Set on fire to keep you warm

by adela_19, gaysushiroll

Summary

Do you know what love is? Castiel sure doesn’t. It’s not his fault anyways. There was no one to love, no one who deserved his affection, no one that gave a shit. But that’s the stereotype for the mafia, a sickening cold organization formed only of pursuers of highly illegal shit, or that’s how Castiel sees it. And truth is… it is so much worse.
That’s exactly why he hated following his family’s orders. There were other options in this world. Not that he cared, not that he wanted to care. And that’s why he retired.

That and a certain feisty green-eyed submissive…

Notes

Finally! I wanted to write this story for so long oh my god like i’ve been thinking about it for months.():))
But i suck at writing so there are a few disclaimers i wanna name before we start.
1.usually when i write stuff i get freaking lost in details ,which sometimes leads to plot holes.I will do my best to write this story in the best quality because it means a lot to me.Just to be sure if you ever find a plot hole ,let me know and i’ll fix it.
2.the first couple of chapters may be a little boring but they are crucial to the story so just trust me
3.you will see that Dean and Castiel's relationship is going to start off a little bit weird and that Dean is going to be an asshole and Cas,despite his past,is a the cutest thing to ever exist
4.A lot of informations in this story are just pure research (i have never experienced BDSM, nor do i speak russian and i sure as hell am not a mobster) so please forgive me if there might be unrealistic descriptions.

ok so that's all...i think.Anywaaaay thank you for taking the time to read and please leave a kudo or comment to let me know what you think.
5 years ago

"The fuck are we doing here, Gabriel?" Castiel huffed as he followed his brother through the club.

Castiel chose to call it a club. That’s what it was- a club, with just a twist of BDSM, but that remained unsaid. Actually, yeah it was a fucking BDSM club, in the middle of fucking nowhere. Where were they now, anyway? Around Kansas somewhere? Lawrence maybe? Fuck if he knew. Hell if he cared.

Castiel kept dragging his feet in an exhausting attempt not to kill his brother for forcing him to assist his little sexcapades. The job was tiring. It had been a particularly crappy day with losing the two million and with their dad up their asses to get back the money and now Gabe wanted some action to relieve the ‘stress’. Castiel could relieve the stress just fine by being at home, in a peaceful environment, because he wasn’t a neanderthal. He didn’t need sex to feel better. Or whatever this shit was.

"Just exploring, little brother!" Gabe winked at Castiel over his shoulder.

"Does the exploring have to take place…here?" asked Castiel as he started to visually search the place. It definitely had a sexual vibe to it. It was like a normal club with prostitutes, only fancier. There was more leather than it should have been considered normal. Some people had black leather collars around their necks that looked more like chokers and some had black leather bracelets around their wrists. Very big. Very obvious. The concept of it was still a little unclear in Castiel’s head. One was supposed to submit and one was supposed to dominate, that much he knew.

He stopped thinking about it. He didn’t need to know. His brother’s kinks and fetishes were his own damn business. The sound of several voices moaning, the music and the buzzing that came from Castiel’s own overthinking came back to his ears. He didn’t realize how weird it all seemed. People were spanked, some were manhandled, some were downright choked and, surprisingly, Castiel felt himself suddenly blush and his pants constrict.

There were gay ‘couples’, he guessed you could call them, and straight ones and sometimes there were freaking threesomes, assuming the orgies took place somewhere more private. It suddenly felt like an enormous orgy that he wasn’t invited to. He tried to look for his brother, but he was long gone, taking a girl to one of the actual rooms prepared for this kind of thing. At least he had a little bit of shame for fuck’s sake. As he turned to leave, he scanned the place once again, taking it all in. It was… interesting.

Would he be a sub or a dom? What would he like? His sexual encounters were regular and meaningless. He never bottomed. Well, he did once with Bartholomew and he wasn’t impressed. Much better to top. To have the control, the power. That’s what he enjoyed best, to have someone underneath him, someone to satisfy, while he chased away his own desires. He never gave the subject much thought, you know, with all the murders and various illegal encounters he was caught up in. The thought became more and more appealing, to have someone that obeyed you and someone that depended on you to care for them…

A dominant for sure.
What the *actual* fuck? Didn’t he have some other shit to do than wander over blue skies?! Screw that! Gabriel’s the one knocked in the head, not him.

At least not until now.

He was making his way out of the place when he saw *him*.

The man was splayed almost naked on one of the red satin couches. His hands were gripping the back of the sofa in a futile attempt to maintain his calm. His legs were spread wide and between them was another man who’s back expressed tension and arrogance, while he was probably kissing or who-fucking-knows-what the other guy’s throat working his way down to some more intimate parts.

But fuck that guy.

It was the man receiving the treatment that fascinated him. He had his head leaned back exposing his Adam’s Apple’s very obvious bobbing movements above his black choker. He was the submissive. Castiel felt himself getting hard for real this time. His lips were parted eliciting loud moans that were probably just for show. Castiel could actually make him scream. The sudden thought sparked some type of twisted pride and also worry about his unforeseen behavior.

Now he really had to leave. He was becoming a pervert.

He didn’t realize how close he was to the actual scene or how hard he was staring. Until the guy leaned his head forward and opened his eyes to find Castiel creeping. Holy *fuck*. Not even the thick smoke could shadow the most beautiful green eyes he had ever seen, even though it was now clear how inebriated he was. He looked more like he was high, maybe he was both. Perhaps that’s why he enjoyed himself so much. Castiel knew the effect this kind of substances could have on people.

They stared at each other for a few seconds. Moments in which, Castiel expected green-eyes to call him out or tell him to fuck off. Instead, green-eyes licked his lips seductively and winked at Castiel.

Shocked out of his wits at how fervent and confident the stranger seemed, he willed his legs to move. It was time for him to go.

Little did he know it was just the beginning.

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"Come on, Krushnic!" Alistair screamed. "You can’t hide from me forever!"

Thank *fuck* for the cliche scenario of being in an abandoned warehouse full of discarded piles of shit that could manage to hide the Krushnic brothers for a little bit.

