Summary

Sometimes it feels like life has got it out for you. One tragedy is followed by the next in a never-ending circle. Dean was close to giving up when the world crashed down around him, but he powered through and took life’s misfortunes with his head held high always finding a way to make it work, no matter what that might entail.

Sometimes life gets rough and sometimes life gets you exactly what you didn’t know you needed. Sometimes life brings you a blue-eyed stranger with a set of leather cuffs and rooms full of secrets.

Notes

!!!WARNING!!!
##SPOILERS IN THE TAGS##

This story is not for everybody, consider yourself warned. I have a dark, twisted and kinky mind so of course my first DCBB was going to have all that too. Please read the tags first if you are unsure whether to venture into my mind or not.
This is my first DCBB, but hopefully not my last. Also this story became the longest I have ever written so far, which was incredible and unexpected.

I try to do research as best I can, some detail I leave vague and any mistakes you can blame on artistic freedom - I write what fits the story and what google could provide me with.

The story is named after one of my favourite Queen songs and all of the chapters are inspired by the lyrics. Go listen to it if you haven't already.

With that said, enjoy.

(I had to cut the story short due to too little time, so expect some timestamps in the future)

And at last, big thanks to my beta who stands by me, the queen of procrastination, and does a hell of a job in the little time I leave her. SanAnhamirak

See the end of the work for more notes.
Taking a Ride With Destiny

You would think that losing both your parents in one day should be the hardest thing to ever happen to you. It is. But, for Dean Winchester, the most devastating day of his life was when he had to see the social worker walk off with his baby brother in tow.

Dean had picked Sam up from school that day, just like he used to. They had gone through the park on their way home, just like they used to. Dean had let Sam run off to play ball with some friends, just like he used to. And all the while he would sit on a bench checking out boys as well as girls, just like he used to. But as soon as they stepped over the threshold that evening nothing was like it was supposed to be, not anymore.

Dean had sensed that something was wrong, because their father’s truck wasn’t in the driveway. The usual smell of their mother’s cooking and the sound of her old country music that she always sang along to wasn’t filling every room and every corner of their Victorian house. It was empty. No lights were on, no music was playing and no parents were to be found.

“That’s weird…” Dean remarked, “Sam, why don’t you run upstairs and get started on your homework? I’ll call mom and dad. They probably just went to the supermarket and got stuck in traffic.” He kept a straight face, no reason to make Sam worry, but Dean had this creeping feeling. It was as if his stomach was tying a thousand knots and his hands were clammy and slightly shaking as he fished out the phone from his pocket and pressed the contact for his mother.

He paced the floor back and forth as the phone kept ringing and ringing all the way to the sound of his mother’s voice saying to leave a message or try again later. It wasn’t like his mother not to pick up the phone, it wasn’t even like her not to have dinner ready by now. She had always been old fashioned when it came to how she kept house. She was the one wanting to be a stay-at-home-wife and dinner was consistently on the table by six o’clock. It was six thirty and Dean didn’t like it, not at all.

There was only one other person that he knew he could call that might know where his parents had gone. His uncle Bobby was not a blood relative but he might as well have been. Bobby Singer was an old friend of his dad and he had known him since he was just a little kid. Bobby was a confidant and Dean had always trusted the burly man with all of his secrets.

He sat down at the kitchen table looking at the Impala in the background photo on his phone, he had always dreamt of owning a car like that. He dreaded the answer even before he had dialed the
number. Dean had never felt this worried before, not since the time he lost Sam for an hour at the park. He found Bobby’s contact, pressed it and listened to the monotone beeping as it rang. When it had rung three times he let his forehead fall to the cold surface of the wooden table. When it went to voicemail Dean let the phone fall from his ear too.

He sat at the table like that for seconds, minutes, maybe hours. The house was silent except for the occasional sound of creaking floorboards as Sam crossed the floor of his room upstairs. It was getting dark outside when he looked out the window and no one had come home yet.

Just as Dean was getting ready to call the cops he heard the sound of an engine in the driveway. With hope in his heart he sprang from his seat and ran to the front door. He ripped the door open and stepped out onto the porch just as the door slammed on a large grey truck. John’s truck was black… This was Bobby’s and it was Bobby coming round the front with an unreadable expression on his face.

Dean wanted to ask why he was here or if he knew where his parents were, but something in Bobby’s eyes kept him silent. Something in the depth of those grey orbs told him exactly what he had feared.

He didn’t feel the blow to his knees when they hit the wooden planks of their front porch, but somewhere in the back of his mind he registered that it was going to hurt later on. His eyes filled with water and his sight became blurry. He heard the sound of Bobby’s heavy boots approaching and then felt strong arms being wrapped around him. He sobbed. He couldn’t remember a time where he had ever cried like this.

He let his head rest on Bobby’s shoulder as he bawled his eyes out. He didn’t know how long they sat there like that, but some time later it seemed as if Dean ran out of tears, for now. His eyes were red and puffy and his head hurt. He sniffled a couple of times before lifting his head and looking into Bobby’s eyes. He could see that the older man was fighting back tears of his own and the look in his eyes was one of pure sympathy.

“How?” It was the only word he could force through his still quivering lips.

“They were driving home from the supermarket when a large truck disrespected a stop sign and rammed into the side of your daddy’s truck. Your mom didn’t make it.” His voice was hushed as he spoke and aside from the sad news the familiar rumble of Bobby’s baritone was soothing in a way.

For a second his heart filled with hope, “Wait, what about dad?”
“He’s alive… for now.” Dean’s face fell once more. “They say he only has till morning at the most. I’m here to take you to the hospital.” Bobby got to his feet and reached out a hand for Dean to take. “Now dry your eyes, son.” Dean got up and brushed off his knees.

He looked at the truck in the driveway and then back at the house. Suddenly their house didn’t feel much like home anymore. Sam. Sam was upstairs oblivious to what had just been said downstairs.

“I need to go tell Sam,” he swallowed a lump in his throat not taking his eyes off the window that Sam was sitting right behind.

“I’ll be waiting in the car for you. Take your time, I know this ain’t easy.” Bobby padded his shoulder and helped him back on his feet.

Dean took a deep breath and then another one and another one and when he realized that he would never get ready for the conversation to come he forced himself over the threshold anyway.

The staircase seemed unnaturally long. It seemed as if it had gained double the steps it had before and it felt like an eternity before Dean reached the upstairs hallway. Sam’s door was closed, but Dean could see the sliver of light under the door streaming into the hallway from inside.

Dean felt like he was going to throw up, he felt dizzy and without balance. He supported himself on the doorjamb. He had to walk through this door, sit down and tell his baby brother that both their parents would be gone by morning. How do you start that conversation?

Another deep and shaky breath and he lightly knocked on the door with his knuckles. He didn’t wait for Sam to respond before entering. Sam turned in his chair about to say or ask something, but the sight of the condition his brother was in stopped him in his tracks. What a mess he must have looked like with tear streaked cheeks, red nose, and puffy eyes.

He walked directly to Sam’s bed and sat down on the soft mattress. He looked around the room. Sam had so many books and he would bet the kid had already read them all twice. He looked at the posters on his wall, all the classics; Star Wars, Lord of The Rings and then, of course, being Sam, a poster of Albert Einstein. Sam was already so smart and Dean was sure that he was going places. Sam would get a scholarship to the best college and he would be a lawyer or maybe some sort of science guy.
Sam pulled him out of his temporary trance, “Dean, is everything all right? Did you find out where Mom and Dad went?”

Damn, he couldn’t do this. “Sam, it’s… There’s… Uhm… Oh God, Sam,” and then he just broke into tears all over again. “Some truck… It… It…” Seeing his brother in distress Sam quickly jumped onto the bed beside him. Feeling the small hand rubbing soothing circles into his back just made everything worse. Dean should be the one consoling Sam, but he couldn’t even tell the kid what had happened.

He tried to get his traitorous body under control, “Mom’s dead.” The movement of the hand stopped. “Dad’s injured and… He won’t make it. Sam, I’m so sorry.”

“Why are you sorry? It’s not your fault, Dean.” Dean stared at Sam, he wasn’t crying. Sam wasn’t crying he didn’t even look sad. Dean didn’t want to address that fact, maybe Sam was just in shock, people processes these things differently, he reminded himself.

Dean wiped at his eyes with his sleeves, “So Bobby is waiting for us so we can go to the hospital.”

“Okay, let me just grab my books and bag pack. I have a ton of homework for tomorrow.” He said it like everything was just as normal as it had been before they left for school that morning.

“Sam, you don’t have to go to school tomorrow…”

“But we have a test in English class and it’s important for my grades.”

People reacted to bad news in different ways, but Dean just didn’t understand what was going on. The normal thing in this situation would be to cry. Why wasn’t Sam crying? Why was he acting like nothing had happened?

“Sam!” He held his brother by his upper arms and looked into his eyes, “Mom just died and Dad is in the hospital bed waiting for the inevitable death and you’re worried about school. There is no way in freaking hell am I gonna let you go to school tomorrow!” He realized he was shouting then and released his brother, “I’m sorry, I didn’t hurt you did I?” Sam rubbed at his arms and shook his head eyes on the floor.

Dean took his hand and led them downstairs and outside where Bobby had just started the engine.
He opened the door for Sam to jump into the backseat and instead of sitting up front himself; he went around to the other side joining his brother in the back. He took his hand again then and he held it hard never once letting it go on the way to the hospital.

The drive there never seemed to end. Dean stared out the window watching the streetlights go by in a blur slowly turning into a straight line of yellow light. When raindrops started to appear on the glass he followed their tracks down the pane. Sam was silent beside him, he was staring straight ahead his face still void of emotions.

When Dean looked up he caught Bobby’s eyes in the rearview mirror. He had to get used to those looks now. That look of sympathy for the kid with no parents. Dean never thought he would be one of them, never thought he would be looked at that way. Poor orphaned child.

What were they going to do now? Where were they going to live? Dean didn’t have much time to think about the thousand questions swirling around in his head because they arrived at the hospital. Bobby parked the car and put an arm around each boy as they walked towards the entrance.

Normally, a hospital is this clinically white building with a smell of disinfection chemicals; halls lit up by fluorescent lights and filled with sick people and nurses. As the glass doors parted for them that wasn’t the hospital Dean saw. The walls seemed grey and the halls devoid of people. The hall seemed dark and more depressing than usual. It was as if the building knew why they were here. The occasional nurse going from one door to another sent them a look as if she knew, she knew exactly what two boys was doing at the hospital at a time where they should have been at home eating dinner. Everything about this place unnerved him, the hair on his neck rose as a chilly wind passed them by and Goosebumps rose on his skin at the mere thought of what he was about to witness.

Dean didn’t notice that he had been staring down the long hallway in front of him before Bobby pulled on his jacket. They went left to an area filled with blue plastic chairs and an information desk.

Dean and Sam sat down in the cold chairs while Bobby went and talked to a nurse. Bobby gestured behind him and the nurse followed the direction and then her brown eyes landed on Dean. She turned back to Bobby and nodded a few times before she went over to where they sat.

“Hi, boys, I’m Ruby. If you’d like to follow me I’ll show you to your dad’s room.” She led them down another white corridor, to the left and down another and then she stopped at a door on the right black letters with the number 24 written under a small square window. “He’s on a lot of painkillers that make him tired and a bit woozy. It’s a long time since I saw an accident this bad. Your mom unfortunately died on the spot and your dad has suffered a lot of internal bleedings, which the doctors are unable to operate on.” She pushed the door open, “Go, be with him and you call me if
you need anything, I will be here all night.”

Dean appreciated her kindness and thanked her before stepping inside the room. His dad looked small in the industrial bed. Aside from all the red and blue bruises his skin was so pale it matched the bedding. He was connected to a lot of machines beeping and drawing green lines on a black screen.

He went to the chair beside the bed and sat down. Sam stayed by the door a safe distance away while Bobby stood by the dresser against the wall. Carefully Dean took his dad’s large worn hand in his, it had a needle in it so Dean was careful. The hand lay heavy in his and he sat there for a while silently playing with the fingernails.

Some time later John stirred and blinked his eyes open. He stared up at the ceiling for some time before he turned his head to the side. “Hey,” his voice was small and hoarse.

“Hey, Dad,” a single tear ran down Dean’s cheek.

“Where’s your mom? Where’s my Mary?” He looked at Bobby, then at Sam and back to Dean.

Dean looked at Bobby for help who just slowly shook his head. “She’s coming in a minute, just go back to sleep, Dad.”

“You’re lying! I want to know where she is!” John started trying to get up and pulling at the tubes inserted in his veins. Dean quickly pressed the call button and a few second later Ruby came through the door.

She didn’t even need to ask what was going on, she just went to a locked white drawer and picked up a syringe. She pushed the clear fluid into one of the tubes, “This will calm him down. Even though he might not be awake for most of the time, I know that it would mean so much to him that his boys were here with him.” She gave a shy smile before going back out.

John was looking at Dean as he started to get drowsy. He took the hand that Dean wasn’t holding onto for dear life and placed it on his oldest son’s cheek and stroke away a tear. His eyes became glassy, “You’re a good boy.” The hand fell from his cheek back to the bed, “Promise me that no matter what that you’ll take care of your brother.”

John was sound asleep before he could answer, but in a hushed voice he said; “I promise, Dad.”
Later that night Sam was tucked in for the night in the empty bed beside John. Bobby fell asleep in a brown chair by the window, but Dean never left his dad’s side. He sat there holding his hand all night, but at some point sleep pulled him under and he slept with his head resting on the mattress.

None of them got to sleep for long though. At a little after three the door burst open bathing the before dark room in bright white light. A few nurses came rushing in and with them they had a crash cart. Only then did Dean realize the monotone beep of the machine beside him.

His eyes were wild and his mind confused when a nurse tried to usher them all out side, but Dean wouldn’t listen. He fought back when they tried to force him and in the end they gave up on trying. Dean ran to his father’s side and stayed as close as he was allowed. He watched from behind a nurse as they tried to shock life back into John, but Dean already knew it wouldn’t help anything. They came to this hospital well knowing that John wouldn’t make it, but somewhere deep down Dean had hoped for some miraculous recovery.

Then time stood still. He vaguely remembers one of the nurses calling time of death and then they silently left the room. He remembers Ruby placing her slim hand on his shoulder and whispering something before she left too. Dean stared. He stared at that peaceful figure lying in the bed.

Before he knew what he was doing he was lying half on top of him and hugging the lifeless body of his dad as he cried. He screamed, maybe he thought that if he screamed and cried enough maybe the universe would see how unfairly he had been treated and give him back his parents, but nothing happened.

The next thing he felt was Bobby prying him away from the bed and into his warm embrace. Dean was almost strangled he was held so tight, but he needed this right now. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Sam looking at the scene in front of him with a closed off look on his face. When Sam caught his eyes he quickly turned and walked out the door.

“He needs time.”

“Huh?”

“Everybody reacts differently. He’s taking it harder than you think, he just doesn’t show it, but at some point he’ll need you and then you need to be there for him.” Dean could feel the rumble in Bobby’s chest as he talked.
“What are we going to do now?” Dean was the oldest and now he had to take care of his brother too.

“I made arrangements so that you can stay with me until the funeral, but then it depends on what is in your parent’s will.” Bobby was the only one keeping his head cool and being rational in this moment.

“Can’t you adopt us or something?”

“I’m afraid that isn’t how it works son. And even if it did work that way, an old man like me who lives in a shitty apartment filled with crap from floor to ceiling, an old nut who drinks a bit too much, I would never be approved to take care of two kids.”

Dean buried his head back into Bobby’s chest. His head hurt and right now he just wanted to sleep for a hundred years, but he also knew that he would probably have some trouble sleeping for the next long while.

Dean wasn’t prepared for this day; he thought it was years into the future. Two boys of only eight and sixteen years shouldn’t be burying their parents.

Dean hadn’t slept for days; he kept getting nightmares, seeing his mother screaming in pain just after the truck hit them. He kept hearing that monotone beep and the sound of the defibrillators sending volts through his dad’s body. Every time he had a bad dream Sam was there, soothing him. He hadn’t seen the kid cry even once yet. The only time Sam was really upset was when Dean had to sit him down and tell him that right after today, after the funeral, Sam was going to live with a nice family. Sam was going into foster care and Dean had never seen him so mad. He kept yelling that he was abandoning him and Dean had never felt so horrible, so guilty and never so much of a traitor.

He tried selling the idea of the foster family over the next few days, kept telling stories about their dog and how sweet their daughter seemed to be, but every time all Dean got was a door slammed into the face.

Dean himself wasn’t that lucky. No foster family wanted a sixteen-year-old boy. He was being sent to a home for boys and he didn’t look forward to it. He had hoped that John and Mary’s will said something about Bobby getting custody over them, but there was no will and the social worker had
told them that it was not likely that Bobby would even be taken into consideration as a foster parent.

So after today the two brothers would be torn apart.

They were both wearing black suits with black ties. Bobby was with them. He had shaved that morning. After the death of John and Mary he had let his beard grow, but today he had shaved it off. He was wearing matching clothes to Dean and Sam and walked in between them to the freshly dug hole in the green dewy grass.

The service at the church had been sweet and Dean had cried when he had seen the picture he had once taken of his parents on their last wedding day standing in front of the two coffins.

The turn up was big; Dean didn’t even know that his parents had that many friends and acquaintances. Now they were walking in the graveyard to the spot where they were going to be laid to rest.

Dean stared as the coffins were slowly eased into their respective spots and all the while the priest kept talking. Dean had stopped listening; it was all the same anyway. No matter what anybody said or did as a way of trying to console him it didn't help. His parents were dead and no one could bring them back.

Dean looked at the gravestone they had picked out. Dean thought his parents should share a gravesite and a stone that way they would always be together just like they would have wanted. It was black smooth granite with carved letters painted grey. Between their names Dean had ordered a crooked heart to be engraved and it looked good, it looked sweet.

The priest threw dirt into the holes and Dean stepped forward throwing a red rose into each grave. Sam followed after and then Bobby, then some of the other guests and that way a layer of roses quickly covered the coffins. The red of the petals seemed to go together with the brown of the earth.

This was it. Dean had buried his parents. The guests started leaving, scattering and walking to their cars. A lot of them came up to Dean and offered their condolences before they left and Dean just nodded politely at everyone.

When everyone had gone and only Sam, Bobby and he himself was left behind Dean had a quiet moment. In his head he was talking to his parents and he vowed to come back and visit them at least once a year on this day April 17th. Damn, it was Sam's birthday soon and Dean hadn’t even thought
When they were ready they walked towards the parking lot. A black car was parked by the curve and in front of it stood a woman dressed in formal clothes and her blonde hair in a tight braid down her back. This was the social worker that was going to bring Sam to his foster family. Suddenly everything became very real, Dean had to say goodbye now.

He turned his back to the lady and bent down in his knees so he was at eye level with Sam. “Sam I know-”

“I don’t want to go, Dean,” Sam interrupted him. “Please, don’t make me go.” Little Sammy gave him his best puppy eyes and they cut right through his core making his heart ache.

He gathered his baby brother into his arms and held on tight whispering in his ear; “I promise you that as soon as I can I will do everything to make sure you come live with me. We are going to be together,” he held Sam out at arms length and looked directly into his eyes. “Okay?” Sam nodded and after another hug he walked towards the woman. “I promise, Sam!”

The car door was slammed shut and Dean waved to Sam as they drove away.
Dean remembers the first day at Sonny’s Home for Young Boys like it was yesterday. Bobby had pulled the truck to a stop at the curb, giving him an awkward hug and some encouraging words, before he had jumped out, pulling his duffel onto his back and headed to the door. So this was home for the next two years.

Dean remembers a night not many days later where Sam had called him. Dean had gone outside for some privacy to talk and at first Sam had sounded normal, but then he just broke. He had tried to repress his emotions ever since the death of their parents and suddenly it all just came crashing down. Dean spent hours outside in the chilly breeze of the spring afternoon with the phone to his ear. Trying to comfort your brother through the phone wasn’t easy, but Dean just let him talk and cry and yell. Then he promised to come and visit soon and they hung up.

Dean remembers when he got to go to Sam’s birthday in the home of his foster parents. They seemed like genuinely nice people and Dean got along with them just fine. Still he felt a bit out of place. They were sophisticated people; they had fancy degrees and talked about fancy subjects at dinner. Sam seemed to fit right in; he was able to keep up with every topic and came up with clever commentaries. When Dean got home that night he had this awful feeling inside, like Sam was better of without him. Maybe Dean should let him stay with that family, it could give him some normalcy. It would be much better; they could give Sam all the things Dean wouldn’t be able to.

Dean remembers when it started to hurt. It hurt so much and he couldn’t figure out why. He pulled away from the few friends he had made and he isolated himself. He stayed in bed as long as possible and he would stare at the ceiling of the dark room for hours. He didn’t talk to Sam much anymore and when he did it was always Sam who called. Then suddenly he felt nothing at all. Every day became routine and he never paid much attention to what was happening around him. It started to scare him. Some days he felt like an empty holster and sometimes his chest ached and he felt like screaming, thrashing and crying.

Dean remembers the first time he put the cold blade to his skin and he cut. Red fluid appeared and a drop flowed down his arm. And he felt something, it was pain, but it was a pain that he could understand, it was a pain that he could control. It became a habit. Every time he felt like shit or felt nothing at all he would cut another line into his forearm. Every night he would look at his arm, some wounds had already healed to a thin white line while some were fresh. He only ever wore long sleeved shirts now and as the summer became hotter Sonny started to notice. Dean was pulled aside one day and forced to pull up his sleeves, he had never felt so humiliated.

Dean remembers the first time he visited the psychologist. He doesn’t remember her name though; he never really listened to what she said. He was too comfortable in his own head where there were nothing but silence. He answered when asked, but she never looked satisfied. He went to her office once a week, but he didn’t make any progress. One day he sat in one of her too white chairs
watching while she talked to Sonny. She seemed agitated and Sonny looked at him like he was actually worried, like he genuinely cared about him.

When he showed emotions these days it was always fake, he sometimes thought that if he pretended everything was okay then maybe it would be. The days were blank and he found that he didn’t remember much about the day before or what happened last month.

He remembers the day he walked past Sonny’s office and he could see that the medicine cabinet had the key in it. He didn’t really think about it he just looked around before sneaking in. He read the label on different bottles; he didn’t recognize any of the names. He screwed the lids of a couple of them and stuffed a handful of each into his pockets, this way Sonny wouldn’t notice if a whole bottle was missing. He hid the pills in his room and there they lay for some time. Of course there came a day where the cutting didn’t suffice anymore and so he locked himself in his room and swallowed every single one. Swallowing pills seemed a lot less messier than cutting his wrists even though he had thought about that one too many times too.

Dean remembers when he woke up to a white ceiling with bright white lights that hurt his eyes. He remembers the following days at the hospital with nurses constantly checking in on him. As they made his bed one day they found the scalpel he had stolen from the industrial washing machine he had found during a walk down the hall. After that he wasn’t allowed to go back to Sonny’s. He was considered a danger to himself and Dean had trouble understanding why they wouldn’t just let him die, he sometimes wished he hadn’t been born at all. He was sent to an institution that specialized in young people with psychological problems. In the beginning he was never left alone and it drove him mad. He had to attend group therapy and talk to another shrink even though he hated everything about it. All that would change though.

Dean doesn’t remember Christmas or new years. He was a bit woozy on the pills they were feeding him to keep him calm and happy so he wouldn’t have another outburst and accidentally hit a nurse like he did just after thanksgiving, she still had a slight redness right beneath her eye. The doctor had said that he wasn’t yet ready for visitors and so he had spent the days alone. He had had a breakdown and hit a male nurse when they were trying to restrain him. They upped his dose. Dean spent the holidays absolutely drugged on tranquilizers.

Dean remembers when Sam came to visit him for his seventeenth birthday. If Dean had his way Sam would have never known or seen him in this place, but Bobby brought him and so he couldn’t do or say anything, but he wasn’t happy about it. Sam had run his tiny finger over the bumps of his scars and looked at him with big wet eyes and told him that he wouldn’t want his big brother to be in so much pain. It broke something in Dean or better yet, maybe it fixed something. He hugged his brother tight and cried as he ensured him that he would get better. Sam reminded him of the promise he had made that he would come live with him this time next year and all Dean’s worries about not being good enough slowly disappeared. He admitted to his problems and he realized he needed the help. The therapy started working then and he remembers a few months later when he was allowed to go back to Sonny’s. He had lost a lot of school and he just barely graduated from high school, Sam had gotten the brains of the family and Dean was only left with his stubbornness and will to
After a year he barely remembers and after a year of slowly recovering finally the day came where he left Sonny’s Home for good. Bobby had come to pick him up and so he said goodbye to Sonny and the friends he had made. He gave one last kiss to Benny, the first boy he had ever been with and told him to stay in touch. Bobby raised an eyebrow and Dean just chuckled as he jumped into the passenger seat. He took one last glance at Sonny’s Home for Young Boys as the drove away. This was the beginning of a new chapter and hopefully a better one maybe with a happy ending.

It was his eighteenth birthday, but this time Sam couldn’t be there to celebrate it with him. Sam was on some field trip with one of his classes, but Dean had gotten a text from him this morning with a picture attached of Sam with a party hat on, he had laughed. Things were looking up.

Dean was going to stay with Bobby for some time until he was able to provide for himself. And since it was his birthday Bobby took him to his favorite diner just outside of town one turn before the highway. The Roadhouse had the best burgers and Dean had come here many times through his childhood, but this was the first time he was here without his dad.

“You can order what ever you like, son. Oh, and I heard they had fresh baked pecan pie so if you think you can eat it you can get a whole one.” Bobby smiled at him as his eyes lit up with pure childish joy.

The waitress was a young woman with chocolate skin and beautiful dark curls. She walked up to their table and fished out her tiny pencil from her apron. “What can I do for you gentlemen?” Her voice was small and sweet.

“Heelloo beautiful,” he noticed her nametag, “Cassie… That’s a cute name,” Dean put on his best flirty smile and he caught how she shyly looked down at the floor. “I would very much like your bacon cheeseburger with some of those chili-cheese fries and a root beer. Oh, and a large piece of your pecan pie with a little birthday candle in it.”

She scribbled everything down on her little pad, but when the candle was mentioned she looked up. “It’s your birthday?” Dean nodded proudly, “I’ll see what we can do for you,” she winked before turning to Bobby “and you, sir?”

Bobby who had watched the whole exchange shook his head at the flirting and placed his order. When Cassie walked to the kitchen Dean watched her and he could have sworn she put on a little show with how her hips swayed as she walked away.
“You’re enjoying your freedom,” Bobby remarked. “Now stop drooling boy and tell me how you’re doing.”

“I’m fine, Bobby,” Dean looked at him and he could see that Bobby didn’t buy it. “I’m fine really, it’s just… everything is so confusing right now, I just need to figure out what to do next.”

“I know, son. And you can stay at my place as long as you need to.”

“And I’m so grateful, but I made a promise to Sam and I need to get on my feet as quick as I can and then file for custody.” He rested his forehead on his hand and sighed, “I never thought life was supposed to be so hard…”

“It’s gonna get easier and I have a little present for you that might help you get some of the way,” Bobby lifted a white box onto the table, Dean had wondered what was in it since Bobby dragged it with him in here.

He slowly shimmied the carton lid off and peered inside. Blue fabric… He gently lifted it out of its box and unfolded it. It was a dark blue overall with his name stitched into it with red thread over the right breast pocket. “Bobby?” He didn’t know what to say.

“You’ve always been good with cars and a mechanic’s pay ain’t that bad. I’m sure the social workers will require that you have a steady income.” The old man smiled behind his white frizzy beard.

“Thank you so much, Bobby.” Dean held onto the piece of clothing for a little while longer before folding it again and placing it back in the box. Just as he had put the box away the waiter, Cassie, arrived with their food.

She made sure to bend down a bit further when she placed Dean’s plate in front of him giving him a perfect view of her cleavage. “I’ll bring your deserts when you’re finished with this, that okay?”

“Sure is, sugar.” She batted her eyelashes at him before leaving them to eat.

Dean dug right in, he couldn’t remember the last time he had had such a greasy meal, at the home
they actually made sure the boys ate healthy and it wasn’t like Dean had any money to eat for elsewhere… He was stuffing a couple of fries into his mouth when he noticed Bobby staring at him and with his mouth full of food he asked, “What?” Bobby just huffed a laugh and shook his head starting on his own food.

They ate in comfortable silence and when their plates were expertly cleaned and their classes empty Cassie was quick to fetch them and bring back two big pieces of pie. She had put a little candle in Dean’s as requested and lit it with a lighter at the table.

Dean didn’t bother to look after her as she walked away this time there was pie in front of him and nothing could beat pie. He took a large piece and groaned happily when the taste touched every inch of his tongue and mouth. Pie was so much better than the sex he could have gotten. He stuffed it down in seven bites and only barely restrained himself from licking the plate. He did though scrape his fork against the white porcelain trying furiously to get the last remnants of filling off.

Dean leaned back in the seat and patted his full stomach, “I haven’t eaten this much since… Since that pie eating contest at the block party when I was fifteen. Thank you so much, Bobby. This was just what I needed.” He waved down their waiter one last time, “The check, please.”

Cassie came back a few seconds later laying the piece of paper on the table with a wink. Bobby checked the price and smiled, he waved it in front of Dean, “Someone made quite an impression…”

Dean snatched the piece of paper and then noticed the number written at the bottom with a little heart beside it. “Well, what can I say? I’ve got the Winchester charm.” He didn’t think he was going to call her though; he had other more important things to take care of at the moment.

Dean fit right in at the garage, Bobby had spent some time training him, but Dean was a natural and after being showed once it just came naturally to him. He didn’t get to work on customers’ cars yet though. Bobby Singer owned a large salvage yard filled with old cars, some were total wrecks others could be given new life. Dean’s first assignment was to pick out a car and make it run again, only then would Bobby let him take care of the customers’.

He spent the days walking up and down the aisles of cars looking for exactly the right one. Every day at lunch he would go to the break room and Bobby would ask if he’d found one yet, but after three days that was still a negative.
On Thursday he came in early and ran into Garth who was working on an old Toyota. Garth was a small guy, skinny and kind of funny looking, but he had a heart of gold and he made sure Dean felt at home here. Chuck, who also worked there, wasn’t here yet, he came and went as he felt like it, sometimes it was as if he considered himself God, he always had an answer for everything. And even though he only punched in about noon he always had all his work done in no time so Bobby didn’t really feel like firing him.

After saying good morning to Garth Dean grabbed an apple and went into the yard. He only had one row of cars left and he sure hoped that the right car would be hiding there somewhere or Bobby would get impatient.

The apple made a crunching sound as he bit into it, the kind of sound that is just so fulfilling. He walked on the sand and gravel looking at every car, but not spending more than a few seconds at each one because none of them felt right even though he found one that didn’t seem to need much work.

He had gotten to the end of the row and was just about to give up when he turned the corner and he saw her. In a hidden corner at the far back of the yard, a corner Dean had never been in before he found just the right car. Its black paint was chipped and had large scratches, the roof had a big dent and all the glass was broken. It looked like a wreck, but the engine was almost intact. Dean remember his dad talking about this car he had bought when he was young, this guy had come up to him when he had been checking out a Volkswagen van and showed him a sleek, black ’67 Chevy four door Impala instead and he had fallen in love with it instantly. Dean knew an Impala when he saw one. It had always been his favorite car and being given the chance to give this forgotten treasure new life was just too good to be true.

He threw the apple core over the old wooden fence into an overgrown garden on the other side and then walked quickly back to the garage. He threw the door open and gleefully announced, “I found it!” He went over to where Bobby was lying under a car only his feet visible, “Bobby I found the perfect car! Can I take the tow truck to the car and get it dragged down here?”

Bobby rolled out from under the red Beetle he was working on, “Sure, son. Which one is the lucky winner of a make-over?”

“I found this old Impala way back in the lot.”

Bobby pulled his brows together in thought, “The one that looks like the people who had been driving it suffered a cruel destiny?” Dean nodded; the car did look like it had had a terrible crash. “Boy, that car has been lying there for twenty years or so, if you get that one running it will be some kind of a miracle.” Bobby got onto his feet and dried his hands on an old rag, “I’ll tell you what, if you get that car to look and run as if it was fresh out of the factory it’s yours.”
Dean contemplated for a minute then stretched out his hand, “Deal.”

“Deal.”

Dean spent everyday from then on with his head bent under the hood of the Impala. He was determined to get her back in shape. Soon the once dark blue overall was covered in greasy oil stains and looked more and more black for every day that passed.

One day when he was lying on his back in the front seat knees bent, feet on the roof and pushing with all his might to try and fix the large dent, Bobby came and stuck his head through the window still missing a new glass plane. “Need any help there, kid?”

“First of all, I’m not a kid anymore and secondly I’m fully capable of doing this… I just think I have to heat up the metal first.” He shooed Bobby away from the door and crawled out on that side. “Anything you wanted?”

Bobby leaned against the car and watched as Dean rummaged through some tools lying around on a table and on shelves along the wall, “I’ve found an apartment.” Dean turned and looked at the man leaning his head a bit forward encouraging him to explain further, “for you I mean. An apartment on the second floor has been vacated and I thought of you. It’s affordable with your salary and with an address, a home; you can finally file for custody. I mean you’ll have to get it furnished and nice before they send a social worker to come check it out, but you can set the wheels in motion.”

Dean was lost for words and stood there mouth agape and wide eyes for some time before a smile took over and he practically bounced into Bobby throwing his arms around him chanting, “Thank you, thank you, thank you.” He gave the older but shorter man a kiss atop his cap. “I owe you so much, Bobby.”

Bobby growled at the show of affection and then went back to work and so did Dean, but for the rest of the day he walked with a spring in his step. He was just happy, for the first time in a long while he felt truly happy like everything was going to be all right. He was slowly but surely taking steps in the right direction, the direction that would lead Sam all the way back home to him.

Thinking about Sam he got an urge to call his brother. He went outside the garage for some privacy
leaning against the wall with one leg crossed over the other. Sam picked up on the third ring.

“Hi, Dean,” Dean was just about to blurt out the good news, but the sound of Sam’s voice stopped him. The kid had been crying.

“Sam, are you all right?” Dean always worried. It was the hardest part about not living with his brother he couldn’t be there when he needed him most and so Dean would just worry. Worry if he was okay, if he was happy, if he was being bullied at school all of the things he would know if he could see and talk to his brother on a daily basis.

“I’m fine, Dean, it’s just… We drove past our house today… I mean our old home and you know, it just brought back memories.” Sometimes when Dean talked with Sam over the phone he forgot the boy was only ten, he sounded so grown up sometimes, but today he sounded just like the little kid he is. He sounded so vulnerable and you could almost hear the silent tears that were no doubt running down his red puffy cheeks. Locks of his brown shaggy hair would be sticking to the wet patches and though the thought was some how endearing Dean still had an awful twisting feeling in his gut.

Sam had seen their house. Dean hadn’t even been there since the day they went to pack their bags and then he had only been there for an hour at the most. They had just packed their clothes, their favorite things (which involved carrying a whole box filled with books from Sam’s room) Dean didn’t have a lot… He had packed his favorite tapes and posters and then he had went into his parents room and gotten his dad’s leather jacket and a simple silver ring from his mother’s jewelry chest. Dean owned what could fit in a duffel bag.

