him and curse and scream at him, and John would be lucky if he ever wanted to sit, talk and try to understand things, and that frightened John, of course it did. But on the other hand, the idea that tonight he wouldn’t share his bed with that secret any more was exhilarating. The prospect of lifting that heavy burden off his shoulders was almost worth Dean’s wrath.

And perhaps, Dean might end up forgiving him. John could dream, right?

He parked his car near the beach and walked his way to Dean’s house. He could have parked closer, but John wanted to walk.

Dean’s house was on the beach, but in the middle of some trees, and overall a beautiful place to be in. He hoped Dean was home.

Considering he usually left for the bar in the evening, John knew there was a big chance he might find him sleeping last night’s hangover off.

Well, no more excuses. Whether Dean had had a rough night or not, it was time to sit and talk about the night Mary had died.

As John approached the neat shack where his older son lived, he heard sounds he couldn’t possibly ignore.

John stopped on his tracks and shook his head.

“Dammit.”

Of course Dean had someone in his place. Damn if that kid wasn’t insatiable. John knew of Dean’s notoriety in town, and judging from the loud moaning, he was totally living up to it.

John’s heart fell as he realized he would have to come back later. He cursed Dean’s sexual appetite and turned on his heels to walk away.

Before he left, though, he heard something that made all the hairs stand on the back of his neck.

For a split second, John thought his heart had stopped, but then he realized it was still there, because it was racing, it was galloping as if it was about to beat its way out of his chest through his throat.
“Dean!...”

That voice. That voice drunk with pleasure and moaning unabashedly was a voice John had heard before, but he couldn’t believe his ears because that didn’t make any sense, that was impossible, that was…

John turned around and his feet were taking him closer even though he didn’t want to go near that house. His eyes dreaded what he already knew he was going to find, but he couldn’t turn away, it was almost as if fate itself was guiding his movements and causing him to keep going forward and forward until he could see the window, and through the open window John Winchester saw his two sons.

Sam had the sheets wrapped around his waist and Dean’s hands guiding his hips as he rode him on the bed. His eyes were closed with concentration and his lips parted with evident pleasure.

“No…” John whispered. That had got to be some cruel joke. It was not possible, it… “God, no…” John stumbled his way as far as he possibly could away from Dean’s house before he was seen, nearly tripping on his way back to the car.

By the time John was back inside the car, he was shaking as if the very ground beneath him had just parted to swallow him.

“I’m too late…” he whispered. The image of his younger son riding his oldest in bed would not go away, no matter how painful or wrong.

“Fuck!!” John cried and cursed. “I’m too late…”

John punched the steering wheel a couple of times, accidentally honking the horn when he did so. That earned him a few looks of curiosity and reproach from passersby, but John didn’t care, because his world was crumbling.

“I’m too late…” John sobbed with defeat and let his forehead rest against the steering wheel.

--------------------------------------------------

tbc...
When I first thought of this story, I was planning on setting it in a medieval-like time frame, but then decided against it. I do, however, see it happening in some sort of alternate universe where even though there's technology we had in the 1990's, other things are just a lot more progressive, such as sexuality. In the 90’s I believe it was a lot harder being gay, let alone talking about gay marriage. Since I started the fic, sexual orientation hasn’t been an issue for a long time in the setting I've come up with. In this AU of mine, a person's sexual orientation isn't a big deal.

The floor was opening right beneath his feet, his world was spinning, and all those metaphors people used when they found themselves dumbstruck by reality were now gripping John and making him breathless.

He still could not believe his eyes. If he hadn’t seen it and...heard it, John didn’t think he would have believed it. How come???

They were brothers, and they were friends, they were not supposed to…

“Dammit!” John cursed Dean and his wild sexuality. Why did he have to bang everything that walked on two legs? Why did he have to sleep with his own brother?!

Of course John knew that Dean didn’t know, he couldn’t know…but how had this happened? Why on Earth had they ended up in bed together?

John paced back and forth for a few lost and anguished moments, then he stopped in the middle of the living room and his stomach sank with realization—Bobby knew.

Of course the priest knew about Dean and Sam. That explained why Bobby had insisted so much for John to come forward about it. For sure Bobby must have seen or heard something considering all the time he spent in the boys’ company.

Why hadn’t he said anything sooner, though?

John gritted his teeth and walked firmly towards a half-empty bottle of whiskey. He didn’t even bother pouring it in a glass; he simply took the bottle to his lips and drank down a large amount of it until he felt lighter.
“Oh, God…oh, fuck…” John shook his head. He could not believe it, even though the scene going on in Dean’s shack wouldn’t get out of his mind, John could not wrap his mind around the idea that his two sons had become lovers. He thought about Mary and his heart ached. “I’m so sorry, baby… this is all my fault.” John raked his large fingers through his short dark hair and felt a sob of sheer despair lock tightly around his throat.

How could he possibly deal with what he had seen? And what would he do now, that he knew? John understood he had to tell Dean as soon as possible that he could no longer have whatever he did with Sam because the boy was his little brother, but there was no way John could do this now because he couldn’t really get a grip on himself.

Besides, the boys were kind of busy to listen to him now.

“What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck!!!” John cried angrily and drank more whiskey, making a face at the taste and feeling his eyes ache from the alcohol.

John’s hand was shaky as he helped himself to the remaining booze in the bottle. When he began to feel drunk and numb, he started to think of what he should do with what he knew now. He wondered whether Azazel had any idea about the relationship between the boys, but John doubted it. Bobby was probably the only one aware of their relationship. And Bobby had tried to warn him, but John had been too busy with his sorrow and guilt to pay him any heed.

“It’ll be okay…” John told himself without any conviction. “I’ll tell Dean, and he’ll be horrified, but he’ll understand. He’ll tell Sam, and they’ll move on from this. It’ll be okay,” John repeated out loud like a maniac. “They’ll be friends. It’ll be weird for some time, but they’ll get over it. Everything will be okay, with time.”

John’s heart raced as if mocking the words leaving his lips. Deep down it was like he knew things wouldn’t be okay, but John didn’t know what else to do and what else to think.

He spent one entire hour getting drunk and processing his shock, drowning in guilt and regret and doubt. After one hour and a lot of alcohol in his system, though, John couldn’t just sit and wait. The longer he waited, he thought, the more time his sons would spend doing—

…God…

John shuddered.

Doing whatever the hell they had been doing for a while.

With surprisingly steady steps, John got up from the sofa and tried to clear his head. He was going to speak to Dean. The two of them were most likely done with whatever they were doing before. Sex, they were having sex. John’s mind screamed insistently, getting on his nerves.

John would go back to Dean’s place, and this time he wouldn’t look through the window. He would knock on the door and wait until Dean answered, and then he would calmly ask Dean if they could speak in private. John knew that conversation needed to happen face to face, as soon as possible, and since Dean never bothered with getting a phone, John would have to take his chances and go find him again.

The older Winchester took a deep breath and decided to walk down to the beach and up to Dean’s house. He knew that driving while intoxicated was not a good idea, and he could use the walk on the
shore to try and sober himself up, clear his thoughts, and prepare for the conversation that was about to happen.

~ * ~

Bobby had just finished service when he thought he heard knocking downstairs. He looked at the aisle and counted five people on their knees, praying silently with their eyes fixed on the altar.

Bobby let them be and went down towards the classroom. He locked the door behind him and unlocked the door of the hidden passage Dean usually used when he came to visit him.

“I thought I’d heard something. Come in.” Bobby watched the two boys walk inside the classroom and he closed the door behind them. For a brief moment, Bobby’s heart raced because he thought perhaps John had already told Dean the truth and they were coming for advice, but when he turned around and saw them hand in hand, smiling from ear to ear and swooning over each other, Bobby knew that was not the case.

The priest sighed, pulled up a chair and sat down before the couple.

“Your dad doesn’t leave work for another two to three hours, so I know you’re not here just in case he checks in,” he told Sam. “Tell me, then, to what do I owe the pleasure?”

Dean squeezed Sam’s hand and the boy squeezed back, and it felt like a current of electrical activity shot through his body and made his heart race. He felt so happy he was giddy, and it was difficult not to laugh and grin like a fool.

Bobby frowned and waited, his expectation growing, as the boys exchanged a meaningful look.

Dean’s eyes locked with Sam’s and they smiled at each other, and that was a split second before Dean looked into Bobby’s eyes and nearly gave the priest a heart attack.

“We want to get married,” he said.

“…”

Bobby parted his lips but didn’t say anything, because at first he thought the two kids were pulling his leg or something.

“It’s true,” Sam added. “We want you to marry us. Right now.”

Bobby looked from Dean to Sam, and back to Dean again, and the more his eyes widened with surprise, the more the boys seemed to snicker with amusement and sheer joy.

“Are you fucking kidding me? You have got to be kidding me. You are, aren’t you?”

“No. We mean it,” Dean said. “I love him and he loves me, and no matter what happens between our parents, we want to be together.”

‘Oh, for fuck’s sake. John hasn’t told them yet,’ Bobby thought and rubbed at his forehead. This was getting out of control.
For an entire minute, Bobby remained in silence, thinking furiously about whether or not he should just go ahead and tell the lovers he couldn’t marry them because they were already family. Bobby could picture the words coming out of his mouth in an unstoppable flow. Then, he could picture the shock and hurting on the boys’ faces, and that made him take a deep, long breath and think carefully about his next words.

“Guys, I can’t marry you.”

“Why not?” Dean protested. “You know me, don’t you? You know my past. I know you do.”

“Dean, that’s not the point…”

“How often have you told me that I should find someone I love, someone I really cared about, and then dedicate my time to getting to know that person instead of sleeping around?”

“Dean…”

“That’s what’s happening now. I love Sam, I wanna dedicate my life to him. Marry us.”

Sam’s heart throbbed at Dean’s intense plea. Bobby, on the other hand, shook his head at the foolish stubbornness and blind affection coming from the young lovers.

“If that’s the case, then just keep dedicating yourself to him. Why marriage?”

“Why not?” Sam interfered. “Same sex marriage has been legal forever.”

Bobby narrowed his eyes and studied the Prince boy he had been teaching for a long time.

“It has,” he agreed. “But marrying a minor without parental consent hasn’t. I’m sure your dad will celebrate this union, right Sam?” Bobby asked sarcastically.

Sam swallowed hard.

“You know he can’t know about it,” the boy said, his voice serious and low.

“Sam’s dad is the reason we’re doing this, don’t you see it?” Dean insisted. “We want to be together no matter what, we want something that will declare we’re together and there’s nothing anyone can do to change that.”

“Well, as I said, Sam’s sixteen. His father needs to sign his consent,” Bobby said.

“Is that what you need? His signature?” Sam asked, and went on before Bobby could answer. “I can fake it.”

Both Bobby and Dean looked at Sam when he said that.

“What?” Sam shrugged defensively. “I’ve seen him sign documents over and over again. Besides, I had lots of free time doing nothing behind closed doors. I got bored easily. I learned to fake his handwriting just for the sake of it.”

Dean smiled proudly at that. Sam was so smart; he had so much to learn and do when he started to
live his own life and make his own decisions, and Dean could hardly wait to be right there, next to him, as the boy learned about himself.

Bobby bit down hard on his bottom lip. What could he possibly say to that?

“Do you know what your father would do if he found out I married the two of you?”

“What can he do? Kill people? Why is everyone so afraid of him?” Dean groaned.

Sam didn’t answer that. He knew why everyone was afraid of his dad, but he also wanted his life to change. He didn’t want to be afraid, he didn’t want Lucifer to propose to him, he didn’t want any of the life he had been living or that his father believed he should live in the future. Sam was ready to face the consequences of his own choices, and he wanted the people around him to support that.

“Bobby, please…” he begged.

Bobby didn’t know what to do. The two kids were killing him with their forbidden love. The priest tightened his fingers and straightened himself on his chair.

“I’ll tell you what. I’ll marry you.”

Sam and Dean’s faces lit up like Christmas.

“If…” Bobby added quickly. “If you talk to your father first.”

“But—” Sam began.

“Not you,” Bobby said and then nodded towards Dean. “You.”

“Me? Why? I’m not a minor.”

“I don’t care. You go and tell your father that you want to marry Sam. If he’s okay with it, I’ll do it.”

“You know how my dad feels about Sam’s dad…” Dean tried to reason with Bobby.

“I do and I don’t care. If you want me to secretly marry you, at least let John be aware of it.” Bobby knew he was probably sending his friend a heart attack. The moment Dean knocked on his door saying he wanted to marry his little brother, John would lose his shit, but Bobby didn’t care.

He had given John enough time and opportunity to come clean to the boys about their past, so now he was forcing him to tell the truth and deal with the love his two kids had developed towards each other.

There would be a moment to deal with all the crap that was about to follow when the boys found out the truth, but now they had to find it out. Period. There was not much Bobby could do for them unless they knew exactly what they were getting themselves into if they decided to be together.

“Fine,” Dean caved.

“Will your father accept us?” Sam asked worriedly.

“He will have to. Even though Azazel’s your dad, I think he’ll be so happy that I’m finally in love
that he won’t mind it.”

Bobby’s heart ached at hearing Dean say that. He hoped, with all his heart, that John wouldn’t freak out too much, but he could only hope and wait right now.

“Was that all? Because I’ve got some sins I need to listen to upstairs.”

“Yeah. Thanks anyway, Bobby.” Sam said.

“We’ll come back soon,” Dean stated confidently.

Bobby looked at two of them, so hopeful and so in love, and his heart broke for the pain they would have to face very soon.

The priest didn’t say anything, he just lowered his eyes, turned around and walked out on the couple.

~ * ~

John’s heart was racing fast as he approached Dean’s beach house, but everything was quiet, despite his fears. He knocked three times on the door and, when there was no response, tried to open it. Dean really had to learn to lock the door, John thought absently as he walked in and looked around.

“Dean? Are you home?”

The place wasn’t big, so when John realized Dean wasn’t in the bathroom either, he knew the boys had left.

He didn’t know whether he was disappointed or relieved. Probably the latter, considering he left quickly and started to make his way back home before the boys returned.

As he walked along the shore with his head down, though, John recognized a voice and raised his eyes. He saw one of Dean’s friends talking to a girl and walked towards him.

“Hey.”

“Hi.”

“You’re Dean’s friend, right? Benny?”

“Um, yeah, I’m his friend. I’m Castiel.”

“Oh, right. Of course. The singer!” John knew that young man was famous in town, but he hardly ever bothered to pay attention to city affairs, so he hadn’t immediately recognized him.

“Can we speak in private? I’ll be brief.”

“Yeah, of course.” Cass walked away from the girl and approached John. The moment he did so, he could smell the alcohol in the older man’s breath and his muscles stiffened with worry. “Is everything alright?” Cass felt his chest fill with concern and empathy for Dean and what he must go through what with his dad’s drinking problem.
“Yeah. I just need to speak to my son and he’s not home. I was going to leave a message but I forgot.” In his hurry to leave the place, John hadn’t even thought about leaving a note. “If you see you him, can you ask him to go over to the garage? I need to speak to him as soon as possible.”

“Right. Of course. Is there anything I can do to help?” Cass tried, even though he felt a bit awkward asking.

“No, it’s alright. Thank you. Just tell him to come find me.”

“I will.”

“Thank you, Castiel.”

“No problem.” Cass watched as Dean’s father walked away. The smell of booze still lingered when he was gone, and Cass wondered how upset Dean would be when he learned about that.

~ * ~

Dean was walking back home, hand in hand with Sam, along the beach. The two of them no longer cared if they were seen together. On the contrary, they seemed to be showing off their happiness.

Castiel spotted them and walked towards them.

“Hey.”

“Cass!” Dean smiled. He hadn’t really talked to his friend a lot in the last few days considering everything that had been going on between Sam and him. “Are you okay?”

Cass looked at Dean and Sam, and there was something different about them. There was a new kind of intimacy where before there was hot thick tension. He could be wrong, but Cass thought the two of them had finally had sex. He was happy for them, but he felt bad about having to worry Dean with possibly bad news.

“Yeah, I’m fine. I ran into your father about an hour ago. He was looking for you. He told me to tell you that you should go to the garage as soon as possible.”

Dean frowned. He wondered what might have happened.

“He had…um…” Cass struggled with the words.

Dean narrowed his eyes and urged him on with a hand gesture.

“His breath smelled of alcohol. I think he’s been drinking.”

“Oh.”

“I’m sorry to say that,” Cass apologized.

“Hey, it’s alright. I wonder what happened.”
“Do you want to go now?” Sam asked, worriedly.

Dean looked from Sam to Castiel, not sure what to do.

“No…I’ll walk you home, then I’ll go see what he wants.” Dean didn’t know what was going on, but he hated the mental image that formed in his mind of his dad passed out in an alcohol induced coma on the sofa. What if he needed help?

“I can find the way by myself. You should go check on your father,” Sam reassured him.

Dean still seemed to struggle. What if Azazel came looking for Sam? What if something bad happened while he was away?

“I can walk to the shack with him,” Cass offered.

Dean’s heart immediately felt lighter with relief.

“Is that okay?” he asked Cass, then turned to Sam. “Sammy?”

“Yes, it’s fine. I’ll go with Castiel. Go see what your dad wants.”

“Thank you, guys.” Dean gave his friend a look of gratitude and then pulled Sam for a quick kiss on the lips. “I’ll be home soon. Wait for me.”

Sam nodded and watched as Dean turned around to leave.

“He’s overprotective,” Sam said when Dean was gone. “I can handle myself. It’s not like I’ll get lost or something.”

Cass chuckled.

“Having an overprotective Dean Winchester looking out for you is not the worst thing that could happen to one, now is it?” he teased.

“It’s not,” Sam admitted and laughed, too.

The two of them walked side by side along the beach. At first, both of them feeling a bit uneasy in each other’s company, but eventually being able to relax and laugh as they made their way to Dean’s house.

~ * ~

Azazel couldn’t take it anymore. He told himself he would wait for another week, but he didn’t think he could wait that much. He didn’t just miss the boy’s blood, he craved it. At the hospital, Sam’s blood was all he could think about, to the point where he couldn’t concentrate on anything anymore.

That afternoon, when he left work earlier, he had made up his mind about the Prince. No more waiting around for the boy to come to terms with what had happened. It was time Sam faced the past and let go. It was time to have his way with the boy again, or teach him another lesson. Either way,
Azazel was going to sink his fangs into that sweet neck and drink Sam unconscious, whether the boy allowed it or not.

Azazel was driving and thinking about what he was going to do. He would have Crowley go to the church and tell Samuel to go home immediately. He didn’t want to be the one walking into the church and dragging the boy out.

As his mind filled with desperate thoughts of need and desire, Azazel squinted at the sunset filling the car and blinding him for a second. He turned his head towards the beach and cursed the stupid sunlight – yes, vampires were fine with daylight, but that didn’t mean they enjoyed it. Azazel spent most of daylight hours indoors, that’s why he snarled at the brightness of the beach, but the same brightness also made his heartbeats go as still as if he were completely dead.

In the distance, Azazel saw someone he knew very well.

A human would have never seen Sam from such a distance, but Azazel wasn’t human, and his eyesight was particularly sharp.

The vampire parked the car right away and jumped out, needing to take a closer look to make sure he wasn’t going crazy with need.

But he wasn’t.

Walking along the shore, some good feet away, was the Prince.

And Samuel wasn’t alone.

Azazel’s blood buzzed in his ears when he finally understood everything.

How could he be so stupid? So blind?

Of course there was someone behind Samuel’s odd behavior. Of course there was someone corrupting the boy he had so carefully groomed into a lovely teenager.

Azazel’s lips twisted with seething anger as he watched Samuel and Castiel talk and laugh in the distance.

The birthday party. The singer. The day Castiel knocked on his door pretending to look for a business card.

Of course.

Everything made sense now. Samuel had fallen in love.

And Castiel was going to pay.

------------------------------------------------------------

*tbc....*
Dean arrived at his father’s home when the sun was high in the sky and the orange was beginning to color the blue canvas above the beach. His chest was tight with apprehension when he opened the door and let himself inside.

Unlike what Dean feared he would find in there, John was standing in the living room, looking at Mary’s picture. Dean’s heart immediately felt lighter knowing his father was not lying down in an alcohol induced coma.

“Cass said you were looking for me.”

John took a deep breath and closed his eyes for a moment. He had to do what he was about to. There was no way he could hold back any longer.

“I was,” John said, simply, and turned around to face his son.

Dean narrowed his eyes and seemed to study his father for a moment. He walked closer and took a better look at him.

“Have you been drinking?”

John nodded.

“I have. Did your friend tell you that?”

“He did. In fact I thought…hell, I thought I’d find something different when I got here,” Dean confessed.

John nodded again, with acknowledgement this time.

“I understand. I drank, but I’m not drunk, so there’s no need to worry.”

Dean could tell his father was speaking the truth. The smell of alcohol was in the room, but Dean had seen enough drunk John to know that was not the case. At least not yet.

“What happened then?” he asked.

“I had to drink after what I saw. I…” John’s heart beat faster as he remembered what he had seen that morning. “I was coming to speak to you this morning, there’s something I need to tell you, but then I couldn’t…” John struggled with the words.

Dean frowned. “Did you come looking for me?”
“I did.”

“At the beach house?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t get it. I was home all morning,” he shrugged.

“You were,” John said seriously, summoning all his strength not to scream his way through the next words. “I heard you.”

There was such a strong and disgusted tone to his father’s voice that Dean flinched and grew even more confused.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean you weren’t alone. I heard you, Dean. I was going to knock but then I heard something and I saw him…I saw Samuel on your bed.”

“Oh.” That was pretty accurate, Dean thought. He still remembered the morning very vividly.

“How could you?!” John half-accused and half-choked on the question.

Dean was taken aback by the question. He looked around, at a loss, then tried to make sense of it.

“Er…right…so I was in bed with a guy. It’s no big deal. You know I sleep with guys and girls. It’s never been an issue before.”

Now it was John’s turn to look confused. “What? No! That’s not the point… I don’t care who you choose to sleep with, I don’t care if you go to bed with men,” he cleared quickly.

“So why…”

“Samuel! Why did you have to bed him, of all people?!” John begged.

“Oh, I see.” Dean felt his chest burn with anger and his face changed. “This is what it’s all about then, isn’t it? This stupid enemy thing between you and Sam’s father. Listen, Dad, I don’t care what the hell happened between the two of you, Sam’s got nothing to do with any of that and—”

“That’s not—” John tried to interrupt him.

“And I won’t have you telling me to stay away from him because his father is crazy or a vampire, or whatever,” Dean cut him off firmly. “I love him, and he loves me, and we’ll be together no matter —”

“He’s your brother, Dean!”

Dean went silent and stared at his father blankly given the abrupt change of subject. John’s look of distress meant absolutely nothing to Dean, who simply stared and waited for something he didn’t exactly know what.

“Aren’t you gonna say anything?” John asked, exasperated.
Dean shrugged calmly. “I have no idea what you’re talking about,” he said honestly. “Dad, how much have you really had to drink?”

“I’m not drunk, Dean.” John swallowed his emotions and forced himself to be clearer. “I meant what I said. Samuel…” John licked his lips and shut his eyes for a couple of seconds. “He’s my son, not Azazel’s. He’s your little brother.”

Dean’s lips moved slowly into a smile. The snickering that came soon after that was somewhere between disbelief and amusement, but not shock, not yet.

“Dad, what the hell are you saying? It doesn’t make any sense, we both know Sam is Azazel’s son and I don’t have a little brother…” Dean’s chest tightened with sorrow at the memory, but when John walked up to him, placed a calm and steady hand on his shoulder and looked deeply into his eyes, Dean felt a cold shiver run down his spine.

“I’m sorry, Dean.” John cracked, and the look on his father’s eyes told Dean more than words could.

At first his chest ached, then his knees faltered, and almost at the same time his eyes grew wet and Dean’s lips moved soundlessly.

“Mary died giving birth, but the baby survived. On the day it happened, Azazel made me believe that Sam wouldn’t make it. He told me he had only a few hours to live because he had been without oxygen to his brain and whatever else he said to my desperate brain that I couldn’t possibly grasp at the moment.”

Dean’s world was spinning out of control.

“It’s not true…”

“It is, Dean. He made me believe Sam was weak and dying, and that if he survived there would be all sorts of sequelae I couldn’t possibly afford taking care of. He made me believe that by giving him up for adoption, adoption by Azazel, I would be giving him a fighting chance.”

“No…” Dean shook his head.

“I’m sorry, I was a fool. I see that now, but I didn’t then, Dean! Mary had just died and there was this sickly baby who might not even make it. I thought that letting a doctor, a wealthy doctor, take him under his wing and give him the best treatment possible was his only chance.”

“No, stop.” Dean stepped back but John held his shoulder firmly.

“Dean, I’m sorry you have these feelings now, but Samuel is your blood!”

Dean’s breathing became messy and loud.

Sam was his blood, his little brother. If Dean tried really hard he could bring back memories of his mother pregnant, telling Dean how he was about to become a big brother, and how he would have to help the baby grow up.

He shook his head at the memory. Oh God…oh God! The day his mom went into labor, the day Father Bobby came to stay with him, Dean remembered the rush to go to the hospital, he
remembered the last time he saw his mother alive, he remembered…there was a teddy bear, a teddy bear that fell off the bag and that his dad had come back into the house to pick up.

*Sam slept with a teddy bear, his mother’s gift.*

Dean sucked in his breath.

He had fucked his own brother.

Then, or before that, he had fallen in love with him.

Dean then thought of Sam’s life growing up with that monster, believing he had no family, believing he had to be loyal to a father that drank his blood and drugged him.

“What…why would you do that? Why did you let Azazel take him?”

“I was a fool and I was selfish, I’ll admit that. I was desperate, I didn’t know what else to do!”

“He was your son! He was family!” Dean’s rage set in. “You don’t just give up on family!” Dean felt the angry tears make their way past his defenses.

“I know…I didn’t know back then, forgive me. I was weak, I was desperate…I thought I was doing what was best for your brother…”

“Azazel drinks Sam’s blood like he’s a goddamn chew toy!” Dean barked. He couldn’t see it and he could barely feel it, but he was shaky. “You gave my brother up to a vampire who drugs him and offers him as dessert for other vampires to feed on!”

“What…?” John asked feebly, the pain of those revelations eating him inside.

“Don’t act as if you don’t believe it! You’ve told me all my life that Azazel was evil, and yet you let Sam grow up believing he had no family; that kid thinks he has no one! He thinks he doesn’t have a choice!”

“I didn’t know, Dean! I thought Azazel was a good man in the beginning. Your mother trusted him, I did so, too. I…I think he killed Mary, I think he planned everything. I used to visit him at the hospital to ask about Sam. He used to tell me it was a miracle he had lived. Then one day…” John could see the scene in his mind. “I saw him drinking a blood bag from the hospital. That’s when it all started, when I realized what I had done.”

“And you didn’t think of doing something, then? Of getting Sam back?!”

“How could I? He was about eight or something. He was living in a mansion, having everything he desired. Bobby was his teacher, and he assured me he was fine! He told me he wasn’t harmed.”

“Not that anyone could see, because Azazel did a damn good job of grooming Sam into a willing victim. He’d go to his room and suck his blood; he controls his life in ways you can’t begin to imagine! Sam has no friends, he can’t eat what he wants, he can’t…” Dean shook his head and a knot of anger and despair tightened around his throat. “Why didn’t you tell me sooner? When I brought him here, you knew we were close!”

“I thought you were friends! I had no idea…” John gritted his teeth and felt like punching a wall.
“Dean, what I saw this morning… it has got to stop. Sam’s your baby brother, you’re supposed to protect him and look after him like a brother would. I’m sorry this happened. It’s my fault.”

Dean wiped at his eyes and chewed on his bottom lip. He laughed, but the sound was hurting and it stung in John’s ears.

“I guess you’re a little too late, eh?”

“I’m sorry.”

“Saying you’re sorry ain’t gonna cut it!” Dean growled. He thought about how much he loved the boy with hazel eyes, how his life had changed because of that love, and now everything was threatened because they were fucking blood related? That wasn’t fair. That had got to be some stupid, cruel joke.

Dean then remembered something and burst out laughing, scaring John at the maniac sound.

“You know what’s really crazy?” Dean laughed, but he was crying, too. “I mean, besides the fact that for the past few days I’ve been butt-fucking my little brother in every position known to man.”

“Dean-” John winced.

“Just this morning,” Dean went on in a funny voice, “after you caught us doing the dirty, I asked him to marry me!” he laughed loudly, the sound ringing with madness.

“You what?” John’s eyebrows arched.

“That’s right. I asked my brother to be my husband. How fucked up is that?!”

“Dean, you’ve got to end this. I’m sorry, but…”

“Don’t touch me!” Dean took a step back and lifted his finger threateningly. “Don’t you dare tell me what to do. You put us in this mess!”

“I know,” John admitted. “But only you can get you both out.”

“I don’t wanna get out!” Dean cried out. His chest bled at the thought of parting with Sam. Besides, if they were brothers, how could they possibly play the part? How could they be next to each other and pretend they didn’t feel the way they did?

“What about Sam? Does he want to have a relationship with his own brother?” John tried to reason with him.

Dean’s eyes stung with fresh tears.

“You have no right…” his voice faltered and he wiped his nose on his shirt. “You don’t know what he wants. You failed him. You let him be Azazel’s toy! You made him believe he had no one!”

John sighed. He knew he deserved to hear all that, but it still hurt.

“I’m so sorry.”
“Stop saying that!’

“But I am.”

Dean looked at his dad and at the place around him. He felt like he was suffocating and he needed to breathe. He turned around and went for the door.

“Wait! Where are you going? Dean?”

“Stay away from me or I swear…” Dean said angrily.

John hated to see Dean in that state. He had never seen his son so hurting and so broken. He hated to be the one causing that, but it was inevitable.

“What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to breathe. I need some air.”

“Are you going to tell him?” John asked when Dean turned around and put his hand on the doorknob. “You know you’ll have to.”

Dean squeezed his eyes shut and two fat tears rolled down. He then opened the door and slammed it shut behind him, without saying another word.

~ * ~

Azazel got home and went straight up to his office. He was seething after what he had seen at the beach. So that was it, then. The stupid singer with the angelic voice had made Sam fall for him. That explained a lot. It explained Sam’s rebelliousness and his growing desire to go out of the house.

How could Azazel have been so blind?

He was so confident he had the boy’s full obedience. He had been so sure Samuel was under his tight control. That served him well for his arrogance.

The vampire wondered if the priest knew about this love affair, if he had been helping them somehow. What about Crowley? How much did he know?

Being so close to the boy he had to know something, or at least suspect something? Was he too afraid to go and tell Azazel about it?

Either way he was going to find out, and if either Bobby or Crowley had anything to do with it they were going to pay. Right now he had more pressing matters, though. Right now he needed to teach that singing heartbreaker a lesson.

Azazel picked up the phone and made a few phone calls. Knowing the right people in the right places was one of the perks of being who he was.

When he was assured that things would be handled as he wanted, he was able to relax a little.
Just a little, because there was still something very important at stake.

Azazel tried not to think about it, but he couldn’t help it. How far had this little puppy love gone? Had they been together long enough? Had the singer had time to…to defile Samuel?

Azazel had drunk from him only a few weeks ago, but still, a lot could have happened since then.

He would have to wait until Sam came home, and then he could confront him. More than an argument, he would teach the boy a lesson. And then he would drink. God, he didn’t care what he would have to do, but he would drink from the boy, this much had been established.

If he had to tie Sam down and force him into submission, he would. In fact, after what he had just learned, Azazel might even enjoy that.

After a few moments of toying with the thought, Azazel had Crowley sent to his office.

The ward sat right in front of him, and Azazel could tell he was a little nervous.

“Is everything all right, master?”

“I don’t know. You tell me. Is Sam at the church?”

Crowley felt a chill. “I saw him there a while ago, but then I came home. Has something happened? Do you need me to go get him?”

“No. There’s no need to. I’m afraid he’s been lying to me, Crowley.”

Crowley widened his eyes with feigned surprise.

“I’m afraid Samuel’s being naughty. But don’t worry. I’ll take care of things. Everything will be just fine.”

“Are you sure you don’t want me to go get him?”

“It’s fine. I believe Samuel will come running back when he hears the latest news,” Azazel said enigmatically.

~ * ~

For a few minutes, Dean stumbled aimlessly through the streets, not sure what to do, not knowing where to go. He couldn’t just go back to the beach house and face Sam. Not now, not when he was a mess.

Yes, he knew his father was right, he knew he had to tell Sam the truth, but Dean didn’t want to do it right now. He didn’t think he could.

The truth was that he wasn’t ready to see their entire world crumble and burn after that revelation.

“Fuck…” he whispered angrily as the tears wouldn’t stop coming.
Dean then looked around and knew where to go. The only place he could go right now.

~ * ~

The church had closed after the last mass, so when someone knocked Bobby knew not to expect the usual worshiper. He didn’t, though, expect to see Dean Winchester, coming into the church through the front door, his face still wet from ugly crying, his nose red and his lips a little swollen, leaving no doubt as to what he had been up to until now.

Bobby sighed long and deeply and understood everything.

“Did you know?” Dean’s voice cracked and new tears rose. “Did you…? Sam and I…”

“I did. Come in.” Bobby touched Dean’s shoulder and made him enter, closing the door behind him.

“We’re brothers,” Dean sobbed. “I…”

Bobby looked into Dean’s eyes and his heart broke.

“It hurts so much I can’t even…” Dean choked.

“I know.” When Dean looked at him, utterly confused, Bobby went on. “I didn’t always know, but I knew it before you did.”

“What…what do I do, what can I…” Dean choked and another wave of ugly crying hit him. He had never felt like that before, never lost control like that.

“Come in and take a seat, Dean. We need to talk.”

~ * ~

“Are you sure you’ll be fine?” Castiel asked.

“Yeah, go ahead. It’s getting late. I’m sure you got better things to do other than baby sit me,” Sam said.

Cass smiled and nodded.

“I don’t know what is taking Dean so long. I hope his father isn’t too bad.”


“Ok, then. Take care. Don’t open this door to anyone who isn’t Dean.”

Sam rolled his eyes and Castiel laughed.

“Bye.”
“Bye.”

The singer walked out of the beach house and along the shore back to his place. He had walked Sam home and stayed with him for a while, but he had stuff to do at home, and the sun was already setting in the horizon.

When he was only a block away from his house, Cass was reaching into his pocket when a hand on his shoulder made him stop.

“Castiel?” a voice he didn’t recognize asked him.

“Yeah? Who’s…”

He didn’t have time to ask.

A punch to his jaw made him fall shut and bite his tongue. Castiel tasted blood in his mouth, blinked a few times and looked at the three men standing around him, their faces leaving no doubt that they were up to no good.

“Listen, if it’s money you want you can take my wallet and go,” he raised his hands.

“Shut up. Let’s do the service, guys.”

Castiel widened his eyes and his heart raced as the three men closed in on him. What the fuck was going on? He knew he had no chance against those three hefty guys, so he turned around and tried to run.

He hadn’t made it farther than a few desperate steps when he felt the punch that made his vision darken and caused him to trip and fall.

“Wait!” he begged. “What’s going on? Who are you? I’m not the guy you want…” Another punch to the face made a tooth break loose in his mouth and Castiel feel faint with pain.

The punches kept raining down on him, as well as the kicking, and soon pain took over and Castiel didn’t say anything, didn’t see anything, and didn’t hear anything, not even the sound of his own bones breaking.

Or the sound of the hurried footsteps running away when he passed out, beaten bloody and left for dead on the street.

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tbc...
Chapter 65

Dean emptied the glass of water that Bobby offered him. They were sitting very near the altar, the whole empty church drowning them in silence and the crucifix staring at them straight ahead, but Dean could hardly see anything. When he gave Bobby the glass back his hand was shaky.

“Take a deep breath. You’re in shock,” Bobby instructed. He put the glass on the floor, far from their feet.

Dean tried to do as told, but he choked and his knuckles turned white when he tightened his fingers angrily.

“Alright. I’ll tell you what I know while you calm down a bit, okay?” Father Bobby said softly.

Dean nodded. He didn’t trust his voice.

“You know I’ve been friends with your father for a long time, and you know that somewhere along the way this friendship went sour.” Bobby sighed and thought about the past. “Your father told me, a long time ago, that Samuel was his son. He told me what had happened between Azazel and him, and confessed this secret to me.”

Dean stared intently at Bobby.

“I didn’t know how much of it I should believe, you know. Your father…well, he was going around saying that the town’s doctor was a vampire who drank blood. You can’t blame me for taking everything he said with a grain of salt. In this case, a hell of a lot of salt.” Bobby shook his head and scoffed a little. “Then I confronted him. I told him that if Sam was really his kid, he should let him know. We got into a heated argument because I couldn’t believe he had just given his son up like that, and John wouldn’t change his mind about telling the truth…”

Dean wiped at his eyes and listened, almost unblinkingly.

“We fought and got pissed at each other, and in the end I guess I told myself that John was making all this up because he was a man devastated by grief.”

“So you didn’t believe it?”

“For a long time I didn’t,” Bobby said. “But if I’m perfectly honest, I didn’t want to believe it either, because the whole story was just so crazy, and the thought that Sam was living with a vampire… well, it was evil. I was teaching that kid, I saw him often, and I never saw any sign of something harmful done to him. I guess I wanted to believe John was wrong about everything, you know?” Bobby explained.

“Azazel drinks Sam’s blood. He shares him with other vampires. He’s drugged him once,” Dean
said very calmly, his voice low and full of sadness.

Bobby shut his eyes and hated those words. He hated the realization that he had been blind, that he had been foolish to believe everything was alright with Samuel. Of course there was something going on.

“He drinks his blood and makes sure he stays ‘pure’,” Dean opened up. There was no reason to hide anymore. “Azazel forced Sam to be a virgin. For fuck’s sake, Sam couldn’t even touch himself. The one time he did it and Azazel caught him, the vampire pushed Sam’s hands into a pot of boiling water. Sam said he got blisters and felt pain for days.”

Bobby felt sick. He stood up and closed his eyes very tightly, all the while taking a series of deep breaths to try and keep the contents of his stomach down.

“What is it?” Dean asked, eyebrows drawn close.

Bobby sat down next to him again and he looked beat. “I’m sorry. I remember that. I remember Sam’s hands with burn marks. He said it’d been an accident in the kitchen. I…” Bobby felt so awful about his not knowing that it hurt him, almost physically.