"You’re freaking useless, Gabriel!" Castiel rasped as he loaded his gun for the third time in twenty minutes.

"Now that’s just rude!" he hissed.

"I don’t care!" Castiel responded. "What are we supposed to do now ?"

"If you’d stop yelling, I could concentrate, asshole!" Gabriel retorted.

"Useless." Castiel huffed before signing his brother to start walking in the opposite direction of him. Maybe they could circle Alistair and be done already. Their conflict was getting boring. So what if they stole 2 mils worth of drugs. They were practically theirs, to begin with.
‘Divide and conquer’ should do the trick. All the guards were just corpses on a red-stained floor, so it was two to one. If they didn’t kill the jackass, they should be able to, at least, get out alive.

He spotted Alistair walking in Gabriel’s direction, turning around regularly like a dog sniffing his tail. Easy target. He didn’t stand a chance. When there was enough distance between them, so Alistair couldn’t register the place where the shot was fired from, Castiel aimed at his shoulder, just to play fetch and of course, he didn’t miss. He rarely missed. Alistair spun around, shock and pain written on his face as he searched for the shooter but Castiel hid faster and signaled Gabriel to shoot too. He did and he the bullet incapacitated his left leg.

But now Alistair was running for the door using the last of his adrenaline to get to a safe place. Before they could get to him, Alistair was long gone, not even one of Gabriel’s bullets touching him. "Shit." he heard Gabriel whisper. The first and only one that got away. Nobody would know about this.

Castiel held off.
He knew better.
They would meet again.
Castiel would be ready.

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This is what insanity looks like. He must be going crazy at last.

Those were the thoughts going through Castiel’s head as he, once again, entered the BDSM club in Lawrence, Kansas. He surpassed a couple that was making out quite loudly by the entrance and began to scan the space for any sight of green eyes.

Jewel-like green eyes that haven’t left his mind since he saw them. Since he saw him. As time passed and Castiel willed himself to let go of his soon-to-be-obsessive behavior towards the man that he saw that night - that damned night- he found himself attracted to the club again, giving himself talks at night about how he is a fucking idiot. And he never fucking listens!

But, the truth is, beyond the blood and the gore that doesn’t phase Castiel a bit, he is a weak man. That’s exactly why he is here. He doesn’t know why he went to these kinds of lengths to come to this club when there are BDSM clubs anywhere you’re willing to search. Sometimes, Castiel likes to fool himself and think that he just developed a sudden interest in the art that is bondage, which is half true. He is actually kind of curious and if he wouldn’t have a job that included smuggling drugs and training to kill an average of ten opponents in less than a minute, he would like to explore some things.

But for now, he resumed at just watching, or so does the red leather bracelet tell the people there. He saw in the far corner a blonde girl that made a great job of riding her dominant’s cock and if it weren’t for the gag, she probably would have expressed her feelings in a more vocal way. Right next to him was a guy that kneeled totally naked at a woman’s feet while she drank her cocktail and whispered words in his ear. Some people were just talking or observing, like him, while others were running desperately for the private rooms to start their business.
In the middle of the room was a stage, a large one meant to give people space to share their sexual experiences at everyone’s expanse. Right then, for example, there were two dominants up there, both of them males, and another guy hanged from the ceiling by his arms, blindfolded and gagged, moaning and whimpering for release. Castiel couldn’t help but find it enticing. He wished he could do that to someone, have the consent to control another human being in all his actions. But for now, it all had to remain a dream. Shady business and BDSM didn't mix well probably.

With all of his new knowledge gathered in hours of observing the different couples playing, the idea of letting himself enjoy something like that became a dream labeled as ‘one day’, something that might actually happen in the future.

Whenever he imagined himself taking on the dominant role, it always felt somehow more free than he had ever been, always staring into green eyes and hearing throaty moans and ragged breaths. Speaking of green…

There was none.

A pang of disappointment shot through Castiel’s chest, but he told himself, yet again, it was because he had found a nonpursuable activity, not that the green-eyed submissive was missing from the picture the one night Castiel could actually be there.

He exited the club without looking back.
Chapter 2

Chapter by adela_19

Chapter Notes

I should have said this before buuuuuut i'm dumb. I like this plot very much and i think it has potential, therefore I'm going to update this as much and as fast as i can. I'm yet again very insecure about the story evolving and my writing in particular but mah BETA (I'm kissing her ass ik sorry) told me it was fine. Anyway, please enjoy! *sweats nervously as she retreats back in her cave*

3 years ago.

Castiel Krushnic could work any job. He’s a legend, just like his father, people couldn’t explain how he always finished the job, how he could kill so many people in cold blood and still sleep peacefully at night. It was so simple, but they still didn’t get it.

Castiel didn't care either way.

He didn’t love.

He never truly lived.

He got the job done. That was what his bastard father wanted, that was what he did. He killed and tortured and did all kinds of illegal shit, just so his father could see him as an obedient son and lay right off.

Gabriel, on the other hand, was not that smart and kept his righteousness close by, always asking if they really had to kill so many people, to betray their allies, to be spontaneous and do demented shit. Gabriel was the one that was closer to the definition of living. He loved Castiel and he never forgot to remind him that they were brothers and that brothers loved each other. Fervently, he usually added. Castiel just nodded, keeping his observations a secret.

Castiel loved Gabriel so much. Maybe someday he would show it, show his feelings freely without the faint fear that he’ll get him killed. So he refrained. Withheld from feelings. Just kept going through the motions, praying that when all was said and done, he would get his happy ending.

That’s what Castiel wanted the most - a happy ending portrayed by a domestic life without guns and drugs and mobsters and fucking douchebags at every corner. He knew Gabriel secretly wanted to own a bakery in a normal town, to lead a boring life.

In his dream, he saw himself going to college and teaching history to new generations, passing his hidden love for the subject onto the students, while showing them that learning can be fun and it can be an involuntary action. After work, he would go to his brother’s bakery and talk his ears off while also stealing his fresh-out-of-the-oven products. And if his green-eyed husband couldn’t meet him during the day, he would be running home to him or waiting for him and then they would be talking for hours about everything and nothing. Then the dream ended and he found himself sleeping in a bed too big for him or in some stranger’s bed with whom he’d shared his body that night.
So he waited. He refrained.