“Dean?” Shit, Dean had gotten totally lost in his own thoughts.

“Yeah, I’m here. Do you need me to come over or something?” He sucked at situations like these, he sucked at stuff involving feelings in general, but he had to be there for Sam no matter what.

“No, I’m gonna be fine I just need to get over it.” Before Dean could tell him that it wasn’t something that you just got over, they had lost their parents a little over two years ago and their memory was still painfully clear in their heads, Sam continued. “But you’re the one who called, so what did you want?”

“Uhm,” Dean had to get his mind back on track. He was the one who had called Sam, but for a moment there he totally forgot what he was going to say. “I’ve found an apartment, well I haven’t actually seen it yet, but it’s in Bobby’s building and it’s affordable so I think I’ll take it which means I’ll be applying for custody soon.”
“What?” Dean had to take the phone away from his ear, although Sam sometimes sounded like an adult with an already deep voice he could really get high-pitched at times.

“I’m going to get you home, baby bro.” Dean laughed when he heard the shrill roar of victory, “I take it you’re happy about that?”

They talked for a while mostly it was just Dean listening to Sam go on and on about how he wanted to decorate his room. Dean was smiling when he hung up.

Dean said yes to the apartment after he checked it out a few days later. It wasn’t big, but it was big enough for the two of them. You entered directly into the small kitchen; it had what a kitchen needed. The living room was attached to the kitchen only divided by a breakfast bar. Directly in front of the front door on the opposite wall was a door to the room that would be Sam’s, beside it was the bathroom and around the corner by the breakfast bar was the door to Dean’s room. The rent was reasonable and Dean would be able to buy some old furniture to furnish the place and make it a bit more like a home before Sam came and lived with him.

He moved in the next month himself, by then he had already been down at the social services and talked through the process of him being able to file for custody. He had the job, the income, he had the place, and now what he needed was to make the apartment fit for living and to house a kid.

Dean borrowed Bobby’s truck one day and went to pick up Sam. They went to Ikea and Sam got to pick out a bed, a closet and a desk. They ate Swedish meatballs and made a day of it. Of course they came out with a lot more than they came for, but now Dean could really get started on making their little home a little bit more comfy.

Dean himself had bought his own bed at a second hand store. It was an old thing just like the closet he had found for his room, but he wanted to save money on his own room if it meant that Sam would get the best he could give him.

He had decorated the place with a kitchen table and chairs, a comfy couch, a 32” flat screen and everything that belonged in a home. He had even hung art on the walls and framed pictures of Sam, himself and of course a few of John and Mary. It felt comfy with the decorative pillows and an old quilt draped over the back of the couch. Dean’s small collection of DVD’s stood in a neat row beneath the TV and the few books he owned were placed in the bookshelf waiting for Sam’s fuck-
ton of books to join them.

The cupboards in the kitchen had been filled with new cutlery and white porcelain with a freaking black pattern sprayed on them. Dean couldn’t believe this was actually his now. It was hard to believe. He had been sleeping down at Bobby’s a lot still, because the place seemed so empty at times, but that would change.

Dean had also met the very nice Missouri who lived down the hall from him. She was a bit eccentric, but she was warm and radiated motherly love. She had brought Dean warm casseroles when she had heard him hustling and bustling around with furniture. Sometimes he thought that she might be a bit lonely, but he liked her either way and he was sure Sam would like her too.

He was also sure that Sam was going to like Jo. Jo, or Joanna, lived right upstairs with her mother Ellen. Dean had actually met Ellen a lot of times; she and Bobby seemed to like each other. They always teased the other when they were both collecting mail in the lobby and Dean noticed the special glint that was to be found in both their eyes whenever they saw the other. Dean thought it was cute and he rooted for them, but they had to run their own course.

Dean spent the days working on the Impala and the work seemed to be coming along. She was all evened out and had gotten a new coat of shiny black paint, but Dean just couldn’t figure out what was wrong with the engine. He was mumbling to himself with his head under the hood when his phone rang in his pocket. He quickly dried off his hands on a rag and fished the phone out of his pants. “Dean.”

“Yes, hello, you’re speaking with Marissa I’m the one working your case.” Dean listened closely, “We had an appointment that I would stop by your place next week for an inspection and then talk through the process of gaining custody of your younger brother…” Dean heard the sound of rustling paper, “Sam, yes. Well, I’ve had a cancellation on an appointment today and since the last time I spoke with you, you seemed rather eager to get this whole shebang started, I wondered if you had time for me to stop by in a two hours time?”

Dean’s brain stopped working for a minute and when he got it started again he stammered out a, “Yeah, sure. I think I can get out of work earlier.”

“Well then, I’ll see you later Dean.” She hung up right after.
Dean ran into Bobby’s office and burst through the door, “I’m sorry I’m interrupting, but can I get of early, as in right now?”

“I’ll call you back in a minute,” Bobby put down the receiver. “I don’t see why not. It’s your own salary that will be affected, but if you don’t mind me asking why you’re smiling like that?”

Dean hadn’t even realized that he was smiling, but he felt happy. The faster he got the visit from the social worker the faster he would get Sam home and that’s all that mattered to him these days. If he were lucky Sam would be home before the end of summer. “The social worker got an opening and she’s stopping by in a couple of hours.” Dean said the last words as he had already turned and was running back out of the office and into the locker room to get his stuff and ran home.

“I can’t see why you wouldn’t be able to take care of your brother,” Marissa turned to him checking down the list on her clipboard, “I can’t put my finger on anything that is missing here. You even gave the place a feeling of femininity like only a mother would be able to,” Dean looked at her confused, “you will have to be both a mother and a father to your brother and to me it seems like you are more than capable.”

“You’re serious?”

“I damn well am,” she smiled at him, “I know how important it is for family to be together and I can see how much you care for your brother, so I am absolutely certain that you will do whatever you have to do to give him everything. Now, what we have to do is get some paperwork filled out. I will write a letter of recommendation and then everything will be sent on their way and if the foster family doesn’t protest you will receive custody without having to go to court.” She pulled some papers from her bag and sat down at the kitchen table with Dean and helped him with it all.

Dean had struggled a lot in life, but things looked brighter and this Marissa was so warm she reminded him of Missouri in so many ways. Her willingness to help him meant more to him that he would ever be able to express, but he did hug her tightly when he said goodbye in the door.

Dean could hardly sleep that night, his whole body was buzzing with excitement and anticipation. And knowing it could take a while till he would hear anything tore at him everyday.
In the middle of June working at the garage was hell. They had air condition and the big doors were open at all times, but Dean was still sweating furiously. Bobby had let Dean work on costumers’ cars for a while now even though the Impala still wouldn’t start. He did look at her everyday though. After finishing the assignments he had for the day he would spend some time looking the engine over for the hundreth time.

After an exhausting day like this Dean was looking forward to a cool shower and a cold beer on the couch. He had finally gotten used to the apartment and rarely slept at Bobby’s anymore, they did have dinner together from time to time though, but Dean also ate at Missouri’s at times and even Ellen invited both him and Bobby up to the third floor occasionally.

Dean always checked his mailbox in the lobby before climbing the stairs, but today it wasn’t just the traditional bills and fliers. He held the white envelope gently in his hand scared that it would crumble in his hand. He didn’t know what it said it could be a rejection. He didn’t dare open it and instead went directly to Bobby’s door and knocked.

The burly man answered the door with a towel around his neck and when Dean just held out the envelope, he seemed to understand and ushered him inside and into the kitchen. Dean sat down in a chair while Bobby fetched a letter opener. The sound of the paper being cut open by the blunt knife was deafening to Dean.

When Bobby didn’t say anything and just kept reading flipping the pages back an forth Dean got impatient, “Well, what does it say?”

“Well it says that a social worker will be paying you a surprise visit,” Dean didn’t understand, Marissa had said everything was fine. Damn it. Before he could express his disappointment Bobby continued, “around the time where Sam has been living with you for a two months time.” Dean snapped his eyes to Bobby his mouth slowly opening, “Which will mean some time in October.”

Dean formed the words with his lips but no sound came out. He stammered a few times and finally his brain kicked in, “Sam is coming home?”

“Yup, says here he’ll be moving in the first of August.”

Dean fumbled for his phone and quickly clicked on the contact ‘Sammy’ followed by a princess emoticon and Sam quickly picked up, “Dean, I’m in the middle of my homework is this impor-”
“You’re coming home!”
He would always remember this day as the best day of his life. Sam was finally coming home and Dean had longed for this day to arrive and it couldn’t come fast enough.

He hadn’t slept much last night way too excited to even close an eye. Sam’s room was done and all it needed now was a Sam and a ridiculous amount of books. Everything would finally be perfect. He had bought what he needed to make his specialty for dinner and he had invited Bobby, Missouri, Ellen and Jo to come help eat the fuck ton of burgers Dean would be making. He had even gone as far as too put fresh fruit in a bowl to keep Sam’s rabbit-eating habit satisfied.

The round dinner table in the kitchen probably wasn’t big enough for the seven of them, but Dean was sure they could squeeze together. Today was a day of celebration and days like these should be spent with the people you care most about and Dean had certainly come to care for his newfound friends.

Marissa, the social worker, would pick Sam up with all his stuff and they could be here any minute now. Marissa had done a lot for Dean and helped him when he didn’t understand a word of the papers and contracts and all the other stuff that had to be in order before Sam could move in. If she had the time Dean would like her to stay for dinner, it was the only way he could think of to thank her, but not even that would be enough to show her how grateful he was. There were a lot of people around him to whom he needed to show his gratitude.

He went about the apartment adjusting the smallest and most insignificant things. The nervousness was snaking around under his skin making him jittery and restless. He needed to do something, but everything that needed to be done was already completed and checked off the list.

He went to the bathroom and gave himself a once over. He hadn’t seen Sam for over about a month and he just needed everything to be perfect and that included his own appearance. He stood there unconsciously nodding at his own image and then deciding the shirt wasn’t right. He ran to his room for a quick change. The t-shirt he had been wearing was already wet with sweat. He changed into a black shirt and let a green flannel hang open over it.

Just as he had pulled it on he heard a knock at the door. His heart rate picked up speed and he felt his palms get clammy. He rushed to the door. He just looked at it for a few seconds taking a deep breath and wiped his hands on his jeans before grabbing the handle. As soon as he had opened the door he had a large Sam hanging around his neck crushing him in a bruising hug.

Dean chuckled, “Missed you too, Sammy.” He patted his back and set him back down on the floor.
He let his eyes settle on his baby brother whose eyes shone with what could only be described as pure happiness. His shaggy hair was longer than he remembered and if the kid kept growing at this speed soon Dean wouldn’t need to put him back down it would be the other way around.

He looked at Marissa who was still standing on the mat in the hallway, “Come on in,” he smiled welcoming and moved to the side.

“I’m sorry, honey, but I don’t have time right now I’m already late for my next appointment,” she made to leave, but Dean stopped her.

“I’m making burgers tonight, some other people are joining us. You’re more than welcome if you’re interested. We eat around seven.”

“Well, I’ll see if I have time to swing by later then. I haven’t had homemade burgers in a while wouldn’t want to miss that.” Her smile was warm and she stepped forward and patted him on the shoulder before she left.

Dean closed the door and when he turned back around Sam was staring at him expectantly, “Wait, weren’t you supposed to have a bag or some boxes with you?”

“It’s all downstairs in the lobby, Marissa really didn’t have time to help me carry everything upstairs but you’ll help me, right?”

“No need for the puppy eyes, of course I’ll help. Why don’t we get started,” he reopened the door, “After you, my lord.” He bowed dramatically and earned a half laughing huff from Sam.

Between the two of them they had all of Sam’s stuff in a pile in the kitchen in no time. Dean was out of breath when he sat the last bag down. Sam owned enough stuff to fill five boxes and three large duffels. Dean would bet four out of five boxes were books. He went to the fridge to grab a cold one for himself and a water for Sam. If he remembered correctly, the kid thought coke was the devil’s way of trying to kill them, something about the amount of sugar or something.

Dean twisted off the cap and lifted his bottle in the air, “Cheers,” it came out sounding almost British. They both took large gulps and let the cool liquid of their respective drinks soothe their throats.

Dean set the bottle on the counter, “Ready to see your room?”
“Hells yeah,” Sam’s eyes lit up like Christmas lights.

“It’s right this way. So you’ve seen the kitchen,” he took a step to the other side of the breakfast bar, “and this is the living room,” he spread his arms out gesturing to the whole room. He pointed at the door to the farthest right, “That is my room,” he pointed at the next one, “that is the bathroom, and that one is yours,” he pointed at the last door in the corner.

Sam went to the door and Dean watched him stand there for a second with a hand on the knob. Sam turned to look at Dean like he was waiting for confirmation and as Dean nodded slightly he pushed open the door. Dean followed behind when Sam walked into his new room. Seeing his brother big smile like that gave Dean the best feeling ever.

“I love it,” Sam turned and leapt so he could throw his arms around his big brother’s neck, “Thank you so much,” Dean could feel the breath on his neck as Sam held him even closer. Dean patted him on his back once again before he threw him on the bed.

Sam bounced on the mattress a few times before it settled. He crawled up and sat against the headboard looking around at every corner of the room. Dean sat down in his office chair at his desk and just waited for Sam to take it all in.

He had done a good job with the place if he had to say so himself. He had put up shelves over the desk so there was plenty of space for all the stuff and books that wouldn’t fit in the bookcase in the living room. He had set up the desk with a few new notebooks, some pencils and new colored ones.

“Was it hard saying goodbye?”

“Huh? Yeah… But I just want to be here… With you, it wasn’t that hard,” Sam looked at him.

“Still, you did live with them for quite awhile.”

“And they were nice and all, but they were still just the people temporarily taking care of me.”

Dean got up from the chair, “You look tired so take a nap or just relax. I’ll call you before the others get here,” he made to leave.
“Who?”

“Oh, guess I forgot to tell you. Well you know Bobby and Marissa,” Sam nodded, “then Missouri from across the hall and Ellen and Jo from upstairs are joining us for dinner. Gotta celebrate,” he smiled and then he left letting the door stand open just a bit.

He sat down on the couch and just let his mind wander for a bit. He heard Sam rummaging around in his room and when it went silent he guessed Sam had fallen asleep.

He didn’t let himself slouch on the couch for too long though, he had to start preparing for later. He started by, as silently as possible, moving Sam’s stuff to the wall beside the bedroom door. He glimpsed through the crack of the open door, Sam was laying on his stomach his mouth in a pout and snoring softly. Dean could really get used to silent moments like these. That feeling of pure happiness started unfurling in his stomach and filled him with warmth. But still the thought that he was now to act as a parent frightened him. He was only eighteen and now he was responsible for a kid.

When all of Sam’s stuff was out of the way he started pulling everything he would need out of the fridge.

“Need any help?”

He turned to see Sam standing in the middle of the living room rubbing at his eyes. “That was a quick nap,” he remarked.

“Yeah, I wasn’t really that tired and besides I couldn’t miss the sight of you trying to cook.”

“Hey! What is that supposed to mean? In case you have forgotten I actually know how to cook a lot of things and I have been improving. Having to live on your own and be an adult kind of forces you to learn basic stuff like how to make a meal,” he pointed a finger at Sam who nodded with a mock-impressed look.

“Well, is there anything I can do?” Sam stepped into the kitchen and jumped onto the counter beside the sink.
“You can start by moving your ass,” Sam jumped down, “and then you can set the table. The table isn’t that big so we may have to let someone sit at the breakfast bar.” Sam nodded and set to work.

Sam didn’t know his way around the kitchen and Dean had to give him a little tour of every cupboard and drawer.

“Think you can find everything now?” Sam nodded and quickly found a stack of plates.

Dean got a cutting-board, a big knife and the packages of ground meat that he had purchased the day before. He had to wash his hands before getting started; he turned on the faucet and pulled up the sleeves of his shirt. He didn’t really think about what he had done before he was drying his hands with a towel and he noticed how Sam was looking at him.

“You got a tattoo?” Sam seemed sincerely surprised.

Dean had forgot to tell him, it was meant as a surprise and judging from Sam’s face he had succeeded in making it just that. He had gotten it a week or so ago and he had just gotten used to seeing it whenever he looked in a mirror. It was a tree, Dean didn’t actually know what sort of tree, but it looked like one of those described in fairytales. The trunk was long and slightly twisted; the crown was… now when he thought about the tree actually had some resemblance to the trees that you would see out on the savannah in Africa. The tree had been tattooed with only black and it snaked its way up his arm on the inside from wrist to elbow. Long roots just barely reached his palm.

“Yeah, we needed a new start and that meant getting rid of…” Dean stopped in his tracks. He didn’t like talking about this subject with Sam. He remember the way Sam looked when he first time saw him in there with the white monotonous clothes, the dead expression on his face and the scars littering his left arm.

“You covered them up,” Sam pulled him out of his thoughts. He flinched when Sam took a step forward and reached out his hand, it was stupid to be afraid of his brother like that, but he didn’t like people touching his arm.

He watched the trepidation in Sam’s eyes, he was patient and waited until Dean relaxed and nodded slowly.

Sam let gentle fingers run over the bumps that couldn’t be removed by the ink only hidden, “I like it. It suits you,” he smiled up at him and Dean felt instantly better.
“So if we’re done with the chick flick moment here I really need to get started on these burger patties,” and so they went back to work.

Making burgers wasn’t the hardest task and Sam was quick with setting the table. When Sam was done he jumped back up onto the counter beside where Dean was standing frying the meat at the stove.

They were talking and teasing each other like brothers do when a knock sounded. Sam quickly jumped off the table and ran to the door. The front door was just beside the fridge and Dean could see it from where he was.

Bobby was standing in the hallway and Dean watched as he entered and scooped Sam up in his arms, “How are you kiddo?” Sam tried to wrestle free from Bobby’s crushing hug. “I can smell the freakin’ food from downstairs almost made me drool. When do we eat?”

“We eat when the others are here and you’re early so it could be a little while,” Dean smiled apologetically at the look on Bobby’s face.

“Balls.” Bobby plopped down at the kitchen table and Dean instantly went to grab him a beer. “Thanks boy, reading an old man’s thoughts.”

The rest of the guests arrived thirty minutes later. Dean loved having his home full of people talking and laughing and enjoying a good meal. Sam and Jo had a lot to talk about, even though Jo was two years younger, she seemed to be just as big a nerd as Sam. The two sat at the breakfast bar leaving all the grown-ups to sit around the dinner table.

Missouri instantly took Sam under her wing and told him that he was always welcome to visit her. Sam appeared to like the eccentric woman, judging by the smile he wore when the big woman embraced him.

Board games were played; beers and glasses of wine or soda were emptied as the night wore on. They had moved to the couch and the floor around it. Dean took a moment to just enjoy the moment, looking around at this new family that he had found and put together. He was hit with a pang of sorrow, for a moment he had forgotten about his dead parents and that realization hurt. His face must have conveyed his thoughts because when he caught Sam’s eyes he saw the worry there. He tried to smile reassuringly, but it didn’t do much.
Living with Sam was easy and being in the parent role wasn’t that hard either. Sam respected Dean and whenever Dean asked him to do something it went without trouble. Sam had filled out all the little holes in the apartment with the occasional book lying around and homework littering the dinner table whenever Dean got home from work.

Sam had started in a new school that was closer to their new home and Dean couldn’t believe that in two years he would be starting high school. Sam seemed happy and that made Dean overjoyed.

It was easy. It was natural. It was as if every piece in the puzzle had found its place. It all just worked out. Sam had been living with him for seven months now and time had passed so quickly.

Dean was most impressed that he had actually managed to cook a reasonable Thanksgiving meal some months back and all their friends from the building had joined them once again. He had also succeeded in making Christmas special for Sam. Being a mom, a dad, and a brother all in one could be tough at times, but he was learning as he went. It was March and spring was slowly showing its face. Two months prior he had turned 19 and he was surprised by Sam with breakfast in bed consisting of pancakes, scrambled eggs, bacon, sausages, orange juice and coffee, black just like he liked it. In two months it would be Sam’s 12th birthday and Dean wanted to pay back the favor.

Dean was at work one day when he walked past the Impala that had been moved back outside. Dean hadn’t been able to get the motor running and frankly he had given up and forgotten about it. Bobby had said from the start that the car was a lost cause.

Dean pulled off the cover and the car was still shiny underneath. At least he had been able to return the car to its former beauty. The door creaked when he opened it and he would have to remember to give it some more oil.

He loved the feel of the leather seats. He ran a loving hand over the dashboard and the let his hands glide down the steering wheel. The key was in the ignition and even though it wouldn’t do anything he turned it. The car didn’t sputter then die like anticipated. The glorious Impala roared to life and the engine purred as Dean just sat there in shock.

Through the windshield Dean watched Bobby come through the garage’s door surprise written all over his features. He was drying his hands on a yellow rack already covered in oil.
Dean exited the car and went around to open the hood. Bobby came to his side, “How did you bring our girl back to life?” Bobby looked down into the engine.

“I didn’t do anything… I just turned the key,” Dean couldn’t believe it.

“Gotta be some kinda miracle,” Bobby said and slapped him on the back, “Guess she’s yours now, congratulations.” Bobby turned and went back to the car he was working on.

Dean went home from work that day excited to tell Sam about the Impala, he still had to check her over once more before he would dare to drive her but he couldn’t wait to take Sam for a ride. Sam hadn’t been to school the last week, he had been at home sick with the flu. Dean had noticed that Sam had gotten more and more tired, he had a fever and his muscles ached; typical signs of a bad case of the flu. Dean considered himself lucky he hadn’t caught it yet. But maybe a refreshing drive to the beach would do the trick.

He unlocked the door and hung his jacket on one of the chairs before unlacing his shoes and leaving them by the fridge. The apartment was silent. He tiptoed his way to Sam’s room and peeked inside. Sam was nestled under the covers. He went and sat on the edge of the bed. He brushed the hair away from Sam’s eyes and he stirred slightly. He was as pale as his sheets.

One eye slowly opened, “Hey buddy, can I get you anything?” Dean had forgotten all about the car, Sam didn’t look fit for excitement like that.

“Yeah,” Sam’s voice was rough from not being used much, “can I get some water and aspirin? My head is killing me.”

“Sure,” Dean got up and went to the kitchen grabbing a glass and filling it with cold water. It took him a while to find the pills by some reason unknown they had been put into the cupboard with the pans. Dean shook his head, he must have been tired the last time he tidied the kitchen.

He popped two pills into his palm and took the glass in his other hand. When he turned back around Sam was on his feet and leaning slightly against the couch, “Hey, you shouldn’t be-” Dean stopped, “Sam your nose is bleeding.”

Sam ran the back of his hand under his nose and examined the red smudged across it, “Not again,” he sighed.
“What do you mean not again?” Dean put down the glass and the pills, “Have you had a lot of these nosebleeds?” Sam nodded, “Jesus, you need to tell me stuff like that so we can get an appointment with a doctor.”

“It really isn’t that bad,” Sam tried to assure and just as he had said it his nose started to bleed even more.

The blood ran past his mouth and dripped onto his grey shirt. Slowly the fabric turned red-ish. “It isn’t nothing,” Dean grabbed a towel and quickly got to Sam’s side holding the cloth against his face, “you’re bleeding a lot.”

Dean led Sam out to the bathroom and seated him on the toilet. After a while the bleeding seemed to stop, but Dean still worried. Nosebleeds weren’t all that unusual if you had a cold, but Sam didn’t have a runny nose he just spontaneously started bleeding. Dean really needed a doctor to take a look at him.

He removed the towel and looked at Sam, “You okay enough to clean yourself up while I go grab you a clean shirt?” Sam nodded weakly and Dean helped him to the sink and wet a new towel for him.

Dean felt some sort of panic rise in his chest as he went to Sam’s room and back. He had a bad feeling and it only got worse. He told Sam to lift his arms and then proceeded to strip him of his bloody shirt. As he did so he unveiled several bruises littering his back. He stopped in his tracks.

“Sam, have you hurt yourself or done anything that would leave marks?”

Sam looked at him in the mirror and shook his head, “No, I haven’t. Why?”

Shit. Dean threw the shirt at the laundry basket missing it by a few centimeters and then he pulled down Sam’s pajamas pants.

“Dean, what are you doing? My pants didn’t get blood on them.” Either way Sam stepped out of the pants that had pooled around his ankles without further protesting.
Dean stumbled backwards slightly till he hit cold porcelain and sat down on the edge of the bathtub. He had seen things like this on Dr. Sexy. He was aware that Dr. Sexy was just a stupid soap opera that he secretly enjoyed to watch whenever he had an afternoon off. Even though most of it was fiction a lot of it must have been based on some truth. Dean didn’t remember the episode or even what the diagnosis had been, but a boy around Sam’s age had looked just as Sam did now. He felt how all color drained from his face.

Sam turned to look at him and revealed more blue and angry red, sickly green and faint yellow covering his body in more than one place. A purple bruise stretched from his shoulder blade and around his waist and touched it tips to his hipbone. It was the biggest one; all the others were just the size of a thumb. Dean followed every trail of bruises and felt his blood run cold.

Sam stared at Dean for a long while before turning his gaze downwards and over his own body, he looked horrified, “Dean, what is this? What does this mean?” He ran his hands over the bruises careful not to press down.

Dean couldn’t look him in the eyes; “This means we have to get you to a doctor, as quickly as possible.”
Dean had called their doctor the same day and explained why they needed a consultation in the nearest future listing all the symptoms that Sam had. There had been silence on the other end before they were given an appointment only two days later.

Sam was tired and had gone to bed with a clean shirt on. Dean stood in the door watching him sleep before he had quietly exited the apartment and gone downstairs to Bobby’s place. Bobby wouldn’t be off work before five and that is when he found Dean drunk off his ass at his kitchen table his bottle of scotch empty beside him. Dean had then proceeded to spend the next couple of hours crying on Bobby’s shoulder all the while the old man had made him dinner and forced him to drink some water and coffee sobering him up before sending him back upstairs to check on his brother.

The next two days Dean had used all his energy on trying not to show his worry whenever Sam was around and awake. He had mistakenly spent some time on his computer googling all the different symptoms and none of what came up made him feel any better. By the day of the doctor’s appointment he looked just as bad as Sam since he hadn’t been able to fall asleep for the last few days. Every night he went to bed and he would lie awake staring at the ceiling thoughts of Sam and all the types of diseases he could have flying around in his head.

Last night he had laid awake until the green numbers of his clock read 3:34 and then he had gotten up, gone to the kitchen, and downed at least three inches of whiskey washing it down with a beer. Afterwards he had slept like a baby. He slept so well that he had missed his alarm that morning and Sam had to wake him up. Noticing the empty can on the bedside table and smelling his breath Sam had looked beyond sad and disappointed.

As they sat in the waiting room Sam didn’t say a word about that morning and so neither did Dean. They had other things to focus on at the moment. The clinic’s walls were white and the floor a dull grey and everything smelled sterile it irked something in Dean. Dean looked at Sam who had curled up in the largest and softest chair he could find. His pale skin matched the color of the dirty white walls. Dean’s stomach tied another knot of nervousness and he momentarily wondered if running to the bathroom and throwing up would make him feel better. Before he could decide, though, a nurse called out their names.

Dean helped Sam out of the chair and stayed attached to his side as he helped his fragile and physically exhausted brother into the examination room. The nurse told them a doctor would be with them in a few minutes and meanwhile Dean helped Sam onto the examination table and then fetched him a cup of water from the cooler beside the door.
They didn’t have to wait long before a young female doctor strode through the door behind them. Her long, almost black, hair was set into a ponytail that swung from side to side as she walked. She had big brown eyes that seemed genuinely kind. Overall she emanated calmness and professionalism. She carried one of those clipboards that he had seen on every hospital soap opera, a guilty pleasure of his, in one hand. She offered a small delicate hand for Dean to shake, “Hello I’m doctor Tessa Reeper.” Dean instantaneously looked frightened, “Don’t let the name fool you it’s spelled with two e’s don’t you worry, I’m here to keep people alive not to escort them to the afterlife.” She smiled sweetly and Dean relaxed. What a strange name though, he had never come across anyone with it before.

“And this must be young Sam,” she didn’t offer a hand to Sam, but it didn’t matter to neither of them since at the moment Sam was struggling just to be sitting upright. “I see you’re tired.” She put her board down on the table before walking to where Sam was sitting, “Why don’t you lie down? There’s no need for you to be awake for me to examine you, I bet your brother here can answer all the questions I might have. I will have to take a blood sample though, but I’ll make sure to wake you so you don’t get a shock when I suddenly stick a needle in you.” Dean was grateful to her already, she was the first doctor he had ever found nice and not at all as cold as the ones he’d been to before and Sam seemed to relax in her presence so that was a plus too.

Sam slowly went to lie down on his back and within seconds they could hear light snores coming from the boy. Dean stared at him for a while his face calm and peaceful. Sam was his responsibility and if he turned out to be sick he would take care of that too. No matter the cost.

He was so lost in his thoughts that he didn’t realize that the doctor was speaking to him, “Huh, sorry what?”

“I said, he sure is unusually tired.” her lips were curved into a subtle smile. Any other day under other circumstances he would probably have asked her out, but it would be wildly inappropriate since she was Sam’s doctor.

“Yeah, he has been that way for a while. At first I thought he just had a bad case of the flu,” Dean looked from her face and back down at Sam who was stirring slightly.

“But then it turned out it wasn’t just the flu or else you wouldn’t have called us.”

“No, I guess I wouldn’t have. It’s…” Dean felt something constrict in his chest. How could Sam even be asleep right now, he didn’t seem even a tiny bit anxious all the while his big brother was one big nervous mess. He took a deep breath hoping words would come easier, “He got a nosebleed a few days ago and, damn, it just bled a lot. Turns out that wasn’t the first time, it was just the first time
I was there to see it. Can’t believe he didn’t tell me about it before,” he muttered that last sentence to himself, but he was almost certain that Dr. Reeper had heard it because she suddenly looked sad. Dean hated those looks of sympathy, he had had enough of them since the death of their parents, but he didn’t feel like yelling at her for it. This wasn’t the time.

“This is what did it for me. I know this isn’t normal.” He pulled Sam’s shirt up to his chest revealing bruises new and old littered across his sides, “He has more on the back.”

She touched her fingertips to a purple spot on Sam’s hip as gently as she could manage. She pulled the shirt up further and frowned, but not in the confused way, she looked concerned and it did nothing to calm Dean’s nerves.

She shook Sam’s shoulders lightly, “Sam, I need you to wake up and strip out of you shirt and pants. Think you can do that for me?”

Sam nodded and slowly got up. Dean assisted him down onto the floor and then helped him untie his boots. As his belt was loosened his pants slowly fell to the floor and Tessa seemed to notice that the jeans were a size too big for the boy, Dean had noticed the weight loss too. The many spots of reddish color covering his legs still made Dean nauseous.

“Before you get back onto the table I will just have to weigh you, if you will step onto the scale, please.” Sam trudged over to the scale at the wall to the left of the door. She turned to Dean, “Do you know how much he usually weighs, I mean before he became ill.”

Dean shook his head. “We don’t have a scale at home.” Dean had never thought that he needed to check up on Sam’s weight before. Just one more thing to add to his list of things parents needed to do.

Dr. Reeper looked shocked, like how could someone not own a scale. She spoke as she checked Sam’s weight and scribbled it down on the paper attached to her clipboard, “No scale…” She chewed on the words. “Never thought I would ever hear about a house with a woman and no scale, your mom must be very secure about her own body. It’s nice to hear,” she looked up at Dean and caught the look on his face, “Oh, I’m so sorry! Do you live with your father?”

Dean must’ve looked like a kicked puppy, Tessa slapped her hand over her mouth to make herself shut up. Dean didn’t know if he should tell her or something, but he didn’t have to because she spoke before he had a chance, “It’s right here on the board,” she turned it and pointed with her pen to show Dean, but he couldn’t really see the writing from where he was standing. “I’m so, so sorry.” There it was, that damn I-feel-so-bad-for-you look. “Can I just say that I think you’re very brave to
take care of your brother when you’re still so young yourself.”

Dean had never thought of what he did as courageous, he just did what he needed to do. Sam was his little brother and he would do absolute everything for him even if it meant going through Hell and back. He smiled shyly but more at the floor than at Tessa.

Dr. Reeper turned back to Sam, “You can go put your clothes back on and I’ll just get the stuff so we can draw some blood.”

The rest of the appointment went by quickly. Dr. Reeper took some blood tests and then did some routine checks and before they knew it they were finished. Tessa followed them to the door, “Sam, are you okay with sitting in the waiting room for a few minutes while I talk to your brother?” Sam nodded weakly and exited the room.

“It’s bad isn’t it? I mean I already kinda knew, I searched the symptoms online and…” Dean was rambling, but thankfully Tessa interrupted him.

“First of all, searching on the Internet never ends well, you can’t trust any of those sites. Symptom searching gives you hypochondria, you have a cough and suddenly the internet tells you to amputate a leg. But yes, you are right this doesn’t look good. All I can do right now is guesswork from what I’ve seen today, but we’ll have to wait for the results of the tests,” her tone was professional, but Dean could detect a hint of worry or sadness beneath it.

“What is your theory?” Dean felt it becoming gradually harder to breath, the air getting stuck in his chest.

“I really shouldn’t say anything since we won’t know for sure for a few days, but… Maybe you should sit down for a bit.” Being told to sit down did nothing to assure Dean, but he did as he was told, Tessa taking a seat opposite him at the small desk in the corner. “With what you’ve told me and what I’ve seen this looks like it could be a case of leukemia.”

“Leukemia? But that’s cancer!” He knew he raised his voice unnecessarily, but leukemia was one of the things that had popped up on his computer and it was the exact same thing he had hoped it wouldn’t be.

“We don’t know for sure yet, but if something shows in the blood we will call you back for more tests and most likely we’ll have to do a bone marrow biopsy.”
“I’ve heard that kind of tests hurts,” Dean winced.

“It can be very unpleasant yes and therefore you supporting your brother is of grave importance. When we know anything for sure we will call you in for a consultation on treatment, but remember we don’t know anything for sure yet. This could turn out to be nothing,” as she said it she seemed to hear it herself and she visibly cringed.

“If it isn’t leukemia then what would fit the symptoms? I would rather you’d be upfront with me.”

“You may want to discuss the possibilities of this being cancer with Sam just so that he feels prepared,” Dean nodded and got up from the chair. All he wanted right now was to go home. He wanted to swaddle Sam in blankets and put him on the couch make them some buttered popcorn and watch the newest episodes of Games of Thrones till Sam would eventually fall asleep. He just wanted to forget about the world and diseases just for a little while.

“We’ll keep in touch with you and I’ll personally keep an eye on your case,” They shook hands and exchanged goodbyes.

ξ

“Why won’t you tell me?” Sam shouted.

“A few minutes ago you were so tired you could sleep through the end of the world and now all the sudden you have enough energy to argue,” Dean stated irritated. “I said we’ll talk about it when we come home.” There goes the popcorn and TV plan.