“You didn’t know. No one did. Sam never told anyone what happened at home. He never had anyone until…well, until he had me.” Dean thought of his father’s revelation and aching grabbed at him all over again, and his dry eyes grew wet again, and hot, as fresh tears brimmed on them.

“Dean…” Bobby covered the boy’s hand with his own. He understood the immeasurable amount of pain Dean was in right now. Bobby wished he could take all that hurting away.

“When…” Dean swallowed hard and shook his head, as if shrugging off some thoughts. “When did you realize my dad was right?” Dean’s bottom lip quivered a little and he bit down hard on it for a moment. “When you did you know we were brothers?”

“You mean, was it before or after I refused to marry you?” Bobby smiled lightly and Dean laughed, despite his sorrow.

“Yeah…” he chuckled sadly.

“When I first started to see the two of you together I knew it’d be trouble, because of what John had told me, yes, but especially because you were so different. But then, the more I saw the two of you together, the more I realized that for some reason you were good to each other. In a way that I couldn’t explain, you made Sam happier than I’d ever seen him. The kid seemed alive for the first time since I’d known him, and you, I’ll be damned if you weren’t a different person. It was like you had a purpose, like you knew exactly where you belonged….So I was happy, I was really excited about that friendship.”

Dean’s smile faded at that last part.

“But of course,” Bobby went on on a more somber tone. “I guess I was lying to myself because I didn’t want to believe it was no longer just friendship. I know you fell in love, but until you guys practically rubbed it in my face I was pretending I didn’t know. Somewhere along the way I just knew John was right. But by then you were already in love, and I knew it wasn’t my job to tell you the truth.”
“It wasn’t, but I wish you’d told me before—”

“No, you don’t,” Bobby cut him off. “You might think you do, but you don’t Dean. You hate that you know it now, and you would’ve hated to find out before.”

Dean took a deep breath and calmed down a little.

“I guess you’re right.”

“It was John’s job to tell you. I’m sorry he only did this now.”

Dean looked straight ahead at the Jesus on a cross looking down on them. When he thought he was relaxing, he felt despair rising again in a wave of panic and hurting.

“What am I going to do?” he looked at Bobby with the most lost and pleading eyes the priest had ever seen.

“Oh, child…”

“I love him, Bobby. I don’t care if he has my blood. I love him in spite of that, or maybe I love him because of that. How the fuck should I know? I just… I can’t lose him. I don’t want to lose him.”

“Just, take a deep breath, okay? I know you need to let it all out, but at some moment you’ll have to just try and think about it,” Bobby instructed. “You know what you have to do.”

Dean looked unsure and heart-broken.

“You’ve got to tell him,” Bobby went on. “It’s only fair, and you know that. You, more than me, more than John, more than anyone knows that Sam deserves, he has a right to know Azazel is not his biological father. That kid needs to know he has a family. If Sam is abused at home and feels he has no one to run to, well, that has changed. I mean, he knows he has you, but you are more than someone who loves him, you are his family.”

Dean knew all that was true, but it didn’t hurt any less.

“How will I end things?” Dean begged.

“Who said you need to end it? I said you need to tell him.”

Dean frowned. He seemed utterly confused now.

“Yes, but if I tell him…”

“Not if, when,” Bobby corrected him.

Dean nodded, albeit reluctantly, and went on.

“When I tell him, it’ll be over, right? Dad thinks I should end this. I mean, I can’t sleep with my own brother,” Dean looked desperately into Bobby’s eyes, looking for an answer.

“You tell Sam, because he needs to be able to decide what he wants to do. If he wants to be with you, knowing what you two are, then I don’t know why you shouldn’t.” Bobby felt his heart beat
fast. Until that very moment he hadn’t realized how much he believed in what he had just said with all his heart.

“Are you fucking kidding me? You’re a priest…” Dean shook his head. “How can you be okay with two siblings fucking?”

“Is that all it is?” Bobby retorted. “Two brothers fucking?” he used Dean’s words back at him. “Just sex, just pleasure… Because if that’s what it is then yeah, John’s right, go find someone else to fulfill your urges.”

“No.” Dean swallowed hard. “I love him. I’m in love with him. I wanna spend the rest of my life with him.”

Bobby nodded. He smiled because he never imagined Dean Winchester would feel this way about someone.

“Then tell him that. Let him know that your feelings haven’t changed. You two are not to blame for this mess. You saved each other when you found each other. God works in mysterious ways, and who are we to say this is not His doing?”

Dean didn’t know much about God so he didn’t really have an opinion.

“Look, there’s a biological reason why siblings shouldn’t have children. Now, correct me if I’m wrong, I don’t see either if you getting pregnant in the future.”

Dean laughed.

“Alright then,” Bobby smiled, happy to see Dean had calmed down. “I’m not saying this is easy, hell, we know it’s not simple. But it doesn’t have to be the end of the world if you and Sam don’t want it to.”

“But Dad says—”

“Screw, John. He waited too long to tell you. He doesn’t get to decide what you do with this information now.”

Dean waited a while, as if thinking about everything Bobby had just told him. The younger man looked at the Jesus figure again, then looked at the altar and finally let his eyes fall on Bobby.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

“I…I know I have to tell him, but I don’t need to do this tonight, right?” Dean’s eyes were once again full of a silent plea.

“No, you don’t,” Bobby reassured him. “Take your time. You need to let it sink in as well.”

“Thank you.”

“Just…don’t wait too long. Look what happened when your father chose to wait.”
Dean nodded. He stood up and looked around.

“I need to go. Sam’s probably worried waiting for me.”

“Go to him then.”

Bobby put both of his hands on Dean’s shoulder, then let his hands slide to Dean’s neck. He held the boy’s head and looked into his eyes.

“It’ll be okay. No matter what happens.”

Dean wanted to believe that, but his head was filled with doubts.

“I’ll be here if you need me. Now go.”

~ * ~

“Finally.” Sam got up from the bed where he had been sitting and walked towards Dean the moment the older man showed up at the door. “I was getting worried.”

Dean looked at Sam and his heart squeezed itself until heartache and love bled into his system. He was so in love with that brown-haired, hazel-eyed boy, he couldn’t and didn’t want to fight it.

“Sorry,” he said weakly.

Sam threw his arms around him and hugged him tight. For a split second Dean didn’t move. My baby brother. The words hit him hard and painfully, but Dean worked his way past them and hugged back. The moment he felt Sam’s warmth pressed up against him, and the boy’s sweet scent in his nose, he relaxed and knew he was home.

Something in the way Dean held him made Sam pull back and look his boyfriend in the eyes.

“Is everything alright?” Sam frowned.

Dean struggled with what he had just learned. Bobby was right, and damn, his das was right, too. He had to tell Sam. But not right now. He didn’t have the heart to do it now. He was emotionally battered and in need of just a little more time with Sam in his arms before everything changed. And regardless of what Bobby had said to try and cheer him up, Dean had no idea how Sam would react. He had to brace himself for the fact that it might very well end the moment he told him the truth.

“No,” Dean said slow and honestly, and Sam looked further worried.

“Is it your dad?”

Dean sighed deeply. “Yes…yes and no. I…I’m going to tell you about it, I promise. I just…” ‘Don’t cry, don’t fucking cry, if you cry I’ll fucking kill you.’ “Can we not do this tonight, babe?” Dean smiled, but his voice was hoarse as if it had battled its way past tears and won, but just barely.

“Yes, of course…” Sam cupped Dean’s face between his hands and ran his fingers through his hair. “How can I help?”
Dean knew Sam deserved to know, and he knew he was being selfish to worry about the outcome for their relationship. Sam’s entire life was about to change, everything he had grown up into, what he believed about himself, it would all change, and Dean knew he would have to be there for him, for his brother, regardless of what Sam would decide about them.

“Just be you…” Dean smiled.

Sam smiled, too. He didn’t know what had happened, but he knew Dean would talk to him when he felt ready. He leaned closer and kissed Dean’s mouth slowly.

Dean wanted to shy away from the intimate kiss. When Sam’s tongue slipped inside his mouth, Dean wanted to feel that it was wrong. He told himself it was supposed to feel wrong, and dirty, and all those things once associates with incest. Nevertheless, Sam’s tongue against his felt right and safe and good. Dean kissed back, and in a few minutes they were kissing passionately.

The heat that always took control of Sam when Dean touched him, made the boy’s body stir and demand, and he moved so that he was able to push Dean to the bed. When he managed to do that, he crawled right next to him and found his mouth again, lying half atop Dean as they made out.

Dean wanted to take Sam. He knew the boy would be ready for it with a little more kissing. He wanted to bury himself so deep inside Sam that nothing, no one, would be able to pull them apart, not metaphorically, not even physically, fuck it. He wanted to be stuck inside Sam like a couple of animals who had just mated, and that nothing no one did or said about it would matter, because they would be a force of nature meant to be together.

Sam moaned and Dean could feel the boy’s hardness pressing against his thigh. Dean’s own body reacted to that, but Dean summoned everything he had and pushed Sam away gently.

It would be selfish if he took Sam. If they were going to sleep together again, ever, then first Sam needed to know they were family. Until then, Dean would feel dirty, not because he would fuck his brother—he had already done that and it was delicious— but because Sam wouldn’t know the whole truth, and Dean would feel like he was cheating.

So instead, he took Sam’s fingers to his mouth and kissed them, then he kissed the boy’s forehead tenderly. “Is it okay if I just hold you tonight?”

Sam saw so much sadness in Dean’s green eyes that he grew worried again, but he didn’t want to push him.

“I’m sorry. I knew you were dealing with something. I didn’t mean to take advantage…”

Dean chuckled.

“You weren’t taking advantage. And I might not be in the mood, but yeah, your touch just put me in the mood. It’s just that…”

“You don’t have to explain anything right now.”

Dean loved Sam madly at that moment.

“Thank you.”
Sam huddled closer and let an arm rest across Dean’s chest possessively.

“I love you so much, you know?”

Dean tightened his arms around Sam as if he’d never let go again.

“I love you, too.”

~ * ~

The boys had been lying in bed in the same position for more than one hour when the bell rang. They had been almost asleep, so they looked surprised and drowsy when they realized someone was there.

“I’ll get it,” Dean said and walked towards the door.

Sam sat up in bed and watched as Dean opened the door and his friend walked in.

“Benny?” Dean frowned. “What are you doing here at this time?”

Benny looked apprehensive in a way Dean had never seen him do before.

“Dean, you’ve got to come. It’s Castiel.”

“What happened to him?” Dean felt all the sleepiness wear off quickly.

“I don’t know. Some punks tried to rob him, I guess. He was beat up pretty badly.”

“Jesus. Where is he? In your house?”

“No.” Benny shook his head. “You don’t get it, Dean. They beat him bloody and unconscious. Cass is in the hospital right now. He’s in a coma. Doctors think he might not make it.”

“What?!” Dean shook his head and took a few steps backwards. What the fuck was wrong with that day? Just how much fucking bad news could he take in such short notice?

“I’m sorry. I had to tell you. Doctors want to call his family…they’re talking about saying goodbye.”

“Oh, God…” Sam got up from the bed and walked towards Dean. He put a hand on Dean’s arm gently. “I’m so sorry to hear that. He walked here with me, then I told him he could leave, I said that he didn’t have to baby sit me…perhaps if he had stayed…” Sam widened his eyes.

“It’s not your fault he was attacked on his way home,” Dean shook his head. “I can’t believe it…who would do that to Cass?”

“I’m sorry,” Benny said again. “Do you wanna come with me to the hospital?”

“Yeah, of course.”
“I’ll change. I’m coming too,” Sam said.

“Baby, you shouldn’t,” Dean said. His heart was breaking all over again with the news. If he weren’t so emotionally spent, he would be freaking out right now. “You can’t come to the hospital with me. Your father works there, remember? It’s too risky.”

“Oh.” Sam had for one moment forgotten that they had to hide their relationship. He hated that situation. He wanted to be there for Dean and his friend, but he knew Dean was right. It was too dangerous walking in the hospital with them. “I’m sorry…”

“It’s okay. Do you mind waiting for me a while longer?”

“Of course not. Take all the time you need.”

Dean nodded. He had no idea what to say. Part of him didn’t want to believe that Benny was telling the truth. He wasn’t ready to find Cass unconscious in a hospital bed.

“Take care, love. I’ll be back as soon as I can. Go to sleep.”

They kissed softly before Dean left with Benny.

Sam watched them go and cursed having to hide his connection to Dean. It was about time he faced his father and let him know that things were the way they were, whether he liked it or not.

Thoughts of standing up to his father had been filling Sam’s head when the bell rang. Sam had been alone for less than ten minutes when that happened.

At first Sam thought Dean had forgotten something, but when the bell rang again, indicating that the person on the other side of it did not have a key, Sam walked towards it and opened the door.

“What are you doing here?”

“We need to talk, Prince. I’m afraid you need to come home.”

Sam thought about everything that had just happened. He was sick and tired of pretending to be the naive little boy his dad wanted him to be. Sam had outgrown that, and he was ready to face the consequences.

“Fine. Let’s go.”

“Let’s go?” Crowley repeated, clearly caught off guard.

“Yes,” Sam sighed. “Let’s go home. It’s about time Dad and I have a little talk.”

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tbc...
Dean sat beside Castiel’s bed and held his hand. He stared, unlinking, at his friend’s bruised and swollen face. Dean was in shock. He might have cried but he didn’t think there were enough tears left inside him after everything that had happened today.

“Don’t the police know anything?” Dean asked again.

Benny shook his head and sighed. He was sitting across from Dean and staring at Castiel, too. Even though they weren’t family, the two friends had managed to slip past nurses and into the hospital room.

“No. They think he got mugged because his wallet was gone."

“That makes no sense.” That kind of thing didn’t happen in Glasstown. They hardly ever had anything more violent than a fight over traffic.

“His family should be here at any moment now. I think the doctors will talk about Cass being an organ donor, you know?” Benny wiped at his eyes.

“No,” Dean shook his head. “They can’t do this. They need to give him a chance.”

“You overheard the doctor. They think he’s brain dead.”

“They think,” Dean pointed out. “They gotta run more tests. They don’t know Cass. They have no idea how bad ass he is. He’s gonna make it, I know him.”

Benny wanted Dean to be prepared for the worst. He loved Cass and was heartbroken too, but he knew Dean would have it harder if their friend passed.

“C’mon, Cass…” Dean squeezed the singer’s hand. “You gotta fight, okay? You gotta wake up and tell us who did this to you. I swear I’ll make them pay.”

Benny’s heart broke at Dean’s denial. He either didn’t want to, or was unable to understand how serious Castiel’s injuries were. He should be saying goodbye now.

“Dean, you need to be prepared…” Benny tried.

“Not now, Benny,” Dean wiped at his eyes. Apparently there were still some tears left. “He’s gonna be okay. I know that.”

Benny sighed and nodded. There was way too much hurting right now.

“I…I’ve had a really long day, so please…let me have this, okay?” Dean explained, his voice hoarse
and tired.

“Okay.” Benny nodded and watched as Dean squeezed Castiel’s hand as if his grip was the only thing keeping him alive.

~ * ~

On his way to the mansion, Crowley tried to prepare the boy for what he thought was coming.

“I think he knows, Prince.”

“About what, exactly?”

“I think he knows there’s someone.”

Sam took a deep breath and nodded with acknowledgment.

“It’s okay.”

“Is it?” Crowley seemed very anxious.

“I’m ready to talk.”

“Prince, I…” Crowley looked for the right words. “Sam,” he used the boy’s name and got his full attention. “Things might get ugly if your father finds out the whole truth. He’ll need someone to blame.”

Sam understood what he meant.

“You should drop me off and go somewhere else then.”

It was supposed to make him relieved, but Crowley seemed to struggle with that.

“I don’t know how I feel about leaving you there and walking away.”

Sam smiled. “Thank you. But I don’t blame you for looking out for yourself. You always told me that was the way it would be if it came to this.”

Crowley gave it some more thought as they arrived.

“Look, I’ll go in with you. I need to know that you’ll be alright. If things get too ugly we’ll leave together. How’s that?”

Sam smiled again. “That’s great. Thank you, Crowley.”

When Sam stepped foot into his home, he knew things were about to change drastically between his father and him, and never had he felt so prepared for that moment. It wouldn’t be easy, but Sam was sick and tired of living by his dad’s rules. Loving Dean had taught him a lot about happiness and freedom, and Sam was ready to fight for those things.
As he walked into the living room, with Crowley following at a safe distance, Sam could hear the elevator moving. There didn’t seem to be anyone at home except for the sound of the doors opening. The kitchen was dead silent, and aside from the guards outside, Sam hadn’t seen any other employee around. Perhaps that wasn’t a coincidence.

The empty house reminded Sam of his father telling everyone to leave because he had to teach his son a lesson. The memory made him shudder, but Sam forced himself to push it aside.

“There you are,” Azazel smiled largely at the sight of the boy. His stomach growled and his mouth watered.

The yellow eyes squinted in his direction, but Sam didn’t flinch.

“Crowley said you might be looking for me.”

Azazel studied the boy intently. Sam seemed way too calm. Perhaps he didn’t know yet what had happened to his boyfriend.

“I was. It’s great to see you home. How is Father Bobby and the church?”

Sam hesitated. He wondered if that question was a trap.

“Alright.”

“Good to know.” Azazel smiled and his voice was soft. If Sam were a good boy, then no punishment needed to happen. They could talk about things and Azazel would stress the importance of obedience after he had drunk enough. And by the way he missed the boy, enough might be a lot.

Crowley fell behind and Sam walked towards his father. Azazel did the same, closing the distance between them and standing face to face with the boy.

“I’ve missed you.” He cupped the boy’s cheek.

Sam covered his father’s hand with his own, and for a split second Azazel’s heart throbbed with warmth. Nevertheless, Sam used his hand to take his dad’s one off his face.

“Dad…we need to talk.”

Azazel took a deep breath and his smile died a little.

“So it seems.” He looked at Crowley, for the first time, and the warden cowered a little under the yellow stare. “My office, Samuel.”

Sam looked at Crowley over his shoulder and nodded that it was okay. He wanted to have that conversation in private. He was not afraid of his dad anymore.

They took the stairs, and as they went up, Sam kept thinking of all the things he needed to say and how he would say them. He knew there was a lot in his mind, there was Dean, and his need for freedom, and Lucifer, too. They had to talk about everything that been going on, and Sam needed to make his dad understand that he was happy, and that change was good.

It wouldn’t be easy, and as they walked into Azazel’s office Sam was thinking about where to begin.
The vampire shut the door, and before Sam had time to open his mouth, let alone to organize his unraveling thoughts, Azazel pushed the boy against the wall right beside the door with supernatural strength and speed.

Sam blinked, confused and startled, as he found himself pressed up against the wall with his father’s arms on either side of him and Azazel’s nose close enough to graze his.

“Dad? What’s going on?” Sam’s heart raced. “I thought we were gonna talk.”

“Oh, we are going to talk, Samuel, believe me. We’ll talk long and hard, but before that there’s something I need to do.” Azazel buried his nose against the boy’s neck and breathed in deeply, shuddering with need.

“No! Stop!” Sam tried to push him away. “No more, remember? No more blood drinking, you promised!”

Azazel’s yellow eyes burned into Sam’s. “Did I? I don’t remember saying that. I gave you time, Samuel, because I knew I’d made a mistake, and I knew you were traumatized. I let you get away with plenty, and you know what I mean. But enough is enough. My patience is wearing thin, and I need you to understand you still owe me obedience.”

“No, I don’t!” Sam shot back. “You’re my dad and I love you and respect you, but you can’t control me anymore. It’s over. I make my own decisions now.”

Azazel snarled. He didn’t let go of the threatening and powerful position he had over the boy.

“That’s because of your boyfriend, isn’t it?”

Sam’s stomach tightened with a cold mix of fear and excitement.

“I’ve seen you together.”

Sam widened his eyes with surprise, at first. For a second or two he wondered when his dad had seen them, for how long he had known and why he hadn’t confronted them when he saw them. But then Sam shrugged all that off because none of those answers mattered.

“So you know.”

“It’s true then, isn’t it?” Azazel’s breathing became shorter.

“It is. I’m in love, and there’s nothing you can do to stop it.”

Azazel’s face dissolved into a perverse grin and Sam frowned. “Oh, but there is, my love. Trust me, it’s already done.”

The boy looked puzzled and Azazel went on.

“You lied to me, Samuel. I trusted you, and you betrayed my trust.”

“I fell in love.”
“At your birthday party, I suppose. That’s how long you’ve been fooling me.”

“I wouldn’t have to fool you if you’d only talk to me and be reasonable.”

“Does Crowley know?” Azazel went on as if Sam hadn’t said even said anything. “Does the priest? I mean, who am I fooling, of course they know something. They’ve been helping you, haven’t they?”

“Does it matter? I made my own choices. I chose him. And I love him. And he loves me back.”

They stood very still for a moment, Sam still with his back against the wall, but he held his head up, unafraid.

Azazel narrowed his eyes and felt a cold chill grab his insides and turn them. No…that look in the boy’s eyes, that fearlessness…that hadn’t been there before. That had to mean something…

“Samuel…” he began, his voice low and dangerous. The boy looked up at him with defiance, and Azazel saw the warrior ready for battle in Sam’s eyes, and at that moment he knew it, he didn’t want to believe it, but he knew he was too late. “Tell me you haven’t…” his voice faltered, because he couldn’t begin to face his worst nightmare.

Sam breathed fast but steadily, his eyes never leaving his father’s.

“Tell me you haven’t corrupted your blood!” Azazel gritted his teeth and his fingers tightened around Sam’s shoulders with a bruising grip.

Sam felt his lips crack with a smile. His eyes glinted. He thought about everything Dean and him had done in bed, and how good it had felt.

“I have. I lost my virginity.”

“No…” Azazel shook his head.

“But that’s not all. I’ve been having all the sex you could possibly imagine for the past days,” Sam provoked.

“You’re lying…”

“And guess what, Dad? It feels great.”

“NOOO, YOU’RE LYING!” Azazel slapped Sam so hard across the face that the boy would have fallen if Azazel hadn’t kept him standing with his grip on him.

The next few seconds happened way too fast. Azazel’s fangs and growl told Sam what was about to happen and he struggled, to no avail.

“NO!! Don’t!!” Sam tried to push his father away, but Azazel wouldn’t have it.

The vampire pressed his stronger body into Sam’s and buried his teeth into his neck. “AH!” Sam cried and struggled, but his dad had him pinned hard against the wall. “Let me go!!!” For the first time since he had stepped foot into the house, Sam was scared. Never had Azazel forced himself on him before. Right now, though, the vampire had such a dominating grip on him that unless he
decided to let him go, Sam knew he couldn’t fight it.

The moment Azazel tasted that sour truth in Sam’s blood, he cursed mentally and growled like a beast. Because he was hungry, and Sam still tasted better than all the blood bags he could possibly drink, he sank his teeth a little deeper and drank, even though the boy thrashed and shoved at him with everything he had. In the short time that ensued, Azazel drank quick and hard, until Sam’s breathing grew shallow and his struggles died down a little.

When Azazel broke away, his lips and fangs tainted red with Sam’s blood, his eyes were sheer fire.

“How could you?!” He slapped Sam hard again, and stepped back for the first time since they had gotten into the room.

Sam lost his balance at the blow but got back on his feet quickly.

“I love him, and you can’t stop me!” he cried angrily, even though he felt a little fuzzy from the blood drinking.

“Oh, but I can, and I have!” Azazel laughed manically. “I don’t think you know it, but your boyfriend is currently in the hospital, hanging between life and death. Only a miracle could save him, actually. So I guess I have stopped you, haven’t I?”

Sam frowned. That didn’t make any sense.

“In the hospital?”

“Yes, Samuel. You should know better than to lie to me. And that singer should have known better than to mess with you. I had him beaten, he wasn’t supposed to make it out alive, but there’s still time for that, so don’t worry.”

“Wait, Castiel…?” Sam’s heart tightened with realization. “Was it you who ordered the attack on Cass?”

Azazel laughed triumphantly.

“He’s not my boyfriend,” Sam said, as shock and anger filled him. “He’s my friend!”

Azazel’s smile faded and he stared at the boy, not sure whether or not he believed what he had just heard. Samuel’s expression, however, was not that of someone who had just possibly lost a lover. He looked hurt and angry, but not devastated.

“But I saw you together, at the beach…”

“We hang out sometimes. Jesus, Dad! You tried to have him killed! He’s done nothing!”

“I don’t understand, your blood…you’ve corrupted it, I can taste it, you defiled yourself…”

Sam took a deep breath and summoned all his strength and courage.

“I’m in love with Dean.”

Azazel stared at him.
“That’s right. I’m in love with Dean Winchester and we’ve been having sex.”

Sam was utterly befuddled when his father’s expression turned from anger into disbelief and laughter erupted from his mouth.

“Dean Winchester is your boyfriend?” Azazel arched his eyebrows. That was not possible. That was way too ironic.

“He is. And you’re not going to hurt him. He knows how to defend himself.”

“You can’t be serious! You and the mechanic’s son?!”

“I know how you feel about his father, but that is not going to change the fact that Dean loves me and I love him and—”

“You fucking whore!” Azazel groaned. The sound, a bizarre mix of scorn and anger, made Sam freeze on the spot. “Dean’s your brother! You’ve been screwing your own brother!”

“What…”

Azazel laughed manically. “After all this time trying to shield you from Dean’s influence, you go and let your own brother screw you. Unbelievable!”

“What the hell are you saying? Dean’s not my brother.”

Azazel laughed. “Oh, but he is.”

Sam’s breathing grew short and he looked around, completely at a loss.

“Guess what, Sammy. Vampires can’t breed! I’m a creature, Samuel, I can’t have children! I killed your mother as soon as she gave birth to you, and then coaxed John into giving you up in a moment of despair.”

Sam listened to the words, but he didn’t want to. He wished he could stop them.

“You’re John Winchester’s son. And yes, Dean is your family, and now you’ve lost your virginity to your big brother.”

The floor was opening right beneath his feet. The world was spinning fast, and Sam’s mind spiraled into chaos. *Vampires can’t breed.*

Sam gasped and panted. He felt as if he had received a blow to the stomach.

“You…” his words were clipped, and Sam felt his eyes sting. “You’re my father…”

Azazel scoffed.

“I raised you, yes. But you are a Winchester, Samuel. That’s why you were so precious to me.” ‘That’s why I can’t fucking kill Dean’, Azazel thought angrily. Killing off the singer was something. It was easy. But killing a living heir of Arthur’s blood line was way too big a waste.
“We’re in love…that can’t be true.” Sam thought of Dean and his heart ached and shattered. He was completely infatuated with his own sibling…his big brother.

He felt vertiginous, as if he might get sick.

Azazel laughed emptily as realization struck the boy.

Sam wanted to say those were evil, dirty lies, but he was unable to. Every time he tried to protest, he found Azazel’s fiery, supernatural eyes and he knew it was true. All his life had been built on a lie.

“I…my whole life…”

“Your whole life I gave you a home, food, clothes, everything you could possibly ask for. I built you a damn pool because you wanted to learn to swim. So don’t you dare—”

“The blood sucking…the lies…” Sam was reeling.

“To keep you good! To preserve your gift! And then you go and fuck your own brother, of all people!” Azazel groaned accusingly.

“We didn’t know…” Sam’s mind was a parade of doubt and guilt and despair. Thoughts of Dean mingled with thoughts of Castiel in the hospital, and he didn’t know what to do, except that he had to get out of that house quickly.

Sam turned around and reached for the door.

“Where are you going?”

“You forced yourself on me,” Sam accused.

“That’s because you forgot who you are, Samuel.”

“And who the fuck am I?!” Sam cried.

Azazel closed the distance between them and tried to hold him.

“You’re still my baby boy, Samuel. Nothing needs to change. We can still do something to cleanse your blood off all these hormones, I still need you.”

“Get away from me! Don’t fucking touch me!” Sam barked. His eyes had flames and his nostrils flared. Azazel let him go.

“Fine. Are you going to your boyfriend’s house? Practice some more nasty incest?”

Sam tried not to let those words affect him, but they were like a knife, twisting inside his heart until he bled.

“I’m getting away from you.” Sam turned around and walked to the door.

“Go ahead! Go tell Dean that he’s been fucking his kid brother all along!”

The boy looked over his shoulder and left.
“This isn’t over! I’m not your father but you’re still mine!” Azazel yelled after him, but let him go. Hell, he was angry and fucking pissed, and disappointed and really frustrated, but he let Sam go find his lover and feel the weight of the truth. It was not like the worst hadn’t already happened.

~ * ~

“What happened?” Crowley widened his eyes and met Sam on the stairs as the boy went down quickly. “I heard the yelling, I…”

“You need to go, Crowley. Find somewhere to hide, my dad knows everything.” ‘Not my dad’… the thought came crashing into Sam’s mind and weakened him.

“What about you?”

Sam didn’t know what to answer. What about him? What was he supposed to do? Where should he go?

“Dean’s my brother.”

Crowley stood very still.

“John Winchester is my real father and Dean’s my older brother.”

“Sam…that’s not possible…” Crowley shook his head.

“Apparently it is. My…” dad, Sam was going to say then stopped himself. “Azazel adopted me or whatever. Vampires can’t…” Sam shrugged.

It seemed a lot to take in, but Sam didn’t want to stay in that house for another minute.

“I’m leaving.”

“Where are you going?”

“I don’t know but I’m leaving.” Sam felt the tears run down his cheeks.

“Come. I’ll take you.”

Crowley took his arm and led Sam outside. In a matter of moments, they were in the car going out of the gates. Crowley knew Azazel had allowed them to go through the guards, but he didn’t question why. He was just thankful he did.

Inside the mansion, Azazel picked up the phone and called the hospital. He waited for his call to be transferred to the right person before issuing the command. “Save the singer.”

~ * ~
In the car, Crowley drove beside a silent boy whose eyes were fixed on the road ahead. He didn’t ask Sam where they were going; for the next twenty minutes or so he just drove aimlessly, hoping it would give the boy time to figure out what he wanted to do next. And eventually, he did.

Crowley followed Sam’s instructions and parked the car.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to wait?”

“No. Go find somewhere safe to be.”

Crowley nodded and left, leaving Sam on the doorstep.

The boy took a deep breath and walked towards the door. He rang the bell, and his heart skipped a beat when it opened.

“Sam?” John Winchester looked surprised.

Sam’s lips quivered a little, but he pursed them together to try and overcome the shakiness inside.

“We need to…”

“Come in,” John cut him off, let him into the house and locked the door behind him.

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tbc...
Sam stood perfectly still. It was like his body didn’t know how to move anymore. He looked around
that same place he had been to before, and yet nothing seemed familiar without Dean there. It didn’t
help that he felt lightheaded and a little weak after Azazel had fed on him.

John studied the boy’s face. There was perplexity written all over it. John knew that the moment Sam
found out, he might come looking for him, but he didn’t really prepare for it.

Sam had a million things to say, a lot of questions, but suddenly his mouth was as dry as drought and
he didn’t know how to begin.

John could almost sense the boy’s confusion, so he took the first step.

“I take it you know, then.”

“That you’re my father? Yes.” Sam felt that his hands were shaky as he stood there, unmoving.

“Good. I told Dean he needed to tell you.”

“Wait, what?” Sam shook his head. “Does he know?” he frowned.

It was John’s turn to seem confused. “Well, yes. Isn’t it how you found out?”

“No, my dad…Azazel told me.”

Sam retraced the previous events on his mind and realized they made sense now. Dean seemed
extremely upset before they had parted ways that night. Of course Sam had thought that something
was wrong with his dad, but John had probably told him the truth.

That was why Dean had refused to take him when Sam tried to have sex. He knew they were
brothers, right, and he obviously felt it would be disgusting to be intimate again.

The thought hurt like hell but Sam fought the tears bravely.

“It doesn’t really matter how you know. It matters that you’re aware now,” John said. “I…I know
this is a lot to process, and I understand if you need time to think about it, but I just want you to
know that I’m very sorry for not telling you before. But now that you know you have a family, you
don’t need to stay with Azazel. I know what he is. You can move in here, Sam. You can be safe.”

There were a thousand thoughts rushing through his mind, and Sam laughed.

“That’s it?” the sound of his laughter was weird and it stung in John’s ears. “So I should just move in
here like nothing happened? Like you didn’t abandon me to be raised by a goddamn monster, and as
“Sam…” John knew it would be painful, but seeing the pain Sam was obviously facing right now made it even worse. “I’m sorry about what happened. When Mary…when your mom died on that bed after giving birth to you, part of me, the best part, died too.” John’s eyes filled with tears. It had been an emotionally exhausting day. “I didn’t know he was a monster then. I thought Azazel was everything the town still believes he is. When he told me you had been deprived of oxygen and might not live if not for a few minutes or hours, I honestly didn’t think I could handle it…”

Sam wanted to hate John. He wanted to hate him so badly for taking away his chance at having a family, but at that moment, when he looked inside himself for all the rage he hoped to find boiling within, all Sam could find was sadness and compassion. If anyone in this world understood what it felt like to be manipulated by Azazel, it was Sam.

“He made me believe that giving you up for adoption, adoption by him, I’d be giving you your best chance to survive,” John explained. He looked at the boy when he wiped a single, betraying tear. “But if truth be told, I was relieved he offered, Sam, and I’m sorry. This is me being brutally honest. I had no idea how to care for you at that moment.”

“Thanks for the honesty. Oh, and he took care of me, alright,” Sam agreed. “I had everything I ever wanted. But it came at a cost. If you know what he is, you must have imagined what he did to me.”

John’s heart shrank with guilt.

“When I found out what he was you were about eight years old. I didn’t know how to go back. He was too powerful in the city already. And besides, there was Bobby, and he assured me that you were in great shape. He never reported injuries or anything alarming.”

“That’s because there were no marks. Except for when he burned my hands in boiling water the first time he caught me touching myself. I was about twelve,” Sam said matter-of-factly. “Because you see, he’s a vampire, and he didn’t just offer to take me in out of compassion. He started feeding on me when I was ten. He didn’t do it every night, but it was often enough. And it was important that my blood was pure, so God forbid I did anything to corrupt it.”

“I…I’m so sorry…” John’s face twisted with disgust, at what he pictured but at himself too, for allowing that to happen.

“Do you know what’s so special about me? Since…since you’re my real father…” Sam wiped at his eyes again when those words came out. “Do you know why he’s so interested in me?”

John shrugged helplessly.

“I don’t know.”

“He says it’s something about my blood linage…”

“I honestly don’t know. Mary had a falling out with her family, I never knew much about them. As for me, I don’t think I’m anyone important, even though my father died when I was very young and I never really got to know him.”

“It doesn’t matter…” Sam shook his head and took a deep breath. “It’s a fucking mess, that’s what it is….”
“I’m so sorry about what happened between you and Dean.”

‘Well, I’m not!’ Sam wanted to scream. He was anything but sorry. Dean was the best thing that had ever happened to him, the only truly good thing in his entire life, and that was about to fall apart, too, just like his own identity.

“You understand this needs to end, don’t you?” John asked gently.

Sam looked at him with eyes full of despair.

“It isn’t just casual, you know…”

“Sam…” John hated having to do that, but it was the right thing to do. “I’m sorry, I imagine it must hurt, but you boys are brothers. If you continue to be in a relationship, sooner or later you’re bound to break up and it’ll be bad. I don’t want this, can’t you see it? I want you to try and be friends, even though it will be hard in the beginning, but in the long run you’ll realize I’m right.”

“You don’t know me.” Sam shook his head and stated.

John looked at him, not sure why Sam had just said that.

“You stand there and give me advice on what to do with my life, where to go, who to love…you have no idea who I am.”

“You’re my son.”

“So what? I haven’t been for sixteen years!”

“It doesn’t matter, Sam. We’re blood, just like you and Dean.”

“And am I supposed to accept that and just fall out of love?”

“I’m not saying it’ll be easy, but it’ll be the right thing to do.”

“You don’t get to tell me what the right thing is.”

“Sam, I’m not the one telling. It’s…it’s obvious, don’t you see? You and Dean are family, it’s just…it’s wrong to be anything more than that. You need to end this.”

“Stop telling me what to do.” Sam finally found the pool of rage beginning to boil within. The thought of not having Dean anymore caused a wave of distress to cloud his thoughts and make him unpredictably angry.

“I’m your father, I can tell you what to do in this situation because I know this is how things need to be. I’m sorry.”

Sam shook his head and gritted his teeth.

“It was a mistake coming here.”

The boy made as if he would turn around and leave, but John closed the distance between them and
grabbed his arm.

“Wait. I know it hurts, but—”

“No, you don’t! You don’t know anything, John! You don’t know who I am, or what I’ve been through, and you certainly don’t know what Dean means to me.”

Sam’s eyes were fiery. “So let me go. Now.”

Slowly, John loosened his grip on the boy’s arm.

“Sam—”

John tried, but his youngest son looked deeply into his eyes, fearlessly, and left quickly without saying another word.

~ * ~

Sam looked around and realized it was probably very late. The night was pitch black, and Sam had never been alone on the street at such late hour. Well, he had never been alone on the street before, but the fact that it was dark and he was very upset didn’t help.

He wasn’t sure he was ready to face Dean, even though he felt drawn to the beach house. What if things were truly over between them? Sam was in no rush to see the end of the best thing he had ever had. Then he remembered Dean was probably still at the hospital.

The boy sighed long and deeply. Guilt was eating him up inside, but he just knew he had to go and check on the singer eventually. It was not fair that Castiel was fighting for his life because of his father’s blind possessiveness.

On his way to the hospital, Sam kept praying that Castiel would be okay. He prayed so hard and feverishly, that for a few moments he could even forget that his heart was broken and hurting.

When Sam arrived at the hospital, he was immediately let inside. People knew who he was, and even if he wasn’t supposed to be there, no one would dare stop him. That was why, when he asked what Castiel’s room was, he didn’t have much trouble getting an answer.

Sam walked into the room, not sure what to expect, and his heart felt a strange twinge of relief and pain seeing Dean wasn’t there.

“I’m sorry, I’m leav—” Benny was about to leave the chair he had been using when his eyes fell on Sam. “Oh, it’s just you. I thought it was a nurse or something.”

“Hey, Benny.”

“How did you get in? Oh, forget it. Your dad owns the place.”

“How did you get in?” Sam looked at Benny and then at the bed for the first time. His heart shrunk at Castiel’s battered face.
“I snuck around.”

Sam nodded. He swallowed hard and approached the bed. He hated his father, hated him!

“Where’s Dean?” he asked.

“He went home. He didn’t wanna leave you alone for too long.”

“Oh.”