And years kept passing, jobs kept coming. People got killed. Castiel kept pretending to be oblivious to all aspects of life.

It wasn’t anything like PTSD. He didn’t dream about the people he killed, he didn’t see their faces or their ghosts in the night hours, but he felt sorry, almost guilty. He wasn’t like this, his true self wasn’t like this. That was his father, the great mob king, the boss of everything and everyone.

Castiel hated him. Looking back now, there was a time where he respected his father and yearned for his affections. As soon as he learned about his dad’s business and was forced into it, he stopped seeing his father as a parental figure and more like a torturer, and so he kept his dream of getting himself and his brother out hidden, while he did everything his father had asked him to.

He knew it would all end with the king’s death. Even with all the crap their father had put them through, neither of the brothers truly wanted their other parent to die too, but they knew it was their sanity and the lives of at least another hundred people in the game, so the choice was already made. His father had so much confidence that just the thought of his family conducting a business together was enough. No ties, no employees, just the three of them.

From a young age, he kept himself under layers and layers of lies and preconceptions, because there was no one Castiel loved or wished to reveal his true self to.

So he waited.

He thought he would never see the day. At times he even went as far as to consider his dreams and aspiration childish and impossible, and his hope was starting to drain, but he never let it show, his face a constant mix of coldness and disinterest.

Until it happened.

They were in their main command center in New York, which was disguised as a marketing corporation building. Castiel was playing poker in his office with his brother.

"You suck at this game, Cassie!" Gabriel called at his Castiel as he watched his hand with a grin on his face.

"And you, Gabriel, need to work on your subtlety." Castiel responded as he laid out the four A’s smirking.

"Not again!"

"Yes again!"

"How do you do it?" Gabriel cried out.

"One word: Attention." Castiel said as he winked and mixed the cards for a new game.

"That’s bullshit."

Castiel stared at his brother as he put down the cards down, the pack still intact.

"So when we’re playing you pay attention?" Castiel raised an eyebrow.

"Of course. How else am I supposed to do it?"
"Are you sure, brother?"

"Castiel, I don’t know what the fuck you want me to say."

"I want you to think about the game and remember your actions and your thoughts."

"I’m thinking that I want to win and I play the game."

"Yes, you see. You’re thinking you want to win, right?" Gabriel nodded, still failing to see Castiel’s point of view. "Good. So you winning, means me losing, right?" Gabriel continued to agree non verbally. "Great, so because you’re an asshole and have poor distributive attention, you concentrate on finding ways to trick me to make me lose the game than ways to help you gain the upper hand, am I right?"

Gabriel’s wide eyes answered for him, mishowing Castiel that he was right.

"How the fuck –"

Castiel’s phone rang and he made hushing signs to Gabriel before responding. It was father.

"Father. What-?" he didn't get to finish.

"I'm sorry." a familiar voice responded, but it wasn't father's. "Daddy's a little incapacitated now."

"For fuck's sake. What's it this time?" Castiel drew out. Another day, another kidnapping, another kill. Just when he thought he had a free day. He gestured to Gabriel to track the call, while Castiel had an oh-so-cliche conversation.

"Down, boy. No need to get aggressive." the man slurred his words. Where had he heard that voice?! They had met before. "I mean I understand the need to get a little angry seeing how I'm finally about to win, but, you know, keep it in check."

Azazel.

"Got it."Gabriel whispered as he noted the address on a post-it. They made their way out of Castiel's office, still having Azazel on the line.

"Go on." he said. "You tracked me down. Now come to your death like obedient little dogs that you are." then the line went dead. Castiel pocketed his phone, trying to calm down so he could come up with a plan.

"We're almost there."Gabriel announced.

"Good."Castiel said as he got his handgun out of the glove compartment and loaded it. Then he tucked in his coat's interrior pocket along with another cartridge full of ammo. "Do you have your gun?"he asked. Gabe nodded.

"This ends now."

Turned out they were outnumbered. Of course. There was no fair fight when it came to Azazel. Greedy son of a bitch!

They got out of the car slowly and searched the place silently for any signs of an ambush or hidden traps, just like their dad taught them to. Gabe looked like he didn’t see anything when Castiel wanted to move his attention to the actual action, he heard a faint beeping and followed the sound. It was coming from the dozen bodyguards. Not even their shouting could keep Castiel from hearing. Beep-
It kept getting louder or maybe it was because Castiel was concentrating on it. He could see, between the dozen bodyguards, that were taking turns at beating the shit out of his father, a small device tied to their dad’s right leg. It was surrounded by a lot of different-colored wires and it had small red numbers on a too-small-of-a-display to read. A bomb.

“The bastard and the idiot!” Azazel greeted, coming to stand with his back at the other four guards instructed to be on the lookout for the idiot.

It all clicked. They were having a freaking execution. They were the ones executed. It felt so surreal. They might not make it. It was the first time Castiel actually thought about it and, on some level, it was terrifying.

They would make it. Castiel would make sure of it.

“Ouch. Why is Cassie the idiot, huh?” Gabe took the initiative to approach as Castiel calculated the best way to gain the advantage over them, disarm a freaking bomb and still get out alive. Their chances weren’t the best, but it wasn’t impossible. Good. Castiel did the impossible.

“Keep pulling cheap jokes. I can see you’re actually scared out of your wits. It’s just the way it is.”

“See, you and every asshole like your majestic self is the reason why this planet is going to crap.” Gabriel smiled. Cocky jackass. “I know we’re better than you, but this-” he glanced around dramatically “-ain’t the way to do it.”

“Don’t get so full of yourself, little boy. I got my orders.” He circled Gabriel “Not that I wouldn’t enjoy killing you eitherway.”

He used the distraction to approach their father a little so he could see the time on the bomb.

One minute.

A minute worked just fine for him. For Gabe, he could do it. He was no amateur.