“If she pulled you aside that means it’s bad,” Sam said sounding resigned, “I want to know how bad it is.”

“She couldn’t even say anything for sure it’s all guesswork it could turn out to be nothing.”

“So it is something,” Sam stated.
The drive home from the hospital was normally about ten minutes long, but apparently Sam didn’t feel like waiting for an answer. Having gotten enough of Sam’s prying and begging he pulled into a parking spot in front of a little store. He killed the engine of the Impala and turned in his seat so he faced Sam. On a sigh barely audible he said, “God, I wished you had waited till we got home.”

“They think it might be leukemia,” Dean rushed it out. Sam was looking directly at him and Dean could see the shock that quickly turned into a blank expression. He diverted his eyes to look at the dashboard and Dean felt at a loss, “But it’s not for sure, they won’t know until they do some more tests.”

He tried to lay a hand on Sam’s shoulder, but the boy flinched away from his touch. “Don’t,” he warned, “Just… let’s just go home.”

Dean was silent for a few minutes, but decided now wasn’t the time to push Sam. He pulled the car back onto the road and the rest of the drive home was spent in total silence and it irked Dean immensely.

ξ

Dean was buried under the hood of an old Mercedes when he felt his phone vibrating in the pocket of his overalls. Usually Bobby didn’t allow his mechanics to have their phones on them while at work, but ever since Dean had had to take Sam to the hospital for a bone marrow biopsy Bobby had made an exception. They had been waiting for final answers for a few days now and Dean expected the worst. Now that the phone was ringing with the number he had given a little hospital emoji in his contacts he didn’t dare answer. Maybe if he pretended nothing had ever happened maybe everything would be fine, but it was a stupid thought he knew that. Sam was lying at home in bed still. Missouri checked on him every hour and Dean was her ever so grateful.

He dried his hands on a rack sticking out of his pocket before fishing out his phone. He stared as the screen until he knew it would soon stop ringing and then he slid his thumb to the right accepting the call. He took a deep cleansing breath before holding his phone up to his ear, “Dean Winchester.”

“Hello Dean, it’s Dr. Reeper. I think you already guessed what this call would be about,” there was a pause, “We need to schedule a time for you to come in and discuss Sam’s treatment.”

“So it is leukemia?”
"I’m afraid so, it’s called acute lymphoblastic leukemia. Unfortunately we see a lot of kids with leukemia these days, the statistics states that it’s most common for children between three and seven to get sick, but it isn’t unusual that we see some of Sam’s age from time to time.” Tessa kept on talking throwing numbers and statistics out there sounding just as nervous as Dean felt scared, "It seems quite unfair that kids that young should get cancer,” Dean nodded as he felt a small tear run down his cheek. “We never know what causes it, but the good news is that we see a lot of kids leaving this place having fully recovered.”

“So we just have to come in for a talk?” He swiped at his eyes and willed the silent tears to stop running; thankfully no one was around right now to see him cry.

“Actually we need to start treatment as quick as possible, so we would like to admit Sam when you come. He will be provided with hospital clothes here, but he is free to bring whatever he likes to spend time on.”

“How long will he have to be there?”

“At first we would like him to be here for at least two weeks, but we’ll discuss it further when you come in. It’s the first tomorrow and I would very much like it if you come in then.”

Dean spent the rest of the day unable to relax. Bobby had sent him home because he was doing more bad than good and one of the other guys at the garage had had to clean everything up when he tipped over a metal table filled with tools. Coming home didn’t calm him down. Sam was on the couch watching old Star Trek reruns and apparently how distraught he felt showed all over his body language. Sam had picked up on it right away and Dean had sat down beside him on the couch his body rigid and his mind the very opposite of silent. Sam didn’t ask the question Dean had expected him to, he just kept quiet and Dean had a feeling he already knew the answer.
Dean’s head was a mess. How could Sam be so calm and collected? He just lay there, already in his hospital clothes, playing with the buttons on the TV remote. Dean was sat in a chair in the corner cradling his head and trying to sort everything out. They were waiting for the doctor. Tessa had said she would keep an eye on their case, but an actual cancer doctor or some shit had to be the one to actually treat Sam.

Dean was still trying to figure out what exactly was going on. Tessa had done her best to explain everything, but it was just so much information all at once. It was too much for him to take in. Sam would get his first round of chemo intravenously and then they would put him on some chemo pill he could take at home, Dean liked that fact, he had never heard about chemo in a pill before, but since Sam wasn’t that bad of a case he could be treated at home for which Dean was thrilled. Then there was something about rest periods, Sam had to take his meds two weeks in a row then be without for two weeks and so on. He would be treated for around six months or more whatever would be needed to get him into remission and then get even more meds to make sure he wouldn’t relapse.

As Tessa had talked treatments she had also mentioned the cost and Dean was trying to add up all the numbers. A cycle of meds was enough for a week and each one cost 3,000 dollars. Doctors visit twice a week to check up on Sam was 30 dollars each. Unknown cost for extra tests and god forbid he would ever need a bone marrow transplant or what was that other one called? He didn’t have any insurance. The money he made at the garage covered the rent, bills, food and clothes. The money John and Mary had left had been used for the deposit and some of the furniture for the apartment there wasn’t much left, if they were lucky it would cover the first month, but Dean had to pick up more shifts or maybe find a second job to pay for the treatment. Tessa had mentioned charity funds, but there weren’t many for leukemia and Dean was never one to ask for help. He was too proud.

It was Wednesday today and he was missing a day’s work. He would be missing hours every time they had to go to the doctor. Before Dean could start panicking even more than he already was the door opened. Dean stood immediately and found himself looking down atop a mop of chestnut brown hair. The man dressed in a big white coat too long at the sleeves jumped onto the bed careful not to land on Sam’s legs and grabbed the clipboard attached to the end of the bed.

“Sam Winchester, that must be you,” he removed a cherry red lollipop from his lips and pointed it at Sam, “and then this must be the big bro.” He looked up at Dean. “Well, good looks run in this family. Lucky me,” he smiled overly sweet.

“Shut it dude, he’s eleven.”

“I know and I’m not a pervert just stating facts here,” he turned his head back to Sam again, “like the fact that you are the lucky winner of a case of leukemia and as an even bigger prize you get to have...
me as your doctor, lollipop?” From his pocket he grabbed a handful of different colored lollipops and offered them to Sam.

“No, thank you.” Sam shook his head politely declining the offer.

“Your loss. My name is Dr. Northern, but you can just call me Gabriel, whatever you prefer. While you’re here you will have to live with the sight of my face, at checkups you will be met by either Tessa or me, sometimes both. Feisty woman she is. Let’s get back on track; we’ll get you started on chemo right away just gotta go fetch a nurse so she can stick a needle in you. Any questions before I go?”

“Is it true that I’m going to loose my hair?” Of all the things Sam could be asking, all the questions that Dean had flying around in his head, the only thing Sam was worried about was his hair.

“Yes, unfortunately that is one of the most common side effects. I see you’ve been working on quite a mane, but don’t worry soon you’ll be able to grow out new hair as glorious as mine,” he ran a hand through his golden locks laughing gently. Dean may find this man odd, but he had a way with Sam that he probably also had with all the other kids, he just seemed to make them relax. He didn’t sugar coat anything beside his own teeth and Dean liked when people were straightforward, it made him understand them better.

Dr. Northern got up and left the room only to come back shortly after with a petite nurse in tow, “Hi, I’m nurse Masters I’m just going to set up the IV. You’ll just feel a little pinch, but I promise I’ll try to be gentle,” her smile was sweet. Dean had a feeling that they were in good hands, money problems forgotten for now.

While the nurse stuck a needle in his brother, who didn’t make a sound, Gabriel was preparing a bag with some kind of clear fluid. In the matter of seconds Sam was set up and they were once again left alone in the room with the promise from Dr. Northern that he would be back to check on them soon.

“How are you feeling?” Dean pulled the chair over beside the bed and sat down.

“Fine I guess, I don’t really feel anything, but they said I would most likely feel nauseous when I’m done. Can I watch some TV?”

“Yeah, sure,” Dean handed him the remote, “I’m going to the vending machine, want anything?”
Dean only got halfway down the hall before he sunk down in a cold plastic chair and buried his head in his hands. He may have cried a little bit, but if anyone ever asked he would deny it. There he sat for a while just trying to breathe, to calm down and stop panicking.

After awhile he heard click clacking coming down the hallway stopping just beside him, he prayed that whoever it was would keep going, but he had no such luck. The chair beside him made a complaining noise when someone sat down and shortly after a petite, warm hand was placed on his back.

“I deal with parents and older siblings like you everyday, it’s always really tough at first, but you gotta trust me when I say that everything is going to work out.” Nurse Masters’ voice was calm as she gently rubbed circles in his back, “And I know it’s even rougher with you being all alone with this.”

Dean kept looking down as he spoke, “It doesn’t feel like it will ever get better. I mean, where am I going to find the money, I ain’t rich and I don’t have some fancy job, and even though all the doctors keep telling me that the odds are in our favor I know that there is a chance of him not making it through. Sometimes it just seems like life has got it out for us, like bad things just keep happening.”

“Everybody feels that way once in a while. And trust me I know, I work with cancer kids for crying out loud. And usually I’m not really touchy feely and I sense you aren’t either, but there’s something about you… You seem just as tough as I am and do you know how I got to be that tough?” Dean shook his head gently now looking at nurse Masters her brown eyes sincere, “I went through what all these kids are going through, I was diagnosed when I was seven and the stress over treatments and money broke my parents apart, but everything turned out pretty well if I should say so myself.”

Dean looked at her with surprise written in his features, “Thank you, Nurse Masters. I needed to hear that, I have friends and some are so close they’re even like a surrogate family, but as you probably know; when you’re in the situation it just seems like no one will ever understand what you’re going through.”

“First of all, you can call me Meg. Second of all, if you ever need to talk just ask for me. And, third and last, if you ever tell anybody about this yucky mushy encounter I will make sure you get your own hospital bed.” With that she got up and left.

Dean sat there for a little longer taking deep breaths, filling his lungs with air, slowly calming down. Then he got up, walking to the vending machine in the bigger waiting room. He had some trouble getting the machine to swallow the bill, but in the end he got a bag of pork rinds
for himself and a bag of gummy bears, the good ones from Haribo, for Sam and maybe just a handful for himself.

Dean found Sam asleep in the room, propped up against the big pillows, the TV playing some nature program in the background. Dean stole the remote from under Sam’s lax fingers and jumped channels until he found one showing Dr. Sexy MD and leaned back in the chair popping a piece of pork rind into his mouth. For now he could relax a little and deal with all their problems tomorrow.

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The days went by in a blur created by endless routine. Dean woke up in the morning and went to work at the garage, then he drove to the hospital to be with Sam until visiting hours were over and then he went home looking through papers and searching the internet for a second job where he wouldn’t need a college degree. There were plenty of jobs, that’s what they like to tell everybody on TV at least, but it wasn’t the case. There was a part time job at McDonalds, but it wouldn’t pay nearly enough. Besides all Dean knew was how to fix a car.

Dean wanted to pick up extra shifts at the garage, but until Sam was home from the hospital that wasn’t an option.

His friends in the building had offered to help, but they weren’t rich themselves and Dean couldn’t take their money. Dean sat at night going through the numbers. He would need around seven thousand dollars or more each month. If he saved here and there and picked up some extra shifts it would cover a bit, but he would still need a few thousand to make sure he wouldn’t be up to his eyes in debt before Sam was well again. He was already behind, a hospital stay cost a lot and Dean would have to sell something if he wanted to be able to pay the first bill when it arrived. Unfortunately, Dean didn’t own much of greater value besides emotional. The only thing he could actually sell was his mom’s wedding ring. He really didn’t want to, but he needed the money badly.

On Tuesday the day before Sam would be coming home from the hospital Dean went down to the pawnshop and laid his mother’s ring on the counter. The owner looked at it with a scrutinizing look and confirmed what Dean had already told him that it was made from white gold. Dean walked out of the shop with six hundred dollars in his pocket. Hopefully it would be enough for the hospital stay.

Tomorrow he would go pick up Sam, but tonight he had plans. It would be a piece of cake or that is what he kept telling himself. Justifying it to himself would make what he was going to do easier to live with. Dean knew that he was attractive he had been told so more than once. People liked his sturdy build and his plump lips. He liked sex, it was easy and fun, doing it for money wouldn’t change that much would it?
He had done his research, scouting the city at night to find the best place where he wouldn’t provoke some pimp for working his areas and talking to a few guys on the street about prices and such. That is where he met Kevin Tran. Kevin was a scrawny Asian kid not much older than himself. He had been to college, but after too much pressure from his mother to succeed he had made himself disappear. He had ended up in a bad relationship with a douche that became violent when he was drunk and it got even worse when he was high. Kevin was surrounded by what every mother and Dean included would call the wrong crowd. Hearing about Kevin’s struggle with a drug addiction and abuse was heart wrenching, but he had gotten out of that environment. Dean had felt like he was overstepping some boundary when he asked Kevin why he was working the streets pointing out that it wasn’t exactly a great environment either. Kevin had looked at him and asked matter-of-factly why he himself was planning on taking up the same line of job. Dean had nodded slowly staying silent. They had come to some sort of understanding.

Dean was happy to have found a confidant, someone who could show him the ropes and someone who had his back. He was new to this, but Kevin had assured him he would get the hang of it quickly. Kevin had told Dean what to wear to allure customers. So, walking down to the corner Kevin had let him share with him Dean was wearing cutoff jeans showing off his legs and a simple black tank top tight enough to show all his muscles.

The early spring air was chilly this time of night as he made his way down the sidewalk. He heard a few whistles as he went, but he had promised Kevin that he would teach him which guys to look out for and which to avoid. The streetlamps painted the dark streets in a yellow glow and Dean stopped multiple times contemplating whether he should turn around, walk back home, and just get some lousy paying night shifts at McDonalds. But he kept going and when Kevin spotted him from further up the street the decision had been made for him.

Kevin wasn’t the only one working this area. Against the brick wall on the other side of the street stood three girls dressed provocatively and another girl in a tight red and very short dress had her head stuck through the passenger window of some sleek black car talking to the driver. These were the people Dean would drive past at night wondering what pushed them into prostitution and now he knew.

The area was very popular for this line of work. There was a cheap motel a few blocks down for the customers that wanted to pay to fuck a hooker on an actual bed. There was a fancier hotel nearby for the customers with more money, the ones that liked to pretend they were with their girlfriend. Men like the one in the black car. Kevin had told him about the times he had been lucky enough to go with one of those dudes. It had felt awkward walking through the lobby because everybody around knew what he was right away, but usually the johns were nice and let you spend the night, let you take a shower and ordered you breakfast. But Kevin had also warned him that sometimes the people with a thick wallet also had some weird kinks and could get rough. Especially this one guy, Alastair or something, should be looked out for. He had sent more than one prostitute to the emergency room. Usually no one would do the job for him, but once in a while he would offer enough money for someone new to say why not, but they would learn.
Other than that the street also had lots of adjoining alleys perfect for the quick fifty-buck blowjob. All in all, this entire street was the place to be and Kevin had assured him that not one inch of the street was run by gangs or pimps. It was a free market for the independent hooker.

Since it was Dean’s first night Kevin had told him to start easy with just some simple hand jobs or blowjobs in the alley and save the other stuff for another night. The first hour Dean just watched what Kevin did, apart from the actual stuff, he wasn’t some kind of creep he knew how that stuff worked. He observed the way Kevin acted, moved, and talked to johns, his entire demeanor was very different from when he was just Kevin Tran the college drop out and not Mike the prostitute. That was another thing Dean had learned, you had to have a fake name so that you wouldn’t end up with some stalker type tracking you down.

A man was walking towards Dean and Kevin his eyes roaming over them both. Dean was just about to take a step back and let Kevin do his thing, but a firm hand on his back pushed him a bit forward instead. “I know this guy, he’s nice enough and usually just wants a blow behind the dumpster. You can do this one,” Kevin smiled at him assuring and Dean turned around to face his very first customer.

“Huh, don’t think I’ve seen you here before,” He looked over Dean’s shoulder nodding to Kevin, “so you’re a friend of my boy Mike here, well he always had good taste. So what’s your name?”

“D… Danny, sir.” Damn he felt nervous.

“Sir? Fancy, you got manners I like that. Danny, huh… Danny boy.” He almost sang that last part.

“You can call me whatever you want, sir.”

“I like you, Danny. I have this feeling and correct me if I’m wrong, but I’m thinking this is your first time doing this.”

“Am I that obvious?” The guy laughed and it actually put Dean at ease.

“I’ll go easy on you don’t worry, won’t have you getting scared I’d like you to still be here the next time I stop by.”
The next day Dean went to pick up Sam after his shift at the garage. When he got to Sam’s room Dr. Northern was there. Dean stayed in the doorway watching as they talked. They both threw their heads back laughing at something and Dean enjoyed the view. He may find Dr. Northern a tad annoying at times, but he had done a lot to make Sam comfortable and for that Dean was grateful. Sometimes it seemed like Sam couldn’t shut up about Northern, it was Gabriel this and Gabriel that. It seemed like he had taken a liking to Sam, even eating his lunch with him. Dean had to admit at first he thought it was weird, but then one time he had stopped by for lunch himself and all three had watched Dr. Sexy, a program that Gabriel seemed to enjoy as much as Dean himself, Dean found that Gabriel was just a generally nice guy.

After a while Dr. Northern spotted Dean and got up from where he had been sitting on the edge of the bed. “Ah, big Winchester here to pick up little Winchester.”

Dean went to Sam’s side ruffling his hair earning him a displeased grunt. “You’re thinning on the top old man.”

“I know,” Sam looked sad, “Gabriel says I should just cut it all off so I’ll avoid the stage where I will look like a half bald, old, shedding cat.” At that Dean laughed and Gabriel shrugged his shoulders smiling too.

“Yeah, I have a trimmer at home, I’ll gladly do the honor,” he smiled mischievously, “Well, we better get going. I know you’re supposed to rest, but Missouri insisted on cooking for us and the other guys. You know, they wouldn’t miss you so much if you let them visit.” They had had that discussion several times during the last two weeks.

“You know I don’t want them to see me here, especially right after treatment when I’m just a weak vegetable throwing up every other second. But I’m looking forward to seeing them tonight and don’t you dare cut my hair before you buy me a nice hat.” Sam got up from under the covers already dressed in his normal clothes that Dean had brought the day before.

“I hope I’ll never see you in that bed again,” Dr. Northern spoke, “but I’ll see you every Monday and Thursday for the next few months.” He turned to Dean, “The next time I’ll see you we’ll discuss the pills, dosage and such, but now you just go home and I’ll see you both on Monday.” Sam hugged Gabriel goodbye and followed Dean down to the parking garage.
Willing to Play My Part

It had been almost four weeks since Sam came home from the hospital and he was now at the end of his first two-week round of the little chemo pills Dr. Northern had prescribed. They had celebrated Sam’s birthday a few weeks ago and Dean had gotten him an array of different colored beanies to cover his hairless scalp.

Work at the garage was going well and so were his other nightly activities. He would go to the garage at eight and get home around four or five, he would have dinner with Sam and spend some time with him and at nine he would take a duffel and go to work. He had found a public restroom where he could change into his work clothes, he couldn’t risk anyone he knew seeing him that way and luckily the corner he worked was relatively far from his apartment, but near the bus station where he could change and lock his bag in a locker.

Even though he saw Bobby at the garage he hadn’t talked to the man in a few days, but Bobby kept looking at him weird as if he knew something. Coming home from work Tuesday afternoon he ran into him at the mailboxes in the lobby. “Hey Bobby,” he greeted as they both simultaneously opened and emptied their mailboxes.

Bobby grunted his own greeting as he went through the stack of letters in his hand. “You’ve been quite busy lately, how is that job at the diner going?” He asked without even looking up once.

“Fine, fine had a big tipper last night.” Meaning he had a john who thought he made good use of his mouth and gave him an extra twenty.

“Bet you did, you’d have to get big tips to pay all those bills.” There was something weird about the way he talked that Dean couldn’t quite put his finger on.

“I’m pulling through, but it’s still not quite enough, the bank is understanding enough, but if I can’t find a better paying job soon they won’t be so understanding anymore I already owe them.” For Dean though finding a better paying job meant finding some better paying customers.

“I know you’re working hard, why don’t you and Sam come down for dinner before you run of to work again?” And just like that Bobby seemed to be back to normal.
Thursday night Dean had left Sam in front of the television. He was on his two weeks rest from the pills and they had gone to see Dr. Northern earlier today. Everything was as it should be, aside from the cancer of course. It wasn’t getting worse, but they couldn’t see any improvement either. Sam was tired a lot of the time and generally just liked to sit in front of the TV watching Harry Potter movies or Star Wars and he even went through the Twilight movies one day, boy had Dean teased him about that one when had gotten home to Sam almost crying as Bella walked down the aisle in Breaking Dawn.

Right now he was locking his duffel in the red and rusty locker at the bus station. Then walking the few blocks to meet up with Kevin. He said hello to the few acquaintances he had gotten since he started as he passed them. Just as he arrived Kevin was about to leave with his first customer a fancy guy by the looks of it. All he got was a small wave and then he watched as Kevin got into a sleek, matte silver Mercedes and drove off.

The corner where they usually stood was lit up by a lamp post but Dean felt tired and off tonight and didn’t actually have a great need to parade himself so he went and leaned against the grey concrete wall behind him, hidden in the dark and shaded from the yellow light.

Even though Dean was hiding in the shadows it didn’t take long before someone approached him. The man wasn’t very good-looking, his head was too oblong, his skin wrinkly, his ears too pointy and a dirty beard and unhygienic teeth. Dean didn’t find him attractive at all, but a job was a job.

“Hey there, pretty boy.” Yup, this guy was giving off some creepy vibes. “What’s it gonna cost me to try you out?”

Dean had to put on his hooker persona, “Depends on what fun activities you’re planning on?” Dean tried a sexy smile, but even he could feel how fake it must have looked. He was really off tonight; if he had been completely present and more alert he would have noticed the signs that told him not to go with this guy. He would surely had noticed the way some of the girls on the other side of the street was looking at him intently trying to get his attention and shaking their heads warningly. He didn’t see and so he went with the man.

This dude was planning on taking him to the motel, but they didn’t get more than a few blocks before the guy got impatient, he slammed Dean against the wall and slammed his lips against Dean’s and forced his tongue inside his mouth. The guy was rough and Dean struggled against him trying to get free. When the guy stuck his hand down his jeans after giving up on trying to open the button and zipper Dean reacted quickly and punched the guy right in the cheekbone.

“You fucker!” The guy was cradling his face; Dean turned and started to walk away quickly. He didn’t get far though before he felt a weight on his back as he was tackled to the ground. He felt it as his head met the sidewalk, but then things just kind of went black and silent and nice.
He tried to open his eyes a couple of times, but things were blurry. He remembers some shouting, someone shaking him and then he remembers blue, vivid beautiful blue, but unconsciousness seemed a lot better so he gave in to the peaceful darkness.

The next time he woke up he found himself under soft covers in a warm and fresh smelling bed, certainly not his own at home. There weren’t any windows or any clock to tell him what time it was and he didn’t think to reach into his pocket for his phone. He threw the covers to the side and slowly sat up. His shoes weren’t on his feet and they weren’t on the floor by the bed, huh. The room wasn’t big but it wasn’t too small either. The bed frame, the dresser by one wall and the wardrobe by the opposite wall was all black painted wood like the stuff you would see at an Ikea showroom. Dean really had to find out where he was. He didn’t know if he needed to panic, but he did know someone saved him from most likely getting raped last night and for that he was very grateful.

Getting out of the room he found his shoes neatly placed at the end of a row of neatly arranged shoes by what seemed to be the front door. There were many pairs of shoes all black and shiny like if they had never been worn, but the more peculiar thing was that on the long coat rack there only hung a lonely tan trench coat.

The hallway was big with Bordeaux-red walls and a grey carpet in so dark a shade it almost looked black. The hallway led directly to a large kitchen with dark granite countertops, the kind of kitchen a chef would dream of owning. On the other side of a long breakfast bar was a long dinner table made of metal and glass with black plastic chairs that looked too expensive to be anything near Ikea. Everything was neat and clean, not one single object was lying around, and there was no sign that someone was living in this place besides the sound of a TV.

Dean moved towards the sound moving past a door directly across from the kitchen, turning the corner he entered a living room just as minimalistic as the rest of the apartment. A single white couch was facing the enormous flat screen TV mounted on the wall between two doors. There wasn’t any other furniture in the room not even a single picture or a painting.

The owner of the apartment, clearly a man, was sitting with his back to Dean. All he could see was a set of broad shoulders dressed in a white dress shirt and then a mop of dark brown hair that looked like hands had been repeatedly run through it. So this was his savior.

Dean was just about to speak when the man leaned over picked up a remote and turned off the TV. He then got up and as he turned around he spotted Dean. “Oh, you’re up, great. How are you feeling?” His voice was a deep grumble.
Dean brought a hand to his head where he had hit the ground; the skin was tender and slowly forming a bump, but it seemed the man had cleaned it of gravel and potential blood. “I’m fine, gonna have a killer headache tomorrow though,” he huffed a small nervous laugh, “Thanks for uh… you know taking care of that creep, I’ll have to be more careful when I go out for milk that late at night. Well, thank you again and I better go home then.” Dean turned towards the door ready to make a quick exit.

“You’re not going anywhere and I know you weren’t just out to go shopping.” The man spoke in a strict tone his voice gravelly in the best way possible. And of course the guy knew he was a hooker, no man would wear so little clothes to the market. And now he wanted some kind of payback, of course.

“Dude, though I’m very grateful I’m not really up for sucking dick right now.”

“That wasn’t what I…” The man blanked for a moment looking at Dean in a weird scrutinizing way tilting his head just slightly. “I had no intention for you to suck my dick, though I do know that you work as a prostitute given your clothes and the circumstances, but I will not take advantage of you. I merely wanted you to stay the night in the guest room, it’s two in the middle of the night and I’m too tired to drive you home and I will not let you walk.” There it was again that commanding tone.

“Oh, I’m sorry I just thought…” He stopped himself before he said anything stupid, again. “I’m Dean, by the way, Dean Winchester.” He didn’t even think to not give this man his real name, it seemed like the least he could do letting him know who he actually was.

“I’m Castiel Novak and I’m going to go straight to bed now. The two doors at the corner there,” he pointed to the red-brown doors clearly leading into the same room, “that is my bedroom. Please knock if you need anything, but do not enter. The door to the left of the TV is the bathroom and it is free for use, the door to the right is off limit. Now I’ll bid you a goodnight.” Then the guy Castiel, weird as hell name, just walked into his room and closed the door before Dean could sneak a peak of the room inside. This guy was weird and secretive, even though Dean was as curious as a five year old he kept to the rooms he had been granted access to. He took a quick leak and a look at his head in the mirror in the bathroom before going straight back to bed. A headache was already forming and he hoped he could sleep through the worst of the pain.

Dean didn’t get much sleep though; when his phone showed 5:30 he had gone through every app and only gotten a few stolen minutes of sleep. Half an hour later he gave up and got up. He was planning on going straight to the kitchen, but it couldn’t hurt to look around the room for a little while, after all he hadn’t been told not to. The bedside table drawer was empty which is to be expected since it was only a spare room. Fiddling with the table he noticed something at the corner of the bed, something badly hidden under the mattress. He removed the pillow and tucked off the sheet at the corner, something was strapped around the mattress. Lifting the mattress he uncovered a cuff
attached to the straps, black thick leather with silver metal clasps.

Dean stared at the thingy for a while. He couldn’t help himself when he reached out and picked up the cuff feeling the weight, the smooth surface and cold metal. Curious he put it on and strapped it around his wrist giving it a small tug, feeling the restraint. It stirred something inside of him a want, a need, being tied down to a bed like this sounded enticing. Quickly he pulled it off and checked the other corners and just like he suspected there were leather cuffs at every corner designed to bind both hands and feet. Intrigued he went to the closet to see what else was hidden in this room, but the closet was empty and that left only the dresser.

Dean strode across the room pulling open the first drawer. Neatly lined up were different kinds of lube and condoms. He looked over the different kinds and flavors, he never even knew some of this existed. The next drawer held a display of dildos in different sizes, shapes and colors. Long thin ones with vibration, ones that looked natural and even a string of anal beads. The third drawer was filled with paddles and whips made from different materials; there even was a long black feather that Dean wondered about. To get to the last drawers he sat down on his knees, in the fourth drawer he found robe in different lengths and thickness. The final drawer contained gags, blindfolds and the little things that didn’t fit in the other drawers such as nipple clamps, cock rings and plugs.

Looking through the bureau he hadn’t heard the door open and was startled when a voice suddenly spoke behind him. “I see you’ve found my toys.”

Dean got on his feet and turned around quickly, “Shit, sorry. I didn’t mean to go through your stuff, well I kinda meant to but…”

“Shh, it’s okay,” Castiel took a few steps forward closing the space between them, then out of no where he placed his palm over the half hard on Dean had developed as he had fantasized about all those toys being used on himself, “I take it you liked them, a bit curious are we?”

“Uh huh,” was all Dean could stammer out. His breath had caught in his throat and his heart rate sped up to a dangerous speed. Then in the matter of seconds the warm touch was gone and when Dean’s brain started focusing again Castiel had left the room.

He took a moment to compose himself and then walked into the living room finding Castiel eating a bowl of some fiber cereal dry brown concrete stuff at the large table, Dean wrinkled his nose at the sight. He was already dressed in a black suit wearing a dark blue tie that complimented his eyes. His jaw was unshaven and peppered with black stubble. Dean wondered how old he was, but no matter what the guy was attractive and he enjoyed the view.
He tried to lean casually against the kitchen counter, but he kept feeling kind of awkward. “It’s an, uh—it’s an impressive collection you’ve got there.” He cringed as soon as he had said it.

The silence that followed was even worse. Castiel kept eating his breakfast and only when he was done did he look up. “How old are you Dean?”

Dean knew how to answer that question, with a lie. “I’m 23.”

“How old are you really Dean?” How did he know? This dude was weird.

“Okay you got me, I’m only 21.” He tried to laugh away his nervousness. Castiel stared at him quietly, his intense blue eyes boring into his skull until some force had him spilling out, “Okay! God, I’m 19 why do you need to know?”

Castiel seemed unfazed by Dean raising his voice. “What is someone so young doing on the street?”

“That is absolutely none of your business!” Dean pointed a finger at him; he was starting to get seriously annoyed by this whole cool and collected authority thing.

Castiel got up and washed off his bowl and spoon before putting it in his dishwasher. “How much money is it that you need?”

What was with the weird questions? Dean didn’t feel like fighting it though and decided to just answer honestly, “I need at least seven thousand a month.”

“And how much do you make?”

“Not nearly enough, about half, I think, it depends on customers and stuff. I’ve only been doing this for a month though.”

“I will pay you eight.”

“You’ll what?” He must have heard wrong. Yesterday this guy saves him from a creep and the next
morning he wants to buy him.

“Dean, I am a man with very specific needs and I have trouble finding a more permanent partner. I am what you would describe as a Dom and I see some Sub potential in you. Also I would rather you be employed by me than selling yourself to random strangers that could potentially assault you like yesterday on the streets.” And now the guy was being protective of him, “I will send you a contract and you can think about it.” With that he turned to go to his room.

“Hey, wait a second. You can’t just spring something like that on me and then just leave.” Castiel stopped in his track and turned around waiting for Dean to speak. “You’re talking about a contract like in that book Carry On.” Yes, Dean was a little embarrassed about how much he had liked that book, so much better than Fifty Shades of Grey. Castiel nodded. “So what? If I sign it we will have some kind of weekly schedule where you get to do to me whatever you want?”

“That is almost correct, though I will in no way just do exactly as I please. The contract will specify all my kinks and you will have the right to erase the things that you are not okay with, at the same time you are also entitled to come with suggestions of things that you may like to try out yourself. You will have a safe word so that you can always stop the action when you do not feel comfortable or safe. Also in this kind of relationship it is key for my own pleasure that you too are enjoying yourself, therefore I will always ensure your pleasure as well.”

“Huh, that doesn’t actually sound that bad, but do you really think I’m the one for the job?”

“You are young and you can learn. Your interest in my toys is a good place to begin and I will be sure to start easy, but you have had sex before right?”

“Of course I have,” Dean felt a bit insulted by that.

“Just needed to make sure. I do need to tell you though that I do not like to wear condoms when I have a more regular partner and I will therefore ask you to get tested and bring the result I will do the same thing to assure that none of us are sick.”

“I- I will consider the offer. I’ll just leave you my email address, but now I really have to leave for work.” Dean was just about to leave after having written down his email on a note block when he turned around to look at Castiel, “I do feel like I should know something about you before I can make the decision.”
“Alright, I’m 37,” so he was a bit older, but the rather large age difference didn’t actually bother Dean that much, “I’m a professor in Scandinavian literature at the local college and I like my privacy. Now I hope to hear from you soon.” With that he turned and went to his bedroom.

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Dean went the whole weekend without hearing from Cas; yes he had shortened his name because Castiel was too much of a mouthful. He would check his email multiple times a day, but there was no contract or anything. Dean had somehow begun feeling excited and when he didn’t hear anything he started to think that Cas might have regretted giving him the offer. By Sunday evening Dean had officially given up and started trying to forget it all, but then Monday afternoon he received an email. The sender was CastielN@CCSF.com, the email itself was blank, but a large document was attached to it. Once again intrigued Dean opened the file.

The first paragraph stated the rules of the apartment, the rooms he was allowed to enter and the ones he wasn’t. When he would be at the apartment the guestroom/playroom was his space and the empty wardrobe was his to use and fill with clothes and so on. He was allowed to eat and drink whatever he wanted to from the kitchen unless he had been specifically asked not to.

The second described the week schedule. Dean would be at Castiel’s apartment from six pm till eight am every weekday. Friday was his day off, but every other weekend he would be at Cas’ from one pm on Saturday till eight am Monday morning. Dean did not really understand why there were no plans every other weekend, but a whole weekend off didn’t seem like a bad idea. There were also some rules about what was acceptable cause for cancelling, but Cas had the authority to change the schedule at all times without giving the cause, which seemed even more weird. At first they would have a month long trial period to see if things would work out for both of them. After the month was up they would reassess the contract and change it if some things were not optimal.

Next came a long list of kinks: Bondage with rope and other stuff available, anal penetration, punishment, blowjobs, and so on and then a long list of sex toys to be used on Dean. Dean couldn’t really find anything he wasn’t up for trying. There wasn’t any blood play or anything like that so he was totally fine with everything else.

Following the list of kinks and other stuff was a section for Dean to fill out with kinks of his own or things he wanted to try, but at the moment he couldn’t think of anything that wasn’t already on the list.