“You just came here, though. It’s not safe for a Prince or whatever to walk around alone at night. Look what happened to Cass…”

“Whatever is more like it…” Sam mumbled.

“What?”

“Nothing,” Sam shrugged. “How…how is he?”

“The doctors don’t have much hope, but he’s hanging on, right?”

“Right…” Sam went closer to the bed and squeezed Castiel’s hand.

“I don’t mean to meddle, but you should probably go find Dean. He’ll be worried sick when he doesn’t find you home.”

“I know.” Sam nodded.

“I’ll let you guys know if there’s any improvement.”

“Thank you,” Sam whispered before turning around to leave.

~ * ~

He made his way to Dean’s house with hurried steps, and everything felt slightly surreal. Perhaps it was the fact that he was walking alone in the middle of the night that made everything feel eerie, but as he moved, Sam realized he couldn’t remember the last time he had eaten something. He felt hungry and weak. It seemed like his dad had drunk more than Sam imagined. He would need to lie down, eat something and hydrate himself. But first he needed to see Dean and talk to him, and tell him that what had happened to Castiel was all his fault.

When Dean learned that, it wouldn’t matter that they were brothers. Dean would hate him anyway.

The thought grabbed at his empty stomach and made it churn.

Finally, Sam could see the shack in front of him. He stopped for a moment to catch his breath. John Winchester is my father, Dean is my big brother. Cass is gonna die because of me. The thoughts swarmed his mind and Sam felt faint.

It took him a moment to gather enough courage to walk towards the door, but before he could knock,
Dean opened it and they stood face to face.

“Jesus! There you are! Where have you been? I was freaking out wondering if something had happened.”

“Something did happen.”

Dean widened his eyes and his heart skipped a beat.

“Baby…come in.”

“No.” Suddenly, Sam realized he couldn’t do that anymore. He kept seeing Castiel’s battered face before him and he couldn’t handle the guilt. “I stopped by the hospital.”

Dean frowned.

“I know what happened to Cass,” Sam went on.

“What do you mean? Come in, let’s talk inside.”

“No, wait.” There were way too many emotions and way too little blood rushing through him. It was like the walls were closing in. “It’s my fault, Dean. Cass might die and it’s all on me.”

“What are you saying? Don’t be ridiculous!” Dean was confused.

“I’m not. It’s true. My father knows about us.” Not, not my father…Sam told himself. It would take some getting used to, he supposed. Old habits died hard. “Actually, he thought I was with Castiel. He saw us talking on the beach. He’s the one who ordered the attack on him.”

“What…?” Dean’s eyes revealed all his emotions—hurting, anger, outrage and rage. “That…that can’t be true, I can’t believe he would…”

“He would. He did. Cass is like that because of me.”

“You can’t think like that, Sam. That’s horrible, but it’s not your fault. Come inside.”

The moment Dean touched his arm, Sam’s emotions turned into sheer chaos. He was exhausted from the day, weak and lightheaded from his father’s—not my father—forced feeding, and his heart was breaking after learning the truth about himself.

“Dean, I…”

“It’s okay, we’ll talk, just come in.”

“No, I…” Sam’s breathing grew fast and shallow and he knew what was happening. ‘Oh, shit, I’m gonna faint’. Sam tried to warn Dean but his body was already shutting down. He was able to hold on to Dean’s arm before his knees buckled and darkness took over.

“Sam? Sam!!” Dean held the boy that fell forward against him. His heart raced with concern and doubt. What the hell was going on? Could that terrible, terrible day just please end already?

Dean gathered Sam in his arms and kicked the door shut. He took the boy to his bed and laid him on
it gently. He couldn’t help the memory of doing the exact same thing months ago, after Sam had been drugged and Azazel had…

“Oh, no.” Dean frowned with realization. He looked at Sam’s neck and found the small, red puncture marks in there. “Son of a bitch,” he groaned.

For some reason, Sam had gone home and talked to his father, that was how he knew about Castiel, but that also meant that Azazel had drunk the boy’s blood, and Dean didn’t think it was consensual. When he looked closely, Sam’s cheekbone was a shade darker, as if he had been slapped across the face.

Dean’s blood began to boil with rage.

“It’ll be okay, baby. I’m gonna get you some water, you’ll be fine.” he raked his fingers through Sam’s hair and got up to get him something to drink.

In the meantime, Sam opened his eyes and felt his mouth dry. His head was pounding as he sat up in bed.

“Dean?”

“Oh, good. You’re awake. Here, drink this.”

Sam took the glass Dean offered, drank the water and put the glass carefully on the nightstand.

For a moment the boys looked at each other deeply and no words were said. Dean’s green eyes seemed to be speaking volumes in their sadness, and Sam understood every ounce of pain.

Dean’s fingers caressed Sam’s over the bed as he struggled with the words.

“Sam, I…there’s something I gotta tell you.”

“I know.”

“I don’t think you do.”

“You’re my big brother.”

Dean stared at Sam, speechless and surprised.

“I know,” Sam repeated. "I know."

~ * ~

Azazel had a thousand things running through his mind. The worst had happened, and now he needed to figure out what his next move would be. Getting Sam to go back to being an obedient little boy was out of question, there was no way the boy would go back to being willing and docile, not after all that testosterone had triggered the warrior streak in him. But Azazel couldn’t lose him either.

Besides, there was another really important part of the equation that needed to be taken into
consideration. When Azazel figured out his next move, he picked up the phone and called Lucifer.

“Hello, there. How are things, Azazel?”

“Hello, Lucifer. Unfortunately there have been a few unexpected developments as of late. I have good and bad news to give you, but I need to do this in person. When can we meet?”

Lucifer was silent on the other side of the line for a moment, and Azazel didn’t have to see him to know that he had grown tense.

“Is this about the Prince?”

“Yes. It’s about Samuel.”

“I can meet you tomorrow, how’s that?”

Even though the situation was precarious, Azazel couldn’t help but smile at the way Lucifer was completely infatuated with the boy.

“I have some meetings that can’t wait tomorrow. How about next Monday?” Azazel wanted to speak to Lucifer, but he also wanted to buy some time.

“Um, yes. I’ll fly over.”

“Good. We’ll talk then.”

“Is Sam alright?”

“I can’t really discuss it over the phone…”

“Please…just tell me if he’s okay.”

Azazel sighed.

“He is in good health, Lucifer. But I’m afraid our plans for his future might need to change.”

--------------------------------------------------

tbc...
Dean sat down on the bed very quietly and looked at the younger man staring at him.

“That’s why you were acting weird before, isn’t it?” Sam asked. “Your father told you.”

Dean nodded. “I’m sorry I couldn’t tell you right away. I didn’t know what to make of it…I needed a bit of time,” he apologized.

“I’m not mad about that. I don’t know what I would’ve done…hell, I don’t know what to do actually.”

“How did you find out?”

“Crowley showed up after you left, he told me my dad…” Sam shook his head and corrected himself, “he told me Azazel knew something and that I’d better go home and figure it out. So I went, and I was determined to tell him about us.”

“You went home and he drank from you, didn’t he? You passed out because he drank too much, isn’t it?” Dean wanted to know.

“I didn’t allow him,” Sam said quickly. “I never thought he would…I mean, I tried to stop him, but he’s strong…”

Dean’s blood boiled.

“So he forced himself on you.”

Sam felt a spike of fear as he remembered being trapped between the wall and Azazel’s body.

Just the look of fright in Sam’s eyes was enough to make Dean picture what had happened. The mental picture of Azazel hurting Sam stirred all sorts of emotions at the same time, but protective anger was the most powerful at the moment.

“You shouldn’t have gone alone, you should’ve waited for me…” he squeezed Sam’s hands.

Sam wanted to accept the promise of comfort and safety, but right now he didn’t feel worthy of it. He pulled his hands away and lowered his eyes.

“I needed to do that, I needed to go in alone, but it didn’t go anything like what I had imagined. When he said he knew I was seeing someone, I thought he had figured everything out, but then he told me he’d already taken care of the problem. He saw Cass and I together at the beach.”
Dean swallowed hard with anger and pain.

“He tried to have him killed, Dean. And it’s all my fault.”

“No. Don’t say that.” Dean shook his head quickly.

“It is, though. If he hadn’t seen Cass and I together then nothing would’ve happened, and Cass would be fine now.”

“He will be fine. I’m sure he’ll get over it. But you shouldn’t blame yourself, you can’t be responsible for your…for that fucking monster…” Dean gritted his teeth as he thought of Castiel lying in that hospital bed. He got to his feet and paced back and forth as anger built inside of him.

Sam sensed all that seething rage and recoiled a little in bed. He couldn’t stop feeling responsible for what had happened to Dean’s best friend.

“I’m so sorry…” he whispered.

“Sammy…” Dean’s heart ached. For a moment he just wanted to frame the boy’s face and silence him with a kiss, but then he remembered things were all sorts of messed up and held back. “How is that your fault? You didn’t know it was going to happen, you couldn’t have stopped it.”

Sam breathed harder and looked around.

“If I hadn’t…if we hadn’t…” Sam wiped at his eyes angrily.

“But we have,” Dean cut him off. “Do you regret it?” his question was so honest and fearful that Dean felt as if his heart was vulnerably hanging outside his body.

Sam chewed on his bottom lip and shook his head slowly.

Dean felt a small spark of relief, but he knew that didn’t change the truth.

“I went to see your father,” Sam confessed. “I mean…”

“Why? What did he say to you?”

“He said he was sorry. He told me what happened the day I was born.”

“Will you forgive him?”

Sam parted his lips but closed them again. He shrugged and looked utterly lost. At that moment Dean had to agree with his father that Sam needed a family. The kid was alone in the world, now more than ever, and he needed to have a brother, at least, someone who would always be there for him.

“You need time to process all this shit. Hell, we all do.”

“John told me we have to end this,” Sam said.

Dean’s heart ached at that. “I know. He told me the same thing.”

“He’s right, isn’t he? Brothers aren’t supposed to go around screwing each other…”
Dean swallowed down the lump in his throat and agreed. “No, they aren’t.”

“You didn’t even want to touch me after you found out,” Sam pointed out, and when he raised his eyes to look at Dean, his round black pupils were drowning. “It’s disgusting, I get it.”

“No…” Dean shook his head and smiled sadly. “That’s not the reason why I didn’t take you.”

“Isn’t it?”

“I wasn’t disgusted, Sammy. I knew something very serious about us, and I felt that it would be unfair of me to make love to you again while I was withholding this information. You had a right to know you’d be lying with your own brother. It would’ve felt like I was cheating if I had kept my mouth shut. Do you understand?”

Sam considered that.

“I…I talked to Bobby,” Dean went on. “When I found out, I stopped by the church. Bobby’s known for a while, but he didn’t want to be the one who told us.”

“What? Oh God…what did he say?” Sam widened his eyes.

Dean chuckled a little. “He was awesome. He said I should tell you. He said…hell, he was as supportive as I guess anyone could be in his position.”

“Really?”

“He even said that it’s not like we had to worry about having children and stuff.” Dean thought he might be blushing a little.

“They did marry siblings to each other in Egypt, to keep blood lineages pure and maintain power within the same family,” Sam explained, matter-of-factly.

Dean smiled at the knowledgeable look on the boy’s face, but then his dad’s words once again haunted him.

“Sam…” Dean looked for the right words to speak to the young man sitting on his bed. “Relationships are complicated. I understand what Dad means…if this goes sour…” Dean squeezed his eyes shut as if it pained him to say that. “We’re the only family you have. I don’t want you to be alone because we ruined things…”

“So we should just pretend nothing happened between us?” Sam was dying inside. He wanted to scream and break things, but for some reason he couldn’t move.

What the hell was Dean supposed to answer? Sam must have seen all the anguish and doubt on Dean’s face, because he went on.

“We can’t go back in time, Dean. I can’t pretend I don’t look at you and feel like kissing you.”

Dean’s heart thudded fast.

“Sam…I know this is hard, it kills me…and I wish it could be different, but what if…”
“…we break up?” Sam completed. “Isn’t it exactly what is happening now?”

“I don’t wanna hurt you.”

“Then don’t.” Sam got to his feet and walked towards Dean. “Then don’t hurt me. Ever.”

Dean was breathing faster. He wanted to push Sam against the wall and ravish him, but he was unsure of what he was supposed to do.

“I know this is wrong, but I don’t want it to be wrong,” Sam cracked.

“I don’t either.”

“So if you tell me that you still love me, and that you still want me, I don’t care what the rest of the world will say or think about us,” Sam knew where all that bravery was coming from. It belonged to someone who had nothing left to lose if he couldn’t have Dean anymore.

When Sam took another step in his direction, Dean’s reasoning began to cave to his heart. “I’m your family…” he whispered and retreated until his back was against the wall.

“You are.” Sam stood right there in front of him.

“I’m supposed to take care of you.” Dean narrowed his eyes and begged.

Sam parted his lips and his breath ghosted against Dean’s face.

“Then take care of me…” Sam lowered his voice.

“Sam…” Dean’s voice was hoarse, almost a warning. “I’m your brother…”

“You’re also the man who makes me come.”

Dean groaned and moved in order to reverse their positions. He pressed Sam to the wall and kept him there with both hands beside his head.

Sam’s head was still spinning from the way Dean had shifted their positions. He felt his back against the wall as Dean’s piercing green eyes studied him.

They were both breathing hard, and Sam didn’t dare look away. He watched every second of Dean’s eyes filling with desire, and the boy relished the way a luscious wave of lust washed over the remaining doubt.

“Why don’t you claim me as your family?” Sam teased. He pushed his hips into Dean’s and let him feel his hardness.

Dean pushed right back, causing the boy to moan at the matching feeling of arousal in Dean’s pants.

“Sam, this relationship is…”

“Wrong?”
"Unbiblical…"

Dean pressed his forehead to Sam’s and they chuckled breathlessly. The boy’s lips parted and Dean licked at Sam’s open mouth, causing a spike of hot need to travel to Sam’s dick and make it throb.

“Are you sure this is what you want?” Dean’s hands grabbed at Sam’s hips and he pushed hard into him, letting him feel the heaviness of his erection.

“Yeah.” Sam rolled his eyes when Dean’s lips closed on his neck and the older man sucked on his weak spot. “Mmmm…”

After the roller-coaster of emotions Dean had experienced during the day, he had little to none restrain left in his body. The moment Sam welcomed his touch, the moment the boy needed his touch, Dean couldn’t hold back any longer. He fumbled with their clothes and Sam helped him hastily. After a few seconds of messy fingers and hurried urgency, they managed to get rid of every piece of offending garment.

Dean slammed his naked body into Sam’s, pushing the boy against the wall and letting him feel every inch of his swollen cock.

“Dean…” Sam breathed.

“This is fucking messy, you know…” Dean groaned. He licked at Sam’s throat and grabbed both of the boy’s wrists, pinning them above Sam’s head as he licked obscenely at Sam’s lips and neck.

“I don’t care. I need you. Please. Fuck me.”

“Oh, I will fuck you, Sammy.” Dean nibbled on the boy’s earlobe and muffled a chuckle when Sam shuddered and goosebumps broke on his arms and thighs.

When Dean released Sam’s wrists, the boy’s arms wrapped around Dean’s neck to pull him in for a kiss. Dean’s fingers tangled on Sam’s soft hair, raking through the silky locks that Sam kept behind his ears.

“Bed?” Sam asked in between kisses.

“Fuck the bed.” Dean tugged at Sam’s thighs and for a split second Sam thought he was going to fall and his heart raced with adrenaline, but instead Dean pulled him up on his lap, and Sam’s legs immediately locked around Dean’s body, keeping him secure in place. “Gonna fuck you right here against the wall. Do you want that, Sammy?”

“Yes.” Sam shuddered. His blood was buzzing. His cock was probably leaking because Dean’s voice was dripping sex, and right now the older man had absolute control over him.

Dean pressed Sam further against the wall so he didn’t have to hold the boy’s weight so much and could free his right hand. He licked his fingers wet before reaching down and finding Sam’s quivering entrance.

Sam sighed at the feeling of Dean’s digit circling and teasing.

For a moment or two the only sound in the shack was of heavy panting as Dean slid two fingers inside the boy and worked him open.
“MMM…” Sam groaned and tried to throw his head back, but the wall wouldn’t let him. “Fuck…"

“Yeah, open up for me, baby. Just relax for my cock.”

Sam bit down on his bottom lip and loosened his thighs’ grip on Dean’s torso so gravity could help him impale himself further on the fingers pleasuring him.

“Dean…more…please…”

“Do you want my cock?”

“Yes…”

“Sam?”

The boy tried to focus his lust-filled hazel eyes on Dean but they seemed cloudy.

“It’ll hurt a little, babe,” Dean said.

Sam nodded and squeezed his eyes shut when Dean lifted his butt and brought him down on his cock, easing up into the tight passage inch by inch as Sam tried his best to relax around the thickness stretching him.

“Aw!” Sam groaned. At the same time that it hurt, it seemed to be exactly what Sam needed. He let his body weigh down on Dean’s cock and winced when Dean was completely buried.

“Shit…” Dean cried and gritted his teeth.

“Fuck me, Dean…please…” Sam tried move up and down but he was trapped between the wall and Dean’s chest, and there wasn’t much room to move, so it was up to Dean to lift the boy’s thighs and bring them down at the same time he arched up into him.

The sound of flesh slapping into flesh filled the air around the boys as Dean fucked Sam against the wall, every muscle in his body taut under the strain of holding the boy’s body and making him bounce on his cock.

“Hmm…” Sam moaned and panted. He could feel sweat trickling down his temple, and when his fingers kneaded at Dean’s chest and shoulders possessively, he could feel sweat covering Dean’s skin as his body worked, unrelenting, to bring them pleasure.

“Touch yourself, baby.”

Sam obeyed instantly. He wrapped a hand around his cock and fisted his erection with mesmerizing abandon. Dean watched as Sam’s body writhed under the rippling waves of pleasure. Dean’s cock stroked Sam’s prostate with every thrust, but when Dean pushed him down onto his lap forcefully and thrust up hard and deep, Sam cried out and his body arched off the wall under the pleasure.

“Do that again, do that again.” He chanted.

Dean’s muscles were working as if his life depended on it. He could feel the strain as he sped up the thrusting to pleasure Sam. Dean did as the boy asked, holding each of the boy’s butt cheeks on his
large hands and guiding his hips so Sam could ride his cock.

“Make me come, please…please…” Sam was crying. There were tears in his voice.

“I got you,” Dean’s lips brushed the boy’s ear when Sam’s head fell against the crook of Dean’s neck. “I got you, Sammy.” He thrust harder and deeper, his fingers having difficulty to grasp Sam’s slick thighs.

“Dean…please…” Sam begged. He was stroking himself furiously but that was not what he needed.

At that moment, if Sam needed the sun, Dean would get it for him. There was nothing the older man wouldn’t do for that boy, his little brother, but who cared? What difference did it make? They were already one, unable to be set apart without tearing flesh.

“Shhh, it’s okay baby boy. Imma make you come, okay?”

Sam buried his nose into Dean’s neck and breathed in deeply. He was a mess of arousal and tears and every beat of his heart screamed with a passion that did not fit inside his chest.

Dean swiveled Sam’s hips and brought them down on his cock, stimulating the boy’s prostate until he could feel the tension build in Sam’s thigh muscles right before he let go.

When Sam reached his orgasm, he cried and clawed at Dean’s back, digging his nails hard and deep, coating his hand with warm seed and nearly blacking out.

Dean let go the moment Sam’s body spasmed around his cock, milking the orgasm right out of him, and making Dean slam one final time before his strength began to falter.

Breathless and shaking, Dean lowered them to the floor slowly, in a tangled mess of limbs as Sam’s legs still hugged his waist.

Dean closed his eyes and held the boy so tight it was like Sam might disappear if he let go, like he was nothing but a good dream.

When Dean’s cock slid out of him, the emptiness that was left inside made Sam feel like he was falling into a dark nothingness. The boy shook and cried out of sheer exhaustion, unable to control his body’s responses in the meltdown that followed.

“Shhh…it’s okay, love…it’s gonna be alright…” Dean soothed the boy. He could feel his own eyes sting with tears as he held Sam’s rocking body and cooed softly. He tried to move Sam in order to look at him, but just the beginning of movement caused the boy to groan and struggle and hold on tighter.

“Okay, okay….”

The boy sobbed into Dean’s neck, his hold on the older man bruising, tight, almost painful, but Dean didn’t mind.

“Shhh….” Dean whispered and rocked him gently. He didn’t know for how long Sam cried, but the sobs eventually softened and a small, shy weeping took its place. Dean’s arms cradled the boy against his chest and his lips kissed his head. “We’re going to be alright.”
Dean didn’t know for how long they stayed on the floor, naked, tangled and sweaty. After a while, he began to hum one his favorite tunes very softly, and little by little Sam loosened his painfully tight grip on him.

The first rays on sunlight were threatening to chase the night away as Dean sighed deeply and spoke softly. “Sammy? Sammy, you awake?” when the boy didn’t reply, Dean picked Sam up and lifted him in his arms.

The boy was sound asleep when Dean laid him gently on the bed, a moment before lying right next to him and putting a protective arm around his body.

Then, after an emotionally exhausting day, the two of them finally found comfort in a deep, dreamless slumber.

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tbc...
“Wake up…”

At first he pretended not to hear that. He was sleeping so deeply, so hard…he didn’t want to open his eyes, even if he didn’t really understand why.

“Sammy, c’mon…”

There was a gentle stroking of his hair, and Sam moved a little into the touch.

“You need to eat something.”

It was like his stomach responded immediately to that and caused him to open his eyes. Indeed, his stomach growled the moment Sam realized he was no longer sleeping.

“What time is it?”

“Does it matter?” Dean smiled softly and pushed a plate with eggs, pancakes and bacon into Sam’s hands.

“Not really. This smells good.”

“Tastes good, too. You should try it.”

“Thanks.” Sam looked into Dean’s eyes and started eating voraciously. Everything tasted delicious. He wanted to let Dean know how great breakfast was, but he couldn’t really stop munching at the moment. He was starving.

Dean chuckled.

“Easy. We’re not going into war.”

Sam managed to smile despite his full mouth.

*Dean’s my brother.*

The inevitable thought stabbed his heart for the first time during that day, and he knew it wouldn’t be the last. Sam thought of the previous day and what had happened between them. The idea that they were the same blood was still disturbing, but Sam was profoundly happy that it hadn’t changed their feelings for each other.

“Any news on Cass?” the boy asked.
Dean’s face hardened and he shook his head softly.

“No. Not yet.”

Sam put an entire pancake in his mouth and chewed quietly under Dean’s gaze.

“How do you feel?” Dean asked after a while, when Sam had finished eating.

“Better. Relieved.”

“Yeah?”

Sam nodded.

“Don’t you regret what happened between us last night?” Dean needed to ask. He felt so insanely happy for having Sam’s love that he couldn’t help the shadow of guilt eating at his thoughts. They shouldn’t be that happy, right? It was…well, wrong, and sinful…

“I don’t want to end this. I want to be with you,” Sam said.

Dean sighed deeply, obviously relieved, too. He put his hands on each side of Sam’s face and kissed his mouth.

“Are you sure that’s what you want?”

“I am,” Sam answered readily.

“Then marry me.” Dean’s heart was pounding. “You’ll be Sam Winchester, as you should’ve been all along. It doesn’t matter you got the name later than you were supposed to. In a way it’s like you’ll finally be who you were meant to be.”

Sam’s eyes lit up. Dean was right. If they got married then he would be a Winchester, and no one would frown upon that. There was no reason for the people in the town to find out they were siblings. Besides, Sam didn’t want to use Azazel’s family name anymore. That vampire was not his family…even if the thought of him still hurt him more than Sam cared to admit.

“What about Bobby? Do you think he’ll marry us?”

“He did tell us to go talk to my dad first. We talked to him. We still want to get married.” Dean paused for a moment and seemed fearful. “I mean, I think so, maybe you don’t—”

Sam shut him up with a kiss.

“Of course I do. Let’s get ready. The sooner I’m officially your family the better.”

Dean smiled widely as Sam got up and started to put his clothes on.

“Dean…”

“Yeah?”

“Come to think if it…your dad will probably be pissed.”
“Probably,” Dean admitted.

He walked towards Sam and wrapped his arms around the boy’s waist.

“My dad and Azazel have made enough decisions about our lives. It’s our turn to decide what’s best for us now,” he said calm and firmly. “All that matters is how we feel. Do you love me?”

“With all my heart.”

“Then let’s do this.”

~ * ~

Half an hour later, the boys walked into Bobby’s church and were glad to find the priest alone at the altar.

The moment Bobby saw the two boys walking in his direction he couldn’t hide his relief. It looked as though they had worked it out.

“Hey, Bobby,” Dean greeted him.

“Hey, son. How are you? Both of you?” Bobby looked at Dean and then at Sam, searching for signs of distress. The two of them looked tense, but not heartbroken, which was good. And Bobby didn’t fail to see the way they were holding hands, their fingers tightly intertwined.

“We’re here to get married,” Dean said.

“What?!” Bobby was taken aback by that. He looked around and was glad the church was empty.

“Where are you going?” Sam asked when Bobby started to walk away from them.

“I’m going to close the doors so we have privacy,” he explained.

The boys followed Bobby when he locked the church. The priest then turned around slowly and took a deep breath.

“Care to explain why you would want that?”

“Why not? We know we’re brothers, that doesn’t change how we feel about each other,” Sam said.

“We’re already family. What difference does it make to become family through marriage?”

“Dean, it’s not that simple…”

“You said you’d marry us if we talked to John first. We both did,” Sam interrupted him. “Please, Bobby. We just want to be together, no matter what.”

“Guys…” Bobby tried again. “I’m happy you’ve figured things out and that you’re gonna fight for your happiness, I truly am.”
“But?” Dean frowned.

“I can’t just marry you guys. Sam’s a minor. I would need his father’s authorization.”

“My dad would never consent to this,” Dean pointed out.

“No…I would need Azazel’s consent. Legally, he’s still Sam’s father.”

Sam’s face seemed to twist with anger and a hint of despair.

“We don’t need him to authorize. He means nothing to me. He doesn’t get to choose how I live my life,” he said.

“Sam, you’re sixteen…” Bobby tried to argue.

“I don’t need the approval of someone who’s been drinking my blood for years!”

Bobby fell silent.

“That’s, right, Bobby. He’s also drugged me and stripped me naked, tied me to his bed so other vampires could feed on me, too,” Sam gritted his teeth and his eyes were wild.

Dean’s heart twitched at hearing that and he squeezed the boy’s hand more tightly.

“He gloated so much about having me and drinking from me that one of his vampire friends broke into my room and nearly raped me after sucking my blood. That’s how I got those bruises and split lip that night I came here.”

“I…” Bobby’s eyes were huge with shock and outrage. “I had no idea, kid…I’m so sorry…”

“Please marry us,” Sam begged. “Dean will keep me safe. He’s my brother, but he’s also the man I love.”

Bobby looked at two of them. He knew John would be furious if he knew what he was about to do. But Bobby had prayed long and hard about being able to help those boys, and it seemed he had a chance to do it now.

“Look, even if I do marry you, it’s only a religious ceremony. You guys are going to need to get legally married, too, and you obviously can’t do this in Glasstown since everybody knows who you are.”

Sam and Dean looked at each other, and Bobby could see their disappointment.

“Look…Sam’s gonna need a fake ID card. Now, I might know a guy who could help you out with that, but you can’t do this in this town. It’s too risky.”

“Where should we go then?” Dean asked, but he sounded hopeful now.

“What’s the easiest place to get married? Quick and simple?” Bobby asked back.

“Are you telling us to go to Vegas?” Dean scoffed, but turned serious when Bobby didn’t laugh.
“Seriously?”

“You got the Impala, right? It’s not a long trip. You can go and be back in two, three days tops.”

Sam cheered up, but then he looked at Dean’s obviously worried face and his smile faded. “What’s wrong?”

Dean looked at Sam and felt the tightness in his chest.

“It’s Cass… I wanna be here when he wakes up.”

Sam squeezed Dean’s hand and nodded.

“We don’t have to do this now. We can wait for him to get better.”

“Dean, I heard about your friend. I’m sorry,” Bobby added. “I hope he gets better soon.”

“My father did that,” Sam choked.

“What?” Bobby blinked a couple of disturbed times.

“He thought Castiel was my boyfriend. He had some guys beat him up.” Sam felt he was about to cry, but Dean pulled him against his chest and he could bury his nose into Dean’s shoulder before the tears came.

“It’s alright, Sammy. We’ve talked about it. It’s not your fault, okay? Cass will be fine. I know him, he’s a fighter.”

Dean tried to give Sam a kind of reassurance that he barely felt.

“The situation is complicated. My dad doesn’t want us to be together, and Azazel will not accept our relationship easily. We need to be prepared, so I say we do this as soon as possible. We get married here, then we go to Vegas and get this over with. What do you say?”

Sam loosened the embrace and looked into Dean’s eyes. He smiled. He was filled with so much love for that man, his older brother, that he couldn’t do anything except feel it in every corner of his being.

“So will you marry us now, Bobby? Before God?” Sam asked. “Do you think he’ll hate us, you know, for being brothers?”

“I wouldn’t be doing this if I thought he would. God doesn’t hate, Sam. Especially not people whose only sin is to be in love and want to be happy. Your love is not hurting anyone…”

Bobby could almost see the shadow that crossed Sam’s hazel eyes. The boy was about to speak up when Bobby cut him off. “What happened to Castiel is not your fault; Dean’s right. That was a product of hatred, not love.”

There was silence in the church for a brief, tender moment.

“So if you two lovebirds are ready, I’ll get my things and marry you.”

Dean and Sam smiled foolishly and looked into each other’s eyes.
“We are,” they said, almost in unison.

“What a holy mess…” Bobby shook his head and cursed affectionately. “Wait here. I’ll be right back.”

~ * ~

“Lucifer! Come in.” Azazel opened the door and closed it behind the man dressed in a black Armani suit. “I didn’t expect to see you until Monday.”

“I know. You said you’d come see me on Monday but I confess you got me worried after our last conversation over the phone. I just couldn’t wait. Is…is Samuel home?”

Azazel’s brain started to work fast. He had hoped for a few more days before having that conversation with Lucifer, but bloody hell if the wealthy CEO wasn’t an impatient little love fool.

“I’m sorry, he’s not in right now. He’s out having class.”

“Oh.”

Azazel heard the obvious disappointment in Lucifer’s voice.

“I’m sorry, I’m afraid he will get home very late. He has an appointment after his private tutoring.”

“Is everything all right with him?”

Lucifer’s genuine concern would be endearing if it wasn’t annoying right now. There was a lot Azazel had to take care of, and the timing was not exactly great.

“Please, Lucifer. Let’s talk in my office.”

Azazel led the way until they were both inside the vampire’s office, behind closed doors. Lucifer sat across the office table from Azazel, eagerly waiting for information.

“To answer your question, Sam is well right now. But it’s true that something dreadful has happened.”

“You’re killing me, Azazel. C’mon, spill it. What happened to him?”

Azazel took a deep breath and weighed his next words carefully.

“I’m sorry to inform you that Samuel is no longer a virgin.”

Lucifer frowned and shook his head a little. He looked completely confused. That was not what he had expected. Some health problem, freak injury, whatever…but that? It didn’t make sense.

“I…don’t get it.”

“Let me explain. This is partly my fault, and I’m devastated to admit it. But truth is, other vampires...
have known about Samuel’s special blood heritage, and word travels fast among immortals. I’ve had vampires come looking for me, begging for a taste of the boy every now and then. Besides… I won’t lie. I’ve boasted about him. I mean, who wouldn’t flaunt such a precious gift?” Azazel sighed, full of sorrow. “I’ll tell you what happened. One of the vampires whom I had previously allowed to drink from Samuel grew obsessed with him. In his blind and obsessive infatuation, he made his way past my guards and broke into my house when I wasn’t there. He beat the Prince’s ward unconscious, then he raped Samuel in his own bed after drinking his blood.”

“Oh, my God…” Lucifer shuddered with anger and disgust. “I can’t…I…” he couldn’t find the words. “The poor thing…”

“I know.” Azazel’s yellow eyes seemed lost in thought and regret. “By the time I got home it was too late. I mean, I killed the animal who hurt our precious boy, I did. I cut off his head right in front of Samuel, but I guess it only served to traumatize him further.”

“Holy shit…what a fucking mess.” Lucifer shook his head.

“Samuel was naked when I found him…and he was in shock and feeling a lot of pain.”

“I can’t believe…I would’ve killed this fucking vampire if you hadn’t already. Dammit, Azazel! How about your security? What the fuck.”

“I understand your anger. Believe me, no one was more distraught than I was. The vampire drank my guards silent. He would’ve gotten away if I hadn’t decided to come home earlier. I believe he was planning on taking Samuel away, but he just couldn’t wait to…to possess him before he did that.”

Lucifer’s fingers opened and closed, his knuckles whitening with the strength he put into his fists.

“You can imagine how angry and broken Samuel feels right now.”

“That sweet boy did not deserve this.”

“And I understand I failed you,” Azazel pretended to feel utterly guilty, but in truth he was carefully studying Lucifer’s reaction as he said his next planned words. “I promised you a virgin Prince, but he’s damaged now. I understand if you want to call off our deal.”

“What?!” Lucifer looked outraged. “Why the hell would I do that?”

“He’s… well, let’s be honest, he’s damaged goods now.”

“How dare you say that about Sam?” Lucifer stood up, and Azazel secretly beamed at that. “I’m in love with that boy for what he is. I don’t care if he’s not ‘pure’ anymore. Sure, that was lovely, and the idea of being his first was very, very sweet, but that’s not the reason why I want him. Nothing’s changed.”

“Are you sure?” Azazel tried to hide his triumph. “Because I completely understand if you want to end things right now…”

“No. I still want to marry him. I’ll take care of him, and protect him,” Lucifer said passionately.

Azazel paused for a moment and studied the man pacing in front of him, clearly agitated.
“You do know that things won’t be easy, right Lucifer?”

“What do you mean?”

“Samuel is extremely traumatized. He was an extremely naïve boy, a very sweet one. His first sexual experience was a violent, nonconsensual intercourse. I don’t believe it’ll be easy to get from him what you want.”

Lucifer narrowed his eyes and took a couple of steps towards the table separating them.

“What is it that I want?” he dared Azazel to speak.

“Let’s be honest, Lucifer. You want him. You want to take him, corrupt him, you want to unleash your lust and feed your need deep inside him.”

Lucifer could feel the corner of his lips twitching.

“The boy is scared and reluctant. He won’t be willing to give in to you. On the contrary, Samuel will be skittish and fearful, and will try to avoid you at all costs.”


That was exactly what Azazel wanted to hear, and now he had Lucifer exactly where he needed him, ready to deal with Samuel’s obvious unwillingness to be married to him. So what if he had to tell a little lie? In the end Samuel should thank him for preparing Lucifer to be patient until the boy could finally understand how things were going to be. Azazel still needed that partnership, and the good life that came with it. And yes, he still needed Samuel around to drink from him. He knew the boy would try and put up a fight, but everything would end up falling into place pretty soon. Azazel would make sure of that.

“I did. I promised. I promised you could marry him in a few months, but given the present circumstance, I’m afraid I have to break that promise.”

“What? No, no way, you said that—”

“How would you like to marry him by the end of the month?”

Lucifer stopped in the middle of saying something and stared at Azazel.

“Do you mean that?”

“I do. I would like to anticipate this marriage.”

“Great. I mean, why? I thought you said Sam was traumatized.”

“He is. He’s angry with me, and I don’t blame him. I failed to protect him. I believe that moving from this house where everything happened will do him good. And I believe you’ll be good to him, in a way I can’t. So if you’ll still have him…”

“I will.”
“His blood is not the same to me anymore and he’s obviously suffering in this house. I say we anticipate our plans so the two of you can be together. You’ll get the prince, and Sam can start healing.”

“I like that, Azazel. I’m sorry for what happened to him, but I agree that being with me will be the best for Sam right now. I’ll help him get past this.”

“That’s what I hoped to hear. So we still have a deal then?”

“Of course we do.”

“You go back and take care of your business. I’ll get everything ready and let you know when you can fly back to marry him.”

Lucifer's eyes lit up. He would make sure the boy got over his trauma with a lot of love and affection, and he couldn’t wait to show Samuel how amazing sex could be. Lucifer knew he would be able to erase that bad experience and make the boy feel good.

“Thank you. I’ll see you soon then.” Lucifer smiled as Azazel stood up to open the door.

“Have a good flight. One of the servants will see you out.”

~ * ~

Meanwhile, a few miles from there, Sam and Dean looked at each other and exchanged vows as Father Bobby read the Bible and made their love official under God’s eye.

“I now pronounce you two married. You may kiss each other.”

Sam chuckled. He could barely keep all that happiness inside. Dean looked absolutely amazing, those green eyes flashing as bright as the day they had first met, the day Sam had fallen head over heels in love with the knight in a shining armor.

“I love you,” he said.

“I love you, too.”

The boys kissed at the altar. They were Dean and Sam Winchester now, and they dared the world to try and change that.

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tbc....
When the boys left the church, even though they were excited about what they had just done, they knew they still had to work on making their marriage officially legal. Now that Azazel knew about them and all hell had broken loose regarding secrets of the past, time was pressing. Even though John and Azazel were enemies, neither man wanted Sam and Dean to be together, so they had that in common, and for that reason the boys felt as if they had to do everything they could to make sure no one could separate them.

“Are we going to Vegas now?” Sam asked as soon as they were both inside the Impala.

“Yes. I just gotta make a couple of quick stops before we go. Is that alright?”

“Yeah. Where are we going?”

Dean’s face looked serious and pained, and Sam guessed the answer before he spoke it.

“I wanna drop by the hospital and see if they have any news on Cass.”

“Right.” Sam seemed to shrink a little on his seat, almost unconsciously.

“Hey…it’s not your fault,” Dean reassured him.

“I just want him to get better.” Sam was surprised by how difficult it was to say those words without crying.

“Me too, baby.”

~ * ~

Cass hadn’t shown any improvement from the last time Dean had been there to see him, but he hadn’t gotten worse either, which was already a small little victory. According to the doctors, the singer was no longer in a critical condition, but they feared he might have sustained significant head trauma. The worst case scenario was no longer death, but staying in a coma or waking up with terrible sequelae.

As Sam and Dean visited him in his room, the younger boy ran a hand up and down Dean’s back, trying to comfort him after hearing the doctors speak.