A plan. He needed a plan first. Fuck. No time. He took his gun out and fired a shot upwards as to attract everyone’s attention to himself. Gabriel jumped into action and killed the four guards protecting Azazel. The first one received a bullet right in the heart, the second one in the head and the third and fourth one shared a bullet. All that was left was a heavy breathing, stoic little brother. His brother was just awesome at times.

50 seconds.

“Cassie! Now!” Gabe screamed as he acted, yet again, as a distraction for Azazel. Enraged, the enemy boss jumped at his brother’s throat and left the way open for Castiel to get to his father. Idiot. He had first to kill just a dozen other guards. Nothing.

40 seconds.

To their minds, the poor monkeys were trained really good, but contrasting with Castiel’s point of view, they couldn’t be more unprepared for a fight. Uncoordinated and eager to fight they all ended up as rotting corpses at Castiel’s feet.

30 seconds.
“Father!” Castiel shook him by his shoulders. He didn’t respond. Castiel desperately took his pulse without any response. Dead. Fucking hell!

20 seconds.

Gabriel and Azazel came into view. They were both on the floor. Azazel was straddling his brother, his hands having a death grip on his neck, as he started squirming less and less, sign that he was losing conscience quickly. Castiel ran to them and kicked Azazel square in the jaw, causing him to lose balance and fall on the side, clawing at his mouth that was now bloody.

15 seconds.

Castiel approached Azazel. Two bullets left. He was gonna make it good. He pointed the gun at his head, stepping on his neck.

“Goodbye, motherfucker.” He shot him in the head, all of his struggling draining away instantly. He fired another shot into his heart. Just to be sure.

He got back to his brother and carried him to the car.

10 seconds.

He ran, holding him tightly as not to lose him on the way. Without minding Gabe’s injuries or his own he crammed his brother into the backseat and jumped in the driver’s seat.

0 seconds.

He stepped on the acceleration, escaping the fire’s raging flames by millimeters.

When they were out on the open road again, Castiel made sure they weren’t followed before turning to check on Gabe. He was looking out the window, clutching at his sides, trying to diminish the pain.

“Are you ok, Gabriel?”

He chuckled as he looked at his little brother through the rearview mirror.

“I think so.” he responded. “How about you?”

“I’m fine.”

“You sure, little bro?”

“No. But I will be. We will be fine.”

“Damn right we will.”

“Damn right.” Castiel agreed and drove on.

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2 years ago.

The doorbell rang.

"Finally!“ Castiel groaned, hurrying to open the door. Unfortunately for him, there wasn’t anyone
"Hello, little brother!" Gabriel greeted enthusiastically.

"For fuck’s sake, Gabriel, if you’re not here to deliver my couch, please leave." Castiel said as he closed the door and got back into the kitchen. Not seconds later, the door opened again and Gabriel stepped inside and followed Castiel with his signature lollipop in his mouth.

"Come on, Cassie! Don’t be like that!" he smirked.

"I am not in the mood now, Gabe!" he called as he began stirring the sauce for the spaghetti. He worked quickly, hearing his stomach growl with every movement he made.

"Who pissed in your cereal?" frowned Gabe.

"There were no cereal for anyone to piss in," Castiel sighted "I didn’t eat anything today, because I was freaking shopping for pillows and bed covers and it took me some time to find colors that fit and I lost track of time. Then I had to search for an actual bed and that’s a whole other nightmare, but it should be here in about a week. And without a bed, I can only sleep on the couch, but the couch is late yet again, so that probably means another great night of sleeping on the oh so clean floor." He set the spoon on the counter and turned around to face his brother, groaning again and leaning on the counter with his head thrown back.

"I’ll be damned." Gabe took the lollipop out of his mouth for Castiel to hear him. "Who knew the big Castiel Krushnic could kill twenty people single handed, but not be able to find matching bed spreads in a reasonable amount of time?" He laughed at his own bad joke.

"This is not a game, Gabriel." Castiel began stirring again, this time faster. "And it’s Jimmy now." He glanced at his big brother.

"Oh, come on! What’s wrong with Castiel again?" Gabe asked, his eyebrows drawn together. "Why do you wanna change your name so bad? Do you not like it anymore or something?"

"Gabriel we’ve talked about this. We need to stay off the radar. Changing our names is one of the normal precautions."

"Yes, and while that is total bullshit, I have still agreed to change our names to Novak. What more do you want?"

Castiel sighted.

"Right now, I want for you to shut up." He placed a plate on the counter and then turned back to his pot to taste the sauce. Not salty enough. He went to grab the salt.

"Very funny, Castiel." Gabriel fake-laughed. "But why though? You still haven’t told me."

"The police, for example. What happens if they find us, huh?"

"I thought I told you to stop lying, jackass. The police will never find us. You know why, because they have no clue we even exist. Underground drug dealing, Cassie. Remember?"

"I remember."

"One thing dad was good at was keeping us out of the FBI’s cards or whatever organization deals with our line of work. As far as our concern goes, our hands couldn’t be cleaner."
"Yeah, that and torturing his sons." Castiel grumbled to himself, but his brother still heard.

"Oh. I got it now."

"You do?" he mocked.

"You are just dying to forget about that life. This is probably your messed up way of closing the chapter. You wanna be… reborn, is that it? Am I right?" Gabe raised an eyebrow, waiting for Castiel’s respons. He put the plate on the table and set a fork next to it. Castiel raised his head to look his big brother in his hazel eyes.

"Partially, yes. Also Jimmy Novak isn’t a serial killer and a messed-up asshole like Castiel fucking Krushnic."

"You can’t be serious, Castiel."

He lowered his head, but Gabriel held his gaze, pinning him with it as he continued to talk. Castiel had to give it to him. Sometimes he was imposing and scary as fuck. Rare were those times.

"You are not messed up and you are not a serial killer, ok?" he searched for any signs of understanding in Castiel. He found none, so he went on. "You were forced to do those things. So was I. I don’t consider myself a bad person. You shouldn’t either." He smiled and approached Castiel a little to put his hand on his shoulder. Probably reassurance. "Frankly, you’re way better as Castiel Krushnic. And I’m not saying the domestic life doesn’t look good on you, but try using some of your ex-mobster skills to search for those pillows, ok Cassie?"