Then there was a big part about payment and legal stuff, but all in all this was a sweet deal and Dean got to sleep and do kinky stuff with an attractive older man.
Dean typed out a reply, “I’m gonna do it.” He was starting on Saturday.
Playing my Role in History

Dean was a mess the whole week and it all came to a head Saturday when he had to go over to Cas’ place. He told Sam that he had gotten a new job at a bar every other weekend and that he could sleep in a room above the bar between his shifts so he didn’t have to drive the long way home so late at night. Sam had bought it without any questions but had showed concern that Dean was now apparently working three jobs, but he seemed to understand and kept telling Dean that he would pay him back one day, somehow. Dean kept telling him in return that he was paying him back by getting well again. Sam was starting his second round of pills on Wednesday and Dean hoped that they would be able to see some improvement, just the tiniest bit even though Gabriel had told him more than once that they probably wouldn’t be able to actually see improvement before the cancer was in remission.

Dean packed a small bag of toiletries and some clothing. He didn’t know if Cas would let him wear clothes or if he had to walk around naked like in the book but either way putting some stuff in the closet that was now his wouldn’t be a bad idea.

He said goodbye to Sam, who assured him multiple times that he was more than able to take care of himself and that Missouri would be checking on him like she always did, and walked down to his car, butterflies filling his stomach and tying knots down there.

Even though the ride to Cas’ apartment wasn’t very long, only about ten minutes if he hit all green lights, it felt like going all the way across the country. He had his classic rock blaring from the speakers trying to drown out his own thoughts and doubts. When he arrived he only had two minutes till he had to be there but he remained seated for at least five more. He was frozen to his seat, his hands clutching the steering wheel and his gaze glued to the wall in front of the car. His heart was beating rapidly in his chest and his thoughts were going through his head at a hundred miles an hour.

After taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly he seemed to clear some of the fog in his mind, enough to get out of the car, grab his bag from the backseat and head to the elevator. The ride to Castiel’s floor seemed even worse than the car ride and the soft music playing in the metal box did nothing to calm him. Maybe he was developing claustrophobia or something because it felt like he was having a small panic attack. The walls seemed to be closing in on him and it made it hard to breathe. It damn near felt like that one time he had been on an airplane, caged in a metal contraption no way of getting out, but this time he wasn’t that far off the ground.

He hadn’t been this nervous when he started as a normal prostitute, but then this wasn’t exactly a normal job. This was totally new territory for him, but then again he felt a bit excited in the midst of all the anxiety. He would be lying if he said he hadn’t had dreams about this sort of thing, especially after he saw Cas’ big collection of toys and after just seeing Cas himself. Apparently, Dean had a thing for older men, who knew. He had liked porn with a hint of BDSM as long as he could remember and when he was with Benny he was the one asking for a little light spanking and stuff.
With Cas, though, it seemed to be on a whole other scale but he was up for it.

When he made it to the front door it was open so Dean assumed he should just enter. Castiel was in the kitchen stirring a pot when Dean approached him.

“You’re late.” He stated without turning around, the lack of heat or anger in his voice was promising for Dean.

“Yeah, I’m sorry I was…”

“Nervous, it’s normal don’t worry. I do like it when people are punctual though so don’t let it happen again.” Dean nodded obediently. “Now go take off your boots and leave them by the door. I do not appreciate dirt on this floor,” Dean looked down at his old and dirty boots and cursed himself for not thinking that far ahead, “and put your bag in your room before you come join me for lunch.” Dean walked quickly to his room, but before he reached the door, “and please put it in your closet right away I know the room is mostly yours, but I’m a perfectionist and I do not like a messy room, a room should only be messy right after a scene.” This time he did look at Dean and he honest to God winked at him with a cheeky smile on his gorgeous face making Dean blush, he felt the heat creeping up from his neck and around to his cheeks, damn he felt like a teenager on his first date with his crush. But this was a job, no feelings involved. Dean gave a small affirmation and did as told. Taking the few seconds alone in the room to try and calm his nerves and clear his head.

Going back into the living room Cas was already seated at the dining table with a plate of rice and some stew, most likely beef. There was only one plate. Was he to sit on the floor at eat what was given him or…?

Castiel seemed to notice Dean just standing there waiting for an order. “There’s plates in the cabinet and you can hopefully plate your own food. I find feeding another person too unsanitary and I don’t like it if something is spilled on my carpet. There is beer in the fridge; you seemed like that kind of guy. Though I do not allow you to be drunk on the job I do not see the harm in a single beer with your meal.” Dean stood dumbfounded for a minute, this was nothing like what he had been expecting. To be honest he had been expecting to walk around naked and maybe being fucked the second he entered through the door, but maybe he had read too many stories or seen too much porn or maybe Cas was just saving kinky for later. That last one actually seemed most probable.

The stew smelled delicious and it tasted just as great. Dean moaned involuntarily and the second the growly sound left his throat Castiel’s deep zircon blue eyes shot up. Their eyes locked for a second, Dean, unable to think, started talking instead, “You’re a really great cook.”
“I like to eat in silence.” And that was the last thing that was said the rest of the meal. Dean tried to remember his table manners and not to burp after a big gulp of beer. He had even transferred his beer from the bottle to a glass to seem more sophisticated.

Dean copied Castiel when he went to rinse his tableware and put it in the dishwasher. All the while Dean was doing this Castiel was leaned against the counter behind him following his every move; Dean felt how his gaze was boring into his back. He had quickly learned that Castiel liked to stare and somehow being on the spot did something to him. He felt like he should be presenting himself, showing off his features, teasing a bit, but he hadn’t been told to do anything and if there was one thing he got from the contract it was that he was expected to follow orders and orders only.

As if though Cas had been able to hear his thoughts he spoke, “You like it when I look at you don’t you?” Dean wasn’t expected to answer that because Cas continued before he had the chance. He did, though, freeze in the middle of rinsing his glass. “You are very pretty and I hadn’t noticed the bow legs before,” there was a pause, “I do like your jeans, but you are wearing way to many layers on your top half. If I remember correctly the night I found you, you were only wearing a tank top, I liked the way they featured your arms, but I do in no way like this flannel on top of a t-shirt, you’re hiding yourself beneath layers of material. I would like it if you would only wear a tank top or nothing at all with your jeans in the apartment.” It was an order like Dean had been expecting.

He quickly finished his current task and then stripped himself of the two outer layers all the while being scrutinized by Castiel. He was wearing a simple grey tank top under his black t-shirt and left that single item on. Maybe Castiel had some arm kink but he wasn’t one to complain.

“Now, go put those in your closet,” he pointed at the shirts in Dean’s hand. As Dean walked to his room he heard the soft sound of feet on the thick carpet following him. Castiel was standing in the doorway still watching him.

Normally, Dean would just toss his clothes at the bottom of the closet, but since Castiel seemed to like order he felt some need to hang them nicely on a hanger. When he had gently closed the closet-door he stood awkwardly in the room. He shifted from on feet to the other, putting his hands in his pockets and then taking them out again wiping the sweat off on the fabric. He looked at Cas, then at his feet, then at the bed and then everywhere else in the room. He couldn’t exactly leave the room since Castiel was blocking his path. He was unsure what to do and Cas wasn’t telling him.

He was getting flustered under the intense gaze and felt his face heating up. After a silence that felt like years Cas finally spoke. “Take the rest off.”

It took a second for Dean’s brain to start working and process the order, but then he made quick work of the rest. He paused when he got to his boxers hesitating for a second before pulling them down and stepping out of them. He made sure to put the clothes neatly away in the closet like before
He felt unbelievably naked, not just because he was in fact naked but also because he had never had anyone stare at him so intently and he felt so bare. Still he felt his cock twitching apparently little Dean was on board.

“Get on the bed,” Dean complied and situated himself against the headboard anticipating what was to come, “pretend I’m not here, imagine this is your own bedroom and you’re home alone. Close your eyes if that helps you, now show me how you pleasure yourself.”

It took him a while, but then he finally understood what he was being asked to do. Dean had never masturbated in front of other people, it had always been mutual hand jobs not him taking care of himself with some guy watching him. He didn’t know where to start.

He closed his eyes and tried to imagine things just like Cas had told him. It wasn’t easy to pretend, it wasn’t easy to relax, but eventually he focused on the usual fantasies that he would go through when porn wasn’t in reach. He would imagine Patrick Dempsey in his white coat, he had a thing for doctors, but could you really blame him. He always dreamt of being able to kiss those lips and run his fingers through his dark strands and spend eternity staring into his deep blue eyes. He imagined him letting the coat slide down his shoulders; he would take his shirt off, undoing his belt all the while keeping his eyes locked with Dean’s. Then he would run is hands over his body, Dean mimicked his fantasy imagining Patrick’s hands on him. Moving over his nipples giving them a roll between his fingertips and down his sides to his legs spreading them slightly.

And then without warning he would grip Dean’s dick just holding it in his hands. He would bent over him and their eyes would connect once again as he started running his hand slowly up and down. Dean imagined it was Patrick’s hand on him now feeling how his member slowly filled to its full size. He would slide his thumb over the head collecting a bead of precome then stick his thumb in Dean’s mouth and Dean would eagerly suck on it till it would be covered in spit tasting himself.

Just as he put his thumb in his own mouth he heard a sharp intake of breath and he knew Castiel was enjoying the view. That knowledge made him enjoy himself just that bit more. He let his hand return to his fully erect cock beginning to stroke it in earnest. Quick rough thrusts up and down his length. Twisting his hand over the head now and then. Moving his other hand further down to grab a hold of his balls massaging them lightly.

He kept his eyes closed the whole time picturing Patrick, but as he was nearing climax the image of him started blurring and changing. The dark hair, the dark scruff and the deep blue eyes. He wasn’t certain if he had said Cas’ name out loud when he came over his hand, leaving a few stripes across his own stomach and chest. His heart was pounding in his chest and he felt his muscles relax almost preparing for a nap, but Dean couldn’t sleep unless he was allowed to do so.
Slowly he opened his eyes letting them readjust to the light in the room, when his eyes found Castiel he was met by a glorious sight. His eyes were dark with lust and his pants were tight across his crotch restraining his bulge.

He laid waiting for Castiel’s next move, but nothing happened for a while. Then Cas’ expression turned back to hard real quick and he looked serious, but at the same Dean noticed how he swallowed almost nervously as he said, “Uhm… I have a few papers I need to grade. You can use the shower or something to clean yourself up and then just make yourself at home, but if you want to watch television please keep the sound down.” And with that he turned and left in quite a hurry, seconds after Dean heard the bedroom door across the hall open and close and then being locked.

Dean was left confused and naked on his bed covered in his own come, disappointed, and it didn’t take him long to decide that a long hot shower did in fact sound really nice right now.

ξ

Working for Cas was easy. Dean was told what to do and when to do it, so there wasn’t much for him to do wrong. And Castiel didn’t even want sex every day, which Dean had found weird, but then again Cas never talked about family or friends so maybe he was a bit lonely and sometimes just wanted the company.

He had been coming to Cas’ apartment every day, after eating a quick dinner with Sam, for almost two weeks now and up until this point the sex hadn’t really been freaky or anything. He believed that Cas was still easing him into the routine, they hadn’t even actually had real sex yet, like the part where Cas is supposed to stick his dick in Dean’s ass and to be honest Dean was kind of craving it.

He had given Cas blowjobs so he knew how long and thick his dick was, he knew what was in store and was it really too much to ask for Castiel to just fuck him already. It was as if Castiel was tiptoeing around him, but Dean wasn’t some delicate piece of porcelain that would break if you spanked it a little from time to time.

Living with Cas had been an easy adjustment. He had some rules and they were to be respected like meal times and the volume on the TV.

Sitting on the couch on Thursday night with Cas yet again having locked himself in his room Dean sat twirling the remote between his fingers. He glanced over at the closed door behind him then back on the newest episode of Dr. Sexy on the screen before tapping the volume button a few times.
When nothing happened he decided to push his luck a bit further and cranked up the sound to where he knew Castiel would react. He felt like a disobedient child knowing he did something he wasn’t supposed to and anticipating his punishment.

And just as he expected a few seconds later Cas’ door opened slowly, “Dean will you please turn down the volume, I thought I told you to always keep it low.”

“Sure Cas, sorry, guess I forgot,” he tried to look as innocent as possible.

“And I thought I told you not to call me that, it’s Castiel.” With that he went back to his room.

Dean waited a minute and then he turned the sound up even higher. This time the reaction was instantaneously. He heard the door behind him being ripped open and before he could react a tie was stuffed between his lips and wrapped around his head tight. “You are playing a dangerous game Dean, you do not want to provoke me.”

Dean was shocked for a second, but Cas’ voice all gravel, angry and serious went straight south. His head was being yanked backwards and up making him stumble to his feet in a not at all graceful way. Still gripping the tie tight Castiel pushed him all the way to the bedroom.

“I will remove this tie, but you are not to speak at all, not one tiny little sound am I understood?” Dean nodded as best he could with his head being held still by the tie. It was then removed and thrown to the floor. “Get naked. On the bed, all four.”

Dean did as told. He did not chance a glance backwards to see what Cas was doing especially not when he heard one of the drawers open. He knew he had pushed Castiel enough for the night, now it was time to take what he was given, he just hoped he was given something.

He felt excited and scared all at the same time, a very arousing combination.

“I do not like disobedience, Dean.” The way he said his name... “Remember your safeword? Because you might need it.” Dean nodded eagerly.

At the first touch of cold leather on his right butt cheek he couldn’t help but yelp in surprise. “Do I need to gag you Dean?” Dean quickly shook his head and prepared for the next hit this time on his left cheek. “Boys who have behaved badly needs punishment, but something tells me that that is
what you were going for. Now, is this what you were hoping to achieve?” A quick hit to each cheek. Dean shook his head. “What then? Maybe this?” Dean felt the mattress dip as Cas crawled onto it, he could feel his body heat somewhere behind him and then suddenly he felt Castiel’s erection pressed against the cleft of his ass, it was still clothed in his dress pants, but it was so close to what he wanted. He nodded.

“Well, then you have to earn it.” And then the heat disappeared as Cas retracted from the bed. “On your back and stretch out your arms and legs.” Dean knew exactly what that meant, he had been dying to try out the restraints since the first time he discovered them.

Castiel made quick work of strapping him down. The cuffs were tight, but they weren’t uncomfortable, the leather actually felt nice against his skin. He gave an experimental tug to check his range and it wasn’t big, he wouldn’t be able to move anywhere.

Cas walked back to the dresser and rummaged through the drawers, Dean wasn’t able to see what he was picking out since holding his neck hurt if he tried to lift his head. Soon the bed was dipping once again with Cas’ weight and he knew stuff was being laid on the covers because he felt something cold touch his leg.

He was only half hard, but Cas quickly stroked him into full hardness. The feel of Castiel’s rough hands on him felt delicious, but he knew this couldn’t be his punishment. He was right; the second he got hard something was put around his cock and beneath his balls and tightened. “This is to ensure that you do not come before I allow you to.”

“What?” Dean lifted his head and got a quick glimpse of the dark blue cock ring before his head thumped back on the pillow. He started regretting his little rebellion. Actually he regretted it a lot.

He waited anxiously for what happened next and then Cas was kissing him. A heavy weight lay over his chest only held up on his elbows. The feel of the shirt against his skin made Dean crave for Cas to get naked too. The kiss was rough and forceful the very opposite of gentle. His tongue tasted every inch of Dean’s mouth and then it was over as quickly as it started. He opened his eyes slowly, he hadn’t even noticed closing them. Castiel was looking down at him, but his gaze wasn’t angry or rough like the kissing, they were soft and oh so blue.

When those eyes disappeared Dean almost whined in protest, but remembered he was supposed to stay silent.

Cas gave him three small kisses on the neck nibbling just slightly before he moved further down until he reached his right nipple. He enveloped it in his warm wet mouth twirling his tongue around it. Just
when he let it go Dean felt a clamp getting attached to it. It pinched him, but the pain wasn’t too much. Castiel did the same thing to Dean’s other nipple and then sat up admiring his work.

He tugged on the silver chain connecting the two simple clamps. A mix between a hiss and a moan escaped up through Dean’s throat and as soon as it did he froze. “Tsk, tsk, tsk, Dean, Dean, Dean, and you were doing so well I was actually considering giving you what you wanted after all, but now I’m not so sure.”

Without even thinking Dean opened his big mouth, “Shit! I’m so sorry, Cas.” And once again he completely froze as soon as the words left his mouth.

Castiel yanked hard on the chain and held it taut, “What did I say?!” He certainly sounded angry at this point and Dean knew he had not been behaving very well today, not at all near what was expected of him. It seemed at one point he had forgotten that this was a job, he wasn’t supposed to disobey, but he had always been big mouthed and loud sometimes he just couldn’t help it. He lay as quietly on the bed as he could. “You were supposed to stay quiet and I thought I had made myself very clear about the nickname.”

With eyes closed he heard the snap of a cap opening and then felt cold lube drizzling down between his cheeks. A thin vibrator slipped inside without much trouble. He moved it in and out a few times until he hit Dean’s prostate and his back arched off the mattress. Castiel was pleased with finding Dean’s sweet spot and let the dildo sit there as he turned the vibration to a high setting.

“Now you can lay there for a while thinking about your behavior tonight.” With that Castiel left the room.

Dean felt very much alone in the room. The vibrator gave him immense pleasure, a tingling feeling through his bones, but he wasn’t able to come and the vibrator wouldn’t be enough either.

He didn’t know how much time went by, but at some point the vibration had made him almost numb, it was as if he couldn’t quite feel it anymore. He wasn’t aroused and he didn’t like the fact that he was naked and alone, especially alone with his thoughts. He had let Cas down tonight. He hadn’t been a good boy. He was a disappointment.

Somewhere deep down Dean knew he should be using his safeword because he did not feel safe at the moment, he didn’t feel good at all, but he had been told to stay silent and he didn’t want to disappoint Castiel again.
His thoughts were spiraling where they wasn’t supposed to, his mind was going to a dangerous place, the place where he wasn’t good enough had never been good enough. People wouldn’t miss him if he were gone. One dark thought took the other and it started snowballing behind his forehead, darkness slowly swallowing him up till he didn’t feel anything at all.

He didn’t notice when he started crying, he didn’t feel sadness, but still silent tears started gathering at the corners of his eyes running down his cheek and landing in the shell of his ear. He sniffled a bit, but otherwise he stayed totally silent.

He lay like that staring at the ceiling for quite some time. He was aware that his eyes were open a few tears still finding their way out and joining the others on his tear streaked cheek, but otherwise it felt like he could be asleep or maybe even dead. If this was what death would feel like he couldn’t really make up his mind about whether he liked it or not, but it was quiet.

He didn’t notice when Cas came back into the room. In some far distance he heard him saying something, sounding worried, but it sounded as if he was under water.

Black. The cuffs were off. Black. Someone lifted him. Black. Cold porcelain against his back. Black. When he finally resurfaced he was in a warm bath Castiel running a soft and wet cloth over his shoulders over his thighs. It was very soothing.

“What…” he cleared his throat, “What are you doing?”

“I’m taking care of you Dean, that’s part of the deal.”

“Huh, feels nice…” He let himself drift off feeling exhausted.
Deep in My Heart

Castiel had carried Dean to bed that night, covering him with the blanket and sitting on the edge of the bed. Dean felt eyes on him and cracked his own open just a sliver. “Why didn't you use the safe word, Dean?”

Dean felt sleep overcome him, but managed to croak out a pathetic, “Didn't wanna disappoint you.” When had this man gotten so much power over him? He knew he was allowed to say no to anything, but suddenly disappointing Cas was the worst thing he could imagine. And they hadn't even done the real deed yet for Christ sake.

He felt a hand running through the short strands that was his military-cut hair. Then gentle lips touched his forehead before Cas got up to leave the room. “You could never disappoint me, Dean,” Cas whispered so quietly that Dean thought he hadn't been meant to hear it. With that the light from the hallway was shut out as Castiel closed his bedroom door.

ξ

That weekend was a Cas weekend and Dean didn’t feel excited at all. After the fucked up mess that was Thursday Dean felt an overwhelming need to crawl under a rock and stay there. He was so embarrassed that he was now just standing outside of Cas’ door not having the courage to go inside. Castiel would be sitting inside right now eating dinner and Dean was standing in the hallway outside like a coward.

An old couple passed him, looking at him weird as they walked by. Dean tried to smile politely, but it only made it more awkward. As he was looking at their retreating backs walking towards the elevator the door in front of him suddenly opened.

“Dean, why are you just standing out here?” Dean was startled back to the door his mouth agape, lost for words. He didn’t get to answer either, Castiel looked at him intensely for a few seconds. The kind of stare where Dean felt his soul being bared, it was as if Cas himself found the answer Dean was unable to give. “Get in, take off your clothes.”

Orders, Dean could handle orders. He took off his flannel first then his t-shirt and tank top draping them over his arm. He looked at Cas expectantly.

“All of it,” Castiel said. Dean looked at him puzzled. Usually Cas just liked Dean shirtless and it was
lunchtime… Well, if Cas wanted him naked he would be naked. He started undressing fully holding everything in his hands since he knew Cas didn’t like clothes lying around and he didn’t know if he was allowed to go put it in his closet. He didn’t have to hold it for long though. Castiel took the clothes out of his hands, walking into Dean’s room with it.

Dean took a quick glance at the dining room table but saw no plates on it and he smelled no food so he followed Cas into his room just in time to see him put the last of Dean’s clothes away in the closet.

He stood awkwardly in the doorway following every movement. Even while putting a shirt on a hanger Castiel looked graceful.

“I’m sorry about Thursday,” Dean’s eyes widened comically, an apology wasn’t exactly what he had been expecting. To be honest he was the one that fucked up and Cas had been so sweet and attentive afterwards even though Dean did nothing to deserve it, “I acted poorly and I had forgotten about your needs-“

“Don’t worry about my needs, I was being a brat. I deserved everything I had coming,” Dean interrupted.

“Your needs are very important, Dean. Why would you think they weren’t?” Cas tilted his head slightly to the left in a way that Dean had come to adore.

“Because I’m the one hired to make sure you get what you need,” he stated.

“I thought I had made it clear that you being satisfied played a big role in my own satisfaction, if you don’t enjoy yourself, if you’re only acting as a puppet for me to play with for the money I give you I don’t think this will work out,” Cas shifted his eyes from the floor to Dean’s and if Dean wasn’t mistaken Castiel looked hurt, he looked broken and that fact made something in Dean ache with pain.

“No! No Cas, it wasn’t meant like that,” he rushed out having no time to realize he had used the nickname again, but Castiel didn’t comment on it, “I do enjoy myself. I didn’t think I would actually ever be able to enjoy myself as much as I do with you.” The admission surprised him, but it was true. Even though they hadn’t actually done the horizontal mambo yet, if they were ever going to, Dean had had some of the best orgasms of his life so far. Castiel was looking at him weird and he felt a need to steer the conversation in another direction, “I just wish you would fuck me already,” he blurted out, almost whining, sounding like a petulant child.
Castiel laughed, he actually laughed, a full body laugh and it sounded like music to Dean’s ears. “There’s no beating around the bush with you is there?” The question was rhetorical and Cas kept chuckling and laughing even more when Dean looked at him confused.

“I was just being honest…”

“Yeah, and that’s what I lo-“ Cas caught himself in the middle of the sentence going completely still, “what I like so much about you.” Dean had an idea of what Cas was going to say, but the idea was stupid and he didn’t mention it. “You’re a mouthy sub, I’ll give you that. Now, let’s do a retake of Thursday. Will you please get on the bed for me?”

During the whole conversation Dean had forgotten the fact that he was naked which is normally hard to forget. Castiel asking him to do something, not giving an order and actually using the word ‘please’, threw Dean for a loop, but he quickly caught up and lay down on the bed.

“If you’re okay with it I would like to tie you to the bed again.” Dean had no control over himself when is body went rigid with panic, he was being foolish. “It’s okay Dean, you have my promise that I won’t leave you here, I will never leave you like that again, but if I can’t get you to trust me again-“ Cas didn’t need to say anything more, Dean stretched out his limbs towards every corner of the bed.

Slower and more tentative than before Castiel tied up his hands and feet. Every time he wrapped a cuff around his flesh and fastened it carefully he would touch Dean so gingerly brushing fingertips over an ankle or a wrist. Finished Castiel stood by the bed looking down upon Dean. Dean felt cherished in that moment. Cas was looking at him fondly, but slowly something twisted and Cas’ gaze filled with heat and he looked at Dean like he was going to devour him. Dean swallowed hard, his dick reacting to the thoughts now filling his head.

Castiel walked to the dresser and pulled out a black silk blindfold holding it up for Dean to inspect, “Would this be okay?” Dean nodded. Castiel walked over to the bed crawling onto it and straddling Dean across his waist. He placed the elastic around Dean’s head and made sure the blindfold was in its proper place and wasn’t uncomfortable. “How many fingers am I holding up?”

“Dude, I can’t see anything. If you were holding up your dick I wouldn’t even know.” Cas laughed at that.

Castiel didn’t move and he had gone silent. Dean couldn’t move and he couldn’t see so the kiss took
him by surprise. It was rushed at first as if Castiel thought this to be the very last time he would ever get to kiss Dean, but then he slowed down taking his time. He licked across Dean’s lips and he opened his mouth slightly, inviting Cas inside. With one sense taken away all the others took over. Dean could feel everywhere Cas was touching him so clearly. He tasted Cas’ mouth and he felt drunk at the scent that was all Cas enveloping him and all he could do was take it all in.

From Dean’s mouth Cas moved on, peppering light kisses on his chin, his forehead, each cheekbone. He nibbled lightly at his jaw and then moved onto his neck, licking up a streak to his ear and then grabbing the lobe into his mouth sucking on it and worrying it between his teeth. Dean moaned in contentment. From there he moved to his collar bone and sucked so hard Dean knew he was trying to leave a mark, a claim, but Dean didn’t care at all. He kissed up each arm and touched his lips to every fingertip. Dean’s whole body was buzzing with the intense attention he was getting. Cas bit at each nipple pinching them with his teeth and then soothing the pain with his warm tongue. He kissed each rib and his hipbones before dipping his tongue into his navel. He kissed his inner thighs paying no attention to the cock slowly growing to its full size.

Castiel moved on and gave each leg the same care as the rest of his body and by the time he was done Dean’s proud erection was lying against his stomach hard and leaking. Castiel was not touching Dean anywhere now, but he felt the weight of him shifting. Then the warm wet tongue licked a stripe all the way from Dean’s balls to the head of his cock. He moaned deep in his throat and as a reflex he tugged against the restraint. Cas kissed the very tip and Dean surged upwards with his hips as best he could. He heard Cas chuckle somewhere. Without warning Cas took him into his mouth as far as he would go and Dean would have choked him if it wasn’t for the strong hands keeping his butt on the mattress.

Cas worked himself up and down and each time Dean felt the head of his cock making contact with the back of Cas’ throat and each time he managed to take him just a little bit deeper till the tip of his nose made contact with Dean’s pubes. Cas would apply slight pressure to the thick vein running on the underside of his penis on the way up and on his way back down he would swallow and he could feel how Cas’ throat constricted around his girth. It felt heavenly, but he didn’t moan, he wasn’t able. His mouth hung open, his chest heaving trying to catch up with his erratic breathing, but it was as if Cas was sucking all sounds out of him from the other end.

Just as he felt his orgasm building up Cas released him and his weight left the bed. Before he could voice his panic Castiel spoke, “I’m not leaving, but my pants are getting very uncomfortable.” Dean could understand that, but now he was also sad to miss the sight of Cas’ cock springing free full and proud. He distantly heard the opening of a drawer and then he felt Cas’ hands at his leg untying the cuff.

“What are you doing?” Dean was definitely panicking now, was that all he was going to get. His impending orgasm was already fading getting further and further away.
“I'm only untying your legs,” Cas shushed him moving on to the other leg, “I need your legs free.” That’s all he said and Dean wondered what he was planning on doing.

He felt the weight of Cas return to the bed, but he was somewhere at the end by Dean’s feet. Tender hands caressed Dean’s legs, long fingers running their way from ankle to hip and then back down stopping at the knee. Carefully Castiel lifted Dean’s knees making him bend his already parted legs. Though he couldn’t see he could feel the heat of Cas’ gaze on his skin. Castiel applied pressure to his thighs bending them even further towards Dean’s chest to the point where he almost bent in half. Dean took the hint and held his legs where Cas wanted them thankful for his young and bendy body.

Then Cas’ hands were on his butt cheeks kneading the flesh before parting them. The hot puff of air against his puckered hole sent a shiver up his spine so powerful he shook with it. “What… What’re…” he was having big trouble pushing out words, making the task of forming a sentence immensely difficult, “What’re you doing?”

“You haven’t tried this before?” Cas asked and Dean heard the surprise in his voice. He swallowed past a lump in his throat and that was all the answer Castiel needed.

He dove in with gusto, setting to work, licking once along the rim before pushing the tip of his tongue pass the muscle. This time Dean had absolutely no problems with moaning, the sound came from deep in his throat passing over his lips accompanied by an, “Oh, fuck, Cas!”

Cas pushed his tongue in as deep as he could and Dean once again pulled against the restraints, he managed to grab onto the straps that kept the cuffs tied to the bed and he held on for dear life.

He managed to hear the snap of a cap through the moaning and profanities spilling from his mouth, the liquid was cool when it was drizzled so it ran down the cleft of his ass, but the empty feeling from where Cas’ tongue had been seconds before felt even colder. As soon as a healthy amount of lube had been poured he drove right back in. It must have been edible lube, Dean thought, as Cas started lapping at his hole pushing his tongue back in. Without the leverage of his hands Dean let one of his legs fall onto Cas shoulder trying to urge him in deeper, Cas snickered and pushed the leg back in it’s place a bit forcefully but also playfully.

He worked Dean open slowly pumping his tongue in and out, when he seemed satisfied with that he added more lube and pushed in a single finger and it slid in easily. Alongside the finger Cas’ tongue joined again and Dean thought he had never tried anything like it before, which he hadn’t, but at this moment he couldn’t think of a reason why he hadn’t.

When Cas pushed in a second digit Dean pulled at the cuffs so hard he knew it would leave marks,
but he spared it no thought. Dean started a litany of, “Cas, Cas, Cas,” by now he thought all uses of the nickname would be excused.

Dean couldn’t lie still anymore, he kept twisting and pulling as far as the restraints would let him. His cock was painfully hard and neglected, but at the moment he was certain he could come without being touched. The pleasure was cursing trough his veins so every limb tingled with the experience, but it wasn’t enough he needed more. “Please, Cas!”

Cas replaced his tongue with a third finger so that he could talk, “Please, what?”

“Please, fuck me, fuck me, please, Cas, I need it! I want you so bad, please!” Dean had never before found himself begging but he had neither the time nor the right mind to find it humiliating.

Worry could be heard in Cas’ voice for a second as well as a hint of smugness, “I don’t think you’re open enough to take me.”

“I don’t care!” Dean almost shouted, he knew he was bordering on being out of line, “I want that big fat cock of yours in my ass!”

“If that’s really what you want…”

“It is, it really is,” Dean promised.

Castiel pushed at his legs till his feet were back on the bed making room for him to drape himself over Dean’s body. When Dean for the very first time felt the head of Cas’ cock against his hole he sighed in relief but as he slowly pushed inside Dean hissed as he was stretched even further. Cas swallowed his hiss of pain as he connected them at both ends. Cas licked inside Dean’s mouth at the same time as he pushed into his tight heat. Dean tasted honey on his tongue and smiled to himself, what an odd choice.

When Cas bottomed out he stayed completely still, letting Dean adjust. Dean knew Cas was fairly big, but having him inside him was a whole other thing. When Dean felt comfortable he wriggled a bit, signaling for Cas to start moving and so Cas pulled out ever so slowly till only the head remained. He set an agonizingly slow pace and Dean groaned in frustration, wrapping his legs around Cas’ waist and pulling him in quick and forceful.
“You’re rather bossy, maybe you haven’t deserved this, it seems you have forgotten your place, maybe I have been too soft,” Cas said it as if he was thinking out loud.

“Don’t you dare,” Dean snarled, “I’ll be good, I’ll be oh so good if you would just fuck me already and not at that granny speed, fuck me like you mean it.”

Apparently Cas needed to hear no more and slammed back in. The new pace was brutal and fast, Cas pounding into Dean with so much force that he was pushed up the bed to the point where his hands were no longer above his head but at the level of his eyes. Castiel adjusted their position slightly and it did wonders as the new angle made it possible for Castiel to hit Dean’s prostate on every thrust. “Yes! That’s the spot,” Dean moaned. He tried to meet every thrust as best he could using his legs to pull Cas in.

Castiel burrowed his head in Dean’s neck. Dean felt every puff of air and he heard every one of Cas’ growly moans, he had never heard anything so sexy and he knew Castiel was just as affected as he himself was.

He hoisted one of Dean’s legs onto his shoulder and though Dean had thought it impossible the thrusts got more intense, harder, faster. He had trouble catching his breath and he knew he was sweating.

“You have no… idea… how good you look… like this,” Castiel praised pushing the words out in-between moans.

“I could say the same about you, but sadly…” he was interrupted by his own moan as Cas started gnawing at his earlobe, “I can’t see you all that well.” Castiel made quick work of getting the blindfold off him and throwing it across the room. The bright light in the room assaulted Dean’s eyes. When his vision cleared he was met with lust-blown pupils pushing away seas of blue and he arched his back in pleasure, “Oh fuck, Cas! Fuck! I’m so close.” He didn’t want it to be over, but he wasn’t sure he would be able to last much longer.

He didn’t need to ask Cas’ permission to come, the hand wrapping around his cock was enough. Castiel pumped his fist up and down Dean’s shaft never once breaking eye contact with him. “Come for me, Dean,” and that was all the encouragement he needed before he spilled over Castiel’s hand and onto his own stomach.

Castiel slowed down his pace to work Dean through his orgasm, pumping out every last drop of semen with his hand. When Dean had almost turned to jelly he picked up the speed, racing with every intent to cross the finish line and Dean was happy to let Cas take what he needed.
Cas’ pace started to falter only seconds later and Dean felt it as he was about to pull out, but with the leg still holding on to Cas he kept him trapped. Castiel looked at him confused, “Come inside me,” Dean whispered.

Something akin to wonder flicked across Castiel’s features. He bent down to capture Dean’s lips once more as he came, spilling his seed and filling Dean up.

Dean was breathless. Cas pulled out falling onto the bed beside him and Dean felt how the cum slowly flowed from his hole, it should have felt gross, but Dean was too blissed out to care. For now he was happy just lying there, but he knew Cas would have to remove the cuffs soon or his hands would fall off.

Dean thought they were done for now, but after a shower and a delicious if not a late lunch Cas seemed intent on round two and then round three and by the end Dean was really impressed Cas was able to hold up that long when sleep seemed to pull at him after round four, but after a quick nap Cas had him on his hands and tomorrow.
After that weekend Dean felt more at peace. He had finally gotten what he had longed for and Cas had done him good, oh so good. He went through the following week with a spring in his step. He felt lighter. He would whistle along to the songs on the radio while working at the garage and Bobby would grumble at him, trying to pry from him why he was acting like a damn idiot in love. In love? Dean was not in love; life had just gotten a bit easier. His paycheck from Cas was nice and the job was becoming kind of fun. Dean had always enjoyed sex and sex with Cas was unbelievable. Dean found himself more and more at ease with this new style of sex if you could call it that.