“At least he’s no longer in danger, right?” Sam tried, his voice soft and gentle.

Dean nodded, but he was obviously very sad. He held Castiel’s hand and looked at him as if the strength of his gaze could help him wake up.
Sam got up and gave Dean some time alone with his friend. He walked around the hospital a little until he found the doctor responsible for Castiel’s case.

“Dr. Davis?”

The man was reading something on a medical chart and didn’t pay him any heed.

“Do you have a moment?”

“I’m sorry, I need to…” the doctor was about to walk past him when he recognized Sam. “Samuel… I’m sorry, I didn’t know it was you. What are you doing here? I think your father isn’t in, he said something about a meeting…”

“That’s alright. I’m not looking for him,” Sam said quickly.

“Oh. Then how can I help you?”

“You’re in charge of Castiel, right? The singer?”

“Yes…what a horribly unlucky situation.”

“Do you think he’s going to wake up? Please, be honest. He’s a friend of mine.”

The doctor sighed. He pulled Sam to a more secluded corner of the hospital.

“It’s hard to say, Samuel. The first days are the most critical ones. If he doesn’t wake up within the next two or three days then his chances begin to look slimmer.”

“And do you think he’s going to be okay if he wakes up?”

“I’m sorry about your friend, kid.” The man put a hand on Sam’s shoulder. “He suffered significant trauma to the head. I really hope so, but with these things it’s hard to tell. I’m sorry I can’t give you better news.”

“It’s alright…” Sam looked down at the floor.

“Your father has us doing everything we can, though.”

“What?”

“He obviously cares about him, too. He’s ordered us to spare no expenses to see him through this.”

Sam narrowed his eyes and frowned. He wondered what Dr. Davis would say if he knew his father was the very reason why Castiel was lying in a hospital bed right now. Well, at least that showed some regret on his dad’s part. That was of little comfort, though.

“Thank you, doctor.”

“You’re welcome.”

Sam walked back into Castiel’s room and Dean was on his feet, looking at him.
“Where were you?”

“Just asking questions around. No one told me anything different, though.”

Dean nodded and took a silent, deep breath.

“We should go. I need to drop by the shack and get some things.”

~ * ~

Dean drove home in a few minutes, but when he parked the Impala his heart raced.

“The lights are on,” Sam pointed out.

“I know.” Dean had just noticed the same thing.

“Someone’s in the shack. Oh God, do you think it’s my father?” Sam’s heart started racing with a fear he hated feeling, but was helpless against.

“If that’s Azazel then don’t worry. I’m not afraid of him.”

“He’s a vampire, Dean, he’s…”

“Relax. We’re safe, okay?”

“Maybe we should just turn around and leave, we can figure things out on the way and…”

“Finally.”

The two boys looked at the man who had been hiding behind some trees and was now standing before the Impala.

“I heard the car coming and hid. Next time remember to lock your home, Dean.”

“Crowley.” Sam felt relief wash him over.

Dean too felt tension leave him as he got out of the car, followed by Sam.

“Hey. What’s up, man? Something wrong?” Dean asked.

“Aside from the fact that Azazel knows I’ve been covering for you guys and will probably kill me as soon as he finds the time, no, everything is peachy.”

“I’m sorry…” Sam said.

“It’s okay. I don’t regret what I’ve done. I’m here to say goodbye, actually,” Crowley said. “I need to leave for some time, until things…well, until you and your dad figure things out. Is that okay with you?”
“Yeah, sure,” Sam nodded.

“I wish I could stay and do more for you, but I’m afraid I won’t be able to help any further. And yes, I do not want to die, there’s also that.”

“You can go, Crowley,” Dean said. “Thank you for everything. I’ll take care of Sam.”

“That’s what I hope.”

“Where are you going? If you don’t mind me asking,” Sam was curious and a little sad with the news, but he wanted Crowley to be safe, so he understood and supported his decision.

“I have family in England. That seems far enough from your father.”

“Good,” Sam smiled.

“Before I go, there’s something for you.” Crowley looked into his wallet and gave Sam a credit card and a slip of paper. “It’s your father’s, and here’s the password. In case you need cash, this will help you. He will probably cancel it when he realizes you have free access to a small fortune, but until he realizes it I’m sure you’ll have withdrawn enough.”

“Thank you.” Sam took it.

“Yeah, thank you, Crowley.”

“My flight leaves in a few hours. You boys be safe.”

Sam took a few steps forward and surprised Crowley with a tight, long hug. The older man was taken aback at first, but he relaxed, smiled and hugged Sam back.

The boys watched as Crowley turned around and left.

“We got money,” Sam announced, cheerful.

“That’s one less thing to worry about.”

“It’s more than that,” Sam smiled mischievously.

“Yeah?” Dean smiled at Sam’s teasing face.

“It’s our honeymoon in Vegas.”

~ * ~

The following morning, after wrapping up his duties with the community and conducting the morning mass, Father Bobby took his coat and left. He had an important visit to pay.

He walked towards the Winchester’s house and knocked, and a few minutes later he saw John, holding a rifle. Perhaps that wasn’t the best moment to talk to him, Bobby thought vaguely.
“Do you have a moment to talk?” he asked anyway.

“I was just about to go hunting.” John had a lot on his mind. After his conversation with Dean, and then with Sam, he was utterly lost and hurting. He didn’t know how to make things right, and hunting had always felt like a good way to keep his mind busy and put some order to his straying thoughts. “But yeah…come on in.”

He opened the gate and let Bobby into the house.

Inside, John put away the weapon and walked towards a bottle of Bourbon.

“Drink?”

“As a matter of fact, yeah. I’ll accept it.”

Bobby took the glass John offered him and sipped long and deeply.

“I told them, Bobby, so you can spare me the lecture, alright? I fucking told’em.”

Bobby watched as John sat down heavily on the sofa and drank. His eyes looked glassy, but he didn’t seem drunk, just sad.

“I know.”

John arched his eyebrows and lifted his eyes off the floor.

“You do?”

“Dean came looking for me. He looked devastated.”

John shook his head, as if he had gone over what he was about to say a thousand times in his head.

“It’s wrong what they have, Bobby, and you know that.”

“Is it so wrong that they have found happiness with each other?”

“What the hell are you even saying? You’re a priest, dammit.” John looked outraged. “But then again, you’ve known this for a while, haven’t you?”

Bobby nodded, and John went on.

“Why didn’t you tell me? Hell, why didn’t you tell them?”

“It was not my story, John, as I’ve told you many times already.”

“You should’ve told me, then. If I’d known I would’ve done something sooner, I would’ve…”

“Whatever you think you might’ve done if you had known about them sooner, doesn’t change the fact that they love each other. Your boys have fallen in love and there’s nothing you or I can do to change that.”

John got to his feet and stared at the man looking at him.
“Are you saying this just to hurt me?” John’s despair was clawing at his words.

“No, John,” Bobby softened his voice. “I’m saying this to try and help you accept this. You can’t change how they feel.”

“They’re brothers, they’re not supposed to feel that way!”

“They grew up as strangers, it’s not surprising that they met and fell in love. They didn’t know.”

“Is that supposed to make me feel guilty? Because I already do, thank you very much.”

Bobby took a deep breath. He had more to say.

“Besides, they’re no longer brothers, so you might as well accept them.”

John frowned and looked lost.

“What?”

“I’d rather you heard it from me.” Bobby felt his heart racing wildly. “They’re married now, John.”

A hysterical little laugh burst from John’s lips.

“It’s true. They asked me to marry them, and I did it. And they’re on their way now to legalize their marriage.”

John stared at Bobby for a second or so, standing absolutely still. Then, as if something stirred in the depths of his guilt and his regret, he surged against Bobby in a powerful, but not at all unexpected, attack.

Lucky for him, Bobby was no frail man who couldn’t defend himself. When John charged against him, Bobby was able to block his fists and fight the other man evenly.

“John! Cut it out! Come to your senses!” he tried to reason with him.

“The fuck, Bobby! The fuck did you do, are you out of your fucking mind?”

“John, listen to me!” Bobby held the strong arms that tried to get free and hurt him.

“This can’t be true. This marriage can’t even happen, it’s a sin!”

“They’re handling the paperwork, don’t ask me how. It’s real, John. They’re doing it.”

“No! I’ll tell everyone, they’ll have to get an annulment. I won’t let this—”

Bobby shoved John hard and used his leg to caused him to lose his balance and fall. John landed on his ass and looked up at Bobby, stupidly angry.

“What the hell have you done, Bobby?!”

The priest took a deep breath. John didn’t seem dangerous anymore, just utterly pissed off. And sad,
too. He looked broken.

“I’m standing by them, John. So what if they love each other? How does that affect anyone else?”

“You can’t mean that…” John got up but didn’t charge again. “They’re brothers, they have the same blood, they…”

“They are miserable without each other. And you know they can’t pretend not to feel the way they do.”

“What if it ends badly? They’ll hate each other, and they’re family, they can’t let that happen…”

“Don’t you see it? If you keep them from being together now, that’s not going to magically make them brothers. That ship has sailed, John, so either you accept that they are happy and in love, or go ahead and hurt them even more than their past already has.”

John was quiet for the first time. He wanted to keep arguing, but he didn’t find the words.

“Look,” Bobby went on. “I know it hurts. Actually, no, I have no idea how much it hurts to see your children in this mess. But you have basically two options now. You can lash out and scream for them to break up, and cause them even more pain and heartbreak, which they don’t deserve and you know it…or you can accept their love and be there for them. You have a chance to be the father of two great kids who would do anything for each other.”

John listened carefully, but his skepticism was all over his face.

“It’s not right…” he mumbled.

“You can have your kids or you can have right, John. Not both. I’m sorry.”

John Winchester watched as Bobby looked long and meaningfully at him before he turned around and left John to his thoughts.

~ * ~

On the top floor of their Hotel in Vegas, Dean stood by the large glass window, completely naked, overlooking the brightness of the city.

From the bed, Sam watched him and smiled at Dean’s handsome figure.

“Aren’t you afraid people can see you?” He got up, in his underwear, and hugged Dean from behind.

“We’re way too high. They can’t see a thing. And even if they could, I honestly don’t care.”

Dean turned around and wrapped his arms around Sam. They kissed slowly for a long moment.

“You’re getting hard,” Sam pointed out.

“You do that to me.”
“We’ve just had sex,” Sam stated and chuckled.

“I’m sorry…”

“Don’t be.”

Sam got on his knees and took Dean in his mouth. The older man shut his eyes and his mouth opened, a blissful little sigh of pleasure escaping his lips.

“That feels great, baby.”

It was supposed to be just casual teasing, but sucking on Dean’s hardening cock aroused Sam to the point where he knew they were going to be back in bed in no time.

Indeed, in a minute or so, Dean pulled Sam to his feet and kissed him hard. Dean took off Sam's underwear and pushed him back onto the bed. The boy was still lubed from their previous love making, so Dean slid in easily until he was completely buried within him.

“Oh…” Sam sighed and clawed at Dean’s shoulders. His thighs felt shaky from the demanding strength to keep locked around Dean’s torso, but he didn’t care. Sam moved into Dean’s thrusts, arching his back as Dean rode him long and hard.

Dean’s arms kept Sam firmly pressed against his moving body, and in the silence of the room they moaned and panted until their bodies could no longer take the pleasure building up.

Dean felt the Sam shudder and tighten, and he let go moments later, finding release and collapsing right next to the boy, in a mess of sweaty and tangled limbs.

Sam’s fingers grazed the skin of Dean’s left arm, his eyes fixed on the ceiling. There was a long moment of silence before Sam broke it.

“Can’t believe it worked out.”

“You’ve got some mad skills when it comes to faking documents and IDs…”

Sam laughed softly.

“We’re officially married now. How does that feel?” he asked.

Dean looked into Sam’s eyes and kissed his lips.

“It feels meant to be,” he said.

“The girl at the bar before…” Sam began.

“Yeah?”

“The one who saw us having a drink and said we were cute together.”

“What about her?”
“I wonder what she would’ve said if she’d known we were brothers.”

Dean saw the shadow in Sam’s eyes.

“Hey, don’t worry about that. We’re married now, so we’re family. We don’t need to care about what anyone thinks or says about us.”

“I know. It’s just…I feel so free being so far from Glasstown. It’s like I can do whatever I want, you know? I…” Sam licked at his lips.

“What?” Dean insisted, but when Sam didn’t go on, Dean did. “You don’t want to go back, is that it?”

Sam nodded.

“This is all amazing, Sammy. I love being here…but—”

“I know. I understand it. I do. You need to go back for him.”

Dean’s eyes looked painfully sad, and Sam tightened his arms around him.

“I need to be there for Cass.”

“And you’re going to be,” Sam reassured him.

“When this is all over, I promise I’ll show you the world.”

The two of them kissed again.

“I’m hungry. Room service?” Sam asked.

“Hell yeah. What do you want?”

“I don’t care. As long as it’s expensive,” Sam said and they both laughed.

~ * ~

Azazel knew that it was time to put things into action. Lucifer was still on board, so now he just had to get Samuel to cooperate. Of course, what with the news about the boy having a boyfriend, things would be a bit harder than he had anticipated.

It would’ve been easy to get rid of anyone who dared taint Samuel’s blood, but knowing that it was Dean, his own brother, made things a lot trickier. The thing was, even though Azazel despised Dean Winchester’s behavior, he simply did not want to kill the boy. Dean was still an heir to all that magical heritage, same as Samuel, and regardless of his lifestyle, he was too precious to do away with.

Right now Azazel just had to figure out how to take Dean out of the picture without having to end his life. Not that he wouldn’t, if things came down to that, but he really didn’t want them to. John, on the other hand, Azazel wouldn’t mind hurting him. His blood was only half as special as his kids’
blood, and he was unlikely to have more children and pass it on. Sam and Dean, however, were the perfect combination of all their ancestors, and both boys still had plenty of time to keep that blood lineage.

Azazel needed something to make sure Dean would stay away. He needed to have the older of John’s kids right under his thumb, so it wouldn’t matter how much he loved his brother because he wouldn’t be a problem for the boy’s future.

After seeing to it that Lucifer was comfortably hosted in a five star hotel in the city, Azazel moved on to the next part of his plan.

No, he wouldn’t go after Samuel. He knew the stupid boy was with Dean right now, and there was no point confronting them without some sort of plan. He wouldn’t go after Crowley either, because he knew the warden was most likely very far from the city right now. Crowley probably thought Azazel would kill him if he saw him again, and Azazel would, indeed. Nonetheless, it seemed like a waste of time looking for him at the moment.

What happened between Samuel and Dean, come to think of it, was almost inevitable. Azazel couldn’t really blame them for falling in love; incest ran in the blood for generations. So now that the damage was done, he had to find the best way not to lose everything he had worked so hard to have.

Azazel parked his car and looked at his yellow eyes in the rearview mirror. He wished he had drunk a blood bag before leaving; he was hungry, and that tended to make him impulsive.

The vampire got out of the car and looked at the house before him. He found the gate open as he walked towards it, so he made his way up to the front door and knocked.

An angry voice could be heard from within.

“Go away, Bobby!”

Azazel rang again, calmly.

“I swear to God if you’ve come back to speak more shit about what I should—” John opened the door and saw the yellow eyes staring at him.

“Hello, John.”

~ * ~

A few miles from there, in the hospital room, Benny was reading a book beside Castiel’s bed. It was night and the hospital was very quiet.

“What are you reading?”

“Jesus fucking…” Benny nearly jumped out of his skin. He looked at the bed and his heart slammed against his chest. “Cass? Are you awake?”

“Of course I’m awake. Where am I?”
It was only when Benny got closer and kissed his face that Castiel realized two important things: one, he was in the hospital, and two, everything in his body hurt like hell.

-----------------------------------------------

tbc...
Chapter 71

The minute Sam and Dean were back in town, Benny told them the good news and the two of them went straight to the hospital. Castiel was awake, sitting in bed and eating when they arrived.

“Cass!” Dean’s heart felt a ton lighter when he laid eyes on his friend.

Sam watched, with a smile on his face and his heart light too, as Dean walked towards the bed and tried to awkwardly hug the man on it.

“I’m fine, Dean,” Castiel reassured his friend after the warm hug.

“I knew you were gonna make it, I knew it!” Dean felt the sting of tears but swallowed down the lump in his throat.

“Benny said you visited. Thanks, man.”

Castiel squeezed Dean’s hand. There was a moment of silence pregnant with feeling between them. Eventually, Castiel looked at the door an beckoned Sam closer.

“What are you doing standing there? I won’t bite you.”

Sam swallowed hard and tensed. Castiel didn’t know the truth about what had put him in that bed, and it made Sam extremely guilty thinking that he was to blame for it.

“Come here, Sammy,” Dean said. He could tell the boy was nervous. “We have some news to tell you, Cass. Right?”

Dean’s excitement warmed Sam’s heart. He managed to walk closer to the bed and stand next to Dean.

“We got married in Vegas,” Dean said in a whispery voice.

“No shit!”

“Yes,” Dean beamed.

“Holy s…I cannot believe it,” Castiel was genuinely surprised, and he could tell Dean was ecstatic about it. When he looked at the boy, however, there was something clearly bothering him. “I’m happy for you…both, I guess… You don’t seem like someone in their honeymoon, Sam.”

“I…I’m sorry,” Sam apologized. “I’m over the moon, I truly am. It’s just that there’s something else bothering me…something you should know.”
Sam looked into Dean’s eyes and he nodded with encouragement.

“Ooh-kay…” Castiel frowned at the exchange of looks between the couple.

“Dean… is it okay if Cass and I get some time alone?” Sam needed to own up to what his father—not his father—had done.

“Sure, baby.”

Dean pulled Sam close, kissed him softly and whispered by his ear. “It’s not your fault, baby.”

Castiel didn’t understand that, so he just watched, puzzled, as Dean left the hospital room and Sam was the only one left in there with him.

Dean closed the room door and started to walk around in order to give them time to talk. He knew Castiel would understand it, but he also knew that it was killing Sam, and the sooner he got to talk about it, the better.

Dean stopped in front of a vending machine and was about to get a snack when something caused all hairs to stand on the back of his neck with wariness.

The yellow-eyed man wearing a lab coat turned a corner and would have walked right past him, but either the way Dean stared, or something about the Winchester's scent, gave him away to the vampire.

“You…” Dean narrowed his eyes. Everything Sam had told him about his father, who wasn’t his father at all, came crashing back. All the abuse, the mind games, the bloodsucking, the drugging, the hurting… Everything hit him so hard that sheer anger had him paralyzed for a couple of seconds.

“Dean!” Azazel smiled. “What a lovely surprise to see you here. I hear your friend, the singer, is doing fairly well.”

“Not thanks to you, you filthy monster,” Dean gritted his teeth and his fists tightened.

Azazel sighed.

“Calm down, son—”

“I’m not your fucking son.”

“Calm down, Dean.” Azazel’s voice was clear and unhurried. “You and I, we need to talk.”

“You can fucking bet we do,” Dean agreed.

Azazel had already gone to Dean’s shack but hadn’t found anyone there. For a moment he supposed the two brothers had run away together, which would have caused him to hunt them across the country, but in the end the singer’s beating hadn’t been completely in vain since it had managed to keep them close.

“Please follow me to my office.”

Dean frowned, not sure he had heard it right.
“I believe that whatever it is you want to tell me is best said between closed doors, wouldn’t you agree?”

Dean’s upper lip twitched in a snarl. “Whatever. I’m not afraid of you.”

Azazel suppressed a small little chuckle. If Dean wasn’t so promiscuous, his blood would have been amazing.

“Good. Then do follow me. I need to speak to you, too.”

~ * ~

“Grab a seat.”

“No, thanks… I’m fine, I…” Sam looked around. He felt fidgety and he knew Cass could tell he was nervous.

“Suit yourself. What’s going on?”

Sam didn’t know how to get around to saying that, so he thought just being straight honest would be better than beating around the bush.

“I…I’m the reason why you nearly died.”

Castiel looked at the kid’s worried face. Clearly, something was eating at him, but he could not understand where that weird confession was coming from.

“Sam… I was jumped by a group of four or five criminals… I don’t remember much, but they tried to rob me or something. How’s that your fault?”

Sam ended up taking the chair next to the bed, because then he could be closer to Castiel and he wouldn’t have to speak too loud. They were in the hospital, after all, and Sam knew they couldn’t be too careful in there.

“Azazel ordered the attack. I…I think he tried to have you killed.”

“What?” Castiel frowned. He felt his heart begin to thud with pain.

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry…”

“Sam, tell me from the beginning. This is not making much sense. Why would your father want me dead?”

Sam didn’t correct Castiel. The less people knew about Dean and him being siblings, the better. If one day they decided to tell him, Sam wanted Dean to be present.

“He saw us talking on the beach. He saw us, and then he thought you were the person I was seeing in secret. He ordered the attack because he thought you were my boyfriend.”
Castiel understood the words, of course he did, but it still took him time to let them sink in.

“Damn…” he whispered.

“I’m so sorry, Cass…”

“How is any of that your fault?” Castiel asked.

“He hurt you because he thought we were together.”

“That makes it his fault. And that makes him a dangerous man. Jesus, Sam, you gotta stay away from that man, family or not.” Then, as if something clicked in his brain, his heart raced and he looked around worriedly. “Wait, does that mean I’m still in danger? I’m in his hospital so he still could…”

“No.” Sam shook his head vehemently. “No, it’s okay. Relax. He knows he made a mistake. I… I confronted him, and that was when I figured out he had been responsible for this. You’re safe.”

Castiel didn’t seem convinced. His mind was working furiously.

“Sam, if I’m safe then Dean sure as hell isn’t! He needs to get out of this hospital, he needs to run away or hide somewhere…”

“It’s okay…Dean’s okay.”

“How do you know that? Your father just tried to kill me because he saw us walking together, what will he do when he finds out Dean married you?”

There was only so much Sam could explain without going into private secrets. Sam didn’t think Azazel wanted Dean dead—they were brothers, and they had the same blood. Even though Sam feared what might happen between Azazel and his now husband, he didn’t believe murder was in the vampire’s mind.

“Azazel won’t hurt Dean. There’s this whole thing with John Winchester…I can’t tell you much about it, but I don’t believe he would hurt Dean.”

“I thought they were enemies.”

“They are…” Sam didn’t know what else to say. He didn’t understand a lot of it himself.

“Sam…” Castiel took a deep breath. “Is your father in the hospital right now?”

Sam wanted to scream that Azazel wasn’t his father, but he just shrugged and nodded. “Yeah, probably.”

“So is Dean. Regardless of what you believe will happen, that is an encounter that we should avoid, don’t you think?”

Sam’s heart began to race. Castiel was right. Sam hadn’t thought about the possibility of Azazel and Dean running into each other in the hospital. Hell, they could be face to face at this very moment.

Castiel saw the boy’s pupils dilate with fear.
“Go find him. Make sure he’s okay, will you?”

“Yes.” Sam got up quickly, but before he moved he felt a hand tugging at his.

“It wasn’t your fault, okay? You can’t pay for his sins. It’s all good.”

“So you forgive me?” Sam felt his eyes grow slightly wet.

“There’s nothing to be forgiven. Go find Dean.”

Sam squeezed the singer’s hand before heading out of the room and looking for Dean.

~ * ~

Dean’s heart was beating erratically fast as Azazel locked the door behind them. He looked around briefly at the office. There was Azazel’s desk with lots of papers and a few books on top, a television on one wall and a bookshelf beside it.

“Sit,” he instructed.

“No, thanks,” Dean’s voice was icy cold, and his eyes looked fiery. He didn’t mean to be long in that place, but there were a few things he needed to get out of his chest.

“So here’s what’s gonna happen…” Azazel began.

“The fuck do you think you get to say something? You fucking piece of shit! How fucking dare you pretend to be Sam’s father and groom him into being a victim for your blood sucking needs? You’re a monster, you should burn in hell you mother—”

“Hush now.” Azazel pushed Dean against the wall. “Aren’t we a short tempered little thing, just like daddy, eh?” His eyes were flashing dangerously, and for the first time since they had come face to face, Dean’s face changed from anger into something else. Not fear, Azazel could tell, not yet anyway. But something like silent and interested contemplation.

Dean tried to move but he realized Azazel’s strength was way more powerful than he had imagined. Indeed, there was no way that creature before him was human.

“Are you going to kill me?” Dean felt the anger start to come back when he pictured all that strength being used to subjugate Sam.

“I hope not. I truly hope not. Your blood is special, same as Samuel’s, and I would hate to deprive the world of such exquisite taste. Even though you soil your legacy by corrupting your blood with sinful activities…”

“If you’re not gonna kill me then step the fuck away.” Dean pushed Azazel.

Even though the vampire could easily overpower him, he took a step back. He hadn’t brought Dean there for a display of strength.

“You disgust me,” Dean went on.
“What about you? You fucked your own brother. You did so before you knew it, but I’m pretty sure you did it afterwards too.”

“I love him! You used him, but I care about him!” Dean felt outraged. “You’re the one who’s fucking evil and selfish and…”

“I’m selfish? What about daddy? He’s the one who gave your brother up because he had too much on his hands at the time.”

Dean felt a twitch of anger distort his features.

“I’ve got no idea what kind of fucked up mind games you played to get him to do that. No, wait. I take that back. Considering the kind of fucked up shit you put the kid under your care through, hell yeah I can imagine.”

“Samuel was never harmed. I always took care of him.”

“You raised a consenting victim who could not dream to think or act of his own accord. You might not have raped him, but you violated that kid in so many ways…you’re a fucking piece of shit and I wish I could fucking kill you right now…”

“Fine, enough with the testosterone display, Dean. You got something else to say? Because I have other stuff I need to get to.” When Dean looked puzzled and out of words, Azazel went on. “Fine, so it’s my turn now. Back off of Samuel. Go away, I don’t care where, and leave him be. I have plans for him, and even though you have ruined a great part of it, it isn’t all lost.”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about you getting the hell out of Samuel’s life. For good. Whatever happened between you two incestuous lovebirds ends now. Do you understand me?”

Dean scoffed. He shook his head. Azazel had gone crazy, that was the only possible explanation for him believing that Dean would actually do something like that.

“Are you fucking insane? I love him. I won’t leave him. Nothing you or anyone says or does—”

“Right, so I thought you might need some convincing.”

Azazel turned on the TV and pushed a few buttons on the remote. Dean was about to say something when Azazel spoke again.

“Look at the screen, Dean.”

It took Dean a while to move his eyes off Azazel and towards the screen. At the same time he did that, Azazel picked up the phone and dialed something.

On the black and white image, there was a man tied to a chair, looking as if he had been roughed up just recently. There was blood on the man’s nose and his left eye was puffy and dark. Dean took a step closer to the television screen and his heart fell.

“Dad…?”
“Oh, hi. It’s me. Put him through,” Azazel said.

Dean looked at Azazel and then at the screen again. A man had just picked up a phone, the man who was most likely the one talking to Azazel now. The man pressed the phone to John’s ear, and Azazel pushed the receiver into Dean’s hand.

“See for yourself.”

Almost reluctantly, Dean took the phone and pressed it to his cheek. “Dad?” he asked as his eyes studied the screen with growing apprehension.

“Dean? Dean, oh my God, you’re okay!”

Dean saw the battered man on the screen talk to him through the phone, and his father’s voice sent chills down his spine.

“Dad, what happened?”

“Azazel, he took me, he…”

“That’s enough.” Azazel took the phone back forcefully, and the younger man was so disturbed he didn’t know how to react.

On the screen, the man next to John took the phone and smiled into the camera, and when he did it, Dean could see his fangs.

That seemed to spur him into action.

“You blood sucking animal! Where the fuck is my father, where is he?!” Dean charged at Azazel, and for a split second he almost caught the vampire off guard.

It took Azazel a little while to regain control and shove Dean away hard.

“What did you do to him? You’re a fucking psycho! Put him back on the phone!”

“Relax, Dean. He’s fine. Not unharmed, you could see for yourself, but that was mainly his own fault. Your father wouldn’t come peacefully.”

“Where the hell is he?”

“Well, that’s the whole point, isn’t it?” Azazel asked matter-of-factly. “Because you don’t know where daddy is, and because you do know that I’m a phone call away from having a vampire drink him dead, you’ll have to do just as I say, won’t you?”

“Not if I kill you first.”

“Nice try, but you see…suppose you could somehow overpower me and kill me, which, as you might have noticed, is highly unlikely…Isaak, the vampire you saw on the screen, is expecting a call from me every day between 8 and 9 pm. So unless I talk to him and he knows it’s okay, he’s got instructions to kill John.”
Dean began to understand what it really meant. Azazel was a player, and he was in it for the long haul. They had been so innocent, they had completely underestimated him…

“So the way I see it, you can either leave Glasstown and forget about Samuel, and I promise you I will release John if you keep your word, or you can stay here, and watch your daddy get killed on the screen. Because believe me, Dean, I’ll make you watch it. And it’s not going to be fast.”

“Dad? Dean? Are you in there?”

The sudden knock on the door startled them both, and caused them to look at the door and the doorknob that rattled as Sam forced it on the other side.

“I can hear you! Open this fucking door! Dean is there, isn’t he? Let me in!”

“How can I trust anything you say. As far as I’m concerned you might just go ahead and kill him no matter what,” Dean said.

“You’ll have to believe me.”

“Don’t you dare touch him! Open the door!”

Dean felt a lump of rage and frustration and confusion find its way into his throat.

“I can’t leave him, I can’t leave Sam…”

“He’ll be fine.”

“Dean!”

“No, he won’t. Not if he’s with you.”

“It’s your choice. You can save your dad, or you can try and run away with Sam, but I promise I’ll hunt you to the end of the world, and if I catch you, then I will kill you, regardless of your blood heritage.”

“Let me in!”

“So what’s it going to be, Dean?” Azazel smiled.

“Open that door!” Dean demanded.

“Fine. If Samuel is not home when the sun sets tonight, I’ll know your choice. And so will John.”

Azazel opened the door and a worried-sick Sam stumbled his way inside the office, his eyes quickly searching until he found Dean, to whom he rushed towards.

“Are you okay?” Sam didn’t care about anything except making sure Dean was fine.

Dean wrapped his arms around Sam and nodded. “I’m okay, relax baby.”

“I guess I’ll leave you two alone. I believe you have a lot to discuss.”
Azazel looked deeply into Samuel’s eyes before turning around and walking out of his office.

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tbc...
Chapter 72

“What the hell was he talking about?” Sam asked the moment they were alone. He looked absolutely perplexed and worried. His eyes searched Dean over and over, to make sure he was indeed okay. The moment he had realized his husband and Azazel were in the same room together, Sam had nearly lost his mind. While he was unable to get inside the office, Sam’s mind was already picturing the worst. However, even though there was something visibly off about Dean, he seemed physically alright. “Dean?” Sam insisted when the older man wouldn’t say anything.

Dean was still trying to recover. The TV was still on, but Dean couldn’t bring himself to look at it again. There was so much going through his brain now, he didn’t know what to do. Everything was painful and urgent, and Dean just wished he could kill that fucking monster and set the people he loved free.

Sam’s eyes eventually caught a glimpse of the TV and he frowned. He left Dean’s side and took a few tentative steps towards the screen. Meanwhile, as if something important occurred to him, Dean rushed to the phone and picked it up.

“Damn it,” he cursed when he couldn’t hear anything. “Sam, doesn’t this phone work?”

Sam’s brow was furrowed with confusion. He barely heard Dean over what he was watching on TV. He could be wrong, but the hurt man tied to a chair, being closely guarded by someone, looked a hell of a lot like Dean’s…like his real father.

“What?” Sam turned around and looked at Dean’s face. Desperation. That was what was off about him.

“The phone?” Dean tried, hopelessly. Even if he could redial and get through, he doubted the vampire would speak to him, let alone let him talk to his dad.

“I’m sorry, I think there’s a code…”

“Fuck.” Dean hung up and put his hands flat on the table. He could feel his temperature rise, and yet, paradoxically, his fingers grew cold. His heart was racing and he didn’t know what to do.
“Dean…” Sam walked around the table and put his hand on top of Dean’s. “What’s going on? That’s John on the screen, isn’t it? What happened?”

Dean looked at the screen again. His dad’s bruised face tugged at his heart and made Dean feel desperately angry and lost.

“Azazel kidnapped him,” he said.

That didn’t surprise Sam, he had guessed as much from the video, but hearing it was still tough.

“He’s got him somewhere and there’s a fucking vampire watching him…” Dean felt his chest tighten with a cascade of negative emotions.

Sam closed his eyes and his heart broke. He knew what was going on. Azazel had outsmarted them.

“Let me guess, he wants me in return for letting your father go?” Sam asked calmly, as though everything inside him felt petrified.

Dean looked into Sam's eyes, and the pain in his green eyes was all the confirmation Sam needed.

“I won’t leave you,” Dean said quickly. “I won’t baby, I won’t…” he cupped Sam’s face between his hands.

“What did he say, Dean?” Sam felt himself tear up despite trying hard to keep control. “Tell me exactly what he told you.”

“Sam, I won’t leave you…”

“Tell me!” Sam insisted. “Please…”

Dean felt his eyes sting and his vision blur a little. He bit down hard on his bottom lip to try and calm himself a little.

“He said he’ll kill him unless I let you go.”

Sam choked.

“Baby, I won’t…”

“Dean—” Sam cut him off.

“He doesn’t know we’re married, he can’t separate us. We’ll go look for him together, we’re gonna find him…”

“Dean.” Sam shook his head sadly. He covered Dean’s hands with his own. “If I leave town with you he’ll make a phone call and John will be dead. You know that. I know that. He won.”

“No…” Dean shook his head. “I can’t leave you. He’ll, he’ll…”

“Azazel won’t kill me,” Sam said matter-of-factly. “He wants me alive. He wants my blood. He won’t kill me. He will, however, kill your dad…and he’s my dad, too. I don’t want him to die, Dean.”
Dean wiped at his eyes furiously and looked around.

“I’m angry at him, you know that. But I don’t want him to die.”

“I don’t either,” Dean’s voice broke and the tears came. He held on to Sam tightly, and for a moment neither boy said anything as they cried in each other’s arms.

Dean buried his nose into Sam’s neck and breathed in deeply. He didn’t think he would ever be able to loosen that embrace. He didn’t have it in him to let Sam go.

Unlike Dean’s desperate tears, Sam cried quietly with sheer sadness. In the end, it seemed Azazel had won. They had gone so far, overcome so much in order to be together, but it seemed like they had underestimated the vampire.

How could Sam possibly ask Dean to stay with him knowing that would cause his—their—father’s death? How could Sam live with that? There was no way they could ever live with John’s death on their conscience.

“You have to let me go…” Sam tried to loosen the embrace but Dean held on tighter.

“I can’t…I don’t want to…”

“You have to…”

And Dean knew Sam was right, that was why it hurt so much. When he broke the embrace and they stared into each other’s eyes, Dean felt broken.

“He’s my father…” Dean begged, his voice pregnant with a painful apology.

“I know. You’ve always understood me when I didn’t want to do something because of my dad. For a long time you coped with me making decisions because of my father. How can I not understand when you’re forced to do something on the behalf of yours?”

“You could come with me…” Dean tried again.

“He’ll pick up the phone and have John killed. Believe me, I would go with you if I weren’t sure that’s exactly what he’ll do. I know him now. I know him like I’ve never known him before.”

“What if you went home today, but ran away a few days later? We could come up with a plan, and we could meet…”

“Dean…I love you, and I don’t want you to go…” Sam wiped at the ugly tears taking control. “We survived being brothers, but I don’t think we can survive our love being the cause of John’s death.”

Dean bit down on his bottom lip and cursed.

“Fuck…fuck, fuck!!!” he pushed a few books and papers off the table. “I can’t stay, but I can’t leave either.”

“Yes, you can.”
“I can’t! I can’t leave you behind. He’ll hurt you, he’ll…”

“I’ll be alive. I promise you. And I’m gonna wait for you.”

Sam swallowed down his pain and walked towards Dean. He linked their fingers and tried to reason with him. “Here’s what we’re gonna do. You’ll go and find John, and you rescue him, alright? I’ll wait for you. Azazel won’t kill me, I’m too precious for him. He’ll drink my blood again, but I can handle it, I can wait for you. When John is safe, the two of you come back for me. Then we run away and never come back. We should take Bobby with us.”

That sounded like a plan. The only one they could possibly have right now. Dean had no idea how he was supposed to find his father, but he would move heaven and earth to do it as soon as possible so he could come back for Sam.

“If he hurts you…”

“I won’t let him. I promise.” Sam tried his best to be strong, but deep down, he had no idea whether he would be able to keep such a promise. He meant it when he said he didn’t believe Azazel would kill him, but that didn’t mean he wouldn’t punish him. Sam wasn’t so foolish as to believe he wouldn’t suffer the consequences for having fallen in love.

“I’ll write to Bobby as often as I can. I promise.”

Even though that was meant to comfort him, the confirmation that Dean was indeed going to leave him nearly broke Sam, and the tough attitude he had been trying to display nearly slipped through his fingers. Sam knew that if he broke down and begged, Dean wouldn’t go. Dean would stay and fight, or run away with him, and then their father would be killed by a vampire, and John’s blood would forever taint their love. It took Sam everything he had not to beg, not to cry, not to give in to his knees’ desire to falter until he was bent over his stomach, crumbling under the pain growing in his chest.

“Sammy…”

“Go…the sooner you go, the sooner you’ll save him.” Sam looked at the TV screen.

Dean looked too, then he focused on Sam. Leaving him would be the hardest thing he had ever done. Dean never thought he would have to do that.

“I love you.” Dean kissed Sam hard on the mouth. Their lips met hard, bruising at first, but the contact softened and deepened. They tasted each as if they had never done that before, and as if they would never again.

“I love you, too,” Sam whispered against Dean’s lips.

“I’ll come back for you. I swear I will.” Dean’s green eyes seemed to shimmer in their intensity.

“I know. I’ll wait for you.”

“Be safe…if you need anything, go to Bobby or Benny. They’ll help you. And please…can you look after Cass?”

“Of course. You, too, be safe. It’ll be dangerous. I’ll try to find out what I can. If I can uncover something about John’s whereabouts, I’ll let Bobby know.”
“Thank you.”

They kissed and hugged again.

“You have to go,” Sam urged him. Another moment and his will might waver and Sam would beg him to stay.

Dean wanted to say something, but there were no words to describe what he felt. He pulled Sam in his arms for one last time, kissed him lovingly and left, not without ripping his chest open and letting his heart bleed out the pain of separation.