He smiled and nodded in response. "They were actually pillow covers and- "

"I don’t give a shit." Gabriel grinned. "Come on, let’s eat." He said as he went to take another plate.

"Oh, you’re actually staying?" Castiel teased.

"Ah, little brother, your love for me always makes me blush."

"Shut up." He filled two glasses with whiskey and sat down. "You don’t have anything else to do? Did your bed already arrive?" Castiel asked.

"Nope." Gabriel sat as well. "The pros of buying an already furnished house, dear brother. I'm not replacing shit there." he winked as he dug in his spaghetti. "Now I need to teach you how to cook too."

"Like you could do it better." Gabriel snorted.

"I own a freaking restaurant, idiot. I can probably cook better than you."

"Restaurant, my ass." It was Castiel’s turn to snort "That’s a combination between a backery and a candy shop. You’re not that cool."

"I beg to differ." Gabriel kept talking, while he had food in his mouth. As Castiel raised his fork to finally eat, the doorbell rang again.

"Goodie." Gabe clapped "Your couch is here."

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Castiel was alone in his big new house. He finally finished furnishing it. His office, his bedroom, the
guest bedroom, the living room, the freaking kitchen, everything done. It had felt like a never ending fight, finding the matching colors and designs and buying furniture, seriously how do people do it? It was frustrating and way too stressful.

But it was over. Everything was done. Almost everything.

In that big house, that has now been renewed by its new owner Jimmy Novak in the acts, Castiel Krushnic in real life, there was one room that was completely empty. No furniture, no paint, not even a floor, just four depressing walls and a door.

Castiel wanted to leave it like that until he finally made up his mind. He kept thinking about it. About enjoying it. Every time he came closer to the same answer- yes.

Yes, he could do it. Yes, he would fucking enjoy it. Yes, he wants to do it. Yes, he wanted to be the dominant. Yes, he wanted that green-eyed submissive.

He knew it. He was an obsessive-compulsive bastard and an ex-mobster screwed in the head. He would try though, because wanting to experience BDSM and actually being right for that kind of lifestyle are two very different things. He was willing to try.

Some might think that BDSM was just a way to get in touch with that man, that boy, actually - in Castiel’s head he’s no older than 20. Truth is, Castiel is fairly certain that he would try it even if he might never meet Green eyes. He would try, because he liked it. And some might want an elaborate description of his feelings on the matter, of the context that drove him to fulfilling his wish and Castiel would tell them to fuck off. He doesn’t know why or how he came to making these kind of decisions. He saw the club and then it clicked. The feeling of uneasiness, of loneliness, of being misunderstood, of being empty - he didn't have to keep them. He could fill the void. He could try.

When all of his guns have been put away, when his past life has been left behind, when he finally realized he was for the first time free of his mobster persona and left with a new canvas on which he would be able to paint his new life. So he started painting.

He moved to Lawrence for no apparent reason, on a whim he'd say; he bought a big house just because he wanted to, because it felt good to have something he truly wanted; he used his last contacts to become a history teacher at the local university, always being passionate about it, but never telling anyone as to not relieve too much of himself. He was starting to do it. To fill the canvas, to use the colors. No black, no grey, true colors.

He looked at his new life, at the colors on his palet and he was happy. Even with a part of the painting missing, even if he was conscious a color hasn’t been used, he kept stroking the other parts of the canvas, making sure everything was where it was supposed to be. Making sure what he painted until now was going to last. Then he kept asking what was missing, kept searching to find out…

Green was the missing color.

He wanted to use green too. He needed to use green too. Right next to the blue.

He started to research. Small steps. As he dug deeper, he started to understand what BDSM actually was, what it stood for, and how eronated his knowledge about it was.

Weeks passed, even months of pure research, but he never stopped, he never felt bored, he wasn’t driven away. He was imaging it more vividly now, the room, the scene, the props, every little detail, from the color of the room to the toys used for particular scenes to different positions to different
ways of aftercare, to different types of subs. He needed to start preparing the room. The room was dedicated to the part of Castiel’s life where he saw himself as a dominant, it felt like a testament to his old life and the door to the new one, the one he created for himself, the one he actually wanted.

He was succeeding. Castiel Krushnic or Jimmy Novak or fucking Castiel Novak, now was fucking doing it. Accepting himself and finally giving in to his dreams and he never felt so free. He could almost say—he felt happy.

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1 year ago.

"If you’re not going to stay still, I won’t be able to cuff you, Hannah." Castiel rasped, trying not to sound too harsh, but not like he was taking the bullshit.

"I’m sorry, Sir." Hannah whispered seductively. Castiel chuckled, closing the cuffs around her wrists. He looked at her, doubting the sincerity of her apology, but chose to move on. Hannah was a shy person on the outside, while her sub persona was so careless, so free, relying her trust on Castiel, letting him take care of her as she enjoyed herself. He won her over pretty fast, and for that Castiel was truly grateful.

They have been dating for less than two months, which made the BDSM relationship less than a month long. He still remembers his first reaction when Hannah suggested the ‘kinky sex’ as she liked to call it—he was confused, but at the same time relieved that an opportunity to try it out in person, not just in theory has shown up at his doorstep.

This was all new for him, the vanilla relationship, the BDSM part of it, all of it, but domestic life meant blending in, which indicated being domestic and doing boring people stuff, that ultimately excited him more than shooting a gun.

Yes, he was weird. He was also on his way to happiness.

The truth was he felt a little… nervous, you could say, about it. Not in this particular moment, not in this particular scene, but about this whole situation. His first contract, his first submissive and with that came responsibility and a whole agenda of aspects he needed to figure out about himself. Just so he could actually come to consider himself a dominant one day.

The green was starting to spread on the canvas, but, at least, it was there.

He wanted to explore the green, to find the green, to lose himself as he discover his true heart. He would prepare himself, he would set himself straight. For him. He would get to him. He would make him his.

He could have given up. God knew there have been and still were moments when he asked himself what entailed his obsession with the green-eyed man, why was it happening, what made him think about his moans, his eyes, his face or what he remembered every damn night for so long. His heart just wasn’t letting him give him up. So he wouldn’t. He would find him and he would make sure to be a good dominant for him.