Thursday found Dean and Sam at their second weekly doctors appointment. They had been doing them for almost two months now. Every Monday and Thursday they would go to the hospital, being met by Dr. Reeper, Dr. Northern, or both. It was just simple check-ups and tests. Dean had a long lunch those days, going home to pick up Sam and then they would eat lunch together after.

The drive in the Impala had been almost miserable. Driving an old car without any air-conditioning in the middle of June was like being stuck in an overheated sauna. Sam sat leaning his head on the edge of the open window, he had just finished a two-week chemo round and Dean tried not to worry. He tried blaming it on the heat, but it wasn’t out of the ordinary for the pills to make Sam more tired, his body was fighting off cancer after all.

Even though the air-conditioning was on in the waiting room you could see people fanning themselves with the magazines lying around on the tables. And the water cooler was frequently visited. Dean had gotten a cup of water for Sam who had curled himself into a ball in the chair, very unlike everybody else who had spread their limbs as much as possible knowing that if skin touched skin it would be wet with sweat in seconds. This might have been one of the hottest days yet, knowing it was only June it was far from the first. Dean already dreaded it.

“Sam Winchester,” a nurse called. Dean nudged Sam’s thigh and together they followed the nurse to the consultation room. Being in the cancer department, or oncology as they said to make it sound less scary, meant the rooms were just a bit nicer than the room where they had first met Dr. Reeper. In addition to the standardized examination area it had a nice corner with some dark green couches so you could be handed bad news in nice surroundings.

Today Dr. Northern or Gabriel, as they kept to calling him, met them. “Hey, Sammy, how are you feeling today?” Gabriel had been the only other person outside of Dean and their parents that Sam had ever let call him Sammy and that detail had led to Dean liking Gabriel all the more.
“Had four whole days doing my chemo period where I didn’t throw up,” Sam smiled proudly.

“You’re shitting me! That’s so awesome,” they fist bumped as Dean looked on from the door he had just closed behind him. “You know the drill kid,” Gabriel said and Sam nodded hopping straight up onto the high paper covered couch. Since it was hot out Sam was wearing a t-shirt and had no sleeve to roll up for Gabriel to gain access to the large vein in the pit of his elbow.

Gabriel prepared the syringe and swiped Sam’s skin with the alcohol swab, waiting for it to dry before inserting the needle. Dean was leaning against the wall looking at Sam who was sending him a gentle reassuring smile. The boy had become used to all the blood tests and so on and wasn’t fazed at all. Sam had actually come to enjoy it, especially because of the fact that he and Gabriel would usually have some sugary snacks together afterwards. Sam was sporting his black hat with a subtle batman logo in black but in another material, some kind of plastic, that Dean had bought him for his birthday. Dean hadn’t gotten used to not seeing Sam’s long locks sticking out of it yet. In his head Sam still had his old shabby hair that he hoped he would one day have again. Even though Dean had joked many times about cutting it off he wouldn’t have it any other way, especially not because of cancer.

Gabriel finished up the blood and handed it over to a nurse. They were always first priority when they came in for their check-ups and for the tests where it was possible they would have the answers within half an hour. Gabriel continued checking Sam over to look for new bruises, checking if he was sore anywhere and asking a lot of questions about his medicine and simple stuff like if his nose had bled since last time they saw each other, which had actually been awhile since Dr. Reeper had done the consultation the last three times.

After the check-up they went to sit on the couches, Gabriel retrieving a platter of chocolate chip cookies and small bottles of milk from the mini fridge in the corner. Apparently this wasn’t only for the fun of it, but something about sugar being good after having blood drained from your body.

“Did you have a good vacation?” Dean spoke up for the first time catching Gabriel off guard.

“Yes I did, thanks for asking.”

“Where did you go again?”

“To India. It wasn’t as much a vacation as it was school, you could say. I went there with a bunch of other doctors trying to learn a bit about other countries’ medical systems. Met this beautiful Indian doctor there,” Gabriel smiled mischievously, “Turns out she lives in America so I have a date when she comes back later this summer.”
“Good for you,” Dean smiled truthfully happy for Gabriel, “So did you learn anything other than the female anatomy?” Gabriel’s eyes went straight to Sam horrified, Dean just laughed Sam was used to Dean being straightforward and not at all shy.

“Yeah, we went to Bhutan for a few days and their health system and their educational system is working really well for them. Actually found out that Danish doctors travelled down there to help build up their medical structure.” Dean nodded slowly in acknowledgement, Gabriel sounded very enthusiastic and Dean would let him ramble for a while munching on the delicious cookies.

They passed time with talking and snacking until the nurse reentered the room with a clipboard. Gabriel looked through the papers attached, “Good news guys, Sam your platelet count went up. That means the medicine is working,” Gabriel smiled big and Sam and Dean copied it, sharing a look.

“That’s awesome!” Dean exclaimed.

“I think we should stick with your current dosage, I believe things are going in the right direction and I would rather not chance anything by changing something at the moment.” Gabriel grabbed a pen from his white lab coat pocket and scribbled something down on the papers before handing them back to the nurse with an order for her to put it in his office.

Gabriel announced that he didn’t have an appointment for some time and he wanted to celebrate the bit of good news so Dean invited him to lunch. Gabriel had to make a quick run to his office to shed his coat and get his stuff and would meet them at the main entrance afterwards.

Gabriel knew a great little sandwich place just around the corner from the hospital so they didn’t have to get in the boiling car just yet. Dean thought it weird that they had never tried the place before and it was a shame because it turned out to be really great food.

They sat in a booth with lime green leather benches that looked really cool in the black, white and green color scheme the place had going. It was all very modern and a guy not much older than Dean wearing a beanie, glasses and a carefully sculptured beard approached them at their table to take their order. Gabriel ordered an Italian beef sandwich with a side of oven made root vegetables and a lemon soda, Dean stuck with a classic Reuben and some sweet potato fries and a root beer and Sam being the only health nut at the table stuck with a chicken salad and some kind of flavored mineral water.
Their food arrived shortly after and Dean almost moaned as he took the first bite, this was definitely not the last time he was visiting this place. He stuffed a fry in his mouth and looked at Gabriel sitting opposite to him, “So, I know you know some of our story since almost everything is in the papers, but what about you?” Dean asked waving another fry in front of Gabriel’s face.

Gabriel swallowed his food and put down his sandwich taking a swig of his soda before answering, “Well, there’s not much to tell. I grew up in a religious household with a bunch of siblings, but I didn’t really fit in there. I didn’t feel like I could really be myself so I left. I got a job at a bakery and struggled my way through med school and I ended up here,” he shrugged as if his story wasn’t anything exciting.

“So you just up and left? That must have taken some guts.”

“It wasn’t really hard to do, I know it might be hard for you to understand, with your parents being taken from you and me choosing to keep mine out of my life, but with the parents I had I would much rather have been without,” Gabriel kept looking down at his food as he talked this was apparently a hard topic for him, “They were abusive and narrow minded. They were especially hard on one of my younger brothers, I still worry about him sometimes wondering if they managed to brainwash him or if he got away.”

“You haven’t tried to contact him?”

“I contemplated looking him up, but we were really close and I’m afraid he will never forgive me for leaving him behind.” Dean didn’t say anything to that, he sensed a change of topic would be a good idea and started talking about a classic car some rich guy had brought in for them to restore and Bobby had let Dean be in charge of the restoration. Gabriel’s mood seemed to change for the better and he joined in telling Dean about his cherry red 1960 Chevrolet corvette his pride and joy and Dean in turn told about his baby.

It was a great afternoon, but eventually Gabriel and Dean had to go back to their respective jobs.

Dean arrived back at the garage after dropping Sam off at the apartment, he was a little late at the time and he tried to sneak past bobby’s office hoping not to be seen, but had no such luck. He was in the locker room changing into his overall that had changed color over the time he had worked here with the amount of oil stains, he was just about to close it up when a voice spoke up behind him, “You think you can sneak past this ol’ man, boy?”
“Apparently not and here I thought old people lost both sight and hearing,” Dean retorted.

“Don’t get snarky with me, son,” Bobby stepped into the room from where he had been standing in the doorway leaning against the frame, “I take it you’re late because something kept you at Sam’s appointment, now please don’t tell me anymore bad news.” Bobby sat down on the simple wooden bench across from the locker and looked at Dean expectantly.

“There was actually some good news this time,” Dean smiled.

“Oh, really?” Bobby returned his smile.

“Yeah, celebrating is what held us up. Dr. Northern, Gabriel, treated us to some lunch at this fancy little place, paid and everything. I think Gabriel and Sam have formed some weird bond, the man cares for the kid and at first I thought it was kinda weird, but Gabriel is genuinely nice and when the tests showed Sam’s platelet count or something moved in the right direction in response to the treatment he wanted to celebrate it with us.” Dean felt happiness bubble from his core.

“Well, I can understand that, I’m just disappointed I wasn’t invited to the party, but I’ll think of something,” with that Bobby left Dean with a curt order to get to work.

Dean tried to catch up on the time he had lost being late, but with a whole hour to go Bobby interrupted him as he was lying under a car. He rolled from under it when Bobby called his name.

“Finish what you’re doing and then we’re leaving early,” Bobby turned around and was ready to leave.

“Wait! Can I get a reason why?” He got to his feet drying his hands on the usual rack.

“Sam is at Ellen’s she’s making us all burgers and if we want to have just a little bit of time all of us together we have to eat before you run off to your other job,” Dean thought he sensed a hint of sadness or disappointment in Bobby’s voice. He knew Dean was working his butt off to pay the bills, but sometimes Dean thought that he knew, somehow the old grump just knew.
Going over to Castiel’s apartment that evening Dean felt ecstatic. The burgers Ellen had made had been the best he had ever had as usual, that woman just knew how to cook a damn fine meal. Sam had been all smiles and full of energy and he had let him stay to sleep over with Jo as he left the party. The job with Cas was good and the money was great, but it took a lot of his time, time that he could spent with his family and to be honest he was getting a bit tired of leading two lives, of having this big secret he had to keep from everybody and what made it worse was that he was hiding something that made him happy. Cas made him happy.

As he got to Cas’ door he made sure to stomp down those thoughts, feelings were a dangerous territory in this line of work. Cas was his boss and nothing more.
June 23rd meant the month of the trial period with Cas was over. Dean felt distracted all day at work, but apparently he hid it well from Bobby.

The month with Cas had been good but you never really know do you? Maybe Dean felt like everything was going well, maybe that was not the case and Castiel was just waiting for the trial to be over so he could send Dean away. Dean had tried so hard to be good for Cas, he could not handle losing this job, no job he could possibly be lucky enough to find would pay this well. That and he kind of enjoyed the nights with Cas (okay he really enjoyed being at Cas’ place, he kind of loved it, but he tried not to think too much about exactly how much) the guy was growing on him even though he didn’t really know him. Cas was a secretive guy, keeping two rooms hidden behind closed doors, which really itched at Dean’s curiosity. He never really talked much about anything, not personal at least, he seemed closed off and Dean would like nothing more than to scratch a bit at the surface and see what was hidden underneath.

The weirdest thing though was that Castiel never took off that goddamned white dress shirt, it stayed on even when they had sex. Dean craved the skin-to-skin contact and at the same time he felt like Cas was hiding something. Castiel was hiding a lot of things. He was an expert in changing the subject whenever it hit too close to home and every time Dean would wonder what secret was hiding there somewhere. Dean did a lot of wondering these days.

Going to the apartment that day was nerve-wracking, first of all because Castiel was to choose whether he still wanted Dean around. Dean had already made up his mind, he would stay with Cas as long as he wanted him to, but the decision was out of his hands. But if he was in luck and Dean was to stay, Dean did have some alterations for the contract. When he had first gotten the contract there had been a part where he himself could fill out if there were any things he wanted to try. Back then he knew basically nothing about the world he was entering and had left that section blank. Now after Castiel had introduced him to this whole new universe and after many hours of Internet searching (including watching a lot of fetish porn, like a lot, a lot) he had found a couple of things he would like to add to their former agreement. Of course Cas would have a say in it too, but could you blame him for trying? The only problem is that he, for some reason, felt ashamed or shy or scared or something, it all felt very confusing to be honest.

Entering the apartment he didn’t take his shirt off immediately as usual. He threw his bag just inside the door of his room and then went to the dining table where Castiel was already seated, awaiting him with a stack of paper on the glass surface. Without saying a word he sat down on the chair opposite from Cas. It didn’t surprise him that Castiel knew exactly what day it was, it didn’t make him any less nervous though.

Castiel seemed relaxed, the very opposite from Dean, and it kind of irritated him. How dare the man sit there all calm and collected, all deep blue eyes, that handsome square jaw with just the perfect
amount of black stubble and that hair that always looked like he had just been thoroughly fucked, wonder if anyone has ever been that lucky to get to fuck Cas… Huh, he looked so dreamy sitting there, maybe if they hadn’t met the way they did, they could’ve been dating like normal people and maybe everything would’ve been different. Damn! No matter how hard he tried to suppress them, the forbidden thoughts kept bubbling to the surface.

Dean shook his head slightly trying to collect himself. He felt his cheeks heating with embarrassment and looked down in his lap trying to hide the redness.

“You look troubled, is everything okay?” Castiel asked as if what had Dean a mess was nothing to him.

“Yes, everything is just fine,” Dean must have said it in a non-convincing tone, because what Cas said next baffled him.

“Oh, I see,” his voice didn’t sound so professional no more, it was small and insecure, “If you want to exterminate the contract it is okay don’t feel shy to tell me.”

Dean looked up in shock, “No, no I didn’t- I want to keep going I just wasn’t sure if you wanted to I mean… I’ve only been doing this for one month I would understand if you find me too inexperienced or unsatisfying.”

“Stop right there, Dean. Have I ever said or done anything that would lead you to believe all these things?” Like a shy child Dean shook his head ashamed. “Dean, I do not know where this lack of self-worth comes from, but inside these walls I would very much like it if you could stop doubting yourself, especially if we are going to proceed with our agreement.” Dean smiled shyly, “Now, I’m really interested in what made you all flustered before,” Cas said in a playful tone revealing that he knew some of what Dean had been thinking.

Taking a deep breath to calm himself Dean jumped right in to it, “The first time I got the contract there was this part where I could contribute with… things,” he dried sweat off his palms on his worn jeans, “well, there are a few things that I wanted to add to that,” he let the sentence hang in the air.

“Oh, I see. I’m intrigued, do share,” Castiel very much looked like he was enjoying having Dean all shy and sharing his sexual fantasies.

Dean made a defiant sneer knowing his heart wasn’t in it, he kind of liked if he could get Cas going,
“Well, first of all, I’ve seen these pictures-”

Castiel interrupted him before he could say anything more, “You’ve been googling?”

“Well, yeah. I don’t really have any experience from this *life style* other than what you’ve shown me and I got kinda curious,” his voice went down in volume towards the end of the sentence once again becoming shy, but Castiel just smiled and gestured for him to continue.

“Well, I saw these pictures of people being like tied up, but they weren’t tied to anything. They just had rope bound around their body in different places, kinda highlighting some features and stuff if you know what I mean,” Castiel nodded, “I don’t know if you know how to do that, but I would like to try it once maybe, if you know…”

“I must be honest, I have never tried that before, but I will be willing to study up on it. Anything else?”

“Uhm, yeah, but I don’t know if it’s too weird or anything…”

“Try me, I won’t ridicule you,” Castiel looked sincere and it gave Dean the courage to carry on.

“It’s something that I’ve actually always thought about and just the thought turns me on a bit. I think you could call it rape play,” Castiel’s eyebrows shot up at the words, “I know it sounds freaky, but it’s just the surprise, the roughness, but still the knowledge that it’s with a partner that you know would stop if you asked them to.”

“Don’t worry, Dean, I get it. It doesn’t mean that you in any way would enjoy getting raped in real life, but it’s knowing that you’re safe and that you give over all your control. You’re turning out to be more of a submissive than I thought in the beginning…” he said it as a thought that might not have been meant to be out loud, “I’ll add that to our agreement then.”

Castiel reached for the paper a stood up making for his room, but before he got more than two steps from the table Dean stopped him standing up ready to grab at Castiel if he didn’t stop, “Wait, there’s just one more thing,” Cas turned around, “I would like it if I could get a collar,” Castiel sent him a puzzled look, “I like the symbolism of it. When I’m wearing it it will remind me that I’m yours and only yours.” Dean swallowed, Cas was looking at him with an unreadable look and Dean did not know what to make of it, it scared but excited him at the same time.
Castiel threw the papers onto the couch, but they missed falling to the floor, “Undress. Now.”

Dean looked at him totally baffled and it took him a while to acknowledge the order. He undressed quickly letting the clothes lie in a crumbled pile on the floor Castiel didn’t seem like he would care about the mess at the moment.

“Two seconds,” Castiel turned to the couch and grabbed the blanket draped over the back; he then proceeded to cover the glass table with the soft fleece looking at it satisfied. He then turned to Dean with a wild look in his eyes that had Dean half hard in the matter of seconds. Before Dean could register it he had two hands cupping his face and insisting lips on his kissing him, punching the air out of him.

The kiss wasn’t gentle, but it wasn’t exactly rough either. It was as if there was some deeper meaning behind it, something Cas was trying to tell him with no words, but Dean couldn’t decipher what. Instead he just let himself get manhandled when Cas started pushing him towards the table, not once letting go of his lips. Dean had a pretty good idea of where this was going.

He felt the back of his thighs hit the blanketed table and then Castiel grabbed him and threw him on top of it. Their lips left each other’s for the first time since they started and only so Dean could stare in wonder. Castiel was much stronger than he looked. Dean looked him up and down loving the fact that Cas was able to lift him. Fantasies ran through his head and he felt how his cock filled until it was standing full and proud against his stomach.

“Damn, you’re so beautiful,” it was a tiny whisper, surely not meant to be heard so Dean let it go, he was far to occupied anyway by the way Cas was eating him up with his eyes. That hungry look was something he had never experienced from anybody he had ever been with, granted he had never been with anybody this way. Cas was by far the best sex he had ever had and that made him all the more excited for what was hopefully about to happen. But when Cas made no move to go get any lube it rendered Dean a bit confused.

Instead Castiel leaned over him letting a hand rest at Dean’s neck holding him as he once again brought their lips together. Dean had trouble breathing by the intensity of it all, but at the same time he was fairly sure he could live like this, attached to Castiel forever. And there were the thoughts again, sprouting from the ground where he had carefully buried them, he furiously stomped them down and focused on the little mewling sounds coming from Castiel and the fact that Cas’ still clothed thigh was in reach for Dean to rub against and get some much needed friction. He surged upward grinding his hips up against Cas’ and moaned at the sensation.

“Eager, huh?” Castiel teased, his voice rough and gravelly in that way that went straight south and sent a pulse through Dean’s flesh and here Dean thought he couldn’t possibly get any harder.
Castiel moved to his neck licking up a stripe before moving further down sucking a bruise into his collarbone where the old mark was fading. As he was sucking one of Dean’s nipples into a hard bud Dean heard the sound of his belt buckle and zipper. Castiel shoved his pants and boxers down just enough for his cock to spring free and Dean felt his warm skin against his own as he leaned back over him slotting their bodies together. Castiel was every bit as hard as Dean, if not more, and feeling their cocks slide together Dean though he could come just from that. Then Cas took them both in hand. He placed his forehead upon Dean and they breathed in the same air, swallowing each other’s moans and needy sounds. This was too intimate and Dean wanted to freak and get out, but Castiel’s hand on him, jerking them both off made his brain go blank.

Castiel set a perfect pace, not too fast and not too slow, twisting his wrist from time to time and on every up-stroke he would run his thumb over both their slits and collect the precum to work as a lubricant.

“Oh, fuck,” Dean was pretty sure that was the first time he heard that word leave Cas’ lips and it sounded harsh in his mouth. He had been holding himself up on his one free hand, but his balance faltered and he went down on his elbow making it possible for him to let a hand tangle itself and linger in the short strands of Dean’s hair. As they both got closer and closer to the edge Dean felt how the grip on his hair tightened gradually and he knew Cas was close. His pace was speeding up and getting clumsy.

Dean was panting hard as he felt the heat coil in his belly. He was eliciting small moans that sounded way too whiny to his own ears but Cas swallowed them up, kissing him ever so often, letting his tongue map out every corner of his mouth and nibbling lightly on his lower lip.

Castiel came first. He came with a stutter and Dean felt his release on his stomach. His pace slowed as he eased himself through his orgasm, but when Dean heard his breathing get more under control he grabbed Dean’s cock once again and started pumping in earnest. Dean couldn’t help but to thrust into the heat of the hand chasing his own climax and it was so close.

“Come for me, Dean,” Castiel said as he lifted his head the tiniest bit.

Dean opened the eyes that he had squeezed shut and was met by Castiel’s intense gaze. Those oceans of blue, the crystals in which he saw the reflection of himself, the beautiful soul that lay within, but hid itself for the people wanting to take care of it. Dean came so hard he thought he was going to pass out and Cas helped him through it. Just as he thought he was done for another small climax washed over him as Castiel pumped out the rest of his load.

“Amazing,” he whispered before he saw black. When he woke up the next morning it was in the
usual bed. Castiel acted as if what they had done the day before wasn’t the most intimate to date, but Dean didn’t care, he was just happy that it had happened and he could live off the memory even as Castiel went back to his serious and stoic self.

The rest of that week had been awesome and then not being able to see Cas Friday and Saturday made Dean almost sad and Sam seemed to notice, but chose not to comment on it seeing as his brother was in a foul mood.

The two days went by with moping, which turned into wondering what Cas was doing every other weekend, which then turned into Dean getting jealous by the thought that maybe Castiel had another dude or maybe a chick that he was fucking on the side, but then some part of him deep down reasoned with him that that probably wasn’t the case. Dean just had this great ability to overthink every thing to the point where he would actually start to believe all the bad and stupid things his brain was trying to convince him about.

Then Sunday finally came around and his mood instantly lightened up a bit, which Sam, of course, also noticed, “You must really like this job, your mood always changes for the better whenever your shift is coming up.” Dean, who was rinsing off the plates from their late lunch turned his head to Sam who was looking at him over the back of the couch. The smug look on his face told him that Sam wasn’t just talking about his job but hinting at something else.

Dean tried to brush it off, “It pays the bills. Now I’ve got to get ready to leave, you gonna be okay tonight?”

“I’m okay all the other nights you go to work so why wouldn’t I be now,” the question was rhetorical so Dean found it unnecessary to answer.

Instead, he changed the subject, “Remember to take your pill alright? You aren’t feeling nauseated or anything? No matter what, Missouri will probably check on you later and I remember Jo mentioned something about the two of you continuing your Harry Potter marathon.”

“Yes, I’ll make sure to take my pill, my life kind of depends on it right?” Sam joking about cancer was something Dean never got used to, the topic was just a bit too serious and it saddened him every time Sam tried to disguise the underlying pain with what was supposed to be a funny comment. “No, I’m feeling okay right now, but I’m sure I’ll go puke up my lunch in about thirty minutes. Yes, I know Jo is coming over and so is Missouri because she promised to make us buttered popcorn. Now you better get going or you’ll be late, I’ll see you tomorrow.” With that Sam turned back to the
television. Dean gathered his things and left for Cas’.

Even from outside the door he could smell something good on the other side. Too bad he had had a late lunch, he wouldn’t be able to fit much of what ever this deliciousness was, but damn him if he didn’t try.

He closed the door behind him as he yelled out, “Something smells wonderful,” he didn’t wait for a reply before going to his room to deposit his things and take off his shirt, opting to stay in his tank top today.

Going back into the common area he found Cas already seated, his suit jacket draped over the back of his chair, he was lifting a fork to his lips when Dean joined him at the table. Before he sat down a matte black box caught his attention from where it was situated at the upper right corner from his plate. It was an odd size, but even more odd was the fact that what looked to be a present was sitting at Dean’s seat. They didn’t do present giving; their relationship was purely professional. Wait, maybe…

Dean sat down looking at the box and then to Castiel, who gave a slight nod as he put down his fork. Dean took the box in his hand feeling it’s weight and letting his thumb run over the matte finish. Carefully and slowly he lifted the lid. The sight of what was inside made his breath catch in his throat. Gingerly he picked up the black leather band holding it in his hands as if it was the most precious thing in this world. Where as the outside was made of black leather the inside was constructed of red velvet so soft it felt like touching a cloud. In the back it had a silver metal closing mechanism with three settings and in the front it had a simple silver ring. It was beautiful in all its simplicity.

Dean was so mesmerized by the collar that he didn’t realized something was printed in the leather before he felt the unevenness in the surface. He turned it so that he could better see and there it was, ‘Castiel Novak’.

“Like you said, so you will always know to whom you belong,” Castiel said his voice deep and gentle, “You want me to fasten it?”

“Yes, please,” Dean answered his voice a tad too needy for his own liking.

Castiel got out of his chair walking behind Dean and leaning forward over his shoulder to take the collar out of his hands. Tenderly, he laid it around Dean’s neck, closing it in the back and, with a finger stuck between the band and Dean’s bare skin, checked that it was not too tight.
The rest of dinner was spent in comfortable silence, Dean always with a hand on the collar, running his fingers over the leather and along the soft velvet.

By the time dinner was over Dean was already half hard in his jeans with the thoughts of how he could thank Castiel, but nothing seemed sufficient in his mind.

Castiel got up and started to clear the table, walking to the sink with their plates. Dean followed suit thinking that if he played it casual maybe Cas wouldn’t notice the bulge in his pants. He thought wrong. He hadn’t gotten more than halfway to the kitchen before Cas turned away from the sink, intending to gather the rest from the table when he obviously noticed what Dean had so badly tried to hide. He was staring directly at Dean’s crotch a self-satisfied smile spreading on his lips. Dean stopped in his track not knowing how to proceed. He stood there awkwardly with a pot in one hand and two glasses in the other.

“I see someone likes their new collar maybe a bit too much,” Castiel remarked laughing smugly to himself. Then his expression turned more thoughtful, “Put it down on the table, we can deal with it later,” he gestured at the stuff Dean was holding.

Dean looked at him as if he had grown an extra head, “But you hate when you leave stuff and it gets messy and-” at Castiel’s serious face he quickly shut up and put the stuff down as told.

“Some things seem more important at the moment, go to your room and undress.”

Dean quickly obliged, he thought that Cas might’ve been right behind him, but maybe he decided to clean up after their meal after all. He took his time dressing down and putting everything neatly away in his closet, just as he had put the last of his things away Castiel appeared in the doorway holding something in his hand.

“Sorry to keep you waiting, but I had forgotten where I had put this. I purchased this at the same time as the collar, but I was uncertain if you would like it,” Castiel let one end of the thing roll towards the floor unfolding and revealing itself. It turned out to be a leash. It was put together of metal rings connecting one to the other until they ended in a handle big enough to loop a hand through and made from the same materials and same design as the collar, they matched. Dean eyed the leash for a while uncertain how to respond, “I’ll just put it here,” Cas said as he placed it on the bedside table, “hands and knees please.”

Dean did as told, situating himself on the center of the bed in anticipation, waiting for what was to
come next. Castiel placed a hand on each of his ass cheeks, starting to knead the flesh and alternating between soft and gentle and more rough and hard. Dean loved it; sometimes he wondered if he would be able to come from such a simple thing.

When Cas parted his cheeks and Dean felt something wet and warm run over his puckered hole he surged forward in shock, he had not seen that coming. “Are you alright, Dean?” Cas sounded worried.

“Yes, yes I just- I wasn’t expecting that,” Dean let his sentence die, he wasn’t expecting it no, but then remembered that first time they had had sex for real and Cas had done this for him and how amazing it had felt. And boy did he want to do it again.

“Today is about you, you’ve been so good to me Dean,” Cas voice almost broke with lust and something else.

Dean didn’t say anything, he waited for Cas to say something more, but all he got was silence before he felt a quick shift on the bed and Cas was on him again lapping at his hole like a thirsty dog.

He took his sweet time outlining the edges of his rim what seemed like a million times, at some points running it vertically up and down the cleft of his ass. Then he pushed his tongue inside of him slowly and when it was as far as it would go he wriggled it around until he found what he was looking for and Dean screamed out in intense pleasure, “There, right there, mother fuuuuu-.”

Normally Dean would have been scolded for giving Cas orders, but today it only seemed to spur him on. Castiel started furiously pumping his tongue in and out of Dean’s body, sentencing him to become a writhing mess his fully erect cock hanging untouched and throbbing between his legs.

One after one Castiel slowly added one finger after the other, deliciously stretching Dean out. He had three fingers alongside his tongue when Dean couldn’t take it anymore, “Please, Cas, please. Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!” His elbows buckled under him and his head fell into the pillow, his breathing heavy and uncontrollable, “If you don’t fuck me I swear to God…”

In that instant Castiel stopped all movement and retracted himself from Dean’s now thoroughly stretched hole, “Someone’s a bit bossy today, again…” he remarked before his weight left the bed.

“No! Cas I’ll be good I promise!” He cried out in desperation in the thought that Cas might leave him all alone. He then heard the rustling of fabrics and when the weight returned on the mattress he
breathed out in relief.

“I’m not leaving you Dean, but I do need my pants off to do this and I would feel uncomfortable doing this without lube,” his words were followed by the telltale sound of the cap snapping open and closed.

Dean felt the lubed up head of Cas’ cock pressing against his entrance slowly pushing in past the muscle. When he was fully seated, his skin against Dean’s, he gave Dean time to adjust. Castiel wasn’t that big in girth like Dean, but he was long and oh so perfect. Dean couldn’t help the small involuntary movements he made, rocking back and forth begging for Cas to start moving.

Right from the get go Castiel set up a furious pace, extracting himself almost all the way out, leaving just the tip of the head, before slamming back in. While in the middle of being mind-numbingly fucked Dean remembered the collar. He shifted his weight around so he could touch a hand to the smooth leather. He needed something more. Out of the corner of his eye he spotted the leash and his mind was made up.

“The leash,” was all he got out. Castiel stalled his movements, which earned him a disapproving grunt from Dean. He quickly caught on though and pulled out in order to be able to reach the bedside table. At the loss Dean found himself whining even louder.

“You know I love it when you’re whiny and just begging for it like the cock slut you are,” Dean wasn’t unused to the slurs and the dirty talk, but Cas did it so rarely it surprised him a bit every time.

Castiel made quick work of clasping the lock onto the ring of Dean’s collar and then got back into position. In one rough, rushed movement he was buried to the hilt inside Dean who was trying to catch the breath that had just been punched out of him, “You like that, huh?” Dean nodded, “Want it fast and hard? Want my big cock in your ass? I bet you would have it there all day if you could.”

“Yes, sir, I would,” Cas yanked on the chain forcing Dean back up onto his hands, “Oh, fuck yes!” He tightened his hold a little more making Dean arch his back and the angle of which Castiel was hitting his prostate got impossibly better.

The pace picked up speed and Dean knew Cas was getting close, “I bet you would like it if I dragged you along…” Castiel let out a feral grunt, “if I dragged you along all day on this leash and fucked you at every opportunity.” He slowed down only to slam in harder than all the other times before picking the pace back up.
“Yes, yes, yes. Please sir, fuck me all the time.”

“Now touch yourself for me, I want my little bitch to come at the same time as I empty myself inside your firm ass.”

Dean struggled with keeping all his weight on one hand and Castiel must have noticed yanking at the chain once more getting Dean to a more upright position. The hand not holding the leash snaked around his chest holding him in place against Cas’. He felt the fabric of Cas’ shirt and did not like the feel.

Castiel continued to pump into him, tweaking Dean’s right nipple in between forefinger and thumb. With the cock in his ass and the feel of the collar being pulled back with enough force to choke him lightly and still being able to breathe Dean started jacking himself off, wanting to please Castiel by abiding his order.

When he felt himself come over his own hand and spurting over the sheets almost as far as the headboard it was with a shout of Cas’ name too loud in the confines of the small room. He vaguely noticed Cas following right after him, too drowned out in his orgasmic bliss. What he did feel was the teeth digging into his shoulder as semen was pumped into his body. He knew it would probably leave a mark, but it would be his mark to cherish in the mirror when no one else was looking. Just another proof that he was Cas’ and Cas was his.
Weeks went by and everything was going great, actually everything was more than great or… it was fine. Being with Cas was confusing, one moment he would be caring and then the other he would be stern and demanding and Dean liked both sides of him but it was like a rollercoaster. Dean had… feelings. Dean had locked them away safely and thrown the key away. There was no place for such things in their professional relationship, but when Castiel acted all sweet it was as if the feelings would find a loophole and peek from behind the curtain. Other than that everything was going just swell, but then when a month had passed the inevitable disaster would follow just as Dean thought he could be happy and live in peace. It was a normal Monday, Dean had gotten off work a bit early and had gone home at lunch time. He had made him and Sam turkey sandwiches.

Sam was in a chemo round, rendering him tired, he had gone to his room for a nap after they had finished their meal. Dean had thrown himself on the couch, finally being able to catch up with Dr. Sexy without a mocking commentary from Sam.

He was nodding off a bit when Sam startled him back into consciousness. “Dean?” His voice was small and tired, “I don’t feel so good.”

Dean cracked open his eyes and at the sight of Sam he sat up straight so fast he got dizzy. He was as white as a sheet his bald head only emphasizing his lack of color. Dean was instantly filled with worry, he turned into protective big brother in a matter of seconds and was just about to say something when Sam turned to the side and emptied his stomach on the floor. There goes that turkey sandwich.

Dean quickly rushed to his bent over side patting his back and helping him to the couch when he was done, “I’m so sorry, Dean, I usually feel it coming-” he tried desperately to apologize, but Dean wasn’t having any of it.

“It’s okay, Sammy, now sit here. I’ll get you a bowl and then I’ll clean this up,” he ran into the kitchen getting a bucket from under the sink walking it back to Sam who had curled up on the couch, he hugged the bucket to his chest when it was given to him. “You cold?” Sam nodded weakly so Dean got the blanket and draped it over Sam’s form looking so small and helpless it made something in his heart break a little.

Making sure Sam was comfortable he went back to the kitchen gathering paper towels, a wet dishcloth and a trash bag. He didn’t like cleaning up puke; he couldn’t imagine anybody enjoying that, but it was necessary and so he would survive and try really hard not to vomit himself. Try really, really hard.
Sam was quiet and Dean thought he might have fallen back asleep until he bent his head over the bucket and threw up once again. Dean looked at him over his shoulder when he stopped; Sam was looking down at his hand smeared with blood and that was when Dean noticed the red track flowing from Sam’s nose onto his hand and dripping down into the bucket. Quickly Dean got several pieces of paper and went to Sam holding the paper against his nose, “Here tilt your head back and hold this, I’ll go get a washcloth from the bathroom.”

In the privacy of the bathroom Dean fished out his phone, there was no reason to alarm Sam with his own worries he thought to himself as he dialed the direct number he had gotten from Dr. Northern months ago.

“Jell-O! Gabriel speaking,” came the answer in a cheery tone.

“Hey Gabriel, I-” Dean was interrupted before he could say anything further.