Sam stood still, unable to move, to think, to do anything. He wanted to believe that was nothing but a nightmare. He wanted to squeeze his eyes shut, open them, and see Dean again, right in front of him, promising he would never leave. However, as each second went by, and the minutes passed slowly, Sam realized Dean was truly gone. He clung to the hope that he would come back and they would be together again, but right now he was gone, and Sam was alone. And, truth be told, Sam was scared.

He looked at the TV and a shudder traveled his body. Sam turned it off quickly and looked away. He wanted to cry, but he knew Azazel was going to show up at any moment, and he didn’t want the vampire to catch him crying.

Sam didn’t know how much time passed by before Azazel walked into his office and shut the door. The vampire had made sure Dean was out of the hospital and on his way to try and find daddy in order to meet with Samuel.

“Hello, dear.”

Sam felt every inch of his body tense with rage and disgust. The warrior streak in his blood pulsed hard and swallowed his fear, and before Sam could give it a second thought, he was charging at Azazel.

“You! I hate you! I fucking hate you!!” Sam groaned and pushed Azazel hard.

The vampire barely moved. He was fairly certain some of the angry screaming could be heard in the hallways, but he knew no one would dare come in and disturb them.

“Calm down, Samuel.”

“You’re a monster! You’re a cruel, wicked bastard! I hate you! I hate you with everything I have!” Sam’s lips were drawn back with hateful rage.

“You knew that was coming. You couldn’t possibly believe I’d let you go that easily. You know how much you mean to me.”

“I’m your blood supply, I know that. I’m your food, your chew toy! That’s all I’m good for. You threatened a man’s life, you took the person I love the most away because you want the taste of my blood. You’re sick!!”

Azazel didn’t say anything. He let the boy blow off some steam.
“Tell me, do you feel proud of yourself? Do you feel good destroying everything I love for a taste of my blood?”

“Oh, Samuel... don’t be so naive. Your blood isn’t the only thing I want from you. Especially now that you’ve corrupted your gift with your brother’s seed all over your system.”

Sam narrowed his eyes, still defiant.

“Yes, I want your blood. Despite your filthy little adventure, you still taste better than everyone else. But since you chose to be a little whore, I can no longer treat you like a child, neither can I protect you like you’re still one.”

Sam frowned.

“Lucifer is coming in a few days. He wants to marry you. I gave him my blessing.”

Sam felt as if cold fingers had suddenly grabbed his heart.

“You can’t do that. I don’t want him.”

“I don’t care. It’s essential for my plans and my future as CEO of a hospital empire that you and Lucifer are joined in marriage.”

Sam’s anger and confusion sipped away a little and he laughed, scornfully.

“I’m afraid that’s not possible, daddy,” he mocked the last word.

It was Azazel’s turn to frown.

“You see, Dean and I got married in Vegas. I faked your signature and all. It’s official. So I’m afraid I can’t marry Lucifer,” Sam announced with triumph and pleasure.

Azazel’s yellow eyes seemed fiery, and his smile faded. He closed the small distance between the boy and himself and closed his hand around Sam’s neck, as if he would choke him.

Sam’s heart raced with fear, but he didn’t look away. “Go ahead,” he provoked. “Kill me.”

“You stupid fool,” Azazel groaned. “You’re an ungrateful little shit, do you know that?” he wanted to squeeze his fingers around that sweet throat, but he forced himself to think clearly and let go.

Sam took a step back and felt at his neck when the hand was gone.

“It doesn’t matter,” Azazel ended up saying. “That doesn’t change anything. Lucifer doesn’t have to know about it. I can get someone I know to perform this wedding. It doesn’t have to be something big.”

“You’re crazy! I’m already married, it—”

“Shut up!” Azazel slapped him hard across the face and Sam fell silent, more out of surprise than pain. “I’ll think of something. You won’t tell Lucifer anything. I might be able to pull some strings and get an annulment.”
“You wouldn’t…”

“I will do whatever has to be done to see you married to him. That’s how it’s going to be Samuel. That’s what you chose when you disobeyed me.”

“I’m not a thing! You can’t do that to me…!” Sam shook his head vehemently.

“I can and I will. I don’t care if I have to fake marry you to Lucifer until I can figure something out. He’s buying you, and you should be glad he’s such a good man.”

“I won’t marry him!” Sam couldn’t believe that. Not only had Azazel sent Dean away, he also planned on selling him to Lucifer.

“My dear boy…” Azazel softened his voice and put both of his hands on Sam’s shoulders. He held firmly. “If you don’t do exactly as I tell you to, I will not hesitate to kill your real daddy. Now you might hold a grudge against the poor desperate bastard who I convinced to give you up, but I’m sure Dean would be devastated if he found out I killed John because you disobeyed me.”

Sam’s lips quivered with the anger building up inside him, the anger that Sam had to hold back.

“I’m aware that if I kill John, I will set Dean free to come back looking for you. But if that happens, if Dean Winchester, for any reason, dares come back to this town, I will kill him, Samuel. And I will kill him in front of you.”

Sam’s chest tightened and hurt.

“I don’t want to do that. I don’t want to end this special blood line. I want to keep him busy looking for his daddy for as long as I can. And if he does find John, then I hope they will come to their senses and accept my kind offer to move elsewhere and never return. If they refuse it, I will not hesitate to protect what is mine. And you’re mine, Samuel, make no mistake.”

“You stole me. You took advantage of John’s vulnerable state of mind and stole me,” he accused. Then, a dark thought crossed Sam’s mind. “You killed her, didn’t you? You killed my mother.”

Azazel’s tense features relaxed and he smiled a little. He let his fingers rake through Sam’s hair, even though the boy cringed at the touch.

“Mary was a beautiful woman, and she would’ve been a great mother.”

Sam hated that yellow eyed man more than anything in the entire world.

“You killed my mom.”

“She was in the way, Samuel. You were meant to be with me.”

“Murderer.”

“I am. And I’ll murder anyone who tries to take you away. Don’t forget it.”

“I hate you.”

“But I love you, sweetie.”
Sam blinked, and a betraying tear ran down his cheek. His anger had liquified inside him, and Sam could no longer keep it inside.

“I love you more than anything.”

Azazel let his thumb graze the pulse on the boy’s neck, just below his skin. His stomach growled. It wouldn’t be what it used to be, but still…that was Samuel, with all his magic and allure.

“And I miss you terribly.”

“Don’t!”

Sam barely had time to protest. Azazel’s fangs sank in deeply and he went for the carotid. He wanted the warm, pulsing arterial blood, and he feasted on it. Indeed, it was a pale imitation of what it used to be, but it still beat the blood bags and the animals.

Sam struggled, but he grew weaker with every passing second. He thought of his mother, of John tied to a chair, he thought of marrying Lucifer, and he thought of Dean going away.

Perhaps Azazel would lose control. Perhaps he would drink too much and Sam would never wake up again.

And, as blackness crept over him and Sam felt his knees falter, perhaps dying wouldn’t be so bad.

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tbc...
Dean didn’t know where to start. How to look for someone if you have no idea where he could be? Given that Azazel had so much money, he could have property in a lot of different places, and John Winchester could be anywhere right now. However, his father’s whereabouts were only half of Dean’s problems at the moment. His heart was broken, and it took everything he had not to turn around, grab Sam and hope for the best.

Dean didn’t want his father to die. He loved Sam more than anything, but if being with Sam right now caused his father’s painful death at the hands of a vampire, then Dean couldn’t bear it. Even though it hurt like hell, he tried to tell himself that he was going to be with Sam, he just needed to make sure his father was safe first, and the sooner he found him, the sooner he could come back for his lover.

After a quick stop by the beach shack where Dean packed a backpack with clothes, money and some food, he knew he had to pay Bobby a visit before he left town. The priest had to be informed of what was going on.

The moment Dean paid Bobby a visit, it was like the older man knew something was terribly wrong. When he saw Dean standing alone, a look of utter despair on his face and a backpack over his shoulder, Bobby dreaded what the Winchester was going to tell him. Hearing Dean actually say that John had been kidnapped by Azazel and was being held captive in exchange for Dean leaving Sam alone was one of the most infuriating things Bobby had ever heard.

He stood in front of Dean in the classroom, since the kid had refused to sit down. Bobby wanted to know more, he needed to know how he could help, but Dean didn’t know what to make of the situation.

“He’ll kill Dad if I stay with Sam. I need to find him, I can’t let him die like that…” Dean explained, as if he was apologizing to Sam and to himself all over again.

“Of course. You’re doing the right thing, Dean. He’s your dad, you need to save him,” Bobby tried to reassure the boy, because he could tell Dean was in great need of hearing that. “Sam will wait for you, you know he will. And he’s strong, too. So go find your dad and I promise I’ll keep an eye on him.”

“Thank you, Bobby. Please do whatever you can to protect him. I know Azazel won’t kill him, but he’ll look for a way to punish him for our relationship.”

“I’ll do what I can, Dean.”

“I…I need to go.” Dean looked around, but he didn’t move.

“Where are you going?”
Bobby’s question pushed his buttons and Dean felt the tears sting in the back of his eyes.

“I don’t fucking know…” his voice broke and he looked at Bobby with lost and pleading eyes.

“Jesus Christ, Dean. Calm down. I know this situation is awful, but you have to try and get a grip on your emotions, okay? I know I’m gonna be asking something impossible here, but please try to forget about Sam a little. The more you focus on bringing your father to safety, the faster you can be together again.”

“Right,” Dean nodded and wiped at his eyes. Easier said than done, but he knew Bobby was right.

“I got some books here…John borrowed some stuff when he was investigating Azazel. You said it looks like a vampire has got him.”

“Yeah.”

“Then you’ll need to be prepared if you find one. I’ll get the books for you.”

“Thank you.”

“You should start looking in the nearby cities. It’s a long shot, but you gotta start somewhere. Do you know Azazel’s license plate?”

Dean shrugged. He didn’t.

“I’m pretty sure you’ll find this and more in the material I’ll give you. Your father was doing a thorough job of gathering information on the man.”

“Thank you, Bobby.”

“Don’t thank me, just go get my friend, right?”

Dean nodded and swallowed hard.

“You should ask around, Dean. Check gas stations, places that have security cameras in the main avenues and roads. It won’t be easy, but Azazel must have left a trail. This wasn’t planned. The way you told me it was probably something very impulsive and desperate of him.”

“I believe so.”

“And kid…there’s this guy I know. His name’s Rufus,” Bobby said. “He can arrange some fake IDs for you. You’re gonna need them if you’re going to ask around, Dean. My advice, go find my guy, get some police officer or some sort of law enforcement ID that will grant you access, buy a decent suit and don’t lose heart.”

“Thank you so much, Bobby.” Dean had once again walked into Bobby’s church a desperate man, and he was leaving feeling a bit better, like there was still hope. “Sounds like a plan.”

“I promised I’ll look after Sam. Promise me you’ll be careful.”

“I will.”
“Good. Now sit down for five minutes and let me get the stuff for you.”

~ * ~

When Sam woke up, he was lying in his bed in the mansion. It took him a moment to understand why he was back home, and why he felt so weak. He turned his head to the place where he normally saw Crowley sitting and watching over him, and his heart raced.

“I’m glad to see you’re finally up…” Lucifer smiled and got up.

Sam took one look at the blond man’s face and everything came rushing back—John having been kidnapped, Dean being forced to leave to save his life, Azazel telling him he was going to be married off to Lucifer right before sinking his fangs into his neck.

Lucifer walked towards the bed slowly. According to Azazel, the boy hadn’t been feeling his best, and the scars from his trauma were still just below the surface.

“How do you feel, Prince?” he asked softly and sat by the bed.

Sam couldn’t bring himself to say anything. It was like he was in shock or something. He couldn’t believe any of those dreadful events had been real. For a moment everything had seemed like a really bad nightmare, but waking up to Lucifer in his room made everything feel extremely real.

The older man let his hand rest on Sam’s leg, and the boy stiffened involuntarily and shied away.

Lucifer retreated his hand. Poor thing. He could only imagine how badly the assault had affected his poor, naive soul.

“I’m fine, thanks,” Sam said, eventually. He looked around, uncomfortable under Lucifer’s intense gaze. “Is my dad around?” somehow it seemed important to know whether he was alone with Lucifer.

“He’s in his office. Do you need anything?”

“No, not really.”

Lucifer studied the boy. He seemed uneasy. There was definitely something different about him, some sort of sadness that hadn’t been there before.

“I missed you, you know. You look lovely.” Lucifer wondered whether he should try to talk to the boy about the abuse or just give him time. Azazel had told him that Sam didn’t like to talk about it, that he might shut down or even be in denial if Lucifer tried, so he chose to wait. There were many nicer things they could be discussing. “Has your father told you the good news?” he beamed.

Sam frowned. Were there any good news in all this?

“He’s given his consent. So if you want to, we can get married as soon as we have everything ready.”
No, of course there were no good news.

Sam thought about his reaction carefully. If he said or did the wrong thing right now, it might very well cost John Winchester’s life. Azazel didn’t just want him for blood drinking. He had made it clear that Sam was supposed to be with Lucifer, even though how he planned to do that given that Sam was already married to Dean was still a mystery.

“That’s…good.” Sam managed to smile. Say the wrong thing now and Dean might never forgive him for causing their father’s death.

Lucifer smiled widely.

“Does it please you, then? The thought of us getting married?”

Sam chewed on his bottom lip.

“I will do as my father sees fit for me.”

Lucifer frowned. That was not the answer he had been expecting. “Right…but is it something you want to do, Samuel?”

Sam didn’t want to lie, but he couldn’t be completely honest.

“I…I’m afraid I’m not the boy you think I am…” he apologized. “I may not be the person you want me to…”

“Oh, sweet Prince…” the boy’s words melted Lucifer’s heart. Sam had unknowingly said the right thing. “Of course you’ll be perfect. I don’t care about whatever happened in the past.”

“You don’t?” Sam sounded surprised.

“No. I love you just the way you are.”

Sam frowned. Had Azazel told Lucifer about his relationship with Dean? Sam doubted he had, but Lucifer must know something considering the way he was acting.

Lucifer took Sam’s hand and kissed his fingers.

“I promise you I’ll make you happy. How’s that? Are you excited?”

Sam forced himself to smile and nod, he didn’t trust his voice.

Azazel showed up by the door and looked at the scene. His lips curved with approval. Good. At least Samuel had understood he really meant his threat on John’s life if he didn’t obey.

“What a lovely scene…” Azazel said softly.

Sam pulled his hand back and got on his feet. Lucifer did the same.

“Did Lucifer tell you the good news? You are to be married in no time.”

“I told him,” Lucifer answered. “I can’t wait.”
“You know, you shouldn’t have to wait. After everything that has happened, you have my blessing to get married as soon as possible.”

“It takes time to plan a big wedding,” Lucifer pointed out.

Azazel and Sam exchanged a look. Sam wondered what would happen if Lucifer found out he was already married. The boy had an idea that making Lucifer angry would not have a positive effect on John’s life. Besides, Sam couldn’t bear the thought of having a big wedding in town. The less people knew about it, the better. Including Dean. Sam knew he might find out through one of his friends in a few days, but Sam hoped he would be already too far away in his search for his, for their, dad. Sam could handle himself. He could stay and do his part, he wouldn’t be a burden for Dean to worry about.

“I… I don’t care for a big wedding. I’d be happy with something small, you know. Just us…” he said.

“But sweetie, you deserve the world,” Lucifer protested. “I can give you the world.”

Sam looked sort of devastated and Lucifer frowned.

“The boy is shy, Lucifer. Besides, he’s probably eager to get out of this house and go live with his husband, isn’t that right, Samuel?”

Sam didn’t say anything. He hated Azazel. How could he have been so blind all those years? How could he have actually believed that blood sucking vampire truly loved him?

“Well, if that’s what you want, I suppose we could have a small ceremony. You call the shots, baby. I just want to make you happy.” Lucifer stroked Sam’s hair.

Sam cringed, but didn’t pull away. Lucifer was handsome, and he was being very gentle. The problem was that his heart was all Dean’s.

The boy had no idea how he was supposed to share a bed with Lucifer. What if he just couldn’t? What if his body shut down?

Well, those were problems for later, Sam thought. In that extremely delicate situation, he had to take things one step at a time if he planned to keep sane.

“Thanks,” he said.

“Well, that’s decided then,” Azazel said. “I also asked Lucifer to buy a house in town. I know you want to be close to family, right sweetie?” Azazel had made a deal with Lucifer. At least for a few years, they were supposed to stay in town so Azazel could drink from Sam, after all the boy still had some tender years before he was a grown man and less likely to bend.

“Right.” Sam didn’t want to move, he couldn’t move. How was Dean supposed to find him if he weren’t in Glasstown anymore?

“It’s all right. I’m already negotiating a house not too far from here. This way, when I have to travel for work and you can’t come with me, at least you won’t be completely alone.”
Azazel watched Lucifer—the CEO was completely infatuated with the boy. The backstory he had fed the wealthy man about Sam being raped would definitely help the boy into easing softly in that relationship. If Sam was smart he would learn to take advantage of Lucifer’s patience and grow used to idea that things had changed.

“I’m afraid it’s getting late,” Azazel pointed out. “Samuel is still a bit under the weather. He needs his rest.”

“Of course,” Lucifer said. “I will visit you tomorrow, Samuel. Can I call you Sam?”

Sam smiled very faintly, and Lucifer took that as a yes.

“Goodbye, my dear Sam.” Lucifer went closer and planted a kiss on Sam’s lips.

The boy stood completely still until it was over. Between Lucifer’s lips on his and the look he knew was on Azazel’s eyes, Sam felt something glow and burn inside of him, some supernatural source of angry power that nearly made him shove Lucifer and charge against Azazel.

Rationality had the best of him, though. He wasn’t strong enough to win this fight. He needed to think and come up with a plan, because just sheer anger and physical violence wouldn’t help him be with Dean again.

Sam watched as Lucifer walked with Azazel out of his room and probably out of the house.

The boy looked around, and again his eyes rested on the chair Crowley used to occupy. ‘God, I miss him’. Sam never thought he would feel that way, but he missed Crowley so bad it hurt. Even if there was nothing Crowley could have done for him in that situation, his would still have been a friendly face that might help make all this easier.

Sam went to the balcony and his heart was once again assaulted with memories, this time of Dean. Sam closed his eyes and he could remember the first time they were together in there…the way Dean had come back to see him again after the party, the kisses…

“God, stop…” Sam chided himself when the tears threatened to surface. He took a deep breath, put on his shoes, and went downstairs to meet Azazel.

The vampire had already seen Lucifer out, and he looked at Sam as they stood alone in the living room.

“I’m going out. I need to see Bobby,” Sam announced.

“The priest who was supposed to teach you but instead helped you get laid?” Azazel provoked.

“Look, Bobby had no choice in this. Up to the last minute, he thought we were friends.”

“That still puts him in the wrong. We wouldn’t be in this situation right now if it weren’t for him letting it go this far.”

“I took it this far, those were my choices. And I need to go and talk to him.”

“What makes you think I will let you keep in touch with Bobby?” Azazel seemed almost playfully curious.
Sam narrowed his eyes.

“You took away the person I love the most in my life. You took away my friend, Crowley, who luckily disappeared before you could do him any harm, and you took away my family, because you were never my father. Take Bobby away from me and there’s not much to live for, is there?”

“What do you mean?” Azazel’s smile faded.

“I mean, I’m doing what you want me to, but Bobby’s all I have left. I’m going to see him, and you won’t stop me.”

Azazel seemed to consider that for a moment.

“Does Lucifer know I’m already married? I suppose that would make him pissed at you, wouldn’t it? I suppose that would ruin your plans…”

“I will have John killed if you tell him.”

“Oh, I won’t. That doesn’t mean he won’t find out, though.”

“Is that a threat?” Azazel’s yellow eyes were just slits on his face.

“Do you wanna find out?” Sam shot back.

It took Azazel a moment to swallow down his anger and relax. He smiled. Bobby was harmless. After taking John and setting Dean on the run, there was nothing that old priest could do to ruin his plans.

“Fine, Samuel. You can go talk to him. And while you’re at it, see if the two of you can come up with a way to fake marry you to Lucifer, I don’t care what needs to be done. You can either have him help you or I’ll just go ahead and kill Dean. I suppose that would make you available to be married again.”

Sam did his best to hide his anger. He knew Azazel was provoking him, and he wouldn’t fall for it. Instead, he grabbed his coat and let himself out.

~ * ~

Walking alone through the streets of Glasstown made Sam felt hollow and broken. Knowing that Dean was probably far away right now, and not knowing when they would see each other again, just added to his sorrow. When Sam knocked on the church’s door, night was beginning to fall. As he waited for the door to open, he felt the wind on his cheeks, the cold, and realized he had been crying.

“Hey, kid…” Bobby hadn’t expected to see Sam so soon. He didn’t even know if he would see him again, if truth be told, regardless of what he had told Dean.

“Bobby…” seeing the only friendly face Sam still had left in his life was enough to make his control slip. Sam’s tears came back and he threw his arms around the older man.
Bobby squeezed him tight and didn’t say anything.

“He’s gonna make me marry Lucifer, Bobby.”

“What?”

“Azazel doesn’t care that I married Dean. He’s selling me to Lucifer, and if I don’t comply he will have John killed.”

“Damn…damn…”

“Bobby…” Sam tried to be calm, but there were sobs squeezing his throat painfully. “I don’t think I can do this. I don’t think…”

“Calm down, we’re going to talk okay?”

“I…I want to die, Bobby,” Sam gave up and confessed. “I tried to be strong for Dean, because he needed me to, but I don’t think I can go back to Azazel drinking blood from me and I don’t think I can be Lucifer’s husband…”

“Sam…”

“I want to die!” Sam sobbed. He thought of his entire life, seeing everything for what it really was—abuse—not love. Never love. Never love until Dean came along, and now he was taken away.

“No one is going to die. Let’s sit and talk, okay?”

Sam was shaking when Bobby made him walk into the church and closed the door behind them. This had been a long day and it promised to be a long night. He would talk to Sam and do everything he could, but he understood the boys’ despair, so for now he just let Sam cry. For now, Bobby listened and waited, because never was a story of more woe than that of the brothers.

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tbc...
Chapter 74

After Sam calmed down, Bobby took him down to the classroom where they sat and talked. Sam explained Azazel’s plans to marry him off to the wealthy CEO, despite the fact that Sam was already married to someone else.

“Does this Lucifer guy know about your past?”

“I guess so. I mean, he does seem quite understanding, so I suppose he knows that I had a boyfriend and that I’m not the virgin prize he was promised. Apparently he doesn’t care.”

Bobby could only imagine how painful and how unfair all that felt to Sam. It wasn’t right that after everything the boy had already been through, he was still forced to play along with Azazel’s heartless plans.

“He’s got no idea I’m already married. Azazel’s threatened to kill John if Lucifer finds out. I don’t know what to do.”

Bobby took a deep breath and looked very seriously into the boy’s eyes.

“You need to be strong. I believe with all my heart that right now you’re desperate, and you think you can’t do this, but Sam, you must be strong. Dean is out there looking for your father, and I believe he’ll find John and bring him back, safe. When he does, you and me will join them, and we’ll deal with Azazel. I promise you.”

Sam’s eyes lit up with a spark of hope.

“Meanwhile, son…you have got to do what he wants. If Azazel does indeed have John and Dean’s lives wrapped around his finger, I suppose there’s no room for bargaining right now.”

Sam bit down on his bottom lip. He didn’t want to hear that. He knew it was the truth, but it didn’t make it any less painful.

“I…” Sam didn’t want to be with Lucifer, his entire body protested against the idea, but he knew he was being selfish putting his will above what was best for everyone. “I don’t want to get divorced, Bobby. Besides, I think that the longer it takes Dean to find out about this, the better.”

“I agree with you.”

“Can you…can you fake marry us?”

Bobby knew that question was coming. The idea had been toying with his thoughts since Sam walked in earlier and told him what had happened.
Bobby sighed at Sam’s questioning eyes. “I’m a man of God, and I know I should not do such a thing as mock a sacred union,” he stated. “However, I suppose I’m already in too deep to back away now, right?”

“Thank you, Bobby.” Sam sounded torn between grateful and devastated that it was really going to happen. “Do you think God will forgive us?”

“Do you think we’re doing the right thing here, Sam?”

“I do.” Sam felt the stinging sensation of tears in his eyes. “It’s so hard, but I know it’s the right thing to do now.”

“Then He’ll understand.” Bobby covered the boy’s hand with his own and squeezed.

~ * ~

The ceremony was scheduled for a week later. Bobby would be performing it behind closed doors in the church. No one had been invited, considering Azazel didn’t have a family, vampires weren’t welcomed in the church, and Lucifer chose to keep his kin out of his private matters as much as possible. The fact that he would be marrying a sixteen-year-old boy wasn’t exactly something he would enjoy discussing with relatives. Thank goodness he was filthy rich, which meant he didn’t need anyone’s approval on that matter. In the end, Lucifer was pleased with the secrecy of the ceremony, the less people knew about it the better, at least for now, when Sam was so young. Give it a couple of years and they could go public, have a another ceremony, throw a huge party.

Sam spent the entire week in a state of comatose-like acceptance. He went about his days mechanically, doing what was expected of him, trying not to think too much about the upcoming events. When the day of the wedding arrived, Sam woke up with his heart aching and revolting in his chest. He missed Dean terribly.

Sam wondered where he was, if he was getting anywhere in his search, if he was doing okay. Sam wondered if Dean missed him just as much as he, Sam, missed him.

Flashes of their time together flooded Sam’s brain and tried to take away his sanity. In a moment of desperate longing, Sam felt the urge to go to the beach. Suddenly, he needed to be in the beach shack, he needed to lie on those sheets and smell Dean. His feet needed to touch the sand and his legs needed to take him up the rocks where they used to sit and talk, watching the waves break in the distance. All Sam wanted was to be there, to breathe the salty air and feel close to Dean.

He rushed out of his bedroom and ran into Azazel in the living room.

“Where do you think you’re going?” the vampire asked.

“Out. I need to breathe. I’m going to the beach.”

“No, you’re not.”

“Please, I…” Sam’s voice was pleading. “I just need to…”

“You need to go to your room and calm down. It’s going to be fine.”
Sam looked at Azazel with unreadable eyes.

“We wouldn’t want you getting cold feet, now would we? Go back to your room. Relax and enjoy the day. You’re supposed to be happy, remember?” Azazel mocked, but there was a warning in his voice. Sam knew he was supposed to pretend this was the happiest day of his life, but just the thought of walking down that aisle with Lucifer made him sick. He would be betraying Dean, he would be...

‘Stop it’, he told himself. ‘Don’t freak out. You can do this. You need to do this. It’ll be okay’.

Sam took a deep breath, turned around and went back to his room. He felt like a prisoner. An the truth was, he very much was one.

Perhaps after he fake-married Lucifer things wouldn’t be so bad. Perhaps, he dared hope, things would be better in that he would have freedom to come and go as he pleased.

Of course, this freedom would come at a cost, but Sam couldn’t bring himself to think about it.

Tonight Lucifer would share a bed with him.

Sam shuddered, and the feeling of dread started creeping inside of him all over again.

~ * ~

Father Bobby was in the church getting ready to pretend. He forged some documents Sam and Lucifer would sign, but that had no value, legal or moral whatsoever. He also prayed long and hard for forgiveness for what he was about to do. Bobby knew he could lose his right to be a priest if anyone ever found out, but deep in his heart he believed he was doing the right thing. Since there would no witnesses to the ceremony, no one except God Himself, Bobby prayed and talked long and hard with God, asking for his guidance and understanding.

One hour before the wedding, the telephone rang in his room, and when Bobby picked it up his knees nearly faltered.

“Dean?”

“Hey Bobby.”

“How are you kid? Is everything alright?”

“I’m fine. sorry I didn’t call earlier. I’ve been so caught up with traveling and asking questions and watching video footage…”

“That’s alright. Have you gotten anything?”

“No. Not yet,” Dean’s voice showed his dismay. “That guy you talked about, he’s really helped, though. He got me a few fake IDs and I’ve been able to get security footage from gas stations in the surroundings of Glasstown and from some stores in major avenues. It’s a long shot but...”
“You’re gonna find something, I’m sure.” Bobby intervened and spoke when he sensed Dean was growing disheartened.

“Right,” Dean agreed without much conviction.

There was a pause on the phone before Dean dared ask what had been on his mind. “How is he, Bobby?”

The Priest thought about what was about to happen. If he told Dean about Sam being forced to marry another man, nothing good would come out of it. Dean would either come rushing back regardless of the consequences, and thus Azazel would make a phone call and John would be killed, leaving the boys with their father’s death to haunt them for the rest of their lives, or Dean wouldn’t come back and would fall even harder and deeper into despair. Neither of these options was very appealing.

“He’s doing fine, Dean.” Bobby thought about his words. “He’s in good health, and he misses you terribly.”

“I miss him, too, Bobby…” Dean wanted to ask more. He needed to know more, but something made him hold back.

“He’s good, Dean, and he’s waiting for you. Is there anything else you really need to know at this moment?” Bobby begged Dean not to ask, and unconsciously, the boy seemed to understand he shouldn’t probe further.

“No…not really. That’s enough.”

“Good. No you go and find John, okay? Some camera somewhere caught Azazel’s car on video. You’ll find it, just have to be patient.”

“I know. Thanks, Bobby.”

“You’re welcome. Take care of yourself.”

“You too. Bye.”

Bobby hung up the phone and sat down on his bed. It was painful, but he knew Dean was better off not knowing. Sam was unharmed, and he was doing his part as he waited for Dean to rescue their father.

Bobby raised his eyes and checked the clock on the wall. In about an hour Sam would be there, doing his part, trusting Dean to save not only John, but themselves as well.

~ * ~

In the early evening, Azazel drove with Sam to the church in the limo. A few curious gazes watched when the driver parked and opened the door, and the town’s wealthy doctor left with his son, dressed in a white suit. Sam looked every bit the Prince the town believed him to be, especially with the shiny diamond cufflinks at his wrists—a gift from Lucifer.
Despite the glowing appearance, Sam’s thoughts were dark and somber. The boy hardly saw anything except the church doors. He knew Lucifer would be inside, waiting for him, and Sam climbed the steps lifelessly, his steps mechanically trained to move forward.

Azazel opened the door and let them in, away from any prying eyes, and Sam allowed himself to feel a bit of gratitude for knowing that at least no one else could see him.

At the altar, beside Bobby, Lucifer was waiting, in an equally alluring white suit, a smile on his face. As Sam got closer, he could see the blue eyes shining in Lucifer’s face, his blond hair neatly combed. He was not an ugly man, not at all. If Sam hadn’t met Dean and fallen in love with him, he might have felt differently about marrying the CEO. Even though Lucifer was a lot older, he was charming and he had always treated him respectfully. The fact that Sam didn’t love him at all made him feel guilty, on top of angry and disgusted.

The truth was that being so deeply in love, with passion bursting in his mind, was like a powerful drug, one that made Sam cringe at the thought of lying in bed with Lucifer and being touched by him. Sam didn’t want anyone else to touch him, he didn’t want some other guy to take him the way Dean did, because that was something special, that moment of crazy pleasure and intimacy belonged to them and no one else. It was irrational, but some part of Sam was desperately sad thinking that if Lucifer touched him he would erase Dean’s memory off his skin.

“Keep walking,” Azazel whispered, and only then did Sam realize he had stopped moving.

The boy took a deep breath and focused on Bobby. The priest’s eyes were encouraging, it was almost as if Bobby’s gaze wrapped Sam around a comforting embrace and helped him walk his next steps.

“You look stunning,” Lucifer whispered softly when they were close.

“Will you please kneel?” Bobby asked, in order to begin the fake ceremony.

Throughout the whole thing, Sam barely listened to a word Bobby said. His mind was drifting, his thoughts were escaping that reality. He felt as if he was outside his own body, watching from a distance as that fake wedding happened to someone who looked an awful lot like himself.

Tonight. He’ll touch me tonight. How can I deny him?

Sam felt the panic rising and he looked at Bobby. The older man seemed to read the despair in the boy’s hazel eyes, and he did his best to offer solace in the silence of their shared gaze.

“You may kiss your husband,” Bobby announced.

_He’s not my husband. Dean’s my husband._ Sam thought wildly. His heart was thudding with outrage when Lucifer leaned closer, but the older man simply planted a kiss to his forehead, very gallantly and restrained. Sam’s sigh of relief was almost too loud.

The rest of the time in the church was another blur. Sam didn’t know exactly how it ended, just that it did, and that Azazel drove them somewhere, and this place was not his home, because Sam had never been to that house before. Someone was saying something about servants bringing his stuff in the morning, and about Lucifer having bought plenty of new things that he hoped Sam would like, but the boy was hardly paying any attention. He looked at the house Lucifer had bought, and his heart started racing all over again.
‘This is it,’ he thought. Either he started running right now, or there was no telling what would happen when they were alone inside.

After wishing them a fantastic honeymoon, Azazel left and Lucifer opened the door to let them in. He watched Sam’s face intently for his reaction.

“Do you like it?” he asked.

Sam looked around the place, but it was like he barely registered anything.

“C’mon, let me give you a tour.”

Sam followed silently as Lucifer showed him the house he had so carefully chosen and decorated to impress him.

There were words being said and things Sam was supposed to see and express an opinion about, but all the while he could only hear his heartbeats when fear and panic started to grow as the night progressed. Soon, the inevitable would happen. What if Sam couldn’t go through with it? What if Lucifer got pissed? What if Azazel made a phone call and killed John, and then Dean would never forgive him… After all, it was just sex. Sam could shup up and spread his legs to save a life, couldn’t he? All he had to do was lie there and do what he was supposed to. It was his fault John had been kidnapped. He was very much a part of this mess, so he might as well accept the consequences. Sam knew Dean was doing his best to make things good again.

“And this is our bedroom…what do you think of it?”

When they got to the main bedroom, Sam was incredibly tense. He parted his lips and for a terrifying moment he thought he might choke on his words.

“It’s…it’s gorgeous.”

Lucifer smiled widely.

“Come. Take a seat.” He sat down on the edge of the bed and patted the place next to him so Sam would join him.

‘There’s no running’, Sam thought. He moved towards the bed with difficulty. His legs were reluctant to obey, but Sam forced them to comply.

Lucifer studied him carefully. When the boy sat down, he cupped his cheek and he could feel the tension right beneath his fingertips.

“Shh….it’s okay, Sam. You can relax with me. We’re alone now, your father won’t judge you anymore. You can finally be yourself.”

Sam tried to smile back at Lucifer, but a second later his smile faltered when Lucifer planted a kiss to his lips. Sam’s heart twisted violently, but the boy didn’t pull away. He parted his lips an let Lucifer do what he must.

It wasn’t long before there was a tongue in his mouth, warm, and fingers in his hair, stroking.
Sam had no idea how long that kiss lasted, because he couldn’t keep track of time, everything feel weirdly surreal, but when they pulled away, Lucifer must have seen something in his eyes because he frowned.

“Is everything alright?” he asked softly.


Lucifer took the boy’s hand in his. Sam was shaking.

“It’s okay…you can relax.” His heart broke at the boy’s innocence. Of course he was nervous. He had no idea what to expect. His only experience with sex had been a traumatic violation.

Lucifer kissed his lips softly and his cheeks.

“I can tell you’re nervous, right?”

Sam didn’t answer. He didn’t have to.

“It’s okay, baby. You’ll learn to relax with me.”

Lucifer got up, unbuttoned his suit and took off his pants. He removed his shirt slowly, until he was wearing nothing but boxers.

“C’mon, this suit looks great but I doubt it’s comfortable.”

Sam’s fingers were cold. His blood seemed to freeze in his body, but he complied. The sooner it was done and over with, the better. He should have taken some kind of sedative from his father’s stash of medicine, it could have come in handy.

Sam stripped down to his underwear and lay down in bed. He stared at the ceiling and swallowed hard.

When Lucifer joined him and caressed his chest and thighs, Sam shuddered.

Lucifer wouldn’t say that it took *everything* he had, but it certainly took a lot not to fuck the boy into the mattress at that very moment.

“You look so beautiful…so sweet. You’re just as alluring as I imagined you’d be,” he confessed. His fingers stroked across the boy’s skin, and he could feel Sam’s chest rising and falling with a short, anxious breath.

At any moment now, Lucifer was going to remove his underwear, perhaps flip him on his stomach, and penetrate him. Sam didn’t know why he was so afraid. He didn’t care about any pain he might feel, and yet, he couldn’t seem to calm down. His palms were sweaty and his heart erratic.

“Good night, my love. Sleep well.” Lucifer kissed his temple gently and caressed his face lovingly.

“It’s going to be a pleasure to finally sleep with you in my arms”

“Aren’t you, aren’t we?” Sam was confused. He was dumbstruck and disoriented.

Lucifer smiled as sweetly as a predator could.
“Do you want to?”

Sam’s heart slammed against his chest.

The boy was terrified, and he didn’t have to say it.

“It’s fine,” Lucifer answered before he could. “We have plenty of time. You’ll get accustomed to me. You’ll see I mean no harm.” He took the boy’s hand and kissed his fingers. “I can’t wait to show you how much pleasure you can feel…but I understand everything is new and probably scary right now. You should get some sleep.”

Sam didn’t know what to say, but Lucifer could feel the boy’s body relax almost instantly, and he smiled to himself.

“Good night, Samuel.”

Lucifer kissed him again, turned around and turned off the lamp by the bed.

“Good night,” Sam whispered back. He was still shocked and trying to process what had just happened. The boy was lying in bed, completely still, staring at the ceiling in the dark, wondering if Lucifer had really meant what he said.

As the man made no sign of making a move on him, Sam relaxed further and closed his eyes. He wouldn’t have to betray Dean tonight.

Perhaps tomorrow he would wake up to Lucifer pinning him down and slamming into him, but not tonight. Tonight he was safe.

And the way things were right now, Sam was grateful to hang on to what little time he got before he had to submit.

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tbc...
Chapter 75

A/N: Merry Christmas guys! 7 more to go, + the Epilogue. Hang in there ;-)
“Thanks I… I just left the shower.” Sam was tense. He didn’t want to seem rude by breaking away from the embrace, but he definitely couldn’t relax.

“Hmm… that’s why you feel so soft.” Lucifer let a hand slide under Sam’s shirt and stroke over the taut muscles he found there.

Sam took a deep, calming breath, and didn’t move. He wondered what he could possibly do that wouldn’t make Lucifer angry.