"Remember the rules, Hannah?" he asked, getting off of the bed. She nodded. Castiel raised an eyebrow, a silent question hanging in the air.

"I stand still and don’t talk unless I’m asked." She squirmed under Castiel’s gaze. "If I do, I get
punished." she finished lowering her eyes. Castiel smiled and stroked her cheek lovingly.

"Good girl."

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Happiness isn’t forever. Castiel didn’t expect it to be, but it still felt like it ended too fast. He didn’t quite care, though he tried to; still, he felt like he lost something. Besides his girlfriend. His pride. His hope. Actually, his pride seemed quite intact and his faith burnt brighter accompanied by a strange confidence. So just the girlfriend was lost then.

He couldn’t exactly pinpoint the moment when things started going bad. He didn’t think it was that bad and, to be honest, it wasn’t. Hannah just tended to be a little bit… overdramatic, sweet all the same with a really kind heart, but freaking overdramatic and tiring.

As soon as she shared her thoughts with Castiel about her not feeling like she belonged or like Castiel was enough for her, he let her go- no questions asked. He appreciated her honesty and counted her as a useful experience.

That day was an uneventful one and everything went more than normal. It was just that Castiel felt a little bit off. He didn’t know if it was because of the papers that he was, yet again, late to grade or Hannah’s departure or what, but he didn’t feel quite like himself and assumed he just needed some time to relax. That was what he told himself he needed while getting in the car and driving to ‘Hell’s best’ or whatever the fuck that place was called. He wanted to see the green-eyed man again. It’d been at least two months since he’d been there last before he started seeing Hannah. Now, she was gone and he was free to do as he pleased.

Clasping his red bracelet he sheepishly made his way into the building and found a seat in the far corner, at the bar, searching silently for apple-green and sinful moans.

Suddenly, on the stage, there were two men bringing over a red-leather chair. After another two minutes of waiting, another guy stepped on the stage leading someone by a leash attached to their collar. He was pulling roughly, making the other boy stumble over his own feet. Something seemed off.

Castiel didn’t like the way the dominant treated the submissive. He exuded cockiness and coldness. No signs of tenderness. Maybe the sub was being punished was the thoughts supposed to calm down his conscience.

The submissive sat in the chair or more like fell into it, looking out of breath and letting his head be supported by the chair's back, but he was brought back by a too sharp slap from the dominant. It wasn’t right. It didn’t feel proper. Treating the boy like that-like he was a slave. He was a prostitute indeed, but that did not make him any less human. He shivered at the thought.

He kept coming closer to the stage, without even realizing it. He saw him. His sub. Ok, not his. But soon-to-be, which was a very creepy way to put it.

Castiel could see him drained of life, pupils were blown as he fought to keep his eyes open, probably high again. Maybe that was how the scene was supposed to be. Maybe they were role-playing. Nobody else seemed to have a problem with the dom’s behavior, so he just counted it as his own protective instincts and kept watching.

"How are you doing, little bitch?" the dom snickered. The submissive mumbled something incoherent which earned him another slap. The force of it echoed into the room.
"Answer me."

"M’fine." the green-eyed man struggled to speak.

"Do you know what’s happening now, Michael?"

*Michael. His name was Michael.*

"I’m being- " his head kept lowering in an attempt to doze off. He looked so tired. He looked downright sick. "-punished." He finished.

"That’s right." The dominant smiled. "Do you know why?"

Michael shook his head slowly, a movement hard to notice had Castiel not been paying all of his attention to the scene. Another slap cut through the tension of the room. Castiel cringed. His heart was breaking for his beautiful, precious Michael, but he couldn’t stop, he couldn’t attract attention so quickly so he just stood there, observing the passive crowd and the stage, taking Michael’s punishment like it was his own.

The sub was being gagged and blindfolded. He didn’t say no, he just took it. The other man didn’t even ask for a safeword and something told Castiel there was no safewording accepted in their relation. Totally fucking wrong.

The submissive was being slapped again, harder and harder. After ten minutes of continuously willing himself to shut up, the dom exited the stage and returned in a heartbeat with a flogger.

Castiel kept watching with definite interest to see where it was going, telling himself that if he saw a drop of blood he would intervene and he would bring his sub justice. He was going to do that until he felt a hand on his shoulder and turned around to see a submissive entering his personal space as his lips ghosted over Castiel. He wanted to politely decline when he heard the man speak with a voice rough like whiskey.

"What’s your name, beautiful?" he purred. Castiel was taken aback by the submissive’s bluntness.

"I-I don’t play." He stammered pointing at his bracelet, but the sub didn’t even look.

"Stop fooling yourself." He demanded, keeping the innocent glint in his eyes. Then he kissed him and Castiel fell for it. He kissed back passionately, without stopping to question his idiotic actions. When they parted the man whispered.

"Just go to Crowley and ask for Balthazar and I’m all yours." He slipped past Castiel into the crowd. Until this day Castiel couldn’t say what possessed him to do it, but God help him, he asked for the fiery submissive and he got him.

For months and months, he got him, developing yet another BDSM relationship with Balthazar: the one that was a firecracker on the outside as much as he was on the inside. He kept exploring, he kept forgetting about Michael and he kept scening with Balthazar, feeling more relaxed than he ever was, feeling like he was on his way to filling the hole in his heart.

But not quiet yet.

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“Oh, fuck!” Balthazar moaned breathlessly. “Where the fuck did you learn that, Cassie?” hearing him talk immediately made Castiel stop.

“I thought I told you to stay quiet.” he responded, unamused by Balthazar’s attempts at any sort of humorous activity during their scenes. Balthazar snapped his mouth shut, hearing Castiel using his dominant voice. *Playtime over.*

“Oh no, please keep talking.” Castiel got off the bed and looked down on his disrespectful submissive. Balthazar let out an actual whimper at the loss of contact, which only made Castiel’s enjoyment grow. “What are you waiting for, huh?” he took advantage of Balthazar’s pinned form and started stroking his torso with only the tip of his fingers, never giving enough pleasure, never taking away all the contact, making him squirm under his touch.