“Hey Dean-o, how’s it hangin’?” His tone was still playful, but after a second of silence he seemed to realize something,” Wait, if you’re actually calling me this can’t be good, everything fine and dandy with Sammy boy?" His voice turned more serious.

“I don’t know if it’s bad, but I do know it’s definitely not good. He started vomiting today and I do know that that is probably just a side effect from the pills, but then his nose started bleeding and he hasn’t had a nosebleed for around ten weeks just before the platelet count went up and I think it might be a bad sign. I don’t want to sound hysterical or anything, but I just needed to make sure.” He ended his rambling with a deep breath.

There was silent on the other end of the line for a while before Gabriel finally spoke, “I think it’s best you bring him in so we can take a few tests just to be sure, I’ll have Nurse Masters meet you at the front desk in let’s say thirty minutes?” Dean confirmed the agreement and hung up with a thanks.

He wet a cloth before he went back out to the living room, “You called the hospital didn’t you?” Sam looked up at him with tired but still accusing eyes.

“Am I that obvious?”

“It took you five minutes to get me a washcloth so yeah,” Sam replied with the look that told Dean he was being incredibly stupid.
He looked down at the cloth in his hand, “Yeah, how did you become so smart?”

Sam stared at him dead serious, “Maybe it’s the cancer… Or maybe it’s just being bald, Professor X was pretty smart.”

Dean stared at him then elicited a small chuckle, “Yeah. Let’s just get you cleaned up, Gabriel said we should come in for some tests.” He wiped the blood away, “I just need to call work and then we’ll leave.”

Dean walked into his room and closed the door behind him. The phone picked up just when Dean thought no one would answer.

“Hello?” It sounded as though the person had a mouth full of food.

“Castiel?” They had never talked over the phone before and it was… weird, only being able to hear a voice, but unable to see the person.

“Dean?” Cas sounded more than confused, “Everything all right?” His voice was laced with worry and Dean didn’t know how to feel about that.

“Yes and no, we have kind of a family emergency, it’s nothing serious I promise,” he lied, but Castiel didn’t need to know more than necessary, “but I won’t be able to make it in today, I hope it’s okay?”

“Sure, sure it’s okay Dean. Some things are too important I understand, you just go deal with what you have to and I’ll hopefully see you tomorrow,” his voice sounded almost joyful at the prospect that he would most likely be seeing Dean tomorrow then. And he definitely would, but only if Sam was okay.

After hanging up the phone Dean went and got Sam ready grabbing his coat, shoes and a beanie. He carried Sam to the Impala, despite a lot of protest from the kid, but Dean wasn’t having it. If he wanted to carry his brother, he was damn well carrying his brother.

The ride to the hospital was short and it might have something to do with the fact that Dean kind of drove a bit too fast, but only a bit. Gabriel hadn’t been raising any alarm sending an ambulance or anything so it probably wasn’t that serious, but anxiety made Dean’s foot a bit heavy on the gas.
Finding a parking spot was for maybe the first time an easy task and Dean parked the Impala not far from the main entrance. As promised Meg was waiting for them at the information desk. She met them halfway crouching down so she was looking up at Sam instead of down at him, “Hey, handsome, not feeling so good huh?” Sam shook his head, “Well, Dr. Northern is waiting for us.” With that she led them through the halls where they had walked so many times to the oncology wing.

They ran into Gabriel in the hall, “Oh, hey kiddo,” he smiled softly, “I’ve gotten a room ready for you, I would like to keep you here for the night, that okay with you?” Sam nodded weakly.

It was just a standard room like the other times. Sam was given the usual hospital clothes and went to the adjoining bathroom to change. Gabriel turned to Dean, “So tell me exactly what happened.”

Dean complied sitting down in a blue chair by the wall elbows on knees and hands massaging his temples, “He was feeling fine earlier, we had lunch, there was nothing wrong. He went to take a nap because he was tired but that’s not anything new. He came into the living room white as a sheet saying he wasn’t feeling well and he just vomited on the floor, no warning. I put him on the couch with a bucket, but then his nose started bleeding, a lot and I knew it wasn’t a good sign.”

Gabriel grabbed the clipboard he had placed on the dresser when they entered and looked over the paper attached to it, “This is just simple procedure, but I have to ask about everything,” he looked at Dean who nodded for him to keep going. Gabriel rattled of a couple of questions like how many times Sam had been throwing up since the last doctor’s visit and if Dean had noticed any new bruises on Sam and Dean answered everyone, “have Sam been complaining about headaches, dizziness, anything out of the ordinary?”

Dean shrugged, “Not that I know of…”

Sam entered the room then with his regular clothes piled in his arms, “It hurts in my joints sometimes if I walk too much or stretch out my arms too far.”

Gabriel scribbled it down. Dean got up from the chair quickly rounding on Sam, he didn’t mean to sound angry, but the worry that seemed to be constantly pumping through his veins made him irrational, “Why haven’t you said anything? I thought we agreed that you were going to tell me things like that, this is serious Sam!”

Sam looked down at the floor ashamed and Dean hated himself just a bit for making Sam look so small, “I didn’t think it was important and the headaches aren’t that bad.”
“Jesus, Sammy!” Dean was thankful when Nurse Masters interrupted them.

“Dean, what do you say we go down to the cafeteria for a while and leave Dr. Northern and Sam to talk, okay?” She guided Dean out of the room with a hand on his lower back gently pushing him and he went, though slightly reluctantly.

In the cafeteria Meg sat Dean down at a table and then went to fetch them both a cup of coffee. Dean tapped his foot on the floor and running his hands over his face and down to his neck repeatedly.

“You need to breathe, Dean. Here,” she put a cup down in front of him, black coffee like he requested. He stared down at the dark liquid eyes fixed on a couple of tiny bubbles that had formed along the edge. “Your brother loves you very much,” that made Dean meet her eye, “he’s a great kid and even though you might not be telling him everything, he knows this is hard on you too, children are exceptional at sensing things. He doesn’t want to worry you, Dean.” Her dark eyes looked sincere.

“I’ll never stop worrying about him and it just worries me even more if there’s things he doesn’t tell me. I’m just…” Dean looked down at the white tabletop, “I’m just so tired,” he sighed deeply.

“And you look it too,” Dean looked at her offended.

“Thanks? How is that supposed to help me?” He retorted.

Meg gave him that look that told him he was being stupid, “Everybody can see it, that means Sam can too. You work your ass off paying the bills. You care so much for your brother that you never stop to think about yourself, I admire you, Dean.” Her smile was soft and genuine, “You know, whenever you leave the room Sam tells all these stories about his brave brother. To him you’re a superhero working multiple jobs and still being there for him every step of the way. Damn, when I was sick my parents spent more time arguing about the money than they did trying to comfort me,” she huffed a sad ugly laugh, suddenly finding that spot Dean had been focusing before on very interesting.

They sat in silence for a while finishing their coffee before Dean said, “Thank you, I really did need to calm down a bit.”

Together they went back to the room just as Gabriel was taking a needle out of Sam’s arm, “There
you are, we were just finishing up,” he collected his things and put the blood tests away in a Styrofoam holder, “I’ll come back to check on you later, I’ll make sure your tests are top priority,” he turned to Meg, “Nurse Masters will you make sure they send up some food for Sammy here and make him eat it,” his smile was sickly sweet and slightly flirting a special glint in his eye and Dean wondered… When Meg blushed a bit he grinned to himself. Isn’t it just typical? The doctor and the nurse… It didn’t go unnoticed either the way Gabriel looked after Meg as she exited the room.

When they were alone Sam turned to him and asked, “What are you grinning at?”

“Oh, nothing really,” but he couldn’t stop smiling. Dean pondered what it would feel like to have someone look at you that way, the way his dad always looked at his mother. Something hurt in his chest and he felt himself yearning after something more.

Despite Sam’s protests Dean spent the night at the hospital. His back and neck might be killing him in the morning, but he had no plans of leaving Sam at the moment.

The results from the tests taken the day before came just after Dean had succeeded in getting Sam to eat some breakfast even though he had been feeling queasy all morning. Gabriel entered the room and the first thing Dean noticed was that his signature smile and all around happy and carefree attitude was missing.

“So… bad news…” Dean assumed, he laid a comforting arm across Sam’s shoulders.

Gabriel didn’t have to say anything because the look in his eyes confirmed it. “Well, it’s not as bad as it could be. The platelet count is going the wrong way and we need to increase the treatment,” he moved to stand at the end of the bed facing both of them, “the best solution would be to let Sam come in once a week to get his chemo intravenously. We still want you to come in for a checkup Monday and we’ll do chemo every Wednesday,” Dean nodded understandingly, “We might have to consider doing a bone marrow transplant, but we’re not quite at that point yet.”

“A transplant?” First of all Dean didn’t like the thought of Sam undergoing any kind of surgery and second of all that was money he didn’t have.

“Yes, I would like to put Sam on the waiting list and see if we can find a matching donor.”

“Find a donor? Aren’t I… I mean I’m his brother so I’m a match right?”
"Technically yes, but there can be complications with these sort of things and a recovery period that will render you tired and sore at the least. You’re Sam’s guardian we would like to keep you in fit shape if Sam needs you. We will try to find another option, but I will inform you of the procedure and we will keep you in mind if there are no other matches. We will need to test you though, in some cases even though you partly share DNA sometimes that doesn’t mean you are a perfect match. For now I think Sam is well enough to go home and I’ll see you tomorrow for his chemo.”

Sam wasn’t better, but he wasn’t worse either. Dean tried not to worry too much because when he did, Sam got really annoyed with his guts. He didn’t want to leave Sam alone at home all the time as he was working, but thankfully he had three lovely neighbors who were happy to help him out. Bobby gave him shorter hours, which he could actually afford with the pay he got from Cas. Ellen didn’t have to work before noon so she took care of Sam after Dean left for the garage. Bobby would go home for lunch and take over for Ellen for a couple of hours before Dean got off work. Dean had a few hours with Sam that they normally spent watching television since Sam was usually too tired to do anything else. When Dean left for his other job Missouri took over. Wednesdays were the new chemo days, but Bobby had assured him he could take the day of or at least a couple hours depending on what was needed. Fridays were, as usual, Dean’s day off from Cas’ so when he finished at the garage he had the rest of the day with Sam, when Saturday came almost a week after the incident Dean had to leave for his long shift at Castiel’s. And this weekend was Jo’s and Sam’s time, of course the grownups would check up on them from time to time, but Jo had gotten used to looking after Sam and she was a tough nut, not afraid to clean up puke or go fetch things for Sam if he felt too exhausted to get up.

Sam and Jo had really become close since they had moved in and Dean had started seeing her as a little sister, she was sweet and kind of a smart ass, she reminded him very much of Sam. She arrived just as Dean got ready to leave and as he was going out the door he heard Jo start talking about some new girl she had met called Jess that was going to start at their school when summer was over that she apparently thought Sam would like. Dean couldn’t help but smile when he was running down the stairs; he would like it if Sam got some more friends, the lack of get-well-soon-cards was noticeable. He heard the sound of Sam yelling to stop worrying in his head.

Cas had asked about what kept him from work the day after they had gone to the hospital, he wasn’t mad; it was allowed in their contract to cancel if an emergency popped up. Dean had told him his baby brother had gotten ill and he had had to look after him and left it at that. He didn’t feel up to pouring his heart out with his tragic back-story, dead parents, depression and a kid brother with leukemia. And Cas hadn’t asked any other questions though he looked like he wanted to since Dean had never talked about his family before, but Castiel didn’t exactly talk about his either, so quietly they understood each other and kept a certain distance from private business.
Sunday morning started out great. Castiel had made them an elaborate breakfast of scrambled eggs, bacon, hash browns, pancakes and fruit salad. Sitting there in comfortable silence sharing a good meal Dean could almost pretend they were an actual couple, an unwelcome thought that had been popping into his head several times over the last month.

Around the time where Dean was given his collar something had changed in their relationship. Castiel had become kinder in some way, he didn’t act as stiff. He was still as secretive as ever, but he seemed more affectionate, big breakfasts like this one was proof of that, before he wouldn’t have taken the time to do more than a bowl of cereal or on rare occasions an omelet.

Castiel was handsome with his tussled hair and dreamy blue eyes and just the right amount of stubble. As far as Dean knew he was a good human being and they had one thing in common, they were both kinky motherfuckers. But Dean could see himself with a man like Castiel. Yeah, he talked about his work a lot and Dean wasn’t much interested in Scandinavian languages and writers, but as they both didn’t talk much of anything else Dean was happy that at least Castiel could talk for hours on end about Hans Christian Andersen and Dean was happy to just sit and listen nodding at appropriate times.

If he had feelings for Castiel he didn’t actually know, no that was a lie, he did know. But since he didn’t really feel like he even knew the man himself, it complicated what he thought he felt. But he tried not to think about it too much; their relationship was purely professional.

Breakfast was followed by an impromptu tumble in the sheets, it was mostly vanilla if you didn’t count the fact that a medium sized dildo was stuffed in Dean’s ass next to Cas’ cock, a little experiment they were conducting to see how much Dean could take.

In the orgasm afterglow Dean was gasping to catch his breath, Cas was lying beside him, which he had taken to do recently instead of leaving to his own room directly after intercourse. He heard the rumble of his phone vibrating in the bedside drawer, usually he wouldn’t answer, but with Sam after his setback that had changed. He twisted his body so that he could fish out his phone.

He turned to Cas shortly, “Sorry, but I need to take this,” before he answered the call, “Dean.” Bobby was on the other end and the message wasn’t good. Apparently Sam had passed out while Jo was there and when she couldn’t get in contact with him she had run down to get Bobby, they had gotten him back to consciousness before the ambulance came, but then his nose had started bleeding and they had had trouble getting it to stop. Dean had really stopped listening after the mention of the hospital and had gotten out of bed and was dressed in record speed and out the door while he was still buttoning his shirt. He didn’t hear Castiel shout after him, he was in a hurry.
He ignored the speed limits as he drove through town racing the Impala through the streets thanking God there wasn’t any police present at that moment and counting himself lucky that the early Sunday traffic was close to non-existing.

He got to the hospital in less than ten minutes, which he hadn’t even thought possible and ran straight to the information desk unaware of the presence following a few steps behind him. The nurse was very understanding and gave him instructions to Sam’s room. He bumped into Bobby, Jo and Missouri, Ellen had been at work, but had been notified and was on her way. Dean was just about to stop and say something, but Bobby waved him on knowing that seeing Sam was more important than chitchat at the moment.

Sam’s room was just down the hall from the waiting area and to the left. Through the little window in the door Dean could see his baby brother tied up to several machines and tubes. The sight broke his heart. He entered grabbing the chair from the wall and sitting down beside the hospital bed. Sam was sleeping dressed in a hospital gown a monitor beeping beside him, the steady rhythm of his pulse.

He took Sam’s hand and held it tight, “I think the universe has it out for us, just can’t seem to catch a break.”

Shortly after he had arrived the door opened and tentative footsteps neared the bed, “Hey, Dean,” he turned his head at the sound of Dr. Reeper.

“Hey, how does it look?”

“I’m going to be honest with you, it doesn’t look good. His numbers have gone the opposite way of what we wanted and he’s taken a turn for the worse. We want to do some more tests, but for now we’ll let him sleep and wake him in a couple of hours, but we’ve reached the point where we need to discuss a bone marrow transplant, it might be the only thing that can do the trick at this point,” she kept her voice hushed and compassionate, she made it sound like she cared and Dean knew she did, it’s what he liked about her.

He swallowed past a lump in his throat, “Uhm, yeah okay, thank you,” he didn’t know exactly what he was thanking her for, maybe just for being kind.

“Oh, and there’s some dude in the hallway, he was looking through the window and I didn’t recognize him as any of your friends and family,” Dean looked at her puzzled, she chuckled at what she said next, “He’s currently faking innocence out there, but I thought maybe you know him. Either way I want his number, dude looks good,” She smiled sweetly and left with the promise of coming
back in an hour or two.

Dean followed shortly behind her curious of who was lurking in the hall. He opened the door just enough to peer out into the hallway and at the sight of the back of a familiar messy dark haired head he felt stunned. He didn’t know what to do, but then anger seeped through his bones and he threw the door open the rest of the way with as much force as he could muster and let it slam closed behind him not even considering the fact that it might have woken Sam.

“What the hell are you doing here?” he yelled making Castiel turn around and the look on his face was that of a kid being caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Dean left no room for Castiel to give an answer, “You followed me? What the hell dude?! You had no right! You keep all secretive about your life and your family and I do the same, fine! We have some kind of weird agreement on that subject, but you following me here is nowhere near okay. This is private.” He kept rambling on for a bit until he himself lost track of what he was saying, it just turned into him snarling at Castiel whose expression was now blank making him seem unfazed by the earful he was getting.

His voice annoyingly calm he asked, “Is that your brother in there?” Dean stopped in his tracks, staring at Castiel, “This is why you do this,” he stated, gesturing between the two of them. “What’s wrong with him?”

Dean looked at him torn between being angry and something he couldn’t decipher. He was quiet for a while opening and closing his mouth like a gaping fish. He felt a single tear slide down his cheek leaving a salty track. That was the first crack in his carefully built wall. When Castiel reached out to him and pulled him into a strong embrace his dam broke completely and he sobbed into Castiel’s shirt.

“You had no right to follow me,” Dean choked out as he cried the words broken and small. Castiel hushed him and held him tighter. Carefully and slowly Cas guided them to one of the chairs placed along the wall without once letting go of Dean. He sat down dragging Dean with him.

Dean sat in Cas’ lap his head buried in his shoulder an arm wrapped tightly around his neck hand gripping some of the small hairs at the base while the other hand was grasping at Castiel’s upper arm holding on to his shirt for dear life. And Castiel just held him and let him cry and God did Dean need this. All this time with Sam being sick he had never once cried, well only into his pillow at night. He had never let anyone see him like this, had never cried in front of anyone ever since the death of his parents. Letting himself be held like this and letting Cas comfort him was something he didn’t know he needed and it was so nice he never wanted to let go. Castiel was running a soothing hand up and down his back and it helped Dean calm down.

When Dean was calm enough Castiel tried to talk to him again, “How bad is it?”
“It was fine before. It’s leukemia… cancer.” He sat up straighter so he was able to look Cas in the eye, “He has been in treatment for over two months and it was going well,” he sniffled, “then he got worse and then I got that call… And he…” Dean looked at the door not so far away from them, “they’re talking bone marrow transplant.”

Dean buried his head back in Castiel’s shoulder and he thought he heard him whisper a soft, “Oh, Dean,” and the wet tear he felt fall on his ear was not his own.

“So this… What you were doing on the street before I found you and what you’re doing for me now, you did it all for your brother,” it wasn’t a question, but either way Dean nodded slowly. “I don’t know much about the prices of treatments like this, but I can only imagine that what I pay you only about covers it.”

“Yeah, I um… I work as a mechanic during the day and it covers everything else, but I can’t…” Dean started crying again, “I can’t afford this, I don’t have that kind of money. Even if some charity feel generous it won’t cover it, but what if it’s the only thing that can save him?” However calm he felt moments before, he now felt panic creeping through every vein in his body. Sam would die and it would be his fault because he couldn’t pay for his procedure.

“I’ll pay.”

“What?” Dean had to look Castiel dead in the eye; did he just say what Dean thought he heard? No, he must have heard wrong.

“I want to do this for you and for your brother,” he sounded so sincere.

“But you’re a teacher, you don’t have that kind of money either, right?” He felt thoroughly confused.

“Don’t worry about that, I wouldn’t offer this if I couldn’t afford it.”

“I can’t accept that,” Dean was aware his mouth was agape in shock.

“This is not up for discussion, if you don’t accept I’ll just make an anonymous donation. Either way I’m going to get your brother the treatment he needs and if you deem it necessary you can always
take it as a loan and pay me back whenever you have the opportunity,” Dean saw raw determination in Cas’ wet eyes and knew that nothing he said would change his mind.

Warmth seeped through his core enveloping his heart making him smile uncontrollably all crying forgotten. It was pure gratitude warming up his entire body and pure happiness and love that made his body move without permission. The kiss was a surprise to them both, but in that moment it was the only way Dean could convey how thankful he was. It was a deep kiss, but at the same time sweet, this wasn’t a kiss leading up to sex like it usually was with them. This was just a simple kiss packed with unspoken emotions.

When Dean realized what he had done he quickly extracted himself, “Oh, shit, sorry,” he apologized.

“It’s okay, Dean,” Castiel assured him, “now go be with your brother. You can take as many days off as you need and feel free to call me at any time if you need it,” there was something hidden in the way Cas said it, but Dean didn’t dwell on it. Sam was his main concern at the moment.

After Castiel had left Dean spent a few moments talking to all his friends in the waiting room letting Sam get his rest. They were sitting in a corner drinking cups of hospital quality coffee when Dean noticed Dr. Reeper scanning the room, when her eyes fell on him he just knew.

Sam was scheduled for transplant, which meant he would start something called conditioning treatment right away. That meant he was going to spend a whole week being pumped full of medicine and getting extensive chemotherapy.

ξ

Four days into the conditioning treatment Dean had told Cas he was ready to go back to work, truth be told he was actually missing it. So far everything was going well and Sam was taking everything like a champ. Dean was spending almost everyday at the hospital always wanting to be there for Sam, but these days he was usually just sick from the medicine and sleeping most hours of the day and Dean had seen a chance for him to go back to work. Dean was ever so grateful towards the donor who had stepped up and gone through all that trouble to give Sam what he so desperately needed having his stem cells or something sucked out of him, it was probably more complicated, but Dean couldn’t pretend like he had understood much of it. Apparently Dean was not a compatible match and even though he would have gladly done the donating himself he was happy that he was able to be there for Sam without feeling like shit himself. He hadn’t got to meet the donor, but they told him he was as good a match as if he had been family. But just the thought that somebody would take off time to go through that procedure even though it wasn’t that extensive, the donor would still
most likely experience side effects and would have to go through a recovery period that would most likely be filled with pain was humbling.

These past few days had been stressful and it wasn’t over just yet, Sam was so sick that it was frankly scary. He had been in an almost permanent state of panic that Sam would get too sick that they couldn’t do the procedure or anything else that could go wrong, but every night after Sam had kicked him out telling him to go home and sleep Dean had called Cas. Castiel had told him that he was allowed to do so and after a lot of arguing with himself the first night he had said fuck it and called him. Having somebody that he could unload on was the best and Dean had considered actually going over to Cas’ place, but just talking on the phone seemed like overstepping a boundary between a professional relationship and something more.

Having Cas’ voice talk to him every night was very calming and he even fell asleep one night with the phone tucked between his ear and pillow. Yesterday when they had talked Dean had told Cas that he wanted to come back to work and that’s why he was now parking the Impala in the parking garage beneath Cas’ building. A thrilling feeling filled his body at the prospect of what was waiting for him upstairs. After this past week he really needed a distraction, a tied to the bed and fucked thoroughly kind of distraction.

Walking down the hallway towards Cas’ door he started doubting his decision, he knew he needed to work, but now he didn’t feel comfortable with the fact that he wasn’t with Sam right now. He bet Nurse Masters was fetching him some dinner right now, he remembers Sam saying something about Meg promising she would get him some healthy burger she had told him about which meant Meg was out buying special food for his brother while Dean himself was being selfish because he wanted to have sex with his boss.

Dean was about to walk into the apartment and tell Cas he couldn’t do this right now and then hurry back to the hospital, but he didn’t make it further than just inside the door. He hadn’t gotten the door open more than a crack before someone else pulled it open grabbing Dean and hauling him inside before slamming the door shut behind him.

He only just saw the door leading to the guest room as he was shoved past and pressed against the wall beside it. His wrist were held together at his back by a strong and insisting hand and his cheek smushed against the Bordeaux wall, “Castiel, what are you-”

“Shut up! You don’t get to talk without permission,” Cas’ voice was rough and demanding leaving no room for discussion, but Dean was confused and getting slightly irritated.

“Seriously Cas, what are you doing?” He asked. He heard the sound of cloth running against cloth and then the hand on his wrist released, “Thank God, dude you’re acting weird, you were almost scaring me,” he was just about to turn around when something, he was guessing Cas’ tie, was
shoved between his teeth and bound behind his head shutting him up for good.

“I said,” he pressed out the word through clenched teeth, “shut up!”

Dean tried to speak, but the tie was successfully mumbling his words and turning it into nothing more that grunts and whines.

Then he heard the sound of a belt unbuckling the swift sound of it being pulled through the loops and then the warm leather was wrapped around his wrists securing them behind his back.

When Cas roughly stuck his hand down the front of Dean’s pants grabbing hold of his flaccid cock and with all his might trying to get it hard in record time Dean couldn’t help the moan that escaped him. Now he knew what Cas was playing at and be damned if Dean wasn’t going to play along.

He felt Castiel’s hot breath by his ear, “Hmm,” he hummed, “all tied up, nothing you can do, you’re all mine,” his voice was like gravel and he let his tongue travel up the shell of his ear. Dean twisted in his restraints mumbling angrily. Cas laughed, an evil thing Dean hadn’t heard before, it sent shivers down his spine all the way down south. “You can try to get free all you want, but you’re mine until I’m done with you.”

The sound of another belt buckle was the sound of Dean’s own. Castiel made quick work of buttons and zippers and then his pants were pulled down to pool at his ankles, his boxers following them seconds later.

Castiel pulled at his hips dragging Dean’s ass closer to him as far as it could go with Dean’s upper body still pressed against the wall and then he pushed till Dean’s legs were spread as far as they could go within the limits of the jeans at the floor. Without warning one spit slick finger was pressed into him and then two, nothing more than spit to ease the way and it stung, the pain crawling along his bones as fast and burning as lightning. The fingers worked him open, scissoring and twisting, moving in and out.

The pain faded away slowly as Dean got used to the intrusion. He tried not to show his enjoyment, it wasn’t a part of the game, but his vocal chords betrayed him. He elicited moans followed by protesting mumbling and angry growls at his own body disobeying. His cock was harder than it had any right to be and his hips fought hard for permission to move with the digits inside him.

A third finger never followed and Dean knew that two wasn’t nearly enough preparation compared
to Castiel’s size. He prepared himself for a burn knowing that Castiel would never hurt him and never give him more than he could handle. He was still grateful though when he heard the telltale sound of a cap snapping open and then shut. And where had Cas gotten that from?

Castiel had lubed himself up before he pushed into Dean’s tight heat without hesitation. It still burned, but Dean could only imagine how much it could have burned if Castiel hadn’t made for an easier glide with some good old lubricant.

One hand on his tied up wrists and one on the side of his head pressing his cheek tight against the wall and Dean was immobilized. Castiel slammed into him relentlessly, hard and fast. Dean could hear Cas’ pants and grunts of exertion.

When Castiel once again grabbed hold of Dean’s now half hard member a low moan escaped his throat. Cas pumped him furiously in the same ruthless pace he was fucking him in chasing their orgasms like the devil was hot on their heels.

It didn’t take long before Dean was painting the wall with his cum and clenching around Cas who stilled for only a split second before continuing his ramming. Dean could feel his pace begin to falter through the haze and bliss of one of the most amazing climaxes he had ever reached, Castiel’s rhythm breaking as he was nearing the edge.

In quick and swift movements Castiel pulled out, yanked Dean’s shirts up, and marked his backside with spurts of thick white.

When Dean was once again clean and free he peppered Castiel with kisses murmuring, “Thanks, thanks, thanks,” over and over again. Without being told Cas had known exactly what Dean had needed to get his mind taken off all the bad stuff happening around him. Dean was so happy pressing up against Cas, still half naked, kissing him fiercely trying with all his might to show his gratitude.

When his dick twisted and started filling again only ten minutes later and he started rutting against Castiel’s leg Cas chuckled, a deep and intoxicating sound. Dean was up for a second round.
Taking in All This Misery

Dean thought a transplant was something involving anesthesia and surgery but things were much more complicated, yet at the same time much easier. What Dean learned was that there were five different stages to the transplant. There was all the testing they had done, the harvesting from the donor, the conditioning treatment Sam had just finished, then there was the transplant itself and then a recovery period which Sam was going to spend at the hospital. Dean couldn’t be with him all the time, he had had to go back to work at the garage and at Cas’, after all he had rent to pay and food to buy, if he wanted to live that is.

But Dean had taken the day off and was at Sam’s side the day they inserted a tube into a large vein where the neck meets the shoulder. He held Sam’s hand, even though Sam was being calmer than he was, maybe it was reassuring himself more than it was Sam. In a couple of hours the transplant would be over and all Sam needed then was to rest and stay at the hospital for a month or more, giving the stem cells time to settle into the bone marrow, yes Dean had googled as best he could trying to understand all this when the doctors refused to speak in a language he could understand. He hated that Gabriel hadn’t been there the day they explained this part of the procedure because he would never talk down to Dean the way that snotty doctor had done. Thankfully, Gabriel, Dr. Reeper and Meg were here today. It was Dr. Reeper who was doing the medical stuff with Nurse Masters while Gabriel was just contributing with some comic relief and stupid comments. Dean had never thought that Sam’s cancer would lead to them getting a couple of really good friends. Dean had no doubt that when all of this was over he would still make sure to keep contact with this awesome bunch of people. And even though Dean had found it weird in the beginning he was sure both Sam and Gabriel would keep on being friends for years to come.

As soon as the transplant was done Sam was moved to another room and Dean wasn’t permitted to enter just yet. The room had walls of glass that at least allowed Dean to see what was going on. The room was scarcely decorated compared to Sam’s usual room and Dean could imagine the sterilized smell of cleaning products. The room was designed to keep Sam from getting any infections while his body was at its weakest since Sam was soon to be fed pills that would make sure his immune system wasn’t working against the transplant, making him all the more vulnerable.

Dean didn’t know how long they were going to keep Sam; it all depended on so many things. Everything was out of his control, had been for a long time now and Dean hated it. He had to go home to an empty apartment every day and it made him feel anxious. So, instead, he would spend every day at the garage, afternoon at the hospital in that stupid white suit they made him wear if he wanted to be in the same room with Sam, and every night at Cas’.

ξ

Over 2 weeks had passed since the transplant, it was a Saturday and Dean was lounging on the couch while Cas ran to the store to grab some things for dinner, usually he didn’t leave the apartment
much when Dean was there, but one of his students had held him up at the university with questions
of some assignment or something yesterday and he hadn’t had time to do the shopping before now.
Dean had offered to go with him, but Cas had made him realize that it would be very hard to explain
why they were together if they ran into someone they knew, especially since everybody Dean knew
thought he was currently at work. So Dean stayed at home watching television in a pair of
comfortable pajamas pants that Castiel had bought him last week.

“How you always have something comfortable to slip into when you’re here and a man in nothing
but pajamas pants is very appealing to me,” he had said with an alluring smirk.

He was flung across the couch; his back to the door leading into Cas’ room and suddenly it felt like
that knowledge was burning a hole in his back. He twisted his neck and glimpsed at it shaking his
head at his own foolishness. He wasn’t allowed in there, but Cas hadn’t said anything about not
being allowed to be curious and, boy, was he curious. It itched in his hands and it pulled at his body.
What was Castiel hiding in there that he wasn’t supposed to see? The dude was just so private about
so many things. In this moment it seemed like the door to Cas’ bedroom and the door to the right of
the television, leading to God knows what, was mocking him, laughing at him.

It would be at least twenty minutes before Cas would return; maybe he could chance a peak, just a
tiny little one. He had to stop himself from thinking that way; he couldn’t break Cas’ trust like that,
for something so stupid. Cas wanted something to stay private between them and Dean had to
respect that.

Unfortunately, the smart part of his brain had apparently taken a little vacation and before he knew it
he was standing with his hand on the handle. He stopped for a second but the part of his mind that
should be screaming at him not to do it had been killed off by the part that made his hand press down
on the cold metal and push open the wooden door. Reaching a hand inside, fumbling along the wall
to flip the switch. As the light turned on he let himself be bathed in the light from the doorway as he
just stared inside.

He didn’t know what he had expected, maybe a witch’s lair or a cobblestone dungeon, but what he
saw was painstakingly normal, almost. Cas’ bed was the exact same as the one in Dean’s room
though with different bedding, there was a simple dark grey reading chair in the corner and beside it
a desk filled with papers, his laptop, pencils and everything a college professor would need, but it
was all neatly organized just how Cas liked everything to be. But those was the least interesting
things in the room, what caught Dean’s eye was the guitar resting against the wall and already he felt
like he knew Cas just a little better. Either he played guitar or he liked to look at the instrument either
way it was new information to him. Dean tried to imagine Cas strumming randomly on the guitar
maybe singing or humming to himself, he smiled at the idea. Castiel had a voice like gravel and fresh
summer rain on concrete, hearing him sing… It would be magical and oh so sexy, Dean was sure.

Castiel had a shelf system mostly filled with books from a lot of names that he didn’t know and that
didn’t sound American at all. He did see one name he recognized, Castiel Novak. Dean pulled it from the shelf and studied it; the front was blank except for the simple title *Angels*. He flipped through the pages. The book was finished, but Dean didn’t think it had ever been published. His eyes caught a few words and a few chapter titles, the book seemed eerily personal and Dean wondered whether this was a novel or maybe an autobiography. Carefully Dean put it back in its place. He had already violated enough of Cas’ privacy just by being in this room. That thought should have made him turn around and walk out of the room in that exact second, but the damage was done he tried to reason with himself as he kept on exploring the room.

He noticed the lack of pictures in the room, Dean saw Sam every day, but even he had photos of him and their parents in his room and all over the apartment, but Cas had nothing that pointed in the direction of him even having a family. Dean thought it odd, maybe Cas had seen right through him and got rid of all the pictures before Dean would get too nosy or maybe something had happened with his family, maybe they weren’t on good terms or maybe he didn’t have any. The questions and theories swarmed around in his head.

Looking around the room something caught his attention; one of the doors of the closet hadn’t been closed all the way. From what he could see it was mostly filled with all the shirts and suit jackets that Cas wore daily, but at the very far end hung a black shirt, Dean had never seen Cas wear a black shirt and what was more curious was that it looked like it had a white collar sticking out from under the shirt’s collar. He couldn’t help himself. He opened the door the rest of the way and slid all the other hangers to the side unveiling the black shirt. That’s when he saw it, it wasn’t just a white collar it was a detachable reverend’s collar. It left him puzzled; he played with the fabric running the stiff feel of it between his fingers. Suddenly he could imagine Cas wearing this and to be honest it turned him on. Maybe Cas had some kind of priest kink; to be honest Dean thought he might have one if the little twitch in his pants was anything to go by.

He was deep in thought imagining all the reasons why Cas’ room was as it was and how much Dean would like to see Cas in this shirt reciting bible verses while Dean was on his knees sucking him off trying to make him come before he could get to chapter four of the gospel of Matthew. He was so gone he didn’t hear the front door open and he certainly didn’t notice that the second door to Cas’ bedroom opened too until a small voice spoke, “Dean?” If he had ever heard a voice more hurt, small, and fragile he couldn’t remember. Cas’ voice conveyed the betrayal Dean had committed, but not in an angry way, it was disappointment and it cut straight through Dean’s core.