As the boy stood there, unmoving, Lucifer took it as a sign to take things a little bit further. He let his lips plant kisses on Sam’s jaw line, and his fingers traced invisible patterns on the skin below Sam’s navel.

“God, it feels so good to touch you…” Lucifer’s voice was hoarse with desire. He pressed against the boy and let Sam feel the bulge in his pants.

Sam sucked in his breath at the hardness pressing against his lower back.

“Lucifer, I…” he tried to move away, but the arms around him tightened.

“Shhh… it’s okay.” Lucifer kissed the nape of Sam’s neck and smiled when the boy shuddered.

No, Sam’s body was not immune to the touch. His mind screamed and struggled, but his body responded. So when Lucifer lowered his hand and cupped the front of Sam’s pajama pants, he felt the warmth of boy’s erection against his palm.

Sam panted. ‘No, no, no…’ He tried to move, and this time Lucifer let him, but instead of moving away, Sam felt himself being turned around so Lucifer could slam their mouths together.

Before Sam could protest, Lucifer’s tongue was in his mouth, and their aligning erections were grinding, the friction maddeningly good, despite Sam’s struggling mind.

“Fuck, you’re so hot, Prince… so sweet…” Lucifer thrust against him and Sam stiffened in response.

The older man’s hand cupped Sam’s ass and pressed him further into their rubbing hard-ons. Sam tried to move away, but Lucifer was all over him.

“You can relax with me, Sam. It’s alright. I’m your husband now.”

The word husband seemed to cut through a haze of lust in his brain. Dean was his husband. They were married, they belonged together.

Sam’s heart squeezed so painfully in his chest that he pushed Lucifer away, his eyes almost instantly filling with tears as he thought of Dean and felt the ache of his absence.

Lucifer watched, confused, as Sam sat on the edge of the bed and wiped at his eyes. The boy seemed shaky.

Sam was in so much emotional pain that he almost didn’t care if Lucifer got mad. Nothing else mattered, nothing but how much he missed Dean. The heartache washed away any residual arousal and he sat there, his eyes lost and shimmering.
“What’s wrong, baby?” Lucifer sat beside him, worried.

“I’m sorry.” Sam shook his head. “I’m so sorry.” And at that moment, he truly was. He felt like Lucifer wasn’t so bad. He deserved someone who loved him just as much as Sam loved Dean.

“Hey, it’s okay…” Lucifer reassured him.

Sam covered his face with his hands, but Lucifer knew he was crying.

“It’s okay, I promise.” He wrapped Sam in his arms and placed the boy’s head under his chin. “Did I push too far?” Lucifer was sexually frustrated, but he was also happy. He had just learned that he could make the boy hard. Despite what had happened to him in the past, Lucifer could arouse Sam’s desire, and that was great news. With a little bit more time he knew he could get the boy to give in to him.

Sam rubbed at his eyes and looked away. He felt embarrassed, but his sadness overcame that feeling.

“I’m sorry,” he repeated.

“There’s nothing to be sorry for. Do you want to get some sleep?”

Sam nodded. He watched as Lucifer pulled the covers and adjusted the pillows. Then he helped Sam get under the sheets and tucked him in.

“You’re so nice to me,” Sam said, and his surprise did not go unnoticed.

Lucifer chuckled.

“Why shouldn’t I be? I love you. I’m going to take care of you. I understand it might take a little time for you to trust me, but I mean it, okay? I’ll take good care of you.”

Sam didn’t need Lucifer to take care of him. He didn’t need anything from Lucifer. He was counting the days for Dean to come back so they could run away from all that. But still, he felt a bit in Lucifer’s debt for deceiving him with this fake marriage, and that made him grateful for Lucifer’s kindness.

“Good night, Prince.”

“Good night. And thank you…”

Lucifer smiled largely. Having the boy’s gratitude was the first step towards having his trust, and once he had his trust, he would have his body, thoroughly, over and over again.

~ * ~

When Lucifer left on business and Sam was alone, he could finally feel at ease in his new home. It felt good not being on guard all the time, and not feeling so guilty either.

Being by himself allowed Sam time to think, but this also meant a lot of time alone with thoughts of
Dean, and there was only so much Sam could take before his sanity started to feel threatened by misery.

The boy dismissed his bodyguard and left his home for a walk in order to clear his thoughts. He paid Bobby a visit and talked to him for a while. Bobby wanted to know how he was coping, and Sam assured him that everything was fine. Sam asked about Dean, but Bobby didn’t know much, except that he was still searching. And no, Bobby hadn’t mentioned anything about the fake wedding.

After spending a couple of hours in the church, Sam left and was heading home when a familiar face stopped him on the street.

“Sam?”

Sam looked at the man in front of him and his heart quickened.

“Hey, Benny.”

“Hey. How are you? What’s going on?”

“Um…” Sam looked around. How much did Benny know?

“Do you wanna grab some coffee?”

“Okay.” Sam accepted the invitation and followed Benny to a nearby cafe, where they sat down and ordered.

“How’s Cass doing?” Sam asked as they waited for their drinks.

“He’s doing much better. I visited him yesterday. The doctors think he’ll be going home by the end of the week.”

“Wow, that’s great news! Dean will be so happy to hear that,” Sam said it quickly, without paying much attention to his words, then he realized the look Benny gave him and he grew serious.

“What’s going on, Sam? Why isn’t Dean here? What happened to his father?”

Sam swallowed hard.

“Have you talked to Father Bobby?” Sam asked.

“I have. He said Dean’s looking for his dad, that something happened to him, and Dean had to go help him. He didn’t tell me much, though.”

“That’s pretty much it. I heard John’s in trouble…Dean’s trying to set things right.” It was all Sam could say without putting his family situation under scrutiny.

Benny didn’t seem pleased with that answer. He was about to ask something when the waiter put down their coffees. They thanked him and Sam lowered his eyes to his drink.

“People are gossiping about you, you know,” Benny said.

“They are?”
“Yeah.”

“Let them gossip,” Sam shrugged. “I don’t care.”

“They’re saying you got married to Lucifer Morningstar, the billionaire,” Benny went on despite Sam’s dismissive words. “He’s been spotted in town, and some say they saw you in the church together.”

Sam sighed deeply. He could tell Benny was judging him.

“I don’t care what people say.”

“What about Dean? Do you care what has to say about this?”

Sam flinched. He could tell Benny was very much annoyed with him at this moment. He couldn’t blame Dean’s friend for taking his side.

“Please don’t tell him. You wouldn’t understand…”

“Oh, so he doesn’t know…?”

Sam’s control slipped for a second and he slammed his fist on the table, surprising them both and earning one or two looks of disapproval.

“You don’t know what’s going on, Benny.” Sam didn’t seem to know, or care, that his eyes were covered with a shiny layer of wetness. “I’m doing what I have to, and Dean is trying to make things right. If you tell him I’m married to Lucifer he’ll come back to Glasstown, and right now John needs him more than I do.”

Benny shifted his position uncomfortably under Sam’s intense gaze and passionate words.

“This is complicated. Neither Dean nor I can do as we please right now. We’re trying to change that, I mean…he’s trying. I have to…I’m doing my part.”

“Okay, relax…” Benny said. He could feel the tension coming off Sam’s body in waves. “I was just wondering, you know. You guys seemed so in love…”

“We still are. We just have to fix things.”

“If you say so…”

“Please, if you talk to him, don’t talk about Lucifer. Dean needs to focus. The sooner he can help his father, the sooner he can come home.”

“Alright…I won’t mention anything.” Benny could tell there was so much more to that story. Sam was obviously hiding secrets, but at least Benny relaxed, because he saw the boy was not making a fool out of Dean. Something was really going on, and whatever Sam had with Lucifer now, the boy was clearly not pleased about it.

“Just, if you could please make sure Cass is fine…Dean will love to hear about that.”
“I’ll tell him. If I talk to him, which I haven’t since he left town abruptly.”

“You can update Father Bobby on Cass’ situation. He’ll make sure Dean knows about it.”

“Okay, I’ll do that.”

The two of them silenced and sipped their drinks as the sun began to set in the horizon.

~ * ~

When Sam got home, he was surprised not to find any servants waiting by the door. He walked in, and even though the lights were on, there didn’t seem to be anyone home. That was weird. Usually they would wait for Sam to be back before leaving for the night, but as Sam walked around downstairs and called out, no one came.

Sam took off his jack and went upstairs. He turned on the light in his room and his heart skipped a bit.

“Holy shit…” he panted and felt the discharge of adrenaline. “What are you doing here?”

“Lucifer told me that he’d be traveling today.”

“Yeah, he left in the morning. He’s not here, as you can see, so you should come back some other day.”

Azazel got up from Sam’s bed, where he had been sitting comfortably in the dark a few minutes before, and walked towards the boy.

“On the contrary. I’m glad to have this time alone with you.”

Sam looked into the yellow eyes watching him from such a small distance. He didn’t want to demonstrate fear, but he was awfully aware that by now Azazel must have already smelled it in him.

“Well, I don’t want to be alone with you, so you should go.”

“Samuel, Samuel…” Azazel tried to stroke his cheek but Sam retreated.

“Don’t touch me.”

“Why do you have to be like this? I mean, I know there’s some bad blood between us now, but it needn’t be like this. It could all be water under the bridge.”

Azazel took a few more steps and cornered Sam against the wall.

“Remember when you used to be a good boy and let daddy drink?”

“You’re not my dad.”

“I’m still the one who raised you.”
Sam was breathing hard, his nostrils flaring. He was angry and scared and without many options. He closed his eyes shut when Azazel’s mouth came close to his neck, but the bite never came.

“Strip,” Azazel whispered into his ear.

“What?”

“You know I like to choose where I feed on.”

“No.” Sam’s heart was thudding. Unfortunately, the loud pulsing of his heartbeat only served to arouse Azazel further.

“Yes.”

Azazel reached towards Sam’s shirt and started to try and take it off. Sam groaned and tried to shove Azazel off of him, but he realized quickly he couldn’t match the vampire’s strength. Azazel closed his fingers around Sam’s wrist as Sam tried to fight him, and he squeezed until Sam’s face twisted with pain.

“Strip,” he ordered again, coldly.

“No,” Sam gritted his teeth. “AH!!” Sam screamed and doubled over his stomach with pain when Azazel’s fingers twisted his wrist, breaking it. The sound of bones snapping was as chilling as the pain.

“How many more bones will I have to break before you’re a good boy again, Samuel?”

“Lucifer…he will…” Sam tried.

“You’re mine. Don’t forget that. You’re mine to do as I please.” Azazel tore at Sam’s clothes, ripping them until the boy was finally naked before his eyes.

Crying with anger, fear and sheer pain, Sam was thrown onto the bed a moment before Azazel crawled on top of him.

The much heavier and much stronger vampire sank his fangs all over Sam’s body, paying special attention to his neck, thighs and inner arms. He didn’t, however, drink too much. It was like Azazel didn’t want Sam to pass out from the feeding. He drank small amounts of blood, savoring every second with lustful abandon.

Sam remembered thinking, in the middle of all his anger and pain, how could he have ever thought that was okay? How could he have accepted that behavior for so long? The boy finally understood that he was a victim, he had always been a victim—the perfect prey.

When Azazel was satisfied, he got up, made a show of licking his lips and sighed with evident pleasure.

“You taste almost as good as before. I guess Lucifer hasn’t claimed you yet,” he pondered, then went on, almost to himself. “Dean’s seed didn’t corrupt your blood so much, although it’s a shame it will never be what it was before,” he paused and looked intently at the boy in bed. “Good night, Samuel. You should put some ice on that wrist.”
Sam curled up in bed, bringing his knees up to his chest as he listened to the footsteps going away. When the door closed downstairs and Sam knew he was alone, he started shaking, and the tears came freely and irresponsibly, without any warning or desire to stop.

Azazel had simply drank his blood, as he had done many, many times before. Yet, Sam felt as if the vampire had taken so much more from him. Sam felt ashamed and robbed of a part of himself. He felt dirty and…violated.

But he would do his part. As Dean tried to rescue John, Sam would do what he had to.

He would not disappoint.

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tbc...
Chapter 76

A/N: Guys, I'm going away on vacation for the next 10 days. I'll update as soon as I'm back. Have a great New Year!!!

Chapter 76

Dean finished a bag of chips and washed it down with some stale beer. He had already sat through so many hours of camera footage that it was a miracle he could still keep his focus. After watching so many cars and roads, after reading so many license plates and rewinding tapes, all Dean wanted was to stop and say to hell with it, but there was too much at stake. There was his dad, and Sam, who depended on him not giving up.

At the end of the week, Dean had a few clues. He had spotted Azazel's car in the footage of a few of the security cameras he'd obtained access to. Based on what he had watched, he had an idea of the main road Azazel had taken, and at what time he had returned, but there were still too many possibilities concerning the towns he must have visited.

Sometimes Dean felt his heart tighten with sheer panic, as if it didn't matter how much he tried, he wouldn't be able to track John down and rescue him, and if he didn't do that, then Sam and he would never be together again. And not only was Sam his husband, he was also his brother, and Dean couldn't leave him behind with Azazel, the very thought that the vampire might be hurting Sam was painful to bear.

Dean kicked some boxes on the floor as he sat in an office at the back of some gas station. The footage was over, and he had nothing new. Despair was a rising feeling that felt tight around his throat, and it took a lot not to give in and give up at that moment.

Dean stood up and straightened his tie—he was now wearing suits and ties and a fake ID, because that opened doors and made people very helpful. He left the office and met the clerk outside.

"Thank you," he said.

"Did you find what you were looking for, officer?" the young man asked.

"Not really. But thanks."

Dean walked past him and towards the Impala, where he sat down and put his arms on the wheel, resting his forehead against his hands.

What if Sam wasn't the only one being possibly hurt right now? What if Azazel's vampires were hurting his dad, too? The thought of John being tortured in some abandoned house in the middle of nowhere, where no one could hear him scream, made Dean clench his fingers around the wheel and
groan with frustration. It was bad enough having to picture Azazel sinking his fangs into Sam's neck and drinking from him, and now he was also picturing his father in an abandoned house or perhaps a warehouse, or some sort of hospital building where…

Dean lifted his head and looked out the window.

Where was Azazel keeping John? If the vampire had kidnapped his father so suddenly, he probably didn't have much time to plan things, and he most likely had taken John to a hiding place he was familiar with. Perhaps some property in his name, a house he had in a town where he ran some sort of hospital business…?

Dean got out of the Impala quickly and walked towards the pay phone in the gas station. He dialed and waited. "C'mon, c'mon…pick up."

"Father Bobby."

"Hey, Bobby. It's Dean."

"Oh, hey Dean. How are you?"

"I'm good, listen," he didn't have time to waste. "Do you think you could ask Sam a favor?"

"I suppose...what do you need?"

"Ask him if he can give me a list of all the properties Azazel owns, let me see..." Dean unfolded a piece of paper from his pocket and told Bobby to write down names and numbers of roads. "I'm making progress, Bobby," Dean said then. "But without help it might be months before I get something concrete." Dean paused and there a tense silence for a few seconds. "We don't have months."

"I know. I'll talk to Sam, see what he can find."

"Thanks, Bobby." There was another pause, and Bobby could almost hear Dean struggling with his feelings. "Is he alright?"

"Yes. He misses you."

Dean felt his heart breaking and he shoved his closed fist into his mouth when the tears sprung to his eyes and almost made it to his voice. He couldn't speak, he just nodded against the phone, and even though Bobby couldn't see it, it was almost as if he could.

Dean hung up the phone and wiped at his eyes. Sam was smart, he had to find something that could help them…

~ * ~

Since Sam failed to pay Bobby the usual visit he paid him every two or three days, Bobby chose to stop by Sam's new address in the middle of the afternoon. Normally, the priest wouldn't be that bold, but since Glasstown was a small town, and everyone took an interest in the billionaire living with the Prince, gossip got around. Bobby knew Lucifer wasn't in town, and since Azazel was probably at
the hospital, he decided to check on the boy.

"Hi." Sam seemed surprised when he opened the door just a little.

"You haven't dropped by. I thought I'd stop by and pay you a visit."

"I'm fine," Sam said quickly, his voice lifeless.

Bobby's attention picked up immediately at the tone in the boy's voice and his worry grew. He tried to step into the house but Sam stepped back and tried to close the door, which caused Bobby to feel even more suspicious.

"Sorry, are you not alone?" he frowned.

"I'm alone," Sam said. "I mean, there's a maid somewhere, but Lucifer isn't here."

"Azazel?"

"No." Sam shook his head.

"Then what happened?"

"Nothing," Sam lied. "I'm just..." he was going to say busy, but he knew that would have sounded like complete bullshit. He had nothing to do all day. "I don't feel very well, could you come back some other day?" The truth was that Sam didn't want Bobby to take a close look at him and see the nasty bruises on his neck and arms, where Azazel's forceful drinking had marked his skin. Neither did Sam want Bobby to see the broken wrist wrapped around bandages. He didn't want the priest to be worried. If Bobby didn't know, then neither would Dean.

"I'm sorry to hear that," Bobby was very suspicious. Sam didn't look awful or anything, but he was hiding something. "It's just that Dean called, and he needs a favor from you." Bobby knew he could just tell Sam what Dean wanted and hand him the note with the roads and interstates Dean had written down, but he didn't move a muscle, wondering if Sam would give in and open the door.

The mention of Dean's name had an obvious effect on Sam. The boy looked hurt and sad, but also hopeful in a way that was heartbreaking.

"Does he have any leads?" Sam asked.

"Can I come in?" Bobby had promised to look after Sam as much as he could, so he insisted.

The boy took a deep breath and nodded. He stepped aside to let Bobby into the house and closed the door behind him.

The moment Bobby was inside and took a good look at the part of Sam's body he had been hiding behind the door, he frowned and his heart raced. "Jesus, Sam."

Sam swallowed hard and stared at the floor.

"Is that wrist broken?" Bobby pointed at the compressive bandages around the boy's left wrist.

Sam bit down hard on his bottom lip. "It'll be okay," he said, and his voice was barely above a
whisper.

Bobby looked at the bruises on the boy's arms and his blood boiled. He let Sam guide them to a private room and close the door, and the moment they were alone, Bobby needed to ask.

"Was it Lucifer?" the priest had faked married Sam to that man, after all. He felt responsible. "Is he hurting you?"

"What? No," Sam said quickly. "It wasn't Lucifer."

Bobby searched Sam's face carefully.

"He's actually…well, I can't complain. He's been very good to me."

"You got bruises and a broken wrist," Bobby pointed out.

"It was Azazel," Sam shrugged. "He wanted to drink my blood."

"And you said no," Bobby understood it then.

"I said no," Sam agreed.

"He didn't like it."

"He didn't."

For a moment they didn't say anything. Bobby stared at Sam and Sam stared at his feet.

"Sam, I…"

"You don't have to say anything," Sam interrupted him. "I'm fine. Dean is doing his part, John is hopefully hanging on, and I'm doing my part, so it's fine."

"It's not fine. It's not your part to be beat and abused like that."

Sam wanted to cry, but at the same time he hated the tears threatening to surface.

"Bobby, please…" he waved a hand before himself. "Please just tell me what Dean needs…"

The saddest part was that Sam was right. Even if it was horrifying and wrong, there was nothing Bobby, or anyone, could do for him right now. Sam had to be strong and hang in there, and the fact that Bobby couldn't really help him just made him hate Azazel even more, if that was even possible.

"You know Dean's been watching videos from security cameras to try and recreate Azazel's movements that day. He gave me some roads and numbers. He has an idea of where Azazel drove to, but the possibilities are still a lot. He needs you to narrow it down. Can you go into the mansion and find some paperwork that point towards Azazel's properties in any of these locations?" Bobby gave Sam the paper.

"I…I suppose."

"Your dad visits hospitals and clinics all over the state and the country. Perhaps he has a house or a
farm in one of these places, a secluded place where he might have taken John in a hurry."

"Right. I'm sure he has land in other places, and if he does, then he probably has to pay bills to maintain them. I'll go in and see what I can find." Sam knew it could be a long shot, but Dean was getting somewhere, and perhaps this could work. If he found out that Azazel owned land near one of the roads Dean had seen him drive by, then that could give Dean a good lead on where John might be.

"Good. Come by the church when you have something."

"I will."

"And Sam..." Bobby put a hand on the boy's shoulder. There was so much to say, and yet, at the same time, there was nothing to say. So, instead of words, Bobby squeezed the boy's shoulder hard and looked at him with so much love that Sam could feel the warmth of that affection in his heart.

"I'm fine. You can go."

Bobby nodded as Sam walked him to the door. Before the priest could leave, though, Sam needed something.

"Bobby? Please don't—"

"I won't tell him," Bobby reassured him. Sam was fine, he would always be fine when Dean called. Right now was not the moment to let Dean know how much the boy really depended on his finding John.

"Thank you."

~ * ~

Sam waited until the following day to do what Dean had asked, because he wanted to have plenty of time to go through Azazel's paperwork. He woke up early and waited until he was certain Azazel would have left for the hospital, then Sam left his home and walked to the mansion, since it wasn't very far.

The guards let him in without any sort of question. Sam was anxious about finding something useful, and he was also worried because he knew he had to be discreet.

When he walked in, at first he sighed with relief because he didn't hear anyone in the house, but then there were footsteps and he tensed.

"Sam? What are you doing here?"

Sam relaxed when he saw Meg. "I need something. What are you doing here?"

"My mom wasn't feeling very well. She asked me to take over today."

"Is everything alright with Mrs. Higgs?"
"She's got back pains, but she'll be fine." Meg walked closer to Sam, obviously inspecting him. Sam tensed again as he felt himself being studied by her. "What the hell happened, Sam? Why is everything a mess?"

Sam sighed. There was no point in hiding things from her.

"Azazel found out about Dean and I being together. He kidnapped John Winchester. He's blackmailing us. Dean is out there trying to find his dad." Sam didn't need to tell her the entire truth, though. Meg didn't need to know that Dean's dad and his dad were the same person.

"Holy shit. What a fucking mess."

"He got me to marry Lucifer, but…"

"You're just waiting for Dean to bring John back so you can get the hell out of this arranged marriage, right?"

Sam nodded.

"Good. How can I help?"

Sam arched an eyebrow and thought quickly. "Actually…I'm here to try and find anything about property Azazel could own in these addresses," Sam handed her a folded message. "Dean's been trying to track the car Azazel used the day he took John. If we could find something that ties Azazel to having a house in any of the towns near these places, then perhaps we'll find him."

"Great. Azazel won't be home for many hours. Should we go to his office?"

"Will you really help me go over paperwork?"

"Only if you promise me you'll run away with Dean the moment John is safe."

"I do," Sam answered quickly.

"Then lead the way," Meg smiled mischievously and pointed towards the stairs.

~ * ~

Around evening, before going home, Sam stopped by the church carrying a folder with some documents inside. The boy had taken the secret passage down the church and knocked on the door that led straight to the classroom. He wanted to avoid any curious glances in his direction, especially since he could be carrying important information to help Dean.

Bobby opened the door and welcomed him.

"You look like shit," Bobby said.

Sam half-smiled. He felt like shit. After five or six hours of reading all sorts of documents in Meg's company, his eyes hurt and his brain was barely functional.
"I feel like shit, too. But I might have gotten something. Here," he handed Bobby the folder.

The priest opened it and took a look.

"There are about five houses that Azazel owns in locations that could be near the roads Dean is following. I circled them in red." Sam sat down and closed his eyes for a moment.

"Would you like a drink?" Bobby asked as he studied Sam. The boy looked exhausted.

"No, I'm fine. I need to go home. I just…" Sam looked sideways at the telephone on Bobby's desk. "Do you think I could…maybe…" Sam's heart raced, and Bobby's, fell.

"Sam…"

"I know I shouldn't, I just…"

"I don't have his number. He calls whenever he can. I'm sorry."

"Right." Sam felt a tight knot around his throat and nodded. "I suppose it would be hoping for too much that he happened to call right now, eh?" he tried to smile, but it sounded frail.

Bobby smiled softly at him.

"I…I need to go. I hope he calls soon." Sam shrugged off his feelings and thoughts, said goodbye and walked way.

~ * ~

Back home, Sam was so tired from all the reading and the tension of the day that he collapsed on the sofa and fell asleep almost instantly.

He woke up hours later, when he felt a hand stroking his cheek.

Sam's heart raced and his eyes darted open. "Lucifer?!"

"Sorry I woke you baby… You looked so pretty, I couldn't help myself."

"What time is it? How long have I slept?" Sam was utterly confused. Lucifer wasn't supposed to be home for at least two or three more days.

The blond man laughed.

"You haven't slept for days, relax. I'm home early. I got one of the guys to take my place in a meeting so I could be home sooner."

"Oh." Sam stirred and moved a little, and when he did, Lucifer frowned and took his wrist gently.

"What happened?" Sam tried to pull his wrist away and winced in pain.

"I broke it. It's okay."
"How?"

"I fell down the stairs. It was stupid…"

"Why didn't you call me and tell me? I would've come home sooner." Lucifer's eyebrows were drawn tight with worry.

"It's okay, really. I took some pain killers and put lots of ice. It's getting better."

"Did you call your father so he could take a look at it?"

Sam felt a chilling fear grab his heart. It made sense that he would ask, Azazel was a doctor, and Lucifer didn't know what had happened.

"I'm okay. I promise. I just need to sleep."

"Then let me get you in bed."

"I can go, I'm fine…"

Lucifer wouldn't have it. He took Sam in his arms and carried him upstairs towards the bedroom, and honestly, after the tiring day and the pills Sam had popped, he didn't have it in him to fight it.

Lucifer laid him in bed gently and tucked him in.

"Good night, sweet Prince."

"Thank you, Lucifer." Sam said, and really meant it.

He closed his eyes and turned on his side, and a few minutes later he was fast asleep again.

Lucifer watched the boy for a long moment. As Sam's peaceful breathing filled the room, the older man buried his nose into Sam's hair and breathed in deeply. The delicious smell stirred his desire, despite his control. Lucifer felt himself stiffen in his pants as he cuddled Sam.

It was getting just too hard being so close and not being able to ravish that alluring boy. Lucifer could hardly wait to indulge in a series of dirty acts with him.

"Fuck." Lucifer reached down into his pants and stroked himself. He closed his eyes and breathed in Sam's scent, his nose grazing his neck and hair. Lucifer could hardly wait to take him, to open his legs and bury his dick inside his tight little ass. "Hm…" Lucifer jerked himself off faster and pictured himself bottoming out inside a begging Sam.

It didn't take him long. After a few desperate strokes, the sexual tension that had been building up made Lucifer fall over the edge and coat his hand with seed.

As he breathed deeply with temporary satisfaction, he studied the boy more closely, without the haze of lust, and it was when he noticed the fading puncture marks on Sam's neck and the brusing around them.

"Damn you, Azazel," Lucifer cursed. At the first opportunity, the vampire had taken advantage to
suck Sam's blood. Lucifer felt his own blood boil, and he wondered if Azazel was going to be a problem.

Sam was *his* now.

A wicked thought took over and Lucifer took his hand out of his pants. He touched his fingers to the bite marks on Sam's neck, smearing his drying come on top of Azazel's mark, as if he was rebranding the boy.

"Mine," Lucifer smiled, pleased with himself.

---------------------------------------------

*tbc...*
Dean wrote down the information Sam had managed to give him through Bobby. It turned out that Azazel had many properties all over the state, but of the five ones Sam had singled out, there were three, in particular, that were very near some of the roads where Dean had spotted Azazel's car. Having the address of these three houses certainly narrowed down the possibilities, and for the first time since his dad had been abducted, Dean felt hopeful.

Before he ventured into any of the addresses, though, Dean knew he had to gear up. He remembered when Sam had been attacked by a vampire, and how he told him that Azazel had chopped the vampire's head in order to kill him. That was some important information that Dean planned to use.

John Winchester's older son bought two sharp machetes, a gun and many bullets. He didn't know what he was going to find in those houses, but he wanted to be prepared.

~ * ~

Sam was dreaming, but it felt so real, so vivid. He was in Dean's arms, and nothing could separate them. He could feel Dean's lips on his, and it felt so good that Sam never wanted to wake up. Dean's lips were so soft against his neck and shoulder, his breath on his skin felt so warm…

Very warm.

Too warm for a dream.

Sam's eyes darted open and his heart raced. "What?"

"Shhh…relax, prince Samuel." Lucifer purred into his ear. "Just relax…"

Lucifer had woken up first, with a raging hard-on between his legs. He had looked to his side to find Sam still sleeping peacefully. The sight of the boy had caused a new surge of blood to rush to his cock.

Lucifer had pulled the sheets off Sam's body and studied him. The boy was lying on his stomach, wearing nothing but underwear, and his cheek rested against the soft pillow. Lucifer had climbed on top of him and straddled him, then he had leaned softly and started to plant sweet butterfly kisses all over Sam's neck and bare shoulders.

He had been kissing Sam for fifteen minutes or more when the boy stirred underneath him.

"Lucifer? What are you doing?" Sam's voice sounded panicked. He had just realized that he wasn't having a dream, but to his despair, his body didn't seem to mind it. Sam's cock was hard, trapped
between his body and the mattress, and every time Lucifer's lips caressed his skin, Sam felt himself throb.

"Just relax, Sammy…it's okay."

Sam didn't know what to do. He wanted to get away, he wanted Lucifer to stop touching him, and yet, at the same time, his body was on fire.

"Please stop, I don't…" Sam's protest died with a rising moan when Lucifer sucked on the place where his neck and shoulder met at the same time he snaked an arm around Sam's chest and held him firmly.

Sam panted. That was wrong. That had to stop. Sam had been dreaming of Dean, and Lucifer couldn't do that, it wasn't fair, it…

"Shhh, let me take care of you." Lucifer's hand trailed lower and slipped past the waistband of Sam's underwear.

When Lucifer's fingers closed around Sam's cock and stroked, the boy bucked hard and arched into the body on top of his. He couldn't control his reaction. His body was starved for that kind of pleasure, and Sam's mind was fighting a losing battle against his arousal.

"Oh…" Sam gasped and thrust into the fingers.

Lucifer chuckled hotly against Sam's ear and thrust against his bottom, letting Sam feel the bulge in his pants.

"It's okay…just let go, Sam…it's okay…" Lucifer coaxed. He stroked harder and rubbed himself faster against Sam.

Sam squeezed his eyes shut and shuddered. All his blood was pooling in his dick, and Sam was helpless. When he felt Lucifer lower his underwear, though, he tried to struggle again, but Lucifer's stronger body kept him firmly pressed into the mattress, and Lucifer's knowing fingers had Sam exactly where he wanted—lost in a haze of pleasure, unable to say no.

"Relax, I won't…I just want to feel you." Lucifer rubbed his engorged cock in the crack of Sam's ass, and the feeling caused him to groan and bite down on Sam's shoulder.

"Please…please…" Sam was no longer begging Lucifer to stop. He couldn't control his urgency anymore. He was begging for release.

Lucifer's wrist moved faster up and down, his fingers squeezing just enough to make Sam shake and lose control. The boy buried his head into the pillow and cried, his thighs shaking and his hips arching as he came all over Lucifer's hand.

Lucifer bit down hard on his bottom lip and thrust more erratically against Sam. He wanted so badly to pierce that tight little opening and be buried to the hilt into Sam's warmth, but he refrained. The thought of being so close to fucking Sam, though, was enough to push him over the edge. Lucifer groaned and shuddered, then he came hard, making a mess between Sam's legs.

When the older man at last released him and collapsed by his side, Sam didn't know whether he was angry, embarrassed or just sad. But he couldn't lie that he was sexually pleased. He hadn't realized
how much his body needed that release.

"Did I hurt you?" Lucifer asked suddenly as he looked at the boy's wrist, only then remembering Sam's injury.

"No. I'm fine."

Lucifer kissed Sam's hand softly and then leaned closer to plant a kiss to his lips.

"There's no need to fear this. I'm going to make you feel good," Lucifer said.

Sam frowned. Fear? He did not fear intimacy with Lucifer, he just did not want it, it was different. Sam chose not to say anything.

"I'm going to take a shower. Want to join me?"

"Nah, you can go first."

"Okay," Lucifer sounded disappointed but didn't insist. "I have somewhere I need to be anyway."

Sam didn't say anything. He just watched as Lucifer disappeared into the bathroom. When he was alone in the room, Sam buried his head into the pillow and sighed deeply. His wrist throbbed; Sam knew it was time for the pain medication, but he did not feel like moving. He shut his eyes and tried to go back to sleep.

~ * ~

"Lucifer," Azazel opened the door and welcomed the business man inside. The guards had informed him about the visitor, and even though Azazel had to leave in a few minutes, he knew he couldn't just ignore the billionaire.

"Hello, Azazel."

"I'm afraid you've come at a bad time. I have a hospital meeting in about…" he checked his watch. "twenty minutes."

"Oh, I won't be long, don't worry." Lucifer looked around, wondering if there were any employees listening to what he had to say.

Azazel understood Lucifer wanted privacy, so he walked to the kitchen and told the few people there to leave for a moment.

"Are you sure you don't want to go up to the office? If it's important I suppose I could try to push the meeting for later…"

"That won't be necessary," Lucifer said.

The two men stood face to face in the living room.

"I heard you paid Samuel a visit," Lucifer smiled, but his eyes were cold.
Azazel's yellow eyes narrowed. He read Lucifer quickly, and realized the blond man was extremely displeased.

"Yes. I visited my son a few days ago."

"As soon as I left, am I right?"

Azazel tried to act cool. He did not want to have an argument with Lucifer. Specially since the whole wedding thing was still false, he wanted to be in the wealthy man's good graces.

"Is that a problem, Lucifer? I wanted to know how he was doing, if he was settling down okay in the new house… You know, if he needed anything."

"Right." Lucifer looked deeply into Azazel's eyes. He knew what he was, but Lucifer was not afraid. "I believe Samuel and I have everything we need for the time being. Thank you for your concern."

Lucifer knew that Azazel understood what he meant by that. He was stating his claim on Sam very clearly. When he turned around to leave, however, Azazel held his arm and made Lucifer look at him.

"He's always going to be my son, Lucifer. I understand you're protective of him, I do. But he'll always be my boy. You can't change that."

"I thought that he was my husband now," Lucifer lowered and hardened his voice.

"Well, of course he is. But we have an agreement, remember? I can visit him as often as I want to and—"

"Screw that agreement." Lucifer thought of the bite marks on Sam's neck and felt his blood boil.

Azazel took a deep breath. Lucifer sounded on the verge of saying something they would both regret. Azazel wanted Sam's blood, but he didn't need to have bad blood with Lucifer. It would only make things difficult, so he took a step back. "I am sorry if I rushed. He's your husband, you're absolutely right." There were other ways of getting to Samuel.

Lucifer relaxed. The fire in his eyes died down a little and he nodded.

"Thank you."

Azazel smiled warmly, but inside he was already planning his revenge. Lucifer needed to understand that Azazel had allowed him to have Sam. He should be grateful, not demanding.

"Anything else?" The vampire asked.

"No. That's all."

"Then have a good day, Lucifer. I hope Sam is doing well, too."

"The kid broke his wrist falling down the stairs." Lucifer studied Azazel.

"Oh, how dreadful." Azazel frowned. "Should I stop by and take a look at it? I wonder why he
didn't tell me anything…”

"He's fine. I don't think he needs anything."

"Well, let me know if he changes his mind. Goodbye, Lucifer."

Azazel walked the blond man to the door and saw him out. His smile faded and his lips curled with a snarl. Who the hell did Lucifer think he was to go around giving him orders?

Azazel walked to the telephone, picked it up and dialed a few numbers.

~ * ~

After a three-hour drive, Dean finally got to the first address on his list. The moment he got out of the Impala his heart fell. The address belonged to a small clinic, probably owned by Azazel. From the sidewalk, Dean could see the movement of patients coming and going. There was nothing slightly shady about the location, but since he was there, he decided to go in and investigate anyway.

Dean went in and asked questions, and he ended up knowing that the clinic had been running for 5 years. There was no way that was where Azazel was keeping John, so Dean had to cross out the first address.

As tempted as he was to get back on the Impala and drive to the second location, Dean was exhausted. He forced himself to check in the cheapest motel and grab at least four, five hours of sleep before driving to the next location.

Neither John nor Sam would benefit from Dean crashing the car because he was sleep-deprived.

~ * ~

Lucifer had his arm around Sam as they watched a movie on TV. It was night, and it felt good being home and holding the boy close. Lucifer hadn't tried to touch him again, because he was happy with this morning's small victory. Sam had been reluctant and had tried to fight him, but in the end the prince had welcomed his touch and got off on it. That was progress, and Lucifer was feeling optimistic that in a few more days he would be banging Sam senselessly. It was not like he was in a hurry. He had taken some time off work and all he had to do was—

"Dammit," Lucifer cursed when the phone rang one more time.

"You should get it. It's the fifth time they call you," Sam pointed out.

Lucifer hated to agree. He picked up the call and left the sofa in order to go talk to whoever was calling for a few minutes. Little did he know how relieved Sam felt for the distance between them.

A few moments later, Lucifer stood in front of Sam, looking livid.

"What happened?" Sam frowned.

"Nothing. I have to go, though."
"What do you mean?"

"I mean that an emergency has come up, and I'm needed in Canada by morning. Unbelievable," he groaned.

"I'm sorry," Sam said, even though he didn't really feel anything.

"No, I'm sorry baby…" Lucifer got on his knees and took Sam's hands in his. "This is supposed to be our honeymoon. I promise you I'll make sure this doesn't happen again."

"It's alright. You do what you have to do."

"Aren't you mad?"

Sam was anything but mad. He didn't care at all.

"Of course not."

"I love you." Lucifer kissed him, hard. "I have to pack and go to the airport, though. I'm sorry…"

Sam watched as Lucifer disappeared upstairs.

As he packed, a shadow crossed Lucifer's blue eyes and twisted his features.

"Oh, Azazel…you better not have anything to do with this…" he grunted. His conversation with the vampire was still vivid in his mind, and right now Lucifer could not shake away the thought that Azazel had had something to do with him being called away.

Even if he had, though, there was nothing Lucifer could do right now, so he finished packing and left, knowing that as soon as he returned he would question Sam about any visits from his daddy.

~ * ~

Sam turned off the TV and dismissed the employees still around.

It was nine o'clock. Too early to sleep, so he chose a book and was on his way up the stairs when the doorbell rang. The boy felt all the hairs rise on the back of his neck. Lucifer had left about one hour ago. That could only be Azazel ringing.

'I won't answer that', Sam thought as his heart began to race. His fingers tightened around the book on his hand, but when Sam tried to take another step, the doorbell rang again. And again. And again.