Balthazar was everything a submissive wasn’t, not a cell of his body willing to take commands or to obey, which made a great challenge for Castiel, but drove him crazy all the same. Rare were the times –like this one- when Castiel saw the unfiltered submissive behavior that Balthazar was actually capable of. So when the time for real play time came, Castiel made the most of it.

“Not so chatty now, are you?” Castiel’s other hand found his way to Balthazar’s throat. He didn’t hesitate to put a little pressure on his windpipe, not nearly enough to hurt him, but enough to make a point. “What did I tell you, pet? No talking.” A little bit more pressure. “And what did you do? You didn’t fucking listen to me.” Waiting for a reaction, he silently checked to see if there were any signs of something being wrong, mentally or physically. No signs. He went on.

“No worries.” He removed his hands quickly and jumped off the bed again. Balthazar squirmed again but remembered to be quiet. Castiel sat in the chair in the opposite corner of the room.

“Now talk.” He sighted and gave the sub a sign that meant go on. Balthazar kept his mouth shut, showing that he didn’t really understand the command.

“Let me clear it out for you. This is your punishment. You lost my touch for today by being a brat, but because I’m a nice person, I’m giving you permission to talk… dirty. You have an hour to talk yourself to completion.” Castiel smirked.

“But I…”

“Careful, your one hour started a minute ago.” Balthazar groaned at his dom’s words. “I know there’s like a 1% chance you’re actually going to be able to do it. So your actual punishment is not coming today.” He chuckled. “But you have to at least try to verbally get yourself off right now or we’ll going to extend the punishment to one week of teasing without even the thought of jacking off.” He adjusted himself in the chair and smirked.

“Go on. Don’t be shy.”

And so it went. The days, the weeks, the months of Castiel learning and gaining experience in the BDSM domain and forming a damn strong friendship with the little bitch that was Balthazar, who still couldn’t keep his mouth shut.

With all the scenes and all the care his friend required and all the willing on Castiel’s part for the green eyes to leave him alone, he still couldn’t do it. Believing that he was now complete, satisfied and ready to end his obsession was a damn fat lie and after whole months of saying the same thing – “I’m finally over it.” – and not believing it one bit, he found himself planning scenes that involved Michael more and more, designing new strategies of pleasuring and dreaming of allowing the green to extend over all the other colors on the covers. He needed to do it for his own good.
Maybe it was truly nothing special, just an infatuation to help Castiel set a point in his life. He considered the possibility of Michael being a complete asshole, whom he didn’t have shit in common and an even worst sub. He never got that far into truly thinking about it as his heart ached every time his brain brought up the crude reality of Michael being still a stranger. Castiel imagined a connection with a stranger. Four words: Screwed in the head.

He couldn’t wait any longer. He had to.

He waited for the contract he made with Balthazar to expire, still enjoying every last minute of it. Balthazar was actually one of the few people that knew about Castiel’s plans. He didn’t comment but offered his support and undying friendship and Castiel took them, grateful for people with a heart as pure as his, besides his moral faults he was golden.

Even if Balthazar thought he owned Castiel someway for helping him exit his prostitute life, Castiel would never hold it against him, wouldn’t think for a second Balthazar’s friendship was bought. Balthazar wasn’t like that. He could see it, even his ex-mobster senses approved.

He took the smoothness of the situation as a sign he should go on with his plan. As he made his way to the club he remembered a time, 5 years ago, when he was still under his father’s shoe, when he still didn’t have a say in what to do with his life, when his only light was his brother.

Until green eyes appeared…

He would finally meet his light.

He quickened his pace and hoped for the best.
Chapter 3

Chapter by adela_19

Chapter Notes

Surprisingly, i don't have anything to say here besides enjoy!

Please leave kudos or comments, telling me your thoughts or suggestions. Seriously though, comments are like drugs to writers:) See what i did there? No? Ok.

now

It all felt like a dream. He yearned after this for so long – the day everything would be in order and he would go meet his light. He entered the club and was greeted, as usual, by loud music accompanied by moans and whimpers and thick white smoke that announced the smell of marijuana, that would hit your nostrils in less than ten seconds. He didn’t give a shit about any of it.

Once he was in– red band around his wrist–he made his way to Crowley’s office without sparing a second thought. To be perfectly clear he didn’t like the man. The only thing that kept him from downright hating him was the fact that he was fair and clear about his deals. He didn’t give a shit about what happened in his club as long as something happened and he was getting money to support his ego. He was very clear the first time he and Castiel met that he wasn’t in charge of what happened to his subs, ‘his whores’ he called them. The name made Castiel flinch, along with the thought of treating people like animals. But that was Crowley and Castiel had no say in the matter, he couldn’t do anything now. Maybe one day, he will. Right now though, he settled for finding Michael.

He knocked on his door. A gruff ‘come in’ let him know it was time for him to put his business face on. The office was actually clean, compared to the rest of the rooms. Of course the only decent room would be for the boss. The asshole that didn’t acknowledge his employees, that didn’t have time to assure that people were practicing the complicated art of BDSM in a safe enviroment.

“Oh, Castiel! So nice to see you again!” Crowley greeted, fake smile stretching from ear to ear. Castiel could feel the hate radiating off of him. Maybe not hate, but he sure wasn’t happy to see him again. Maybe he was still bitter about Balthazar leaving. That was probably it, but it was Castiel’s time to show how cold he could be. He didn’t care about his whores, then he didn’t care that they left. Exept it was bad for business. Oh well.

“Likewise, Fergus.” Castiel responded. Crowley sneered.

“What brings you here today, angel?”

Castiel kept looking around for any signs of them being recorded. Just like the a last time, there were none. You can never be too sure though.

“Come to steal another whore?” he prodded.

“As a matter of fact, yes. I need someone again.”
“Goodie. Who’s it going to be this time?”

“I want Michael.”

“Michael?”

Castiel nodded.

“You know he’s one of my most expensive and most prided possessions?”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing, dear customer. I just want this to be clear between us.” Crowley leaned back in his chair. “I need him. I need him like he is right now. I give him to you, you use him, you bring him back to me. Understood?”