He turned his head so fast he might have gotten whiplash. Castiel was looking at the shirt in his hands and when his eyes lifted to Dean’s they were filled with so much sadness. Dean might have been able to deal with it if Cas yelled at him or punished him, something active anything else than what he did, but Cas just turned back around and walked right back out the way he came.

Dean was stumped for a moment, panicking internally. What had he done? He had fucked up majorly is what he had done. He quickly put the shirt back where it belonged and followed Cas into the kitchen where he was putting groceries away in the fridge, “I’m so sorry Cas, I know you told me not to go in there, but my curiousness just got the better of me. I didn’t feel like I knew you and I
just wanted to see what you were hiding, I just couldn’t help myself. I’m such a child sometimes I don’t think of the consequences, I’m so, so sorry. I didn’t think. You can yell, punish me, anything, I’ll take anything you give, I’ll be good and quiet I promise. I’m so sorry.” He knew he was rambling not really making any sense.

Castiel kept ignoring him as he went and sat on the couch and left Dean to look at the back of his hanging head.

“Cas, I-” he was interrupted before he could spit out another apology.

“Please leave,” he muttered.

“But Cas-” once again he wasn’t allowed to finish his sentence.

“Dean, please, just go, please,” his voice sounded so broken and all Dean wanted to do was get on his knees and beg for forgiveness, he would apologize again and again till his throat would be raw. He wanted to make everything okay. But right now Dean didn’t know what else to do but oblige the one request he had gotten. He gathered his things, put on his clothes and left the apartment with a last glance back at the living room, he couldn’t see Cas from here and maybe that was best. Cas wanted space and if Dean saw him nothing would be stopping him from going down on his knees and beg and cry and plead, but nothing he could say right now would fix anything. He had screwed up big time.

His neck felt so bare with the band that had once been there and now it lay on his bed, his former bed. He wasn’t Cas’ anymore, not right now.

When he walked through the door to his apartment the silence of it hit him. For a minute he had expected Sam to be there, looking up at him from the couch where he would be watching TV and he would ask Dean if everything was all right and Dean would cut him off as he usually does when he’s upset about something. He would then continue to lock himself up in his room and Sam would not disturb him, but every time he would reemerge from his hiding place Sam would smile at him like he understood everything Dean was going through and Sam would make him breakfast with lots of bacon and he would make him laugh and Dean would forget about what ever had made him upset. But Sam was not here, Sam was in the hospital in a closed-off room and Dean was alone. He had no reason to hide in his room; he had no one to hide from. So instead he went to the fridge to grab a beer and when the beer didn’t seem to suffice he grabbed the bottle of whiskey from the cabinet, drowning his sorrows seemed like an awesome idea at the moment. At least being drunk would make him forget about what a idiot he was, how childish he had been. He was stupid, so goddamn stupid. He wouldn’t blame Cas if he never wanted to see him again. Dean would find some other
way to earn money he had before and he would pay Cas back the money he had borrowed for Sam’s transplant and then Cas would never have to see him again and vice versa.

Dean couldn’t have felt worse about himself. Familiar self-doubt, self-hate, Self-loathing it all surfaced back up from where he had shoved it down and tried so carefully to bury it. The tears trickled down his cheeks silently as he drank directly from the bottle relishing in the delicious burn of the liquid running down his throat. When his vision started to blur, from alcohol or tears he didn’t know, he curled in on himself and fell asleep on the couch.

ξ

Dean spent Sunday wallowing in his own pity, he didn’t eat much and the one time he left the apartment it was a trip to the liquor store getting a new bottle of whiskey. He checked the hallway before he left making sure he wouldn’t bump into any of his friends or neighbors, they would ask too many questions; Why Dean wasn’t at work, if everything was all right with Sam or why he looked like a corpse, hung-over, puffy eyes and all that.

Monday morning he had to go to work and he spent all his time with his head in an engine thinking of what to do. He didn’t know if Cas was expecting him tonight or if Dean was expected never to show up again. Cas hadn’t called him, hadn’t texted him, Dean had no instructions and no orders to follow and right now he really needed someone to tell him what to do. After having met Cas he had found that being submissive had always been a part of his personality and without his dominant counterpart he started feeling lost. The realization dawned on him like he had been struck by lightning, he already knew he had kind of a crush on Cas, but he needed Cas more than he had realized.

Determined to do his best to make everything okay again no matter what it took he decided to go to Cas’ apartment at the usual time and he would confront Cas forcing him to talk and Dean would apologize and plead and beg and he would not leave until he had made amends or until Castiel kicked him out of there for good. If Cas did the latter Dean could do nothing but obey and he would go home to his apartment and drown his broken heart in more alcohol.

Dean went to the hospital after work to say hi to Sam who, of course, sensed something was troubling him, but Dean told him not to worry about it, that he had just had an argument with his boss, but that he was going to fix it tonight.

They talked and laughed, Dean said hello to Meg as she came to check up on Sam and then not long
after Sam started to doze off. Sam looked so peaceful when he slept, a stark contrast to his surroundings that told another story. Dean sat there for a while, the only noise in the room the humming and beeping of machines, before he got up and left.

He bumped into Gabriel on his way to the main entrance, “Wow, hold up Dean-o what’s the rush?” And there was that trademark sickly sweet tone.

“Work,” was his short answer.

“Oh, yeah,” Gabriel was quiet for a moment and Dean thought maybe that was the end of the conversation, but he was wrong and now he was running late, “Well I was hoping I could catch before I left, I got lucky.”

“Just spit it out Gabriel, my boss is very punctual and does not take someone being late lightly.”

“Sounds like someone I knew once, you know that kid brother I told you about once?” pause, “He would have my head on a plate if I was ever late to something, even if I was just picking him up from school, and I was late a lot. He could be a little control freak sometimes…” Gabriel seemed to get lost in another world within a memory.

“Gabriel,” Dean almost shouted his name, “your point?”

“What? Oh, yes, well I just wanted to tell you that we did some tests yesterday and so far it seems like the transplant has been working. Sam shows no signs of his immune system fighting off the stem cells,” Gabriel smiled, as Sam’s friend those facts made him happy as well.

Dean was in no hurry now, “So you’re saying that there’s a good chance he will be just fine?”

“Well, it’s still a little early to tell, but in my opinion I would say yes there’s a very good chance. Just remember that everything is always a bit uncertain when you’re working with cancer, even when he’s well enough for us to let him out of here, it will be months before he’s fully recovered.”

Dean nodded understandingly, “Thank you so much Gabriel, but now I really have to go,” He waved as he walked through the sliding doors.
Dean had hope in his heart as he parked the Impala in Cas’ building, but that hope was squashed as soon as he reached the door. Usually Dean would just walk inside, but now it seemed inappropriate, so instead he rung the doorbell, but there was no answer. He then knocked just in case the bell was not working, but there was nothing. He put his ear to the wooden door, but he couldn’t even hear the slightest of movement from inside. He tried to open the door, but it was locked.

Dean was only about fifteen minutes late, would Cas have locked him out? Dean was staring at the door as if it would somehow magically open before him if he looked at it long and hard enough.

“Are you looking for Mr. Novak?” A small voice asked behind him and he turned to find a sweet old lady standing in the doorway opposite Cas’ apartment a fat red cat circling her leg before running back inside.

“Uhm, yes. Yes I am, do you know if he’s home?”

“No, he’s not home dear. I talked to him yesterday and I remember he said something about having a lot to do at work, he sounded terribly stressed,” the woman looked almost worried, “I can tell him you stopped by next time I see him?”

“Oh, no that won’t be necessary, but thanks. Have a nice day,” With that Dean turned to walk back down the hall a big fat feeling of defeat filling his entire body.

“A nice day to you too, sweetheart,” the lady called after him before closing her door.

Dean spent the rest of the week in the same old routine, but instead of going to Cas’ every night he spent it drinking too much, watching too many bad television dramas, eating day old pizza and rolling around in the deep black hole he had dug for himself filled with nothing but dark thoughts.

Of course everyone around him, the boys at the garage, Bobby, Ellen, Missouri, Sam even Gabriel and Meg, noticed his generally foul mood, but thankfully they left him alone, for now.

Dean had called Cas plenty of times, usually when he was drunk and would leave embarrassing
voicemails. He sent plenty of texts alternating between apologizing and putting all his anger and regret on Cas, those were the texts he regretted the most and he would always message back saying that he didn’t mean what he said, but truth be told he didn’t know what he meant and didn’t these day since his head was one big jumbled mess.

But Dean had to find another job no matter what; he needed the money so desperately. He met up with Kevin one day talking about going back out into the streets, but it just didn’t feel right, not yet, not so soon. The main reason he didn’t go back to flipping tricks was that he still couldn’t stop thinking about Castiel and what he would say if he did. Dean would just be an ever bigger disappointment than he already was and if there was just the slightest chance that maybe they could work it out that chance would be gone the second Dean ventured back to where he was just a few short months ago.

So that night Dean drank a little more and a little more and when his bottle was empty he went out in the search for more, but in his drunken haze he got an idea, a brilliant idea. He would go to Cas’ place, after all it was a week since he last tried his door and this late on a Tuesday it was guaranteed Cas would be home, right? Right. So he hijacked a cab and before he knew it he was yet again standing in front of Cas’ door, literally before he knew since he didn’t remember much of the drive there.

He rung the bell more than once, he knocked desperately and too hard on the door, rung the bell again and repeated until the door was yanked open a furious looking Castiel in a dark blue pajamas on the other side, “What the hell, what are y-” the angry words died on his tongue, “Dean? What in God’s name are you doing here hammering on my door like that?” He sounded more irritated and tired than angry.

Dean looked at Cas and in his drunken haze the man before him just looked all the more hotter. Before he knew it he had a hand on Cas’ neck and leaning in for what would be a very sloppy kiss, but he never got that far. Castiel pushed him away placing a hand on the doorframe blocking Dean from trying to get inside.

“You’re drunk. Go home, Dean.”

Dean stared blankly at Castiel as the door was closed in his face. His mind had gone silent. His buzz had worn off enough for that sober part of his brain to start scolding him; this had been one of his worst ideas ever. He turned around letting his back lean against the door as he slid down to the floor and pulled his knees close to his chest. What had he done? He just kept making one bad decision after the other. He was a failure, a screw-up. He just couldn’t do anything right, could he?

The stupid tears started falling again like they had done a lot recently and Dean still hated it every time, it was just another sign of how weak and pathetic he was.
You’re so stupid, Dean. You’re a fuckup, Dean. A failure. You can’t even commit suicide without failing; maybe the second time’s the charm. Cas doesn’t want you, why would he? You’re a slut. Did you even consider all your options before you went out to suck stranger guys’ dicks in dark alleys? I think not, because you just love it, don’t you? You’re worthless. You’re ruined, Dean, nobody would want someone dirty and sick like you. You’re sick, Dean! You’re disgusting! Your mom and dad are better off dead than having to live with you as their son. Sam wishes you wouldn’t have brought him home, look what that got him, cancer! You should have left Sam with a real family that would give him everything that you can’t. You should have died, Dean! The world is better off without you and no one would ever miss you.

His chest was seizing up he couldn’t breathe. He was taking in air in gulps. He was sobbing and he was sure he looked like a mess and he thanked God that almost everybody in the building would be asleep right now so no one would stumble into the hall and see the mess that he was. He was panicking. This must be what an anxiety attack felt like. He bore his nails into the skin on his lower arms and it hurt, but the pain helped ground him, but it wasn’t enough. He had to get out of here. He was hyperventilating he could feel it, but he had to get away. He got up from the floor, but he got up too fast. Grey, black and white dots, like when an old television isn’t working, filled his vision and then there was nothing.

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When Dean woke up it was in a familiar bed. He was on his side facing the wall, but he felt eyes on his back and he turned over slowly to find Cas sitting on the opposite edge of the bed looking at him with an undecipherable look on his face. Dean tried to sit up and pain shot through his head and down every nerve. He grabbed the back of his head in agony and felt something irregular.

“You hit your head pretty hard, I think you got a bump. Wait here,” Dean looked after him as Cas left the room. It seemed all anger had seeped out of his body at least for now. Dean was almost absolutely sure as soon as he was well enough to catch a cab home Castiel would kick him out again and this time for good.

“You’re thinking too hard about something, it won’t help your headache.” Dean looked up not having noticed Castiel coming back into the room now holding a glass of water and reaching out his hand with two aspirins for Dean. Dean took the pills gratefully. “I was pacing my room back and forth when I heard a big thump. What were you thinking Dean?”

“I don’t know. I was stupid,” he pulled back the blanket, “I’ll leave now, thanks for… You know, not leaving me out there. I promise I won’t bother you again,” Dean said as he swung his legs over the side of the bed, he tried to stand up, but felt dizzy as he did so. Castiel was at his side in a second.
“Dean, sit down. Drink your water. I wasn’t talking about you coming here, even though coming here drunk might have been a bad decision on your end. I was talking about this,” Castiel grabbed his hand turning it palm down and stretched out his arm pulling up the sleeve to reveal multiple angry red marks in the shape of half-moons.

Dean stared at his arm for a second knowing that the other arm would look the exact same. He pulled the sleeve back down, “It’s nothing.”

“It’s not nothing Dean,” Castiel’s voice had taken a worried tone and it made Dean sick to his stomach, because why was Cas being so nice all of the sudden.

“I’m fine. I just need to go home and lie down for a minute,” then he seemed to remember something. “Damn it, I’m late for work.”

“They now you’re not coming in today,” Dean looked at him confused, how the hell had Cas gotten the number for his work, “Your phone rang, your boss was wondering where you were and I told him that I was a coworker from your other job and that you had fallen ill last night and I had let you crash on my couch and apparently he bought it.”

“Thanks, but I’m just gonna get out of your hair,” he got up again and this time managed to do so without getting dizzy and headed for the door to collect his shoes and jacket.

As he was bending down to grab his boots Cas put a hand on his arm stopping him and pulling him back up, “I don’t want you to leave.” Dean had not expected those words to ever leave the man’s mouth. Despite the fact that Castiel was a lot older he suddenly seemed all young, innocent and scared.

“I reacted badly. I left you out in the cold without even so much as one word. I needed some time, but I handled things the wrong way. I should have seen what it was doing to you. I could have at least answered some of your calls or texts. I was being childish and I’m sorry,” Cas’ blue eyes were shining with regret.

Dean stared at Castiel dumbfounded, had Cas just apologized to him?

“I want to work things out, Dean. You violated my trust and I would be lying if I told you that it didn’t hurt a lot, but this last week was so boring! It was awful and I realized I didn’t want to loose what we have. Where would I ever find someone as good as you?” Dean was humbled by the praise,
but still confused, “You cater to my every need and you are almost never selfish, you put me before yourself, but more importantly, you enjoy it. We have fun and I don’t want to loose that. Now, I’m not saying I have forgiven you, not yet, but I want us to work through it and I want us to be honest.”

All Dean could do was nod.

“I think we should start off with me telling you some stuff about myself,” Cas grabbed his wrist and pulled Dean with him into his bedroom. This was the second time Dean saw it, but it hadn’t changed much. He gestured for Dean to sit down on the bed.

“Now this isn’t easy for me, I’ve spent a lot of time trying to forget about that part of my life, what you saw in this room were reminders for myself of the things I left behind, reminders of where I never want to go back.” Castiel took a short break and sat down in his desk chair so he was facing Dean their knees almost touching. Dean gave Cas his full attention despite wanting to look everywhere in the room once more.

“My name wasn’t always Castiel Novak.” Dean’s eyebrows drew towards each other in confusion, “Until five years ago I was known as Castiel D’angelo, that name might ring a bell to you,” Cas looked down at his own hands as he spoke, but then looked up to see Dean chewing on the name. “D’angelo,” Dean thought it over in his head and he did know that name from somewhere, but where had he heard it before? “Wait,” Dean looked at Cas in disbelief and tried to read his features as he asked, “are you talking about those bible nerds, the uh… televangelists? Those with that Internet show and all the DVD’s about how all of us with no faith will burn in hell for all eternity, those Christian nuts preaching hate to that huge crowd of followers they have. Are you trying to tell me you’re related to those people?”

Castiel looked ashamed as he answered, “I’m not only related to them I used to be one of them. My mother and father started the business and us children were expected to follow in their footsteps. I did what they wanted me to and I studied theology at the university and I joined their church. I did online shows and I was popular especially among the younger female members,” Castiel smiled gently to himself looking of to the side as he played through the memory. His face quickly went back to its usual serious settings though.

“My older brother Michael was already a highly respected minister and I tried to follow his lead. I was beyond unhappy being there, I wasn’t being myself, I was a puppet. One of my older brothers had run away and had never been heard from since and I admired his courage as well as I mourned the loss. He was the only one he had ever understood me, the only one in my family who had taken the time to get to know me, the real me,” Castiel looked so sad and all Dean wanted to do was hug him and make everything better.
“I started pulling away more and more and in the end I left too, changed my name and changed my life. As long as I majored in theology like my parents wanted I could study whatever I wanted to and I had always loved the fairytales of Hans Christian Andersen so I minored in Scandinavian literature and when I was suddenly on my own I saw no reason not to actually do what I loved so I started teaching.

“You might have wondered how a simple professor like me earns enough money to pay someone like you,” it wasn’t said in a demeaning way and Dean understood what he was trying to say, “even though I don’t want anything to do with my old life, a lot of the money comes from there. I had made a lot of DVD’s and episodes and the contracts state that a cut of the money from that goes to me. Believe me, my mother tried to change that fact, but she had signed the original contracts and there was no loop holes and for some God forsaken reason she didn’t drag it to court. I didn’t want anything to do with them anymore, so I was the one to cut the ties, I didn’t want their money. I already had a pretty good savings and that money I took with me, I earn enough money as a professor to get through life, so the money was left untouched for a long time until I bought this apartment and I met you.”

Dean waited to make sure he was done and it seemed he was for now, “The book that I saw, Angels, is that your story?”

“Yes, it is. My mother had an obsession with angels and all my siblings are named after one so it seemed fit. I am not comfortable with you reading it though, there’s a lot of personal stuff in there.”

“I get that, trust me I have learned my lesson about getting too curious,” Dean smiled softly and the fact that Cas returned it reassured him, “I already feel like I know you a lot better, but I do have one question, if you don’t mind me asking.” Dean didn’t know if he was pushing it, but now that Castiel was sharing, “I’ve always wondered why you never take off that damn shirt.”

“Didn’t know it bothered you,” Cas smirked playfully.

“Dude, I love skin especially the naked kind and being fucked is awesome, but then feeling rough fabric like that brushing my arm or something feels weird.”

“Uhm,” Castiel was hesitant.

“You don’t need to tell me if you don’t want to, you already told me so much today,” Dean rushed to say not wanting to make Cas feel like he was forced to say anything more.
“It’s okay, Dean. It’s not like I enjoy keeping it on, but it’s something I’ve become so used to hiding, it’s the one thing I’m really self-aware about,” Slowly, Cas started unbuttoning his shirt without another word and Dean found that simple act oddly arousing. When that was off he pulled his undershirt over his head, he got up and went to sit on the bed beside Dean with his back to him unveiling one of the largest tattoos Dean had ever seen. Wings spreading from his shoulder blades and down to his lower back, over his shoulder and all the way down to his wrists. Countless detailed feathers shadows done in black ink. It was incredible.

Dean did notice some irregularities in the skin beneath the ink and without thinking he stretched out his fingertips to lightly brush over the flesh. At the touch Castiel flinched and moved forward and Dean was just about to apologize, but then Cas moved back to the point where Dean was touching him again and Dean felt his back expand with the deep breath he was drawing.

Dean ran his fingers over the bumps, “I knew early on that I was gay,” Castiel started, “but I knew my mother wouldn’t approve of it so I hid it as best I could.” Dean let Cas talk as he drew the outline of every feather with his fingertip. “In my junior year a new boy started in my class, he was gorgeous and sweet, we started dating, he understood my need to keep it secret and we succeeded for so long, but then this one time my parents were supposed to be at a conference for a week and had brought my oldest siblings with them. It was just Gabriel and I and he knew my secret. He was the only one I trusted. So I invited my boyfriend over to stay for just one night. Suddenly I heard someone running up the stairs and Gabe knocked frantically on the door shouting to me that our parents had come home early. I was pulling up my pants when my mother burst through the door.” Dean didn’t like the direction the story was taking.

“I was sent away for six months to a very strict Christian boarding school where I was going to pray the gay away,” he huffed a laugh, “but of course it didn’t work. I had learned to be more cautious though I really thought I had, but after coming back my boyfriend was so happy to see me that he kissed me at the park and apparently Michael was there and he saw me and as the good child he was he told on me. You have probably heard of extreme Catholics that believe in punishing yourself to get rid of your sins or some shit,” Dean was surprised by Castiel’s choice of words, he so rarely swore that it was always startling.

“Well, my mother believed in trying to beat the gay out of me in the face of God, so she dragged me to the small alter we had in the house and she whipped me till my skin was raw and dripping with blood,” Dean didn’t like how Cas’ voice had become cold and detached, “it was after that that I stopped rebelling and I started doing as was expected of me. I broke it off with my boyfriend without an explanation. I hurt him so bad with all the ugly things I said to him. When I left I wanted to get rid of my scars, they were the biggest reminder of the life I left behind, but I didn’t want any plastic surgery I didn’t want to remove them entirely, so I had them hidden behind angel wings. At first I laughed at my own foolishness, tattooing the thing my mother loved the most, the very thing I was named after, but to me they were, are, a symbol of me surviving and of a new beginning. I finally got to spread my wings and fly, however stupid that sounds.”
Dean snaked his arms around Cas’ waist and leaned in to kiss his scars. Cas hummed like a cat at the contact twining his fingers with one of Dean’s hands. He turned over his hand and rolled up the sleeve of Dean’s shirt the one with his tattoo, “You’ve got some ink of your own, I never asked about that. Why a tree?”

“There’s no deeper meaning behind it,” Dean stated, ”but just like you I wanted to cover something up and this design did the trick. You can feel it if you want to,” Castiel let a finger run over it just like Dean had done to him seconds before. Dean knew Castiel could feel the cuts, the cuts that were much more carefully placed than the marks on Cas’ back.

“Is this what I think it is?”

“Yes,” Dean put his cheek to Cas’ shoulder blade feeling a need to hide himself, “three years ago my parents were killed in a car accident, I wanted to go live with my uncle Bobby, but they said he wasn’t suited and since he wasn’t directly related to us he had no claim. Sam was sent to a foster home and I was placed in a group home. I didn’t see it coming; I guess when you’re depressed you rarely realize yourself before you’re too far gone. I spent some time at an asylum when I tried to swallow a butt load of pills, it was a tough time in my life, maybe not as bad as what you went through,” Dean brushed off.

“Dean, you can’t compare those things. Every human hurts in different ways and, this might sound stupid of me, but one thing my mother always said, the only thing that ever made sense to me; God only gives you want he knows you can handle. One person looses a parent another is beat, but they still cry just as much as the other.”

That did actually make a little sense to Dean. He continued his story, “When I was old enough to live by myself I wanted to get Sam home and get a new start just like you so I covered up the scars. I actually think Sam hated them more than I did. But I guess we have something in common now.”

“Yeah, I guess so,” Cas agreed. He turned where he sat forcing Dean to remove his head from where it had been resting on Cas’ back, “I’m glad we talked. I know I’m a very private person, but I think after this, after we both shared something it’s only going to make this,” he gestured between them, “better.”

“Uh huh,” Dean was listening he really was, but his eyes were on Cas’ chest. It was the first time he could really look at it and look at it he would. Cas was skinny, but not skinny skinny. He was slim and it was obvious that this was a man who took good care of his body. He was not as bulky as Dean was, but there was some muscle definition. And the best part of it all was the hipbones sticking out over the top of the black leather belt. Dean thought he had never seen such arousing hipbones, usually he didn’t even find hipbones particular sexy. And then Dean found the mole, the perfect little mole just above the nipple and God did he want to lick it.
“You seem a little distracted, Dean,” Cas commented.

“Uh huh,” he answered again since that seemed to be all that he could really think of to say right now. Two more seconds past and Dean threw caution to the wind. First he kissed it gently, but when he stuck his tongue out to taste Castiel drew back.

“Dean what are you doing?”

“I just…” Damn, had he screwed up again?

“Dean, just because we talked doesn’t mean I’m not still mad,” Castiel was looking at him sternly.

“I just want you so bad, I just…” Dean grabbed Cas’ head with both hands, digging his fingers into his unruly hair, and kissed him hard and passionate, “Being away from you… It was agony… Want you… So bad, Cas,” he breathed out in between kisses. Castiel was silent, but he wasn’t resisting so Dean took his chance. In a swift movement he had laid Cas down on the bed his legs still dangling over the edge and Dean wasted no time in crawling on top straddling him, bending down to suck a nipple into is mouth, enjoying that he could do that now and grinding down against Cas trying to get friction on his already hard cock.

Castiel hissed when Dean bit at his skin, but Dean was quick to let his warm wet tongue soothe the pain. Dean ground down harder, needing more.

“Something’s wrong,” Dean froze when Cas spoke, scared, “Since when have you become the one on top? You’re a little too bossy for my liking,” Cas smirked seductively from where he was looking up at Dean, “get those clothes off and do it fast.”

Dean obeyed, falling into the old rhythm of him following Cas’ orders. What surprised him though was that Castiel was just as quick in removing his own clothing. This was the very first time Dean had seen Cas naked from top to toe, no stupid shirt there to ruin it all. He drank in the sight and only just resisted the need to touch himself or to touch Cas, he hadn’t been told to do so yet.

“Get on the bed,” Dean scrambled to get positioned quickly, getting comfortable against the pillows. Castiel opened the bedside drawer and retrieved a bottle of lube.
“Dude, you have lube in here, too?” Dean knew just how many kinds and flavors were to be found just across the hall why did Cas keep extra in here?

“I have some very good dreams sometimes or I can’t fall asleep at night and when you’re not here to entertain me I have to take care of myself.”

The thought of Cas lying in bed jerking himself off and moaning to an empty room, he bit his lip looking at Cas all boyish charm and seductive, “You think of me when you take care of yourself, Mr. Novak?”

“What else is there possibly to think about? I for one can’t think of anything hotter than you naked on my bed, horny and pleading,” Cas crawled onto the bed and hovered over Dean. His look was unreadable like he was going to say something that he really didn’t want to and Dean was right.

“Have you been with anyone else, Dean? While we were…” It was obvious Cas was dreading the answer.

“No, I haven’t. I couldn’t. It wasn’t you,” Dean said calmly knowing the truth behind his own words.

Their gazes locked for a second before Cas bent down to, once again, capturing Dean’s lips. It was sweet, but at the same time hot and anticipating. Cas continued down his jaw, his neck, his chest, and everywhere else he could reach, leaving small bite marks and bruises in his wake. Dean let out content moans and purrs.

When Cas opened Dean up it was slow and gentle. When he pushed into him it was the best feeling in the world. Dean felt like he had come home, this was where he belonged. As Cas rocked into him they both moaned in tandem. Dean wrapped his legs around Cas’ waist, pulling him in closer. Dean dug his nails into the angel wings as if, if he were to let go, Cas would fly away. He left red stripes down the length of Cas’ back and at the stinging Castiel hissed, moaned and sped up. Dean was close, and as if sensing it, Cas grabbed a hold of his member and stroked it in time with his thrusts. They came almost simultaneously and it was the most mind-blowing orgasm Dean had ever had. Neither of them seemed to realize that things were not done as usual, they were in Cas’ bedroom, not the playroom, and everything had changed.
Dean thought things would be a bit stilted at first after the falling out they had, but after that night… That night everything had changed. The fact that they had opened up to each other and shared stuff that they had once said was to be kept outside of their professional relationship had seemed to loosen Cas up. To be honest, something in Cas had changed completely; Dean had never seen him so… relaxed.

The next few days had been great and both Sam, Gabriel, and Meg had noticed his good mood commenting on it and, of course, teasing but Dean shrugged it off telling them that things at his job were going better. Bobby, of course, had pulled him aside at the garage Thursday asking him if he was feeling better and Dean had blanked for a second, completely forgetting about the lie Cas had told him when he had answered Dean’s phone.

“You had been drinkin’, right?”

Bobby saw right through him and all Dean had done was nod it was easier to just confess to the truth if it meant Bobby would ask no further questions, he didn’t feel like explaining who Cas was and why he suddenly had a friend that would let him crash on his couch and still had never once mentioned him to his family.

Friday was his day off, but Dean could have been without. Of course it meant that he could spend a little more time with Sam, but even being with Sam he was thinking about Castiel and how he was going over there Saturday and then they had those two days together.

And today it was Saturday and Dean had gone over to Cas’, whose hands had been on him the moment he had stepped through the door. It had been quick and hot and on the carpet in the hall, they never got to a bed so the nearest flat surface made do. Dean had then proceeded to take a quick shower that stung a bit on his newly received rug burns, then changed into what he liked to refer to as his comfy-pants while Cas fixed them a quick lunch. They ate their sandwiches in comfortable silence, sharing glances and little smiles.

Dean didn’t know what got into him; it was far too domestic and so out of the strictly professional zone but as he walked back to the table where Cas was still seated, after having carried their dishes to the sink and rinsing them off, he leaned down and planted a sweet kiss on Cas’ lips with no heat or hidden intention behind it. Dean regretted it the moment he had done it, afraid that Cas would be angry or even worse, disgusted, but he weren’t either. Instead, Cas looked deep into his eyes, so deep that Dean felt like he could see his soul, and then Cas pulled him onto his lap, wrapping his arms around him and kissing him once more.
He nipped at his jaw and moved down his neck like he had done so many times before and then Dean did something he had never thought he would ever do, he giggled. Like a little schoolgirl, he giggled.

Cas looked at him both baffled and intrigued, “Are you ticklish, Dean?”

“No,” Dean was quick to say, but then he rethought it, “Well, I don’t think so. Not usually. I don’t know,” was the final conclusion he reached.

“Well, thankfully there’s a way to test that,” Castiel smiled mischievously and then started to ferociously tickling Dean, finding all the spots that made Dean erupt in giggles. The tickle war led to Dean wrapped around Cas like a monkey, latched onto his mouth as Castiel carried him to the bedroom and laid him down gently on the sheets. It was only when Castiel let go of him that Dean realized that they were in Cas’ room again. Dean was just about to say something, remind Cas that this wasn’t where they usually did this, but then Castiel lifted his t-shirt over his head, yes, t-shirt. Since their talk Castiel had begun to walk around wearing actual comfortable clothes and had become more relaxed in looks and behavior, when that shirt went off Dean’s train of thought went straight into a wall and died.

“Dean, you look like a fish,” Castiel gestured at him with the shirt in hand. Dean quickly closed the mouth he didn’t realize was open. Dean was still not used to seeing Cas shirtless, those hipbones and that bellybutton he just wanted to delve his tongue into. Dean just wanted to… He just wanted to… Oh, there’s so much he wanted to do. “What’s going on in that head of yours?”

“Huh?” Dean shook his head trying to focus on Cas’ face instead of his body.

“Tell me, Dean. Tell me exactly what you’re thinking right now and be honest, you know I don’t like lies,” Castiel looked at him sternly.

Dean swallowed past a lump and wiggled where he sat making the loose fabric of his pants rub slightly against his growing erection. Then Dean started at the very beginning of his fantasies, “I want you to kiss me,” he said.

“I want you to claim me, make certain that everybody will know I’m yours. I want you to mark me, bite me, give me bruises, give me something that I can look at later and remember what you did with me.” As he talked Castiel carried out every word.
When Dean stopped talking Cas improvised, crawling on to the bed, not once loosing eye contact with Dean, his eyes were blue and fierce and focused, zeroed in on his target. Dean crawled backwards till his back hit the headboard.

With Cas hovering above him, straddling his waist but not touching him, he pushed on in his deep raspy voice, “Then what? What do you want me to do, Dean?”

Something in the back of his head registered that Castiel was the one who was supposed to be giving the orders and now their roles had somehow changed. This was too out of their comfort zone and Dean needed to steer it in another direction.

“I want you to use me,” Castiel tilted his head to the side in that adorable way and Dean really shouldn’t be thinking about a man in his late thirties as adorable. Dean had to elaborate, “I want your cock in my mouth and I want you fuck it. I want to see how far you can go without me choking,” Dean wasn’t sure if Cas noticed how he involuntarily moved forward inch by tiny inch until the point where his crotch was mere centimeters from Dean’s face.

Dean rested his hands on Cas’ jeans, his jeans for Christ sake! The first time Dean had been so lucky as to see him in a pair of dark fitted jeans instead of the usual slacks, which was actually only that Thursday when he had not been to work, and Dean had been eager to tear them off him the second he saw that ass in that fabric. Dean didn’t get why Castiel hadn’t wanted to wear this stuff in front of him before. It was like his clothes were bricks in the wall he had built around his true self and now Dean had plucked pieces out of the construction.

Dean let his hands run up the rough material his eyes leaving Cas’ and instead looking at the bulge straining against his pants, he let his thumbs massage his thighs just beside it, making sure not to touch directly, knowing how to drive Castiel crazy.

Castiel’s voice was trembling with lack of control, but he tried to keep it steady and professional, “Anything else?”

Dean looked up at him from under dark lashes, “I want to swallow every last drop as you spill on my tongue,” he made his voice as seductive as he could while still looking innocent.

Castiel cupped his cheek stroking a thumb along the freckles there, “You’re so pretty, Dean. You always look so innocent, but we both know you’re not. Your mind is filthy and your dreams are dirty,” he popped the button on his pants and pulled down the zipper. He stuck his hand into his underpants, pulling his cock up above the waistband and letting it spring free. Castiel held Dean’s chin, letting his thumb run down over his lips and hooking his thumb inside, opening Dean’s mouth
slowly and Dean let himself be maneuvered. Gripping the base Cas steered his length to Dean’s lips. Dean stuck his tongue out and licked at the slit, loving the sharp intake of breath, as Castiel pulled slightly back before stuffing himself inside Dean’s wet heat.

Dean let his jaw go slack and, with one hand massaging Dean’s jaw and the other buried in his hair, a firm hold on the back of his head, Castiel fucked his mouth. He was trying to be gentle at first, but at some point he lost his restraint. Castiel was moaning deeply, almost growling and Dean was so hard he was sure his pants were tented, but all he wanted right now was to focus on the weight on his tongue and the salty taste of precome. Dean wasn’t able to take all of Cas, but it was damn near close.

He felt safe in Cas’ hands. He knew Castiel would take care of him.

He was looking up at Cas’ face, watching as he came undone. His eyes were closed, his bottom lip tucked between his teeth, and his brows pulled together in concentration. It didn’t take long for Cas’ rhythm to falter and then he thrust in as deep as he could as he came down Dean’s throat with a feral roar. His grip on Dean’s head was ruthless as he held him fast going through the after shakes. Soon, his hold loosened and he pulled out, settling down on Dean’s torso and Dean found himself wishing he would sit just a bit further down so he would get some friction on his neglected cock.