"I know you're in there, Samuel. Open up."

Azazel's voice made Sam's blood go cold. He looked at his broken wrist and felt a queasy feeling of fear in the pit of his stomach.

Slowly, Sam walked towards the closed door.

"It's late. You should come back later," he said.
“Samuel, dear…either you open this door right now, or I will bring it down. You choose the mood you want me to be in when I finally see you.”

Sam swallowed hard. He couldn't do that anymore, he couldn't. If Dean didn't find that house soon and released their father then Sam would go insane.

With shaky fingers, Sam unlocked the door.

"Hello, Samuel," Azazel smiled softly. "I believe you remember my German friend, Emerick?"

Sam shuddered. *He was sitting on his dad's lap, naked, as the German man caressed his thighs and sunk his fangs into his flesh.*

Sam tried to close the door but Azazel stopped it with his hand.

"Samuel, where are your manners? Emerick and I have come for dinner."

"There's no dinner. The maid has already left."

Azazel walked in, followed by the serious blond man in a suit, who eyed Sam from head to toe with evident hunger.

"Oh, but there is dinner, sweet boy. You know there is…” Azazel stroked Sam's check with the back of his hand.

Sam wanted to cry, but he wouldn't give them the satisfaction.

"Why are you doing this?"

"Because you told Lucifer about my little visit."

"I didn't, I—"

"Today I'm here with a friend," Azazel cut Sam off. "The next time you tell Lucifer about me dropping by, I'm going to show up with a couple of friends. And if that isn't enough for you to learn that our meetings are private, I might show up with three, four, twenty friends. Would you like that Samuel?" Azazel cupped the boy's cheek and his breath ghosted above Sam's face. He could smell the boy's fear, and he liked that. "Would you like to be naked as twenty vampires fed on your blood?"

"Please…” Sam whispered. He couldn't handle that anymore. Sam watched as the silent German man with lust in his eyes approached him, too.

Azazel grabbed one of Sam's arms and the German man grabbed the other, causing Sam to drop the book he had been holding.

"Are you coming peacefully, or would you like me to break something else as you fall down the stairs, you know, accidentally?"

The two men grinned mischievously and Sam shut his eyes and hoped it would be over soon.
Chapter 78

Sam spent the next few days locked up at home. He didn't leave not even to go to church. Every time the bell rang he felt a chilling fear grab his heart, but Azazel didn't pay him any more visits.

Sam caught himself hoping that Lucifer would be back soon, because he knew the vampire would back off with Lucifer home. On the other hand, though, there was Lucifer, and the CEO would eventually grow impatient and get what he wanted from Sam. Still, Lucifer was safer than Azazel.

Sam thought about the German man running his hands all over his body and shuddered.

He didn't want to be impatient; he knew Dean was doing his best. But he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and he didn't know how much longer he could handle the psychological and physical abuse. It was strange because that sort of thing had happened before, albeit not as violently, but now that Sam was aware of it, now that he knew he was being abused, it was so much worse.

The boy stared at the TV and pulled the blanket up to his chin. He couldn't read, it was hard to focus, so the TV was a welcomed distraction from his troubled thoughts.

~ * ~

Dean looked at the last house, the last address on his list. That had to be it, please God... His father needed to be inside that house. Dean wouldn't know what to do if that was another dead end. He was exhausted and emotionally bruised. He feared for his father's life and Sam's well-being, and knowing he was the only one who could save either of them was brutally heavy on his shoulders.

Dean studied the house from the Impala. He had parked safely away in order to study the movement. It was early in the morning, because Dean had chosen to arrive when the sun was still rising so he would have plenty of time to get to know the house and whatever might be going on inside it.

The morning dragged on with no movement happening in the house or around it. The windows were shut, and it did not look like someone was living there. Dean pulled a pair of binoculars in order to watch the front door more closely. No movement was good, no open windows was also good because it was shady. It meant that perhaps that was the house where they were keeping John.

If nothing happened until evening, then Dean would go closer and inspect the house, perhaps break into it. But as the afternoon went on, slowly, he chose to wait. He was anxious and bored, both conflicting emotions strong, when around seven p.m. a van stopped in front of the house and a delivery man carrying a pizza rang the bell. Dean watched from a distance as a man answered the door, paid, and went back inside.

Was that man a vampire? There was no way to tell from where Dean was, but the fact that there was
a man in that house and little to no movement was extremely suspicious. Dean had to talk himself into waiting another hour before he left the car and went closer to investigate.

He used the shadows around the house in his favor as he sneaked towards the windows. They were all shut, but perhaps he could listen to something they were talking inside.

When Dean thought he heard something, he crouched under the window and waited, his heart racing.

"It's your turn to watch him. I'm starving."

"Then go ahead and drink."

"You know he'll be mad if we do."

"It's not like he'll know."

"He always does. Do you want to risk it?"

"Fine."

Dean's heart was thudding so loudly that he was afraid the people in the house would be able to hear it. That had to be the house where Azazel was keeping John, and there were at least two vampires guarding it. Dean thought there might be more, he should be prepared for more, but if the vampires were taking turns watching his father, perhaps there were only two.

Dean remembered Sam telling him how Azazel had killed the vampire on his bed by beheading him.

John Winchester's older son went back to the car and opened the trunk of the Impala. He took a deep breath before gearing up with as many weapons as he could carry.

"That's it," he whispered to himself. "I'm setting my dad free tonight, you blood sucking fucker." He took a deep breath and thought of Sam, very briefly. "I'm coming for you too, baby. Just hang in there a while longer..."

Dean closed the trunk and started walking towards the house.

~ * ~

When Lucifer got back, he was eager to see and to touch Samuel. The longer they spent apart, the more he craved being near the boy again. Thoughts of being inside the boy filled his mind from the moment he woke up to the moment he fell asleep, and it was getting harder to refrain from this urge. Still, after the last time they were together, Lucifer felt hopeful. After all, he had managed to make Samuel come. For sure that had warmed the boy a little towards intimacy, right? That was why, when Lucifer arrived and found Sam asleep in bed, he smiled leeringly, ready to the repeat his ministrations from the last time they were in bed.

Sam wasn't sleeping. He pretended to sleep when he heard the noise of the door opening downstairs. He relaxed a little when he heard Lucifer dismissing the employees downstairs—it wasn't Azazel—but he didn't get out of bed. He thought he could get away from any advances if he pretended to be
asleep. That didn't prove correct, however, because when Lucifer entered the bedroom and climbed in bed with him, Sam knew things were not going to be that easy.

Sam stirred when Lucifer started kissing his neck with wet, hot kisses. He tried to wiggle out of the hands touching him, but Lucifer followed, running a hand up and down his thigh and kissing his neck as he spooned him in bed.

"Hmm…" Sam protested softly and tried to get away. "Lucifer…" he was about to come up with an excuse—headache, a cold, whatever—when Lucifer cupped him between the legs and squeezed.

"It's alright Samuel…you can relax. It'll be like the last time, remember?"

Sam hated his betraying body. His cock hardened at the touch, but Sam didn't want it. He was emotionally spent, and tired of people having their way with him.

"No…I don't want it, please…"

"I can see that you do," Lucifer chuckled hotly into Sam's ear. "You make me crazy," he thrust his bulge against Sam's lower back.

"Lucifer, please…" Sam struggled until he got away and sat on the bed. He pulled his knees up to his chin and frowned.

Lucifer tried to hide his frustration.

"What's wrong, baby? Didn't you like it when I touched you before? I know you felt good."

"I…I'm not comfortable, sorry." Sam didn't know what to say. He wanted to do what he was supposed to, but Azazel had left him feeling so much nothing inside that Sam barely cared about the future.

"It's okay, sweetie…" Lucifer sat beside him and put a hand on Sam's knee. "I understand it must be scary. But I'm not going to hurt you. I just want to make you feel good."

Sam stared at Lucifer blankly.

"You know," Lucifer went on. "Perhaps it would help if you talked about it."

"Talked about it?" Sam's frown deepened.

"I know it must be incredibly hard, but I'm here for you. If you want to tell me about that horrible abuse, I'm here to help you get over it."

Sam's heart raced. Did Lucifer know? Did he know Azazel was drinking from him, humiliating him, sharing him with his friends?

"I…did you know?" Sam asked.

"Your father told me, yes," Lucifer answered. "I'm so sorry he didn't arrive in time to stop it."

Sam's expression went from lost and hurt to confused. What was Lucifer talking about?
"Stop it?"

"Yes, baby…I'm so sorry that vampire violated you…I can't imagine how scared you must have been, and to have that happen on your own bed!" Lucifer shook his head.

Sam widened his eyes. Was that what Azazel had told him?

"Did my father tell you I was raped?"

Lucifer nodded. "I'm so sorry, baby. That's a dreadful thing to happen to anyone, but to such a sweet boy as yourself it's just cruel…"

Sam's blood boiled with anger. Not only had Azazel fooled him all his life, he had tricked Lucifer, too. That certainly explained why Lucifer had been so patient and so kind. For sure Azazel thought that by inventing this lie he would be helping Sam get used to this relationship. Yet, now that he knew the truth, Sam just felt angry. It was all a bunch of lies, that's what Azazel did with everyone, he lied and lied and didn't care if he hurt people as long as he got what he wanted.

"He lied to you," Sam said. His eyes were wet when he stared at Lucifer.

The older man frowned and smiled lightly, confused. "What do you mean, baby?"

"Lucifer…" Sam sighed. He couldn't do that anymore. "I wasn't raped."

The CEO stared at Sam as if he had never seen him before.

"I had a boyfriend. His name is Dean, and we were in love. We had a relationship. He took my virginity, not that vampire."

Lucifer's blue eyes were clouded with confusion.

"Although the attack did happen, Azazel arrived before the vampire raped me. So it didn't happen, he lied to you. He ruined my relationship and sold me to you, and he lied about me being hurt. I wasn't hurt. I was happy."

Lucifer's heart raced with anger and hurting. He wanted to kill Azazel. How foolish had he been? That bloody vampire had really played him, and he would pay, oh that he would! And Samuel, the sweet boy he had fallen in love with, Samuel had boyfriend? What the fuck was going on?

"You said you were in love…" Lucifer began.

"I still am. I still love him. Azazel drove him away, but I pray every day that he'll come back," Sam opened up his heart. Now that he had said the truth, he might as well say all of it.

Lucifer felt an irrational anger take control of him. Not only had he been made a fool of by Azazel, Sam had also been toying with his emotions. All this time he had been so patient, so caring…but the boy was probably laughing at him, because he had already had sex, he had already been fucked over and over again by some boyfriend…he wasn't hesitant because he was traumatized, he resisted because he didn't want to be fucked by Lucifer.

"You lied to me, too," the older man snarled.
"I didn't know Azazel had told you this stupid lie."

"You made me love you, and all this time you were loving someone else. You made me afraid to touch you, to hurt you, to break you… You weren't afraid of having sex, you just didn't want me to touch you. Isn't that true?"

Sam swallowed hard. His silence was the only answer Lucifer needed.

"You fooled me!" he groaned and straddled Sam on the bed.

"Lucifer!"

"You made me wait and beg, but all this time you were secretly laughing, weren't you? You wanted this Dean to fuck you stupid, not me!"

"Lucifer, get off!"

"NO!" Lucifer groaned. He rolled Sam on his stomach and pulled down his pajama pants. "You are no innocent little angel, Samuel. You know what you want, you know whose dick you want, don't you?" Lucifer yanked Sam's arms behind the boy's back and used his knees to spread the boy's thighs.

Panic took Sam over and his heart beat erratically and fast.

"Lucifer! Don't! Don't do this!"

"Why not? Why shouldn't I?" Lucifer's lips brushed Sam's ear and he breathed hotly against the back of the boy's neck. "You like cock, don't you? Might as well like mine."

"Don't! Please!" Sam struggled, but Lucifer was heavier and stronger, and Sam felt the older man's erect cock pressing against his opening. "NO!" Sam cried out. He couldn't stand all that abuse. He couldn't! He was abused by Azazel, who was supposed to have been his father, he was abused by Azazel's friends, and now Lucifer…he was always so helpless, so powerless…it felt unbearably painful. "Don't do this!"

"Oh, but you can take this, can't you? You might like it, right Samuel?" Lucifer pushed the head of his cock inside and Sam screamed into the pillow.

"Please stop! You're hurting me!...Please..."

Sam's plea was so small and so full of hurting that Lucifer groaned, his anger battling inside him and losing. He didn't want to hurt the boy. *He fucking loved him.*

"Goddammit!" Lucifer groaned and pulled away.

The moment Sam realized the older man was no longer on top of him, pressing him into the mattress, Sam didn't think. He acted on blind instinct; he was fed up with being a victim, no one of was going to hurt him again. Sam reversed their positions so quickly that Lucifer didn't have to time to fight him. The boy straddled the blond man in bed and closed his hands around Lucifer's neck.

"Sam?" Lucifer's blue eyes were wide with surprise.
"You don't get to hurt me, you hear that!" Sam squeezed. "You're never, ever going to hurt me, do you fucking understand?" Sam was crying. He felt wild and angry and he didn't care about anything except himself.

"Sam, please…" Lucifer choked. The boy wasn't as strong as him, but right now he had the advantage of having taken Lucifer by surprise. Sam's hands were closing around Lucifer's windpipe, and the older man began to feel lightheaded. He's going to kill me, he realized. "Sam…" he begged.

"You're not going to hurt me, you're never going to, no one will hurt me again!! I swear to God I'll fucking kill you if you try. I mean it!!" Sam snapped. His handsome features looked wickedly evil.

"So—sorry…" Lucifer choked.

Sam squeezed harder. His fingers were shaky with the strength of his grip, but he didn't stop. He knew he would kill Lucifer if he continued. He pressed for a while longer before crying out and loosening the grip.

Lucifer took a deep, desperate breath. He looked at the boy on top of him, sobbing with despair and confusion, and he didn't think, just acted. He sat on the bed, snaked an arm around Sam's torso and pulled him into a bruising kiss.

Sam struggled and clawed at Lucifer's chest. "Don't!" he pushed him away but Lucifer held him by the hips. They looked into each other's eyes, so much anger, so much hurting, but also, so much of something else.

Lucifer kissed him again and Sam slapped him, hard, across the face. Lucifer's response was to thrust up into the boy straddling him, letting Sam feel how hard they both were.

Sam moaned at the feeling. All of his emotions were overwhelmingly powerful. He was weak and strong, and exhausted and so lost and alone and hopeless…

Lucifer licked at his lips and grabbed a fist full of Sam's hair, and he didn't let go, not even when Sam bit him and drew blood. This time, though, the boy kissed back, just as fiercely, with as much hatred as there was lust running through his veins.

Sam's hands were all over Lucifer as he straddled him on the bed. He tore at the older man's shirt until their naked chests were pressed together, and as their tongues battled in an open-mouthed, obscene kiss, Sam grabbed Lucifer's hard cock and positioned it at his entrance.

The moment he eased himself down on Lucifer's hardness they groaned in unison, and the sound of panting and flesh slapping against flesh filled the bedroom.

Sam tugged at Lucifer's hair and rode him hard. He swiveled his hips and impaled himself harder and faster upon that thick shaft that right now seemed to be exactly what he needed.

Lucifer shuddered under the pleasure. For months he had pictured how sweet it would be to take Samuel, the innocent boy, and deflower him, and teach him about sex, and show him how to feel good. Now, though, as the boy he had grown to love used him like a piece of meat to satisfy his urgency, plain and simple, no love, no affection, just raw lust that demanded attention, Lucifer couldn't have imagined how much better it felt this way. He closed his eyes and bit down on Sam's shoulder, thrusting into the boy as he bucked hard on his lap, holding on to Lucifer desperately, needing to feel him deeper, needing to feel Lucifer's cock hitting that sweet spot inside of him.
"Ohh!" Sam moaned. His cock was throbbing between their sweaty bodies, and Sam closed his slick fingers around it and stroked.

It was painful and it was raw, but it was exactly what they needed. Lucifer grabbed at Sam's thighs and bottomed out inside the tightness that seemed to welcome and fight him at the same time. He did that until the boy shrieked and came undone, shattering on his lap, coming hard between their bodies and squeezing the orgasm right out of Lucifer.

Lucifer groaned as he came, too, his sweaty hands still holding on, the grip bruising and needy.

Sam fought to catch his breath as he came down. His body was tingling and spent. Both Lucifer and he were covered in bruises and scratch marks, but that didn't seem important. Lucifer still had red, angry marks around his neck, but that didn't seem to matter either.

They untangled themselves slowly and quietly, not sure what to say. Sam looked at the bed; it was easier than looking into Lucifer's eyes. He stayed where he was as Lucifer got out of the bed and started to get dressed.

When Lucifer finished putting on his clothes, he looked at the young man in bed until Sam met his eyes.

"This is over, isn't it?" he asked.

"It is," Sam said.

Lucifer nodded solemnly with agreement.

"Azazel got what he wanted, then. He screwed us both over with this marriage."

"Actually, there's something else you need to know." Sam forced himself to look Lucifer right in the eyes. "Our marriage was fake. I was, and I still am married to Dean." Sam felt tense. He stared at Lucifer and prepared himself for another attack. Instead of charging against him, though, Lucifer erupted with unexpected laughter.

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well." Lucifer seemed amused, and Sam relaxed.

When he was done putting on his shoes, Lucifer looked at the boy in bed one last time.

"It could've worked. I love you, you know. I don't care about your past. If you loved me back…" Lucifer trailed off. "Anyway," he said when Sam remained silent. "Will you be okay?"

Sam wondered what Azazel would do to him when he found out. He hoped with all his heart that whatever he did, though, he did not hurt John. Sam would take it, whatever the consequences were, as long as Dean didn't lose someone he loved. Besides, Sam was very close to not caring about anything anymore. Without Dean, he felt empty inside.

"Yes, thank you," he lied.
"What can I do for you?" Lucifer asked. "You know, about Azazel."

Sam thought about it long and hard.

"Azazel is not my father, you know. I found this out a while ago. I suppose I should've guessed, I mean, what with him being a creature and all that… But he's going to kill my real father. He'll do that to keep Dean and I apart."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Dean is out there trying to save him. Can you tell Azazel that he'll have your money as long as he doesn't kill my father? Just until he's safe."

Lucifer nodded.

"I can do that."

"Thank you."

Sam watched as Lucifer turned around and left the room, and a few minutes later he heard it when the CEO closed the door downstairs.

Now that it was over, the relief that took Sam over just wasn't greater than his fear.

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tbc...
Lucifer left the home he had shared with Sam in the past month and went straight to Azazel's mansion. That was the last thing he needed to do in that damn town before he left for good. The CEO didn't ever want to return to that place, but first he wanted to confront the vampire.

When the doorbell rang and Azazel was informed of his visitor, he looked at the clock and sensed something was wrong. Perhaps Samuel had told the businessman about his visit. Perhaps the boy needed to learn the hard way.

Whatever had happened, Azazel knew he needed privacy. He dismissed all the employees and let Lucifer into his house.

"Lucifer…how are you? I heard you were in Canada. It's a shame how busy you've been."

Lucifer tried not to fall for the provocation. He was certain that Azazel had been responsible for him having to travel.

"Can we speak in private, please? Your office?"

"This is private." Azazel looked around and Lucifer did the same. "We're the only ones here."

"Good. I won't be long. I have a flight to catch."

Azazel frowned.

"So soon? But you just arrived…"

"This flight I'm taking because I want to, so don't worry. Samuel and I are over."

Azazel stiffened. His smile faded.

"That's right. I know he wasn't raped. You lied to me. I know all about his boyfriend."

Azazel's upper lip twisted in what looked like a small snarl. That stupid boy. Why couldn't he keep his mouth shut and play along? Did he want his biological father to die, was that it?

"What can I say, Lucifer…I tried to protect my son."

"He's not your real son. I don't know who he is anymore."

"He's exactly who I told you he was. The heir of Arthur and Lancelot. It's in his blood."

"I don't care what's in his blood, I wanted what was in his heart." Lucifer felt so angry because it
truly hurt being rejected by Sam. He had let his guard down for the first time in his life, he had allowed himself to fall head over heels in love with someone who simply did not want him. "Sam is in love with someone else."

"I'm sure you can work on it, Lucifer. He's a sixteen year old kid, he doesn't know what he wants. For sure a man like you can change his mind."

"He's married, Azazel. I think he knows what he wants. Who he wants."

Azazel's temper flared. Not only had Samuel ruined his relationship with Lucifer, he had ruined Azazel's plans, too.

Lucifer laughed at the anger he saw on Azazel's face.

"That's right. We're not married, so I suppose that leaves you with nothing. You can forget about my fortune and your position in my business. You're on your own. No, worse…you're against me. I'm going to make sure I destroy you, Azazel."

'Will I have to kill him?', Azazel wondered. The thought was calm and cold, and it soothed him. If he couldn't have Lucifer's allegiance, than he might very well get rid of him. The CEO knew too much.

"I do have an offer to make you, though. Because…because of Sam." Lucifer felt a stab of pain at saying the boy's name, and it was a feeling he knew would accompany him for a long time."

Azazel walked towards Lucifer, getting closer to his victim. It was almost amazing how unafraid Lucifer was. The wealthy man seemed to forget who he was talking to. Lucifer seemed oblivious to the danger Azazel represented. Perhaps he thought himself above this danger because of his power and money, but Azazel was about to prove him wrong. He could survive without Lucifer. He had survived for years without any help. Besides, he already had a comfortably good life in Glasstown. Azazel could live with what he already had, but he couldn't live with the fear that Lucifer would come for him and take it all away.

"Really? What is this offer?"

"I'm willing to let you have my money and name. You can keep it, as long as you promise not to hurt Sam's biological father. He said you're holding him hostage."

Azazel smiled enigmatically.

"Did he say so?"

"You're nasty, Azazel. How could you do that to the boy you raised? How could you blackmail him like that?"

"Oh, so now we're talking about being good and decent?" Azazel mocked. "Is decent the way you felt when you paid for the company of boys as young as twelve years old?"

Lucifer swallowed hard. He wasn't proud of his urges. He couldn't control them. But he had behaved since he had met Sam. Perhaps he could change, right?

"I know it's wrong, but I never hurt them. I never hurt any of them."
"Of course not," Azazel agreed. "You just made them feel very good, didn't you Lucifer?"

The blond man groaned and charged against Azazel, but he was stopped so easily by Azazel's stronger arms that it caught him by surprise.

Azazel grabbed Lucifer's shirt and looked deeply into his blue eyes. "I don't need your fucking money, Lucifer. Right now I just need you to get the hell out of my life."

"And what do you think you're going to do?" Lucifer defied the vampire, but for the first time he thought that having gone to Azazel's house might not have been the wisest of ideas. "Kill me? Yeah, right. As if that wouldn't draw the attention of the whole world to you."

"Who said anything about murder? We're talking about a heart attack. Do you think I don't know how to kill a human without leaving evidence behind?"

"My family will not buy it. They will investigate it, they'll find you and…"

"They will want to bury you as deep as possible when all the dirt on your perverse sex life surfaces. Believe me, I'm going to make that happen."

Now Lucifer was really afraid.

"Azazel. Let me go. Now. You don't want to do this."

"I think I do."

Lucifer saw those yellow eyes piercing into his own, and his heart raced. He could feel his blood pulsing in his vessels, and he knew that was provoking Azazel even further.

"We can talk about this, you know. I can write you a check."

"Fuck the check. If you walk out of this door you'll disappear and try to destroy me. I know how it works. I've had thousands of years of experience."

"Azazel, no!" Lucifer shuddered when Azazel opened his mouth wide and licked at his fangs. "Don't do this! Don't!"

"I gave you a chance to have Samuel, all you had to do was overpower that sweet, submissive boy, and you couldn't even do that."

"He's not as submissive as you might think." Lucifer thought about Sam straddling him in bed with both of his hands around his neck.

"I guess I'll have to remind him then. I can do that. But first I need you out of the way."

"NO! Azazel!!" Lucifer groaned and shoved, but Azazel was ten times stronger.

The vampire sank his teeth into Lucifer's neck and drank. The blood that filled his mouth was sour and thick with lust and pain, but Azazel drank anyway.

Lucifer felt his knees falter and his vision darken. 'That's it. I'm going to die'. 
When the billionaire's body went limp in his arms, Azazel stopped drinking and felt his pulse. Lucifer was still alive.

Instead of killing the CEO, Azazel had a better idea. Killing meant no punishment and no pain, and Lucifer deserved to pay for his crimes. The vampire made a phone call to the police and gave them an extensive case report on Lucifer's past.

When the police arrived at the mansion and one of the officers got his hands on the evidence Azazel had been stashing against Lucifer, the yellow-eyed doctor paid him enough not to be involved in the scandal that would soon follow.

The police left carrying a half-conscious Lucifer and a lot of documents and photographs that would make sure the CEO either spent the rest of his life behind bars or hiding in shame.

When it was over Azazel smiled, pleased with himself. He had done a good deed, no one could say anything different. Nevertheless, that didn't change the fact that Sam had messed up his plans.

Without Lucifer, Sam was the only thing that mattered to Azazel, and he needed to make sure no one would try and take him away.

The vampire made another phone call, not to a police officer this time, but to a vampire.

"It's me."

"Oh, hi, boss."

"Is everything alright?"

"Yeah, everything's the same here. No problem."

"Good. This ends now."

"Excuse me?"

"Kill him. It's over."

There as a small silence on the other side of the line.

"Okay, boss."

Azazel hung up and sighed. Now there was just someone else he needed to take care of, but since he had just fed, Samuel could wait a few more hours.

~ * ~

"Oh hi, boss," he picked up the phone. "Yeah, everything's the same here. No problem." He listened to the instructions and his eyes widened. "Excuse me?" the dark haired vampire looked at his brown haired companion with a meaningful look as he listened. "Okay, boss," he hung up. "He said to kill him."
John looked at the two vampires talking a few feet from him and his heart raced. 'Kill me? Fuck, fuck!' John groaned a curse since he was gagged and unable to speak. That wasn't fucking fair. If only he had a fighting chance! John couldn't believe Azazel would just get rid of him so cowardly.

The Winchester's heart ached at the realization that he would not see either of his sons ever again. The thought was so dark and depressing that John's struggles died and for a moment he felt nothing inside.

"So who's going to do it?" the brown haired vampire asked from the kitchen, from a position where they could see their prisoner in the living room.

"I'm older. I should do it."

"You're only fifty years older than me, that's nothing and you know it. I think we should flip a coin. If his blood tastes as good as that of his children than I want my share, too."

"Oh, really?" the dark-haired vampire argued. "You want your share?" he asked threateningly.

"Yeah."

"How about I let you walk out of here with your fucking head on your shoulders?"

The two vampires engaged in such a heated argument that they didn't hear the noise of a window opening, neither did they hear it when a man managed to enter the house.

~ * ~

Dean was carrying a gun at his waist, a machete in his hand, and he had two knives hidden next to each of his ankles. He barely made a sound when he forced the window open and snuck inside the house. All those secret visits to Sam's mansion and his dad's hunting tips had paid off, because Dean waited a few moments but no one realized his presence.

Before he had broken in, Dean figured that the best place to keep a prisoner would be the room in the back of the house, without any windows to the yard so they could avoid a prying neighbor. That was the room Dean was moving towards when he heard the phone ring.

Dean's heart raced when a man walked towards the phone and answered. Dean had one of the men—a vampire perhaps?—within sight, the one who was talking on the phone, but he could not see the other.

"Yeah, everything is the same here. No problem," the man was saying.

Dean walked towards the living room, his body touching the wall, his knees touching the ground. He moved soundlessly. He knew that was the right house, it had to be. It was way too suspicious and—

"Excuse me?"

_Dad!_ Dean's heart thudded. From his position, crouched in the dark, he could see John tied to a chair, a gag in his mouth. Dean fought with everything he had not to hurry towards him and scream.
"Okay, boss."

Dean could hear the noise of the second man now approaching the kitchen.

"He said to kill him."

Dean felt adrenaline shoot through his system and for a moment he nearly lost it. 'Calm the fuck down', he told himself. He kept moving as the two vampires engaged in some sort of fight to see who would get to drink his dad dry, and Dean took advantage of this time to make his way towards John without being seen. Dean hid right behind the chair and his lips brushed his father's ear.

"Don't make a sound, Dad. I'll get us both out."

As the two vampires argued, Dean got to his knees, pulled one of the knives and started cutting.


\[\text{~ * ~}\]

Sam looked out of the window at the heavy clouds forming. Lucifer had left a while ago, and Sam had taken a shower and tried to clear his thoughts. He knew the businessman was probably talking to Azazel right now, and Sam desperately needed to know what was going on. He wondered if Lucifer would be able to buy him some time.

Nervous, tense and fidgety, that was how Sam felt as the minutes went by. The loud thunder that echoed in the sky caused his heart to jump in his chest. Sam felt the weird feeling of impending dread.

He was pacing back and forth in his room when the sound of sirens cut through the night, screaming loud and near, moving fast past Sam's house and further down the street. Sam rushed to the window—it was raining now—and saw the police cars go in the direction of Azazel's mansion.

"Oh, God..." Sam whispered. It had gone wrong.

The boy had no idea what had happened. The feeling of dread grew heavier and Sam just knew something had gone terribly wrong. He wondered if Azazel had killed Lucifer.

"Don't," Sam shook his head vehemently. "Don't go there," he lectured himself. "He'll come for me. He knows I'm alone." Sam looked around. Suddenly it felt as if he was in a horror movie, and the monster was on his way to catch him and kill him. Except that Azazel wouldn't kill him—he would humiliate him, abuse and hurt him, which was more than Sam could handle.

The boy started to throw a few pieces of clothes in a backpack in a hurry. He needed to get out before Azazel showed up. 'And he's going to show up', Sam's thought made him feel icy frozen with fear.

There was the loud noise of a door slamming shut and Sam gasped. He stopped for a moment and tried to calm down. "It's just the wind. There's a storm and it's just the wind." Sam thought his heart might explode at any given moment. He tried to hurry with his things, but his hands were shaky.

_He killed Lucifer, now he'll kill John and then he'll kill Dean. You'll be alone. You'll spend the rest of your life as his blood bag._
Sam whimpered and bit down hard on his bottom lip. "Oh, God, what have I done? I'm so sorry, Dean, so sorry…"

Sam wiped furiously at his eyes and swallowed his sobs. He rushed down the stairs. There was no one in the house. The storm raged on outside, and the wind caused some of the windows to rattle, but he was alone.

When Sam opened the door, he was met with heavy rain that soaked his hair and face down to his neck.

For a split second he thought about getting an umbrella—it was pouring down. But then the thought that Azazel might very well be on his way to get him was stronger than anything else, and Sam left without looking back.

The young man crossed Glasstown in the middle of the pouring rain, holding on to his backpack and running through the dark and wet streets. He didn't know if he was still crying or if the wetness he felt was the unforgiving rain.

'He's going to kill John, and then he'll kill Dean, and then I'll kill myself', the dark thought haunted him and made his chest feel tight and painful.

When Sam finally reached the church, he banged desperately at the door. He was afraid to go through the secret entrance because Bobby might have locked it by now and perhaps he wouldn't hear him knock. Sam couldn't afford not have Bobby hear him.

"C'mon!" he screamed as the rain soaked him, head to toe. His hair stuck to his forehead and his cheeks, and Sam looked over his shoulder as if the devil himself was right behind him. "Open up!! Please!!" Sam banged and banged, and it felt like forever. Bobby wasn't there, Bobby wouldn't open. Perhaps Azazel had already killed him.

Sam doubled over and fell to his knees. He was so desperate that he couldn't breathe. It was less than two minutes that it took Bobby to open the door, but in those two minutes Sam had drowned in anguish.

"Jesus Christ!" Bobby exclaimed. "Come in."

Sam was shaking. He was cold to the bone and he was so nervous and so afraid that he was shaking like a leaf on a windy day.

"He'll come for me, Bobby. You've got to hide me. He'll come for me."

"In!" Bobby pulled at the boy's shirt and dragged him inside. Sam was a mess, he couldn't speak, he couldn't walk, he could only sob and babble incoherently.

Bobby shut and locked the door behind the boy.

"What happened?" he asked, startled. He was still wearing his pajamas.

"Azazel's coming for me, Bobby. That's it."

The older man had no idea what had happened, but Sam's despair was real enough. Bobby didn't
need anything else. He looked at the Jesus on the cross at the altar and took a deep, steady breath.

"Then let the bastard come."

~ * ~

When the two vampires decided to charge at John at the same time, they were caught by surprise when their prisoner got up from the chair and shoved them, hard. Dean surged from behind the chair and attacked, too. The moment the vampires understood they were under attack, their eyes glowed with ferocity and they bared their fangs. If Dean had any doubt about who they were, they were quickly gone.

"The head! You've got to cut off their heads!" John exclaimed as he used the knife Dean had given him and buried it deep in the dark haired vampire's neck.

"I know, Dad. I've done my homework." Dean lifted his arms and used the machete in a swift and clean movement, and a second later the brown haired vampire's head was rolling on the floor, too.

The two Winchesters were panting and there was blood splattered on their faces and clothes.

"Are there more?" Dean asked.

"No. These were the only ones," John said.

Father and son looked at each other and hugged tightly for a moment.

"Dean..." John held on to his oldest son, and then something occurred to him, "How the hell did you find me?" he broke the embrace.

"I'll tell you on the way," Dean said and started to walk towards the door. "We've to go now."

"What happened? Where are we going?" John frowned.

"We're going home. Sam's in danger," Dean stated, and the moment he said that he knew it was true. His heart felt it with every beat.

"Why? What happened?"

"Something's happened. All I know is that Azazel blackmailed us. He made me go away in order to save you so he could marry Sam off to some dickhead. If Azazel gave the vampires the order to kill you, this means something changed. Sam's no longer safe because if Azazel doesn't care about us then it means the deal has gone wrong. We need to find him now."

There was so much that needed to be said about Sam, there were so many feelings, so much hurting. But right now John just nodded and followed Dean out of the house.

The two of them got into the Impala and Dean started driving as fast as he could back to Sam.

'Hang in there, baby. I'm coming home.'
tbc...
Chapter 80

Sam brought Father Bobby up to speed as they looked for weapons to fight Azazel. The boy helped he priest push the piano against the front doors in order to make entrance harder if the vampire chose to force it. For a man of God, Bobby had plenty of guns and even a samurai sword in his room.

"The guns won't work," Sam shook his head. "We need to cut his head off."

Bobby cringed at how calm and cold Sam sounded.

"Are you sure about that? I mean, he's a creature, and he's evil. Hell, he's tried to kill my friend and he's done unfathomable things to you. But do you really think we're going to have to behead him?"

"I hope not," Sam confessed. "All I want is for him to give up on me and go away. I hate him, Bobby, but I don't wanna hurt him. However, if he tries to hurt me or you, a gun won't work" Sam stated again. "Do you have something else that looks like a sword?"

"I've got some knives in the kitchen."

Sam looked dismayed.

"Let's hope we don't have to use anything, right? Maybe he won't even come here. Maybe he'll leave town or whatever. Maybe he's already on his way…"

The loud knock on the door rumbled loudly in the silence of the church. Sam and Bobby locked eyes, and neither man had to say anything, because they both understood the shiver that traveled their spines at the same time.

~ * ~

Dean drove recklessly fast with John sitting by his side in the Impala. The sky was pitch black, and so was Dean's mood. He knew something was wrong, he could feel it in his bones.

He was in such a dangerous state of mind that John didn't dare say a word. The older Winchester remained silent and tense. He made a silent prayer that Dean wouldn't get them both killed on the road. John wanted to tell his son to slow down a little, but he had a feeling that if he said anything Dean would burst with anger, and right now John needed his son to be focused on the road, and not on arguing.

Besides, if Sam was really in danger as Dean believed he was, then they had better make it back to Glasstown soon. John looked at the traffic signs and realized it would be another two hours until they were there, at least.
Azazel drank calmly from a bag filled with the blood of a child—one of the perks of working at the
hospital and having indiscriminate access to patients. Despite what had happened, today was still a
day to celebrate. John Winchester was dead, Dean was God knew where, and he was about to go
fetch Samuel and disappear with him into the sunset. He figured there were so many things he could
do with the boy. Azazel would take him to Europe first, where he would track down and kill that
traitorous Crowley. After that, they could enjoy the old world, visit all the beautiful places, and
Samuel could try all sorts of foods and drinks… Eventually, Azazel thought, the boy would end up
forgetting Dean. And most importantly, after enough time and affection, he would end up forgiving
Azazel. Regardless of what had happened between them, sixteen years of grooming had to mean
something. Somewhere deep inside there was still a part of Sam that probably longed for his daddy's
affection and protection.

Azazel drank to that sweet thought.

The sunrise was probably an hour away when Azazel finished the drink, left the mansion and drove
to Sam's house.

Finding the place empty had been no surprise. Azazel expected Sam to try and run away. But if the
boy was going to leave town, he would look for help, so when Azazel got back in the car he knew
exactly where to go. He parked near the church and knocked on the door. He tried to open it, but of
course it was locked.

"Father Bobby? Samuel? C'mon. Open up. I know you're in there." Azazel believed himself to be a
calm vampire, so he took a deep breath and waited.

It was still night, but the sky was a lighter shade of blue, indicating dawn would break soon. Azazel
looked around at the empty streets and then at the church doors again.

"C'mon, priest. Just give me the boy. No one needs to get hurt."

~ * ~

Sam looked at Bobby and then looked at the door.

"Don't let him fool you, he's angry," Sam said. He could read past the apparent calmness in Azazel's
voice. "And Bobby..." it was difficult to say his next words, but Sam needed to. "If you want to
open the door and let him take me, I'll understand it. I promise. I won't hold it against you."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Bobby sounded outraged.

"He's a vampire. He'll kill you to get to me."

"Well, he can try," Bobby looked defiant and ready.

Sam pulled the priest into a tight hug. "I love you, Bobby," he whispered into his ear. "No matter
what happens. Thank you for everything."
Bobby felt his heart tighten with love and worry. He didn't give in, though. Instead, he pushed Sam away and put on an angry face.

"What the hell is that, kid? It sounds like a goddamn goodbye. I'm hearing no goodbye from you. Get behind me."

Sam did as Bobby told him and got behind the priest. They heard another loud knock on the door as Azazel insisted.

Bobby stood in front of the altar with a sword in hand. He used his body as a shield to protect Sam.

"Sam, I want you to promise me something."

"What, Bobby?"