Castiel looked so satisfied and then he caught sight of something on Dean’s face and he smiled and that smile turned into a huffing laugh. “You have, uhm…” Castiel trailed off as he reached out his thump to wipe something off the corner off Dean’s mouth and then Dean realized it was cum that had slipped from his mouth. Dean wanted to suck it off Castiel’s finger, but Cas himself beat him to it and seeing a man taste his own sperm like that might have been the sexiest thing Dean had ever seen.

Tuesday night as Dean entered the apartment the first thing he registered was the silence, normally Castiel would be bustling around in the kitchen cooking or there would be the sound of take away bags being stuffed into the trash, but today it was silent. He put his bag down at the door and went down the hall, Cas was not in the kitchen and he wasn’t sitting at the dining room table. When Dean rounded the corner to the living room he expected to see Castiel there, but he was nowhere to be seen. The door had been unlocked though so he had to be here somewhere. Dean stood there in the middle of the room for a while perplexed, where could Cas be? And of course the answer was staring him right in the face and he turned to look at the wooden door. Castiel didn’t really have a problem with Dean being in there anymore, he even left the door open sometimes, but still Dean was hesitant.

Dean took slow uncertain steps, but in the end he pushed the door open to a dark room and the
sound of light snores. With the light streaming into the room from the open door Dean could just make out Castiel’s sleeping form spread out on top of the covers. He looked peaceful and Dean stood there for a while enjoying the sight before retreating back out as silent as possible.

He didn’t know what to do. He didn’t feel like waking Castiel up, but it was six o’clock and Dean hadn’t had dinner yet and he figured Cas hadn’t either. He then had a brilliant idea, he went into the kitchen looking through the fridge looking at what ingredients Castiel had lying around knowing his refrigerator was usually filled with what was needed to make a good home cooked meal. Finding some ground beef and some fresh baked buns he set out to make a good ol’ burger.

Dean was flipping burgers at the stove when a grumbled Castiel walked into the room catching his attention with the shuffling of his socks on the carpet. He was wearing his usual work clothes all wrinkly from sleeping in it, he was rubbing at one eye and his hair was a beautiful mess.

After acknowledging Cas’ presence Dean turned back to his meat making sure they didn’t burn.

“What are you doing?” His voice was thick and rough with sleep as he sauntered up behind Dean peaking over his shoulder.

“Well, you were sound asleep and I was hungry so I thought I would make dinner for once, I’m making burgers,” Dean smiled turning his head to give Castiel a quick peck on the cheek.

“Hmm, smells nice,” Cas walked to the fridge and started pulling out condiments.

“I don’t think I have ever witnessed you taking a nap,” Dean paused, “Well, not one that wasn’t post coitus.”

“Fancy words you’re throwing around,” Cas remarked, “and who says it wasn’t,” he looked directly at Dean as he said it.

Something inside of Dean panicked for a second and he felt something tug painfully at his chest, but then Cas smiled and started laughing, “Dude, don’t even joke about that!”

“You were so jealous for a while there,” Castiel grinned.
Dean found it easier to pretend that it was jealousy and not his heart temporarily breaking into pieces. Yup, Dean had fallen for Castiel it was obvious as he stood there in all his beautiful glory, but Dean wasn’t paid to fall in love with Castiel and more importantly Castiel certainly wasn’t interested in more.

“Shut up,” he said, waving the spatula at Cas, “why were you sleeping then?”

“Just work stress that got the best of me, the kids were throwing questions at me for their next assignment and it kept me for over an extra hour after class.”

“You know your students are my age right? And calling them kids… It makes this,” he gestured between them, “disturbing,” Castiel knew Dean was only joking as he said it with a smile.

Castiel walked up behind him and stuck his hand into Dean’s back pockets, “I would never touch a kid, Dean. But a piece of nineteen year old ass never hurt nobody,” he whispered into Dean’s ear pressing forward and Dean could feel something pressing against his butt.

He took the burgers off the stove and turned around forcing Castiel to retract his hands and looked him straight in the eyes and like a parent would talk to a kid he said, “Food first, ass later.”

ξ

It’s Thursday night and Dean had just eaten some of the best food he had ever tried apparently Castiel had a hidden talent involving the Italian kitchen, he could throw together a mean dish with just some pasta and tomatoes. They were snuggled up on the couch watching some boring documentary about bees, but Dean didn’t really care when he could put his ear against Cas’ chest and hear his heartbeat steady behind his ribs. Dean could lay here all his life and be content. He blinked his eyes sleepily; actually he could fall asleep like this.

Just as the thought had left his mind and he snuggled against Cas getting even more comfortable the doorbell rang. They both looked at each other confused. Reluctantly Cas got up forcing Dean to move as well as he grumbled out, “Who could it be at this time?”

Dean stayed on the couch reaching for the remote to pause the program. He heard the front door open and some hushed voices that suddenly turned louder and they did not sound particular happy, who could Cas be talking to? Then he heard footsteps come running, but the sound wasn’t loud enough for it to be the heavy feet of an adult. In front of the door to the room that Dean had not yet
seen, and that he had brushed off as just a storage room, a girl stopped and turned to look at him. She couldn’t have been more than six and she looked at him confused with a teddy bear tucked securely under her arm. Her eyes were big and crystal blue and her hair long, straight and blonde put into ponytails with small ribbons at the end.

“Claire, don’t!” He heard Castiel shout as he ran into the room just behind her.

“Daddy, who’s the man?” The little girl looked up at the man she had just called daddy with questioning eyes.

Dean was too stunned to do anything other than get up from the couch to turn around and look at Cas. He stared at Cas and he stared back, his eyes apologetic as he turned to the girl.

“That’s uhm… That’s a friend of mine. This is Dean.”

“Hi, Dean,” her little voice said, “My name is Claire and this is Mr. Snuggles,” she held her bear out proudly for Dean to see, but Dean only spared her a quick glance.

Castiel waved her over, “That’s nice sweetie, now come here,” the girl ran to the man who was apparently her father grabbing his thigh and leaning against his leg. “Dean, I…” he was interrupted as a light-brown haired woman entered the room behind him.

“I’m sorry to interrupt like this, but the company really needs me on the next flight to New York or we’ll loose one of our biggest customers, you have to take her and it’s only for one day more than usual,” she only then noticed Dean’s presence, “Oh, hi. Sorry for the impromptu visit I didn’t know Castiel had company, I’m Amelia,” she walked forward and offered her hand for Dean to shake. She was very calm and polite, dressed in a tight fitted business suit that fit with her serious attitude.

“Dean,” he barely got past his lips, reaching for her outstretched hand and shaking it weakly. This situation was feeling very unreal to him. He almost felt like he was inside a bubble, the voices around him becoming muffled and his sight going blurry.

“Well, I gotta get going, I’ll see you on Sunday,” she leaned down to kiss her daughter before she left.

“Wait, Amelia!” Castiel followed the woman to the door and Dean heard more voices, especially the
really annoyed one from Cas.

Dean was left with a kid staring at him, “Are you my Daddy’s boyfriend?”

“I…” He honestly didn’t know how to respond he had absolutely no clue what to do, “I don’t know, I think I have to go.”

“Okay, byes,” she ran into the room and left Dean alone.

He started for the door, bumping into Cas on his the way back to the living room after letting Amelia out, “Dean, where are you going?” He put his hand on Dean’s elbow drawing Dean’s attention to him.

“I don’t know,” Dean told him, “out.”

“Dean, let me explain,” he pushed.

Dean passed by him, “I think everything is pretty clear.” He just wanted to get the fuck out of there.

Castiel grabbed his arm more firmly, “No, Dean you don’t understand.”

“You calling me stupid?” he was starting to get really angry, the anger disguising the hurt that was spreading from his heart and through his veins, “Now let me go!” he shook out of Cas’ hold and ran out of the apartment as quickly as he could.

As he walked to his car the leather around his neck seemed to burn itself into his skin. He yanked off the collar and threw it to the side on the concrete sparing it no second thought.

Dean had gone home that night and stared at the wall, he had cried, he knew that, but he didn’t remember. His eyes had been red when he had woken up, but even though he was hurting he refused to touch the bottle of scotch that had been staring at him for days on the kitchen counter.
Castiel had called him multiple times, leaving voicemails and texts, but Dean would delete them all. He had let himself believe for just a little while that they were something more than just employer and employee and he had fooled himself and it hurt. Dean thought maybe things were changing, maybe things were evolving, but Castiel was not feeling the same way. Cas had kept a major secret, something you would definitely tell someone if you wanted them to be more than the prostitute you hired. Now it was over and things had been fun while they lasted. Dean knew he should probably just tell Cas he wouldn’t work for him anymore, no need to drag himself through hell and keep working for a guy who he had fallen for and thought could have fallen for him. But Cas had a kid; he had another life that he didn’t want Dean to be a part of. Then again Dean wanted the money, so he didn’t tell Castiel to fuck off just yet. Actually a part of him also just wanted to hang on for just a little while more. He was torturing himself he knew that, but he couldn’t let go. What if Cas did actually want him? It was a child’s dream he knew that, but it was all that was holding him together at the moment. Still, he didn’t feel ready to face Castiel just yet. His heart was aching and his chest was seizing when he thought about the older man, but Dean swallowed it all down.

When Dean visited Sam at the hospital and stayed long past where he normally would leave for work Sam had asked him why and Dean had told him he had lost his job because he didn’t know what else to say. But Sam could see the pain written in his features, his little brother always knew when something was wrong, but instead of pushing Dean to tell him what was really going on he had told Dean that he would always be there to lend an ear and a shoulder if Dean needed to talk. And when had his baby brother started to take care of him and not the other way around?

Thursday Dean was working again just like any other day, the same routine over and over again, but now that routine didn’t include going to Cas’ anymore, his whole body was aching for the man, but Dean didn’t let himself give into it. Dean had let himself forget that it was all just a job and that Castiel didn’t actually care about him, maybe he deserved to hurt so that he would remember his own foolishness next time. But there wouldn’t be a next time, Dean couldn’t go and make a deal with someone else like the one he had made with Castiel, it felt wrong, it felt like cheating.

He had his head buried in the hood of a car, his thoughts going a hundred miles an hour when Bobby approached him, “There’s some guy in the office asking for ya,” he said gruffly.

Dean jumped in shock, bumping his head against the metal hood. He rubbed the back of his head in pain, as he looked at him confused, “What guy?”

“Never seen ‘im before, says his name is Casteel. Weird ass name if you ask me, but he insisted on talkin’ to ya.” With that he turned and walked away to do whatever it is he was doing before.

Dean swore under his breath, “God freaking, fucking, damn it,” he wiped his hands clean on an old
yellow oil stained cloth and threw it on a little wheely table before heading into the main building.

Cas was sitting in a chair in their improvised waiting area browsing through a magazine, his back to the door, “What the hell are you doing here?” Dean found himself asking, his voice angrier than he had meant it to be.

Castiel got up and turned around letting the magazine drop back on the little coffee table. He looked like a mess with dark circles under his eyes and a scruff that must be almost a week old and all Dean wanted to do was kiss the man. He schooled his expression into one of neutrality, “What happened to you? You look like hell,” Dean remarked keeping his voice cold and emotionless, leaning against the doorframe.

“You are what happened to me,” Castiel answered and his eyes were already watering, his broken voice chipped another piece off of Dean’s heart that had already been breaking apart bit by bit in the last couple of days. Dean stared at him confused, his arms unfolding from where he had crossed them in front of his chest.

“This week has been hell for me. I thought I needed to give you time and space, but not seeing you every day is unbearable,” Castiel almost screamed it, his voice desperate.

“I didn’t think you would notice me not being there.” It was becoming hard to keep a stoic façade.

“You didn’t think I wouldn’t…” Castiel looked so hurt, “Of course I noticed, the silence of your absence was screaming at me, mocking me and reminding me every day that I drove you away because I’m such a mess that couldn’t even share tiny bits and pieces of my life. I’m a coward, Dean!” He yelled it, but his voice wasn’t angry, a tear slipped from his eye followed by another one, “I knew I needed you from the first time I saw you, but I was too much of a chicken to just ask you out like normal people do. You were never just a toy to me, but I didn’t think I deserved happiness or to be with a man like you. And you’re just a boy and I’m old and grey there was no way you would ever want me so I did what I knew how to do, I used the knowledge that you needed money,” the tears kept rolling and Cas looked so sorry.

“It was so hard keeping it professional when you were always so… you. So sweet, so filthy. And then I thought something might have changed, I thought what we had was changing. And I let myself let go for once and I fell, Dean. I fell for you and not even then did I have the courage to tell you and now I ruined everything and I… I just needed you to know, because you’re so stubborn, you never see it, how amazing you are. That’s what I love about you, you’re just as broken as I am, but when I was with you it seemed like what pieces we had left together made a whole, like you and I were the missing pieces in the puzzle and I felt like I had found the person with whom I belong. And I’m so sorry Dean,” Castiel wouldn’t stop crying, sobbing every time he took a breath. He was pleading, almost begging his hands clasping each other almost as if in prayer.
Dean had started crying himself. When he had felt his eyes watering he had willed it to stop, but he couldn’t hold back the first tear that ran down his cheek and dripped of the edge of his jaw. Here Cas was, pouring his heart out, and Dean felt it becoming harder and harder to keep it together. He had missed this man in front of him; his heart had ached for him. Dean had told himself he had been stupid and now Castiel was standing in front of him telling him that Dean hadn’t been so foolish after all, what he had felt was real and Castiel had felt it too.

“I’m just going to go now, thanks for listening,” Cas tried to dry some of the tears with his sleeve as he started walking away trying to pass Dean, but was blocked, “Dean what are you-?” he was interrupted.

“Be brave, Cas,” Cas had the look of a confused toddler, leaning his head slightly to one side in that adorable way that Dean had come to love.

“I don’t understand.”

Suddenly Dean felt brave himself a spark of courage going through him and he spoke before he lost his guts, “You said you were too much of a coward. You never asked,” Dean pointed out.

It seemed to slowly dawn on Cas, he moved his gaze from where he had been staring at a spot just behind Dean and locked their eyes together. Dean hoped Cas saw everything he was trying to say with no words. Cas took a couple of deep breaths collecting himself and Dean could see him debating whether what Dean was offering was sincere, “Dean, would you like to go out with me?” Dean saw his Adam’s able bob as he swallowed.

“Yes, I would,” he smiled gently, a nice feeling bubbling from within.

“But…” Dean interrupted Cas by throwing his arms around the man’s neck and pulling him in for a crushing merciless and quick kiss.

“Pick me up tomorrow at seven,” Dean quickly turned around and walked back to work leaving Cas to get himself together. Dean felt a smile grazing his lips. Of course he would always give Cas another chance, their relationship might already be a bit fucked up, but Cas was Dean’s fuck-up and damn it if he didn’t love the man.
Friday morning Dean woke with a smile on his face. He hummed as he brushed his teeth and he walked with a spring in his step. As he drove the Impala to work he had the window rolled down, letting the fall breeze blow on his face while he sang along to classic rock ballads. As he worked on a red Toyota he whistled a cheery melody and the other guys might have teased him, but today he didn’t care. Bobby made a stupid remark about the tall, dark, and handsome stranger from yesterday and then proceeded to pull Dean’s attention to the fact that Castiel was almost twice as old as Dean and again, Dean didn’t care. He looked at Bobby and told him that in spirit there was no age difference at all, if Cas had been sixty Dean was almost certain he would still be a young soul, the same beautiful soul that Dean had fallen in love with.

When Dean visited Sam the news Gabriel had was good, Sam’s body had accepted the treatment well and they were going to put him in back in his usual room for the weekend and if everything went well Dean could take him home on Monday. It was official; Sam was in partial remission, which meant the cancer was leaving his body. And just as Dean thought the day couldn’t get any better.

Sam too noticed his good mood and so did Gabriel who wasn’t too shy to comment and ask tons of questions on who the lucky girl was that got that smile to brace his face and Dean had corrected them before he realized that this was the first time he had ever told Sam about his bisexuality, but Sam didn’t flinch, he was genuinely happy for Dean and asking when he could meet this mystery man. After Gabriel had left them to their own devices, having other patients who needed some care too, Dean told Sam as much about Castiel as he could, altering a few things. He couldn’t tell the whole truth or Sam wouldn’t be able to ever look him in the eyes again. So Castiel became this guy who always came to the bar where Dean had been working and they had talked almost every day, they had both danced around the subject even though they both had had feelings for the other. Dean had to remember to let Castiel know that this was now the story they would tell.

Dean left Sam earlier than usual to go home and shower and Sam had told him to go get him. Dean was just happy to see him out of that god-awful sterile room. He waved to Meg and Gabriel deep in conversation at the information desk and she sent him a knowing smile, leave it to Gabriel to spread the gossip.

When Dean got home he shot off a quick text to Cas, “Don’t you dare come wearing a suit, I want you to be yourself.” There was no more hiding, no more secrets, just two men together because they wanted to and who wanted to get to know the other.

He took a quick shower and changed into a pair of dark blue jeans that he knew made his ass look
great. He threw on a Bordeaux Henley and spiked his hair up at the front with some matte wax. He put on some cologne and brushed his teeth. When Cas texted to say he was parked out front Dean put on his boots and favorite leather jacket and locked the door behind him.

Walking through the doors to the street Dean realized this was the first time he saw Cas’ car and he almost laughed at the old piece of junk that sat at the curb an old golden continental. Dean hopped in and tried to keep all remarks to himself, which was a damn hard task.

“Never thought I would be picked up in a pimp mobile,” he snickered. Instead of talking back Castiel just reached across the seats and pulled Dean in to a soft and chaste kiss. The smell of his cologne and that underlying tone that was all Cas made Dean’s heartbeat speed up.

Castiel was wearing his trench coat but Dean noticed the black skinny jeans adorning his legs and he couldn’t wait to see how Cas’ butt looked in those.

Out of nowhere Cas turned to Dean, “I want to do this right, Dean. I want to make this work and therefore I think we should take things slow.”

Dean looked at him incredulously, “You mean no sex?” Castiel nodded, “But that’s the fun part.” Dean whined like a petulant child, at Castiel’s blank look he assured him, “It’s a joke, Cas. I’m on board, we can take it slow.”

Dean gave instructions that led them to the diner where Ellen worked, The Roadhouse. Dean didn’t want anything fancy even though Castiel offered it; Dean wanted a place where he felt safe, a warm place with dark booths and good food. And thankfully Dean knew Ellen wouldn’t be working tonight, saving him from having her around embarrassing him like only a mother figure could.

He saw Cas’ eyes roaming the place when they entered and the tiny smile lifting at the corners of his mouth was all the approval Dean needed. A waitress Dean hadn’t seen here before approached them her nametag read Rachel. She showed them to a private booth forming a half circle. Castiel shed his jacket with his back to Dean hanging the tan fabric on one of the little coatracks strategically placed around the diner. Dean enjoyed the view for a moment, the jeans fit him perfectly just like Dean had foreseen and he was wearing a dark blue knitted sweater that hugged his body so perfectly stretching across Cas’ shoulders and arms and sitting tight at his slim waist.

Rachel leaned close to him and whispered, “I’m so jealous right now, you’re one lucky man,” and Dean would have to agree, but then Castiel turned around and Dean burst out laughing and he heard
the waitress beside him trying to stifle a laugh too. On the front of Cas’ shirt stood a bumblebee with top hat and bowtie. It was the most funny and absolutely adorable thing Dean had ever seen.

“Well, you were the one who told me to be myself and this just happens to be one of my favorite shirts,” Castiel proclaimed unfazed by the two people laughing at him.

“You look cute,” Dean said as they sat down in their booth.

Castiel lifted an eyebrow, “Don’t think I’ve ever been called cute before.”

“You better get used to it then,” Dean smiled.

The waitress handed them their menus, “You guys are so sweet together. I’ll be back for your drink order in a second,” with that she sauntered off to another costumer waving her down.

Dean looked at Castiel as the older man studied the menu, Rachel had been very nice about it but, as Dean had already experienced, not everyone would look at them and see the age difference without commenting on it, but Dean didn’t really care at all.

Rachel came to take their orders not long after, Dean ordered the bacon cheese burger as he usually did with a load of curly fries and a beer, Castiel ordered the simple cheeseburger with a side of sweet potato fries and an ice tea.

When Rachel had walked away with their order they had sat in silence for a moment before Castiel remarked, “You’ve been wearing that grin ever since I picked you up, did something special happen?”

“Dude, I’m here on a date with you, that’s something special. It’s definitely something I never thought would happen,” Dean whispered that last part mostly for himself, but he knew Castiel heard it.

“I know, I’m very happy too, but my stomach is tying knots and butterflies are banging against my insides, but still you look like the world could fall around you and you would still keep on smiling.”
“I went to the hospital today,” Dean didn’t miss how Castiel moved just an inch forward in his seat an excited look on his face and urging Dean to go on, “Sam is in partial remission, they’re letting him out on Monday,” Dean’s big fat smile grew as he said those words.

“That’s amazing, Dean! Oh, I’m so happy for you, the both of you,” a grin matching Dean’s spread across those pink lips, “Do you think maybe I can meet him one day?” Castiel asked, but then seemed to backtrack, “I mean if it’s okay, I don’t want to overstep my boundaries,” He looked away, shame and sadness etched in the crinkles on his forehead, “It was stupid of me to ask.”

“You can come with me to pick him up,” Dean tried to search out Cas’ gaze, “I’m supposed to be picking him up around three if they give me the go ahead. I’ll have to take him straight home, since he’s still supposed to be resting a lot, but we could stop for some take out and eat lunch together,” he offered.

“Do you mean that?” Dean nodded, “I would very much like that, Dean. Sam is very important to you and therefore I want him to approve of me and I would very much like to get to know him. I don’t have classes after two on Monday.”

“I know Sam will love you, he’s just as big a nerd, like reading books and all that. You two can totally geek out together,” Dean paused for a second taking on a more serious tone, “There’s still some things I need answers to though. There’s a lot of things you haven’t told me and if you want me to give you a real chance, if we’re going to try and make this work, you have to be straight with me.”

“It’s kind of hard to be straight with you, Dean,” the man smirked at him and Dean couldn’t help but laugh at the bad pun.

“Dude, maybe not the right time to start cracking jokes,” Dean said when the moment passed, “You need to give me some kind of explanation.”

“I know, Dean, I do. Uhm,” he thought for a while, “you remember when I told you about my family?” Of course Dean did, how could he forget. Castiel’s own mom had beaten him so bad thick scars were littering his back, Dean had kissed every single one of them, felt how they protruded from the flesh. Dean hated the woman. Dean hated all the people who had made Castiel become accustomed to repressing himself and instead be someone he was not, something Dean knew Castiel was still working on and that stupid sweater was one of the first steps.

“I stopped rebelling, I stopped struggling after that one time,” his eyes were fixed on the salt shaker on the table, “My mom was watching me, every step I took she was looming over my shoulder.
Amelia was the daughter of one of my mother’s friends from church. I thought if I found a suitable wife that my mother would take a step back and she did. I started dating Amelia and I found I did good at pretending to be straight and everything evolved like it was supposed to, it was easy enough since there was no sex before marriage, but there had to come a day when I would need to propose. We were only twenty-four when we wed. Kissing Amelia was never a problem, but I had been dreading our wedding night. Turned out I was scared for no reason,” Dean looked at him confused, “When we had to… you know,” Dean could see how uncomfortable Castiel was in that moment, “I didn’t even get further than popping the button on my pants before I sat down on the bed and started crying like a child. She sat down beside me and tried to comfort me, she told me she knew I was gay and of course that confused me, because why did she agree to marry me then, why did she go out with me in the first place.”

Castiel was taking a swallow of his drink when Rachel approached them with their food, but they didn’t touch it, “It turned out her mom was almost as big a tyrant as mine and she too had wanted to get her of her back. Amelia had become one of my best friends, we did have things in common and we did enjoy each other’s company. We lived together for many years, sleeping in different rooms and playing comedy in front of our families. Our mothers had always been pestering us for grandkids and it seemed like the natural progression so when Amelia sat me down eight years into our marriage and asked me for a child, I agreed. We went to a clinic to do the insemination and then Claire was born and she was the best thing that had ever happened to me,” Castiel’s eyes were wet with unshed tears, “I knew about Amelia’s affairs, but then she fell in love and that complicated things. Claire wasn’t more than six months when she asked me for a divorce and I didn’t feel like I could deny her, but I was so scared, my mother would not approve of it. We got into a big fight and Amelia told me some truths I needed to hear, she pointed out that I had never been truly happy, what we were doing was playing pretend. She said she cared so much about me and it hurt her to see me hurting, trying to suppress everything that I was. She said she was leaving the community, she didn’t believe in the God who’s words I spent my days preaching and she pointed out that I didn’t either.”

“So I made a decision. I couldn’t take it anymore, I signed the divorce and I made myself disappear like my brother before me. I got a teaching degree and I started doing what I loved. I started dating again and I started living my fantasies, I always knew I was different, but it turned out that there were people in the world who liked what I did. I knew my mother would be disgusted with who I had become, but it only made it more fun and exciting. Amelia and I are still good friends and I have Claire every other weekend that’s why I gave you those off. The last room is hers,” Castiel sighed as he finished.

Dean let it all sink in and decided he would let it be for now changing the subject, “Let’s eat before our food gets completely frozen,” and he could see how grateful Cas was for the lifeline.

Dean chuckled when Castiel moaned with every bite of his burger and in companionable silence they ate.

When the waitress came to collect their plates they ordered two pieces of warm cherry pie with a scoop of vanilla ice cream. They turned to small talk and kept to light subjects, all that normal date
stuff like if they had seen any interesting movies lately or if their day had been good and Dean learned that Castiel’s students were already freaking out about the midterms and the year had just only started. Dean found that he didn’t actually know what Castiel had been doing all summer, Dean himself had been working, but with no students he wondered what Castiel had did with his time. Apparently Castiel had taught an adult summer course in creative writing and then the subject turned to the book that Cas had written and Dean had asked him if he ever wanted to pursue his dream of becoming an author.

When they reached Dean’s apartment he wasn’t ready to say goodbye yet, screw going slow, if only Dean could get Castiel on board. But then again Dean knew how to be very persuasive. Castiel had leaned over to give Dean a quick goodbye kiss, but Dean held on to him forcing his mouth open with his tongue. Castiel tried to pull away grumbling a, “Dean…” But Dean was relentless.

“I want you so bad,” he growled. Dean succeeded in pulling a soft moan from Castiel’s chapped lips. There wasn’t much space in the car and Dean moved very ungracefully, accidentally pressing the horn as he relocated himself to Cas’ lap and they both laughed aloud before Dean recaptured Cas’ mouth. Dean ground down against Cas hard making them both moan from the friction. Dean reached down to undo Castiel’s jeans, but the man grabbed his hand stopping him.

“Dean,” he panted, “slow down for a minute.”

“I know you said that we should take it slow, but I just-“

“That wasn’t what I was about to say. Sometimes you need to just listen, Dean. What I wanted to say was that I would appreciate a bed and maybe some privacy because that lady over there with the poodle is staring at us,” Dean turned his head to look and the older lady scurried away and Dean snorted, but he agreed.

Dean rushed through the lobby afraid Bobby would somehow know and come jumping out from his apartment and start asking questions. That was definitely one of the cons to being friends with your neighbors; it could be awkward if you ran into them in the hall dragging a man to your apartment and with a boner straining against the denim of your pants. Yes, Dean was very grateful everybody seemed occupied inside their own homes.

It was the first time Castiel saw Dean’s apartment. Dean had wanted to get down to business right away, but Castiel had seemed enthralled, looking this way and that. Castiel was quietly walking around the room, looking at pictures and books and DVD’s.
“It is clear this is a home filled with love, compared to this my apartment looks like a showroom for designer furniture,” he declared with a satisfied smile.

Dean walked to where Cas stood by the couch. Gingerly, he laid his palm upon his jaw and they gazed into each other’s eyes saying things with no words. It was the grass and the sky touching at the horizon melting together. Silently, and slowly, Dean took Castiel’s hand and led him to his bedroom. Castiel didn’t explore this room; he was too focused on Dean. They undressed each other and peppered the other with soft touches and gentle kisses. Everything was sweet and soft and they had all the time in the world.

They were lying entangled on Dean’s bed lightly stroking each other, breathing hard, breathing the same air as their eyes stayed locked together.

And then Castiel broke Dean out of his spell as the words left his lips as barely a whisper, “I want you to make love to me.” Not, ‘I want to make love to you’, but the other way around and did that mean…?

Dean was pulled free from the spell and thrown into a trance, unable to speak.

“Where’s the-” Dean pointed at the top-drawer in the bedside table. Castiel fished out a bottle a lube and started preparing himself, leaving Dean to watch as he slid a single digit inside himself. Dean had never seen Castiel like this, he didn’t even know if Cas had ever been penetrated before. Dean freaked internally for a moment because Castiel seemed like he knew what he was doing and Dean was sure he did, but Dean had no idea what to do himself. Dean had never been the top with a man.

But it turned out Dean didn’t need to do anything. Castiel opened himself up to the point where he had three, long, fingers buried inside him and he was panting. It was the most delicious thing Dean had ever seen and so unlike how this usually went, but then, nothing was as it usually was anymore. They were trying something knew and the fact that Castiel was offering himself this way to Dean had a deeper meaning than just the purpose of sex.

After having sex with each other for months Dean and Cas had become in sync, all Castiel had to do was look Dean in the eyes and Dean instantly knew what he wanted him to do.

Dean lay back on the bed, getting comfortable and propping a pillow under his head. Castiel crawled on top of him looking down upon him and it was as if they had reached a whole new degree of intimacy. Castiel positioned them and then he slowly slid down, burying Dean inside of him. Dean moaned at how perfect it felt. Castiel was tight. When he was fully seated Castiel grabbed Dean’s hands and intertwined their fingers, holding them above Dean’s head, as he started moving slowly up
and down. The pace he set was torturous and just right, they were in no rush.

There were no words; the only sounds the slight creaking of the bed and their breathing and moans. Castiel arched his back when he found the right angle and Dean brushed against his prostate, but not once did they lose eye contact. Black, lust-blown pupils swallowed up Castiel’s usual vibrant blue eyes and Dean knew he looked much the same, his golden green only a thin sliver.

The pace only sped up by just a fraction, but Castiel was the definition of self-control and he made sure Dean stayed planted on the bed and let Cas ride him. This way Castiel was still the one in charge and Dean could relax knowing that.

Castiel only let go of Dean’s hands when he reached down to touch himself in slow, languid strokes. Dean planted his hands on Cas’ hips, a feather light touch.

Castiel came over his own hand and onto Dean’s stomach and not once did he blink or close his eyes, he let Dean see everything, every emotion running through him and Dean felt honored.

When Castiel tensed around him, Dean’s orgasm followed right after. It wasn’t mind-blowing like what he had tried before, but it felt deep and meaningful and it was nice.

Castiel had gone to the bathroom to collect a washcloth to clean them up and when he returned to bed Dean snuggled up against him. Dean loved listening to Castiel’s heart as it beat its rhythm inside his ribcage, it was like a lullaby to Dean and he felt himself drifting off.

But just as he had closed his eyes Cas deep voice spoke, the vibrations rumbling through his chest, “You know, that very first time when I saved you from that creep and you were knocked out cold, blood running down your forehead, I remember thinking to myself that this was the most beautiful man I had ever seen.” Castiel was running his fingernails lightly over Dean’s back making him shiver, “And then the first time I saw your eyes I was lost.”

Dean felt Castiel’s breath on his hair, “I knew I needed to have you and as I told you before I was a coward. I was too scared. I thought making the arrangement was the best way of doing things, but I had such a hard time controlling myself. Remember that first time I made you masturbate in front of me and I left you alone afterwards, which I’m so sorry I did,” Dean nodded against Cas’ skin, “I had to leave. I was dissolving, all the control I thought I had was pouring away. If I had stayed I would have done something unprofessional. It was just so hard to contain myself when you were all begging, sweet, and had that stupid boyish charm that I can’t resist,” he huffed a small laugh, “I
They had officially been together for a month now and Dean couldn’t be happier. They had their scenes, but he never had to sleep alone in a big bed afterwards ever again. For some reason their relationship was much more domestic than Dean had thought it would be, but he enjoyed it. He loved it when they cooked together, when they ate together, and when they just enjoyed each other’s company and a quiet evening on the couch. He loved the days they all spent together Gabriel, Sam, Castiel, and Dean, one time they had also brought Claire, doing stuff a family would do. He loved the days where they were alone, days spent at Cas’ apartment where they could pretend to be the only people left on earth.

Days like this Dean especially enjoyed, days where they could sit in silence in their own corner of the room and do whatever they wanted to without the need to talk, just being near the other was enough.

Dean was sprawled on his stomach on the soft carpet of the floor, looking through pamphlets of classes and colleges that Cas had brought after Dean had let it slip one night that he had thought of going back to school. Castiel was sitting at the dinner table tapping away on his computer occasionally stopping to just stare at the screen like he waited for it to talk to him.

At some point Dean got too curious about what all that tap, tap, tap was for, especially since he knew Castiel had finished grading papers last night, “What are you doing?” he asked, looking up at where Cas was seated.

“I’m trying to write another book I think,” Castiel answered hesitantly, not looking away from the screen.

“You think? What’s it about?”

“I’m having difficulties getting everything I want to say onto the paper. All I know is that it’s going to be a sequel to Angels. It’s going to be the story of my life but this time it’s about a time where I was happy and no longer in misery. It’s basically about me meeting the man of my dreams,” Cas was looking at him now, a big dopey smile grazing his face.
Dean smiled just as dopily, “You’re such a sap, but that does sound like an interesting story, especially that prince charming, make sure to capture my beauty,” he winked and then as an afterthought asked, “What’s it going to be called?”

“Just like you and just like what we have, it’s Made in Heaven.”

“Then I know exactly how you should start it.”

*I'm taking my ride with destiny*

*Willing to play my part*

*Living with painful memories*

*Loving with all my heart*

*Made in heaven, made in heaven*

*It was all meant to be, yeah*

*Made in heaven, made in heaven*

*That's what they say*

*Can't you see?*

*Oh I know, I know, I know that it's true*

*Yes it's really meant to be*

*Deep in my heart*

*I'm having to learn to pay the price*

*They're turning me upside down*

*Waiting for possibilities*

*Don't see too many around*

*Made in heaven, made in heaven*

*It's for all to see*
Made in heaven, made in heaven
That's what everybody says
Everybody says to me
It was really meant to be
Yeah, yeah

When stormy weather comes around
It was made in heaven
When sunny skies break through behind the clouds
I wish it could last forever, yeah
Wish it could last forever, forever

I'm playing my role in history
Looking to find my goal
Taking in all this misery
But giving in all my soul

Made in heaven, made in heaven
It was all meant to be, yeah
Made in heaven, made in heaven
That's what everybody says
Wait and see, it was really meant to be
So plain to see
Yeah, everybody, everybody, everybody tells me so
Yes it was plain to see, yes it was meant to be
Written in the stars...
Written in the stars...
It's done!! If you're sitting right now feeling like there's something missing, maybe a certain scene... Then don't worry I have timestamps in the making <3

End Notes

Feel free to leave a comment, I love getting feedback. Hope you enjoyed the story.

I know this is a DCBB without any art, but my artist disappeared on me... maybe I'll fix a little something for it myself one day

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!