There was a loud bang at the door this time. Azazel was done talking. Even the piano moved with the strength behind the vampire's pushing.

"If all goes to hell here, you'll start running downstairs and leave through the classroom exit. I left it open. Don't wait for me."

"Bobby, I can't—"

"Shut up and listen to me." Bobby grabbed Sam by the collar of his shirt. He didn't care if he was hurting the kid because that was important. "If you see that it's over for me, promise me you'll go."

There was a loud noise that echoed in the church when the piano tumbled down and the doors were pushed open by the vampire.

"Dammit, Sam!" Bobby urged.

"I promise! I do." Sam's heart was racing. He was terrified.

"Good boy. Now stay behind me and get ready to run."

Azazel walked into the church as if bursting through the heavy doors had been the easiest thing he had ever done.

"Well, well, well." He looked at the sight of the priest further down the aisle, shielding Sam between the altar and his body. "C'mon, Bobby. You know this is over."

"Go away, Azazel. You can't have him."

"You can't possibly think that you'll be able to protect him, can you Bobby?" Azazel sounded perplex and almost amused.

"I can. Or I'll die trying." Bobby brandished the sword.

Azazel's yellow eyes narrowed and seemed to glow in the darkness of the church.

"So be it."
When Dean arrived in the city he started to drive towards the mansion, but there was only so much John could handle without intervening.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?"

"Azazel's got Sam. I need to save him."

"And how do you suppose we're going to do that?"

"I still got the machete. I killed two vampires, didn't I?"

"You killed two low rank blood sucking creatures. Azazel ain't like that, trust me. We need more."

"So what do you suggest that we do?"

"Go to the church. We need all the help we can get."

Dean seemed to consider that for a moment.

"Bobby will be of great help, don't you think?" John insisted. "We need all hands on deck. Besides, he can fill us in quickly on what's going on as we get ready to break into the mansion." John studied his son for a moment. "Dean, you've been gone for a while. You don't even know where Sam is living. We need to talk to Bobby."

"Alright," Dean finally agreed. He made a left and started driving towards the church.

When he was fairly near, Dean parked the car and took a deep breath. There was something he needed to say, something that was killing him.

"Look, Dad…” Dean took a deep breath. "About Sam and I, nothing's changed. I still love him and he loves me, and you're not going to stop us from being together."

"Dean…"

"No, listen," Dean interrupted John. "I know what you think, and I know this is all sorts of messed up and stuff, but there's nothing we can do, and unless you face it and let us be—"

"Dammit, Dean! The church doors are wide open and the sun hasn't risen yet," John pointed out.

Dean looked at the church and realized John was right. He felt as if his heart would beat itself out of his chest. The skin of his entire body broke with goosebumps and he shivered from head to toe.

"Azazel's here."

John felt the adrenaline surge take him over, too. Dean was right. Whatever was going on inside that church, Bobby was probably in dire need of help.
They got out of the car quickly, but before John could rush towards the church stairs, Dean put a hand on his shoulder and made him stop.

"Wait," he said. "I know another way in."

~ * ~

Bobby could feel the way his hands were sweating as his fingers held on tightly to the sword handle. Each slow step that Azazel took in their direction made the priest's heart pump blood faster through his veins.

"Stay away!" Bobby barked. "Don't come any closer."

Azazel stopped on his tracks, a few feet from Bobby and Sam, and smiled.

"How do you suppose this will go down, Bobby?"

"I know how to kill a vampire. I'm going to chop your head off."

"Suppose you could do that. What would you tell the police?" Azazel chuckled. "Do you think anyone will believe you when you say you killed a vampire? You know what happened to your deceased friend."

"Deceased?" Bobby couldn't help the spike of pain that he felt.

Sam whimpered, too. Was John dead? Oh, God…it had been his fault, he had killed Dean's… actually, he had killed his own dad!

Azazel grinned.

"Oh, don't worry. You'll join him soon enough."

Azazel charged without warning and faster than any of the humans in there could have anticipated. He attacked Bobby, and the priest used the sword to try and hold him back for as long as he could.

"RUN!" he yelled at Samuel. "NOW!"

Sam looked at Azazel and Bobby struggling. The vampire was obviously stronger, and in a few more seconds he would be able to get the sword out of Bobby's hand.

"Bobby…" Sam cried.

"GO!"

Sam felt the tears sting in his eyes but he turned around and did what Bobby asked. He started running blindly towards the stairs that led to the classroom, his heart racing with fear and panic.

Azazel punched the priest so hard and fast that he managed to knock Bobby unconscious. The sword fell down with a clinking noise on the floor, and then Azazel looked at the door Samuel had just disappeared through.
The vampire chased after the kid only a few seconds after dealing with the priest, and because he was faster, he was able to follow Sam to the classroom before the boy had any chance to go for the secret door.

"Not so fast, sweetie," Azazel grabbed Sam's arm and held tightly.

"NO!" Sam groaned and started to struggle blindly. "Let me go!! Get away from me!!" Sam descended into chaos. That couldn't be happening. No…Azazel had his hands on him, it was over, everything was lost, everyone was dead and…

"Take your hands off of him you filthy creature."

Azazel and Sam both stopped moving and looked at the owner of that voice.

"Dean!" A spasm squeezed Sam's heart and caused it to brim with joy, so much joy he couldn't handle it, so much hope and happiness that it made him weak. "John!"

John Winchester and Dean Winchester stood side by side near the door to the secret passage under the church. They were both holding machetes and staring at Azazel.

"Well, look who's here!" Azazel's smile of surprise was coated with anger and contempt. "Alive," he growled.

"That's right. I found him, and I saved him. And now I'm going to get Sam."

"I don't think so."

Azazel shoved the boy hard and Sam fell forwards, landing on his hands and knees. For a terrible moment all Sam heard were the sounds of fighting and groaning, and when he was able to turn around and look, he could see Azazel fighting Dean and John at the same time, and one of the weapons was already on the floor.

Dean groaned and tried to defend himself against Azazel's blows. The yellow eyed vampire was at least three times stronger than the vampires who had been guarding John. He pushed Dean hard against a wall and charged at John.

"C'mon, you fucking vampire. I've been waiting for this for a long time now," John provoked.

"Have you?" Azazel snarled.

"Are you okay?" Dean found Sam on the floor and asked.

The boy nodded quickly, and they both turned their attention to the fight going on between Azazel and John.

"Bobby?" Dean asked.

"He's upstairs. I don't know if he's just hurt or…" Sam felt the tears about to come again, but that was when they heard John's sharp cry of pain.

Azazel took a crucifix from Bobby's desk and shoved the object hard against John's thigh. The
vampire's strength was so great that John was unable to move because the cross had been driven through his thigh and pinned him to the floor.

"Ahhh!" he groaned as blood gushed out.

"You fucking asshole, I'm going to kill you!" Dean attacked Azazel blindly, but he no longer had his weapon, and the vampire easily overpowered him.

"Dean, Dean…as much as I do appreciate your Winchester's warrior streak, I've had enough of it."

"No!! Please!!" Sam begged as Azazel held Dean's shoulder with an iron grip.

"You know what? You want Dean, right Samuel? And Dean wants you…so, perhaps we can all have some fun with the situation," Azazel laughed manically. "I suppose I would love to see how much Dean wants you," he said enigmatically before sinking his fangs into his own wrist until dark red blood was pouring down his arm. "C'mon, Dean. Open up." Azazel tugged at Dean's jaw and pulled his head backwards, forcing him to open his mouth.

"What the hell are you doing?!!" John yelled, but when he tried to move the crucifix tore at his flesh and he nearly passed out at the pain.

"DON'T!" Sam screamed. "Don't do that!!"

"Get out of my face!" Dean struggled for all he was worth, but Azazel was way, way stronger. He saw that bloody wrist coming close to his mouth and Dean twisted away frantically. He shut his lips tightly, but Azazel punched his stomach and Dean gasped, and when he did it, Azazel smeared his blood all over Dean's mouth.

"NO!!" Sam shrieked.

Dean twisted and yanked at the hands holding him, but in the end he could taste that copper-like, warm fluid down his throat. It lasted for a moment, but it hit him instantly.

"Dean!" Sam cried out.

Dean fell to the ground and his stomach cramped. His head started spinning and he felt as if the ground was opening beneath his feet.

"What the hell is going on? What have you done to me??!!" Dean groaned, and when he did it, he could feel his teeth change and break through his gums painfully, until he cut his tongue against sharp fangs. "What the hell have you done to me??!!"

John and Sam stared in shock as Dean doubled over his stomach and cramped with pain as a violent transformation took over his body.

"I've just turned you into a vampire, Dean. You are now the very thing you hate, the same creature your father wants to hunt down, and the same monster that Samuel fears."

Dean wanted to fight and curse, but the pain he was in was too great. All the sounds were extra loud and the colors were so vivid it felt as if he had used powerful hallucinogenic drugs.

"Dean! Hang in there!" John felt desperate. "I read about it, we can change you back!"
Azazel gave a spiteful look in John's direction.

"Daddy is right. The transformation won't be complete and final until you prey on your first victim. All it takes is a few more minutes and then the hunger will be the greatest thing you have ever felt, and you won't be able to control it. And then you will feed."

"I won't!" Dean protested.

"Aw, Dean...I don't think you'll be able to resist your first meal." Azazel smiled cruelly and walked towards Sam. He grabbed a fistful of the boy's hair and made him stand up. "He's yours, Dean. All you have to do is drink."

------------------------------------------------

"tbc..."
Two hours after Azazel had fed Dean his blood, the sun had already risen in the horizon, but the church remained closed. Azazel had locked the doors, tied Bobby up and brought the priest down to the classroom with the rest of the people.

John was bleeding out in a corner of the classroom. The wound on his thigh kept him from moving. John knew better than to try and remove the cross under the risk of bleeding to death. Bobby was now tied up and recovering consciousness in another corner.

The two machetes were broken on the floor by John's feet, useless, just like John and the priest.

Azazel had dragged Sam up and down the church as he did all this, so he could keep an eye on the youngest Winchester. His brother, however, was not a problem anymore.

When everyone was in the classroom, Azazel took a seat and watched from a comfortable position as Dean moaned in pain and twisted with cramps on the floor. He knew what that felt like, and he knew Dean was not a threat. John's oldest son was undergoing powerful changes and horrendous pain. Everything in his body was dying and awakening, every sound and smell and taste was ten times stronger, and the hunger…the hunger was the worst part. The more minutes passed by, the more it grew, and Azazel knew that. By now all that Dean could think about was blood. He needed it, craved it, like a dying man craved redemption. Everything in Dean's body was screaming of a hunger that needed to be satisfied—a thirst for blood.

That wasn't at all what Azazel had planned, but it served the Winchesters right for pissing him off so much. Dean was now a vampire, and the moment he drank from Sam it would be over. Sam would have to once again submit—the prince would be a willing, docile victim to Azazel and Dean, and neither Bobby nor John would be able to do anything as Azazel and Dean disappeared with Sam. Sharing the boy hadn't been in his plans, but Azazel could live with that. Dean was young and would make an incredibly strong and resourceful vampire. Azazel would teach him everything. And meanwhile, they would relish and lavish themselves with Sam's sweet, precious blood.

"Are you hungry, Dean?"

"Shut up!" Dean growled. His stomach cramped painfully. He could feel the hunger tugging at him like an entity with claws.

Azazel looked into Dean's now supernaturally green eyes and smiled.

"I believe it's time. Samuel, come here."

Sam cowered in a corner and had to be dragged by Azazel.

"No!! Let me go!!" he twisted against the hand grabbing him with bruising strength.
"What the hell is going on?" Bobby was barely conscious. He could feel his head throbbing with pain. He looked to his side and saw John with an ugly wound on his thigh, and then he looked right ahead at Azazel holding Sam while Dean was on his hands and knees by his feet.

"You're about to see Dean's transformation, Bobby. Would you like to tell him, John?"

"He turned Dean into a vampire. He's a fucking evil monster!" John groaned, but it sounded weak, as weak as he already felt.

"Jesus Christ… Don't do that."

"Oh, I won't do it. Dean will. Dean will seal his fate when he drinks from Samuel. Because he won't be able to help it, will you Dean? He's probably already going crazy with the smell of daddy's blood."

And Dean was. He could smell John's wound and it made his stomach rumble with hunger. Dean felt disgusted with himself, but that was becoming a very small part of his brain. The need for blood was flooding everything that was reasonable and right inside of him, and Dean felt himself losing the battle.

"Now c'mon. Up. It's time to end this torture. Feed, my dear." Azazel helped Dean to his feet.

Everyone could see the change. Dean's eyes were flashing with unnatural color, his fangs were bare and his nostrils flared with the scent of blood.

"Dean, don't do that!" John begged.

"You're stronger than this, Dean…" Bobby added.

"Please…" Sam looked into Dean's eyes. "I know you're in there, I know you can hear me…some part of you can. Please don't drink," Sam begged.

Dean narrowed his emerald eyes at Sam and watched intently when Azazel used a knife to cut superficially at Sam's neck. The smell of Sam's special blood filled Dean's nose like the taste of heaven itself, and Dean growled with need. His blood pumped with hunger and he approached Sam.

"I was there when Arthur and Lancelot had their secret, heated affair," Azazel spoke and surprised everyone. "I was there when Arthur sired a child in his sister. Incest runs in the family, it was hardly your fault."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Sam frowned.

"I'm telling Dean that he is about to taste the most special blood he could wish for. John comes from Arthur's linage, and has the blood of the warrior, and Mary, your sweet mom had Lancelot's bravery because of the Campbell's linage. When you boys were born you combined all the courage and magic of the love that could never be. I should have seen this romance coming," Azazel enjoyed his triumphant victory. "There is absolutely no way Dean can resist you."

"Dean, please…" Sam was panting. The more erratically he breathed, though, the more his blood pulsed and the stronger the smell was. "Ahh!!" he groaned when Azazel cut him a bit deeper.
"C'mon, Dean. Get closer. I know you want it. Go ahead. You won't taste anything better. You and Sam, it's meant to be." He watched evilly as Dean was helplessly drawn to the red liquid trickling down Sam's neck.

Dean went a few inches closer. 'No. I can't. I shouldn't.' something inside his brain screamed that it was wrong, but he was so hungry, and it hurt so much…

Dean looked into Sam's pleading eyes. He knew the boy was scared, but the part of his brain that seemed to care about it was growing weak as his need grew stronger.

"He's all yours. You're lucky to have such a magical blood as your first meal."

Azazel pushed Sam into Dean's arms and Dean groaned with hunger and need. He held Sam and his mouth watered at the smell of his blood.

"Dean, don't…please… The moment you drink it, it's over, you can't go back anymore." Sam wasn't even sure that was true, but if John believed it, than so did he. "Please listen to your father…our father. Don't drink…"

"Go ahead, Dean," Azazel coaxed. "Don't you just want to sink your fangs into Sam's sweet flesh until his hot blood pours into your mouth? I know you can't resist him. Go ahead. Drink this red precious blood."

Dean's body shook violently with desire. He moved swiftly and buried his nose into Sam's neck. The boy cried out, anticipating the bite. Instead, Dean just grazed his nose against the blood covering Sam's neck.

'Fuck. I need it', Dean could feel the warm blood on his nose and his stomach demanded to be fed. It was so close now. Dean could feel each and every fearful beat of Sam's heart because the boy's blood rushed in his veins, and fuck, Dean could hear it, and if he just parted his lips and stuck out his tongue, then he would be able to taste it, and Dean didn't even have to do that to know it would feel amazing, because Sam was amazing, Sam was…

"Go ahead…drink it."

It smelled so good, and it felt so warm, and Dean was so hungry…

"Please, please, Dean, please….don't do this to me. You promised…" Sam was crying now. John and Bobby were screaming something, but Dean had drowned out their voices. All he heard was the beating of Sam's heart and the blood that poured out of the cut in his neck.

Dean parted his lips. All he had to do was stick out his tongue and lick at that warm blood, and then he would sink his teeth in and drink, drink and drink, and it would be the best thing he had ever tasted because Sam was the best thing that had ever happened to him, even though he was his brother and…

"Please, stop…” Sam begged as the tears ran down his cheeks.

Promise you'll stop if it gets too much?

You know I'll never hurt you.
The growl that came out of Dean's mouth was anything but human. He sounded like an animal, like a beast, and with the strength of a beast he pushed Sam as far away from himself as possible, and then he turned on Azazel.

"You," Dean gritted his teeth. His hunger was killing him, but it was also fueling his anger.

"No, it's not possible." Azazel shook his head. "Drink from the boy! You've got to drink, Dean!"

"You said I could never defeat you because I wasn't strong enough," Dean said. He was panting, his heart was racing. "You were right. But guess what." He walked towards Azazel until the yellow eyed man was cornered against a wall. "You've just made me very, very strong." Dean smiled wickedly.

Sam had crawled towards Bobby and started to help the priest get free when Dean charged at Azazel and the two vampires started fighting wildly.

"Drink from him, Dean! Drink and you'll be normal again!" John screamed.

"How do you even know that?" Bobby asked as Sam helped him out of the robes.

"The books I borrowed from you. It was all there."

Bobby stared at John dumbly, but his attention was quickly drawn to the fight happening a few feet from them.

There were punches and shoving, and animal-like growls as Dean fought Azazel with matching strength and speed.

"I know this won't work, but…" Bobby rushed to his desk, opened a drawer and pulled a gun. The moment he had a good angle he shot, and Azazel stumbled backwards.

The bullet hit him in the shoulder, and the distraction was all Dean needed to take control. He buried his fangs into Azazel's neck and drank. It was not what he had been expecting, not what his hunger had craved.

"Stop it!" Azazel felt himself growing weak as Dean drank more and more.

When he was able to pull Dean off of him, he was breathing with difficulty and having trouble regaining his strength.

"Dean! Are you okay?!" John screamed.

Dean was on his hands and knees once again, he could feel the transformation reversing in his body—it was like he was turning inside out.

"It's working," John said, hopeful.

Meanwhile, as all that happened, Sam went up the stairs and found the samurai sword. He picked it up and went down quickly, and as chaos set in the classroom, he stood in front of Azazel, who was still on his knees trying to recover from Dean's attack.

"Samuel…" Azazel widened his eyes at the sight of the boy towering over him with a sword in his
"What are you doing, sweetie?"

"Sam…" Bobby called him, too. "Give me that sword. You don't have to do that."

"He's right, Sam. You don't have to be the one doing that!" John groaned, even though he knew he couldn't move and change the situation.

"Step back, Bobby," Sam warned. "No one takes this away from me."

From his position on the floor, still suffering with the transformation, Dean stared at Sam. All eyes were on the boy and the vampire on his knees.

"You wouldn't do that, Samuel. I know I've done some terrible things, but everything I did, I did because I love you so much…" Azazel begged. "You're my life! There's nothing I wouldn't do for you…"

"Shut up!" Sam groaned. "You never loved or cared about me. You used me, Azazel, but it's over now. You can't control me anymore."

It all happened in the blink of an eye. Azazel got up and prepared to attack Sam, and the boy swung the sword once.

The yellow eyes looked dead at the ceiling when Azazel's head rolled down the floor, and the vampire's dark red blood painted the classroom floor.

"Sam!" Bobby walked up to the boy. "Are you okay?"

Sam was shaking. He was so relieved and exhausted…he was overwhelmed. He looked at Dean—his husband's eyes were no longer scary green—and knew he was going to be okay, eventually.

"I am now, Bobby."

~ * ~

When the ambulance came to pick up John and the police arrived to understand what had happened, Sam was crouched with Dean in a corner of the classroom. The two lovers held on to each other, both exhausted, relieved, and thankful to be together.

They didn't say anything. Sam and Dean looked into each other's eyes and their fingers held on tightly to each other, and that was all the communication they needed at the moment.

When two police officers came to talk to them, Sam, Dean and Bobby told the story they had agreed upon. Azazel had a medical condition, everyone knew that given his yellow eyes, and eventually this condition made him lose his mind. The town's wealthy doctor went insane. For the past years he had been abusing his own son in the most disgusting ways, often inviting his friends to share in the abuse. House employees would confirm that. Father Bobby and the Winchesters had been trying to help Sam for a long time, but Azazel was strong, powerful and nearly unstoppable. Sam told the officers of his father's delusions about believing he was a vampire. Sam could prove that Azazel had been drinking from the hospital's blood supply easily. The camera in the blood storage room in the hospital, the one only Azazel had access too, should be enough. Besides, there were the blood bags
in the freezer at home. Never once did Sam say that his father was a vampire, but he convinced the cops that Azazel had lost his mind and started acting like one because of his illness.

When questioned about the severity of the cause of death—beheading—the priest intervened and said they didn't know what else to do. Azazel had overpowered four men, one of them was in the hospital probably getting surgery right now. And in the end, Sam could also rely on the years of bribery that Azazel had used to buy cops. The police was dying to have nothing to do with that man anymore. Azazel wasn't the kind of person anyone enjoyed owing a favor to, and Sam could tell the cops were relieved. They were also happy when Sam greased their palms to make Azazel's body disappear.

Sam knew there would be gossip. It was a small town after all, but he also knew that the people closest to Azazel, which meant the doctors working with him, would share in the relief of not having him around.

When the police left, Sam and Dean were alone with Bobby.

The three of them looked at each other, not knowing what to say. They were still sort of speechless after what had just happened.

"How are you, Dean?" Bobby asked eventually.

"I feel like I've been beaten up and shoved under a truck. But I'm great."

Bobby nodded.

"Good. And you kid?" Sam hadn't just undergone a brutal physical transformation, but he had just beheaded the man, the vampire, who had raised him.

"I'll be okay. I…I'm sorry I got you into this," he apologized.

"I'm not," Bobby smiled. "But I'll be happy if I don't see you two fools for the next month or so."

Dean and Sam laughed lightly.

"What about my dad? Do you think he'll ever accept us?" it pained Dean that he wouldn't.

Bobby took Dean's hand and then took Sam's hand. He put one on top of the other and smiled again. "You're brothers. You're married. You'll figure it out, don't worry."

The two Winchester boys hugged the priest tightly for a long moment.

When at last they left the church, Sam told Dean he needed to go the mansion to get some stuff for the police and straighten things out. Dean headed straight to the hospital to get an update on his father.

~ * ~

A couple of days later, Sam moved into the shack, and he went to the hospital with Dean to pick John up and drive him home. John Winchester had undergone some minor surgery in his leg and was
going to be discharged today. Sam agreed to be there when Dean made sure John was all set at home.

"So there's plenty of food in the fridge, your meds are on the top shelf, and no drinking until you finish your antibiotics," Dean was saying.

"I know, I know." John was sitting on the sofa with his leg up on a little wood stool.

Sam was standing in the living room, watching the scene from a distance.

After looking around, afraid he was missing something, Dean was satisfied that his father would be alright.

"If you need anything..." he began.

"Yeah, I'll call. You can go..."

Sam was tense when he turned around to leave, but it helped a little when he felt Dean's hand on his shoulder.

"Boys?" John asked. His voice was low and deep.

The two young men turned around and looked at him.

"I...I'm gonna need some time to deal with this," he confessed. "But I just want you to be happy."

Sam took a deep breath and he felt as if the weight of the world had left his shoulders. He didn't know he needed to hear that so much until he actually heard it.

"Thank you, Dad. I appreciate that," Dean said.

"Thank you, John," Sam said. Not 'dad'. Not yet anyway. "I'm gonna need some time to deal with this, too," he smiled lightly and John nodded with understanding.

The two of them left and went back to the shack.

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When they were finally together and finally alone, Dean watched Sam closely. There was something strange about the boy, and it wasn't just the fact that he had killed his father figure a couple of days before. Sam looked as if something bothered him. It was like the boy he had left behind had grown ten years since Dean was gone. His eyes were changed.

"Sit here," Dean patted the bed. "We need to talk."

Sam sighed. His heart felt tight in his chest and he complied.

"What's going on, eh?" Dean cupped Sam's cheek and then lifted his chin, and for the first time since he had come back he could see the real Sam behind those hazel eyes. "What did Azazel do to you while I was gone?"
Sam choked. He felt so sad. Where to begin?

"It's okay, love. You can tell me," Dean wiped the tears that rolled down Sam's cheeks.

"He made me marry Lucifer."

Dean took a deep breath. He wasn't quite prepared to hear that. It took him a moment or so to react.

"How did he do that? I mean, you and I, we're married already."

"Bobby fake married Lucifer and I. He kept threatening to have John killed if I didn't…"

"I know," Dean cut him off. "You don't need to explain anything. You had to do whatever he told you to. I suffered his blackmail too, remember?"

Sam swallowed hard. There was a lump in his throat.

Dean felt fear and anger tangle and rise inside of him.

"Sam…did this Lucifer guy hurt you?" Dean's heart raced.

"No." Sam shook his head vehemently. "Azazel did. He…he started drinking again, and he got jealous and possessive. I…I didn't give in easily, so he broke my wrist one night, and shared me with a friend to intimidate me."

Dean breathed hard. He tried to calm down by reminding himself it was over now. Azazel was gone. It still hurt, though.

"I'm so sorry, baby. I wish I had managed to take you with me." Of course Dean had known that Sam would be in trouble alone with Azazel, but actually hearing him confess how much Azazel had hurt him just broke Dean's heart. "I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have left you, I…" Dean felt tears clouding his eyes and Sam wiped them quickly.

"Shh," Sam silenced Dean before his guilt took over. They had each done what they were supposed to. "It's not your fault. If you had taken me with you, our father would be dead now. I didn't want to live with that, Dean."

"I'm sorry I didn't call." Dean kissed the palm of Sam's hand. "I thought that if I heard your voice I wouldn't be able to go on."

"I wish you'd called, but I know why you didn't. I might not have been able to hide what was going on, and it would have been the death of John."

"Do you forgive me?"

"There's nothing to forgive." Sam smiled tenderly and squeezed Dean's hand. "Besides… Lucifer he, he didn't hurt me. Azazel lied to him. He said I'd be reluctant because I'd been raped. So Lucifer was very kind and patient," Sam admitted. "But when I realized Azazel had lied to him, I ended up telling the truth about us. He got angry and…"

"Did he…did he try to force you?" Dean felt tension creep inside of him.
"At first yeah, but then he stopped. It was all very messy, and then suddenly I was choking him to death…"

Dean widened his eyes with surprise.

"We ended up having sex. He didn’t rape me. It wasn't sweet and loving. But it wasn't bad, Dean. I'm so sorry. I feel guilty now. Lucifer left then, and that's when I hid in the church."

Dean took a deep breath. His tension left him and he relaxed.

"Where is this Lucifer now? Will he be a problem?"

"No. Apparently he's been arrested. Azazel had some dirty things about his past. I don't know how much time he's facing."

"Good," Dean said. "Sammy, there's nothing to feel guilty about. Did you think I'd be mad because you had sex with someone else and enjoyed it?"

"Aren't you?" Sam's hazel eyes showed his insecurity.

"I've had sex with hundreds of women and men, Sam. Hundreds. I was your first. Do you think it's fair that I expect you to never have sex with anyone else while I've had my share of experiences? Sex is fun."

"But I love you, I don't love him."

Dean's smile widened. "And I love you, baby. And that's all that matters." Because Sam seemed confused, Dean went on. "Look, Azazel gave you no choice. You had to marry Lucifer, right?"

Sam nodded.

"Do you seriously think that I would prefer to hear that Lucifer forced you? That he hurt you? Of course I'm jealous, but Sammy, I'd much rather know that he gave you pleasure and that you felt good than that he hurt you, don't you understand it? Sex is not the same as love. I've been there and I can tell you that. Sex with love is amazing, there's no doubt about it. What I have with you I've never had before, and I want it for the rest of my life. That's why we need to be realistic here. You're sixteen years old. I'm not going to keep you from experiencing sex with other people if you feel like it."

"But I don't want to."

"Not now. I don't either. But I want to be with you until the day I die. And you're my brother! There's no way we're breaking up over something as natural as the desire to have sex with other people. Today we don't want anyone else, but maybe in two, three, maybe in fifteen years we will. All I'm saying is, our dad thinks this is going to end up badly, but it's up to us to make it work."

Sam felt relieved. Dean was amazing.

"And you know why we're gonna make it work?"

Sam smiled widely.
"Why?"

"Because it depends on us, and no one else." Dean felt his chest throb with emotion.

Sam kissed Dean hard. They fell silent and let their lips and tongues do the talking. When Sam spoke, it was barely above a whisper that ghosted above Dean's lips. "I've missed you. Once again you were my knight in shining armor."

Dean smiled against Sam's mouth, but then Azazel's words crossed his thoughts and he frowned.

"What?" Sam asked.

"Do you think Azazel was speaking the truth?"

"About what?"

"The whole Arthur and Lancelot thing and our magical blood."

Sam shrugged. "I mean, I suppose he was old enough to have been there. Besides, he always acted like my blood was special, and so did other vampires…" Sam didn't want to remember that. "But I guess we'll never know."

"He also implied that you and I were meant to be. Like it's in our blood falling in love."

Sam smiled at that. "So we didn't have a choice then. We were drawn to each other the moment we met. Makes sense. In the end were just a couple of fortune's fools."

"What?" Dean frowned and Sam laughed.

"It means we were victims of fate," Sam said and then chuckled as Dean looked puzzled. "It's just something Shakespeare wrote in one of his famous love stories."

"And does this story have a happy ending?" Dean wanted to know.

"Not really. Even though they loved each other a lot, the end is really sad."

"Well, then I'm glad he's not writing this one."

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tbc... (Epilogue)
Chapter 82

Epilogue

Sam and Dean were getting ready to leave the beach house when someone rang the bell. They were already late to go the church and not expecting any visitors, so they looked at each other and frowned.

"Did you tell John that we were going to meet him at the church?" Sam asked.

"I did." Dean shrugged.

The door opened and someone walked in.

"Hello, boys…"

"Crowley!" Sam's face lit up.

"You really should learn to lock the door, Dean." Was all Crowley could say before Sam threw his arms around him and hugged him tight.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

Dean smiled at the scene and went closer.

"I heard the news about Azazel about a month ago. I thought to myself, well, you know. Perhaps that kid needs someone who understands a little about business to help him around…"

"You missed me, didn't you?" Sam teased.

"Absolutely not."

The boys laughed, and Crowley ended up caving and smiling as well.

"We're on our way out now, but yes, I'm going to need you. I want to get rid of that mansion. Dean and I are looking for a nice place to live. But I also want to make sure that Mrs. Higgs and Meg are well off before it's sold. Can you see to it?"

"Of course I can. I'll go there right now."

"Thank you, Crowley." Sam was obviously happy, and his joy melted the older man's heart.

"You two go and have fun. We'll talk more later."

Dean nodded in Crowley's direction before leaving with Sam.
Bobby had been writing at his desk, in the church classroom, when the door opened suddenly and three Winchesters walked in.

"Happy Birthday to you…"

"Holy shit you didn't," Bobby's heart raced and he shook his head when he saw John holding a cake and the boys holding beer bottles.

"Happy birthday, dear Bobby!!"

Bobby rolled his eyes.

"Shut up. You didn't have to." Bobby let them sing the stupid song and felt something warm inside. "It doesn't matter what happens, you continue to use the stupid back door," he sounded angry, but everyone knew he was not.

"We wanted to surprise you," Sam said.

"Well, you did."

"Happy birthday, Bobby!" Dean pulled the older man into a hug, and soon Sam joined the embrace, both boys hugging the priest tightly.

"Alright, alright, you'll suffocate me."

Dean and Sam stepped away.

"Happy birthday, Bobby." John looked into Bobby's eyes. There was a lot in that look. A lot of friendship, a lot of hurting, but mostly, a lot of love, too.

The two older friends hugged silently and awkwardly for a moment.

"Well, then. I guess we're going to eat cake and drink beer."

"That's the plan!" Dean smiled.

The couple stayed at the church and celebrated Bobby's birthday for a couple of hours and then left. They wanted to give the two friends, John and Bobby, some time alone to talk whatever still needed talking over between them.

Besides, they were dying to touch each other and kiss. Not that they couldn't have done that in the church, but since John was still getting used to them as a couple, they preferred not to rub it in his face. As long as John respected their love and didn't try to change them, they could give him as much time as he needed to get used to it.
Sam and Dean went to the beach as the sun was setting, and they headed towards the bar. When they arrived, hand in hand, they were greeted by Castiel and Benny.

"Hey, guys." Cass hugged Dean and then Sam. "How are you?"

"We're good. Can we get a drink here?" Dean pretended to be impatient.

"Just wait a second, dammit. This is harder than it looks," Benny replied from his position behind the counter.

"Well, that's because you've got some big shoes to fill." Dean winked;

Benny had started bar tending since Dean quit his job. The truth was that Dean didn't really know what to do. It was not like he needed to work anymore, what with the money Sam had inherited. The two of them had been talking a lot about traveling the world and figuring out what they wanted to do next.

"How are you feeling?" Sam asked Castiel.

"I feel brand new. Like nothing ever happened." Castiel smiled meaningfully at Sam, and the boy looked grateful and relieved. "Come, take a seat. You two still need to fill us in on what happened in the last couple of months."

"Word has it Sam's gotten married three times," Benny said, and laughed.

"People gossip," Sam shook his head disapprovingly. "It was only twice."

They all laughed lightly and Benny got them all new rounds of drinks. Sam looked into Dean's loving eyes and smiled silently. He could hardly believe this was his life now.

~ * ~

As they walked along the beach back to the shack, they held hands and enjoyed the ocean breeze. Sam smiled as he thought about how much had happened, and how much he had changed, since the first time they had done that.

"You know how we've been thinking about what we're going to do with all this money?" Dean looked into the horizon and then looked at Sam.

"Yeah."

"I hate what Azazel put you through. I hate knowing there are blood sucking creatures out there who might be hurting others. If vampires are real, who knows what else is?"

Sam hadn't thought about it, but it made sense.

"What would you like to do?" he asked.

Dean shrugged, but he spoke again after a few moments. "Hunt them, I guess. I want to save people
from the monsters out there."

"Always the knight in a shining armor…" Sam teased.

Dean chuckled. "I mean it. Dad's a hunter. I mean, even Bobby could help."

"A priest?" Sam arched his eyebrows.

"He could help us with information or something."

Sam sighed and looked at the way the waves covered his feet as he walked.

"I think it's a great idea, Dean. I hate to think that there are others experiencing what I did. I mean, I always thought I wanted to be a doctor, but I'm not so sure anymore. I could still save people by hunting other creatures like Azazel."

"It would be like a family business."

"I love you." Sam said suddenly and surprised Dean, who smiled. "I love how important it is for you to help people. I love how much you care about doing the right thing. I love you."

Dean felt his heart throb with overwhelming emotion. He looked at the shack, just a few feet from them now.

"I love you too, baby. Will you let me show how much?" He hinted at the shack and his eyes sparkled with a lustful promise.

Sam grinned and nodded.

Without thinking twice, Dean slammed the door open and carried Sam to the bed as they shared urgent and greedy kisses. After the drinks they had just had, they were pleasantly drunk and delightfully horny.

Dean stripped Sam of all his clothing, and the boy helped him do the same, albeit it slow and messily. When they were both naked, Dean pushed Sam onto the bed and followed right after.

"Fuck…I need you Sammy…" Dean kissed the boy hard, then sucked on his neck until Sam squirmed and arched into him.

"Yeah?" he moaned, his hands traveling up and down Dean's back. Sam loved how warm the skin felt under his fingertips. "What are you going to do to me?"

Dean settled between Sam's spread thighs and thrust against him, letting Sam feel their matching erections.

"I'm going to play a game with you. I'm going to play my favorite game," he spoke into Sam's ear before licking and sucking on the boy's earlobe until goosebumps broke on his skin.

"Oh, really? And what game is that?" Sam asked.

"It's called…" Dean lowered his voice to something sultry, barely above a whisper. "How many times can I make Sammy come in one hour?"
Sam shuddered. He felt his cock throb with anticipation.

"Please. Let's play that," he begged.

Dean chuckled hotly against Sam's neck and went down on him. He opened his mouth and took Sam's hard-on in, his lips closing almost at the base.

Sam moaned and Dean had to hold down his hips as he bobbed his head up and down. Dean was way too skilled at that. Every flick of his tongue made Sam feel closer to the edge. And then, as if that wasn't good enough, Dean spit on his fingers before letting them trace Sam's little hole.

"Yes…" Sam whispered wantonly, and Dean pushed them in. "Mmm…” Sam's head thrashed on the pillow as Dean's fingers stretched him and thrust in and out.

Dean wanted to ask if that was good, but he knew it was. Sam's breathing was a mess, his eyes were shut and his lips parted. He looked perfect. Dean sucked on him diligently and stroked the boy's prostate at the same time. Sam lost control and started bucking. He tugged at Dean's hair painfully but Dean didn't mind, neither did he stop. On the contrary, he licked at a faster rhythm and stroked with more pressure.

Sam shattered and cried. His body burst and spasms ran through his thighs under the pleasure. He came hard and hot in Dean's mouth, shaking like a leaf when he was done.

"That was one," Dean whispered and then chuckled hotly, and he didn't give Sam time to recover.

While Sam was still experiencing his orgasm, Dean pushed himself inside the boy and relished Sam's sweet cry of passion at being claimed. Dean thrust hard and deep into Sam's body and gathered him in his arms.

"Dean!" Sam's spine arched off the bed and into the body penetrating him.

Dean picked up a rhythm that was slow and steady, and his hand found Sam's soft cock and began to stroke him back to hardness. Sam was incoherent with pleasure, just as Dean wanted.

They were as close as they could possibly be, with Sam's arms and legs wrapped around Dean. Every time Dean thrust, his cock brushed against Sam's prostate, and after a few minutes Sam was hard again, his dick throbbing as Dean stroked it between their bodies.

"Dean, Dean, Dean…what are you doing to me?" Sam opened his lust-filled eyes and they kissed passionately, with Dean taking as much control of the kiss as he did of Sam's body.

The boy couldn't resist how good it felt. Dean knew exactly what to do to him, how to take care of him. Sam felt it building again, strong and unstoppable.

"Oh…oh God," Sam cried and shook, and he nearly blacked out for a moment.

Dean felt Sam's orgasm in the way the boy tightened around him, and in the seed coating his hand. He smiled wolfishly at seeing Sam come undone before his eyes. It was such a beautiful, breathtaking sight; Dean wanted to keep doing that for the rest of his life.

"Two…"
The End

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a/n: Thank you so much for reading this, guys. <3 Thank you for all the kudos and the comments, they meant a lot to me as I was writing this!

Would love to know your final thoughts on the story. =)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!