And now Castiel was supposed to give up on his plans? Was Crowey that stupid? Did he actually think Castiel came to request a one time thing? Was this a game to him? Crowley knew him, tried to play him. Castiel wasn’t an idiot either, he was a highly trained mobster - he did not take anyone’s bullshit.

“Understood. Except that I need him exclusively for myself.” he approached Crowley’s desk. “For an unlimited period of time.”

He seemed unfazed by Castiel’s request.

“Cute.” He puffed. “But sadly, I cannot accomplish your wish.”

“Can’t or won’t?”

“More like won’t but I’ll stick with both.” He intertwined his fingers and placed his hands on the desk. “Business talking now. You can probably guess it’s not up to me if you get him or not. Ok, it kind of is, but not in this situation. He has been on the market for what - six years now. Six years!” he hissed as though he couldn’t believe his own statement. Castiel had a hard time keeping up with him, trying to absorb all the information and make a new plan.

“Michael, as you want to call him, is very requested around here. A lot of people think he looks pretty so they want to have a go. I deny most of them. And you come here and try to get him all for yourself. And not only that – you think I’m gonna’ give him to you. No!”

“Why is that? Why are you so against me requesting Michael?!!”

Crowley sat back down.

“You know what? Take him. I don’t give a shit.” Crowley plopped back down in his chair. Castiel squinted at him.

“Why the sudden change?”

“I realized I don’t care about him, or you, or that fucking moron.”
“What moron?” Castiel asked

Crowley looked, for the first time, doubtful. Maybe he was afraid. Maybe this moron was someone dangerous, if he made Crowley cower. Maybe Crowley was just playing him. Too many maybes.

“A little too personal there. Mind your own business.”

Castiel snorted and Crowley smirked. It was going unexpectedly well.

“Tell you what, angel. I give him to you. But not exclusively you, not for an undetermined period of time. You may come here and if he’s free, you can have him. You got to understand you’re not the only customer. There are people who made appointments three months prior. Actually, looking at it, I would love to give him to you, but the other people - other person is too dangerous to mess with. And he wants Dean, even more than you do.”

Dean?

Is Dean Michael? Probably. Michael could be just a stage name. Crowley went on to his speech, waking Castiel from his thoughts.

“As much as I despise the fucker, he’s getting under my skin, and let me tell you, it’s not good. I curse myself everytime I see the other client that takes Dean, but it’s not my choice to deny him anything. He wanted him, he payed the money.” Crowley stopped again to take a long pull from his glass, that Castiel didn’t even pay attention to until now.

This right here, was a confession. Crowley was confessing to him - a stranger - his regret concerning Michael... Dean, concerning Dean. What was he regretting about Dean? What was wrong with the other client?

Castiel had no idea.

He would finally get Dean.

After all this time, he would live his dream. It wasn’t on his own terms, but they would work up to it. Castiel had his own ways. He was no longer blaming Crowley for being a grade A jackass. Even though he was, he understood. Crowley didn’t want to say it out loud but he cared. At least a little bit. About Dean. The man could make a person like freaking Fergus for fuck’s sake regret his decisions, even a little bit, then really Castiel underestimated him.

“Got it, feathers?” Crowley ended. He nodded. Crowley called for a girl named Ruby. A second later, a skinny, brunette, who couldn’t have been more than 25, stepped into her boss' office confidently.

“Get Dean!” Crowley said and the girl disappeared. When they were alone again, Crowley continued:

“You must know there’s a real big chance, the real Dean will shatter your carefully crafted dreams, Castiel. Try not to look so surprised. If you’re not actually pleased with what you’re seeing, you tell me and the deal is off, at any point.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

“Because I’ve seen a lot of people ask for him, see him in real life, not upstage, and demand another
sub. But what can we do? With deception comes rejection.”

As Crowley finished off, the door opened. A young man stepped in. He was held upright by Ruby as if he might fall walking on his own.

“Again?” Crowley asked, seeing him.

“Worse.” Ruby supplied. She was still holding the man.

After the door closed, Dean snatched his arm from her grip, muttering a half-hearted ‘m’fine’. Castiel didn’t buy it. Clearly neither did Crowley.

“What was it this time?” he asked, a hidden layer of concern for him being there.

Dean came to brace himself on his desk with both hands.

“The fuck do you care?” Dean slurred his hands.

“High again?” Crowley question, the concern discarded at Dean’s reaction.

“If only. By the way, imma need some more for tonight.”

“Why’s that? You have your own stash.”

“I don’t have what Al wants. The boss wants what he wants.” Dean gave a half-hearted chuckle.

“Fine. Got it.” Crowley raised from his chair and circled the desk, and came to stand next to Castiel, putting one hand on his shoulder, prior to presenting him.

“Dean. This is Castiel.” Castiel extended his hand and Dean took it and shook it, looking like he was putting all of his effort into this one action. Castiel didn’t like it. He liked Dean and, frankly, he was even more beautiful up close, if that was even possible. If Castiel wasn’t so concerned about Dean’s well-being at the moment, he would be mesmerized by how green Dean’s eyes were, how he had constellations of freckles dancing over his cheeks and the bridge of his nose, how his lips looked so full, so kissable, how his hair was just the right shade of sandy bonde that Castiel could barely contain himself.

All of his thoughts were snatched away by the tiredness in Dean’s eyes, by his oh-so-pale-skin that the freckles were barely noticeable, his chapped lips and unkempt hair. Not that he wasn’t extremely pretty. ‘Cause he was. It was Castiel’s heart that send an uneasy feeling through his whole body at the sight of such an uncrowned beauty tormented by sinful addictions and people.

“Hey.” Dean smiled as he let go of his hand leaving a tingly sensation behind in Castiel’s hand.

“He wants to make a deal.” Crowley stated. “You up for it?”

Dean looked like he was thoroughly debating his answear in the span of twenty seconds when his face broke into a grin.

“Sure, Cas.” His voice was so scrappy, so gravelly, probably from the drugs, but it was an amazing voice, even when it wasn’t speaking profanities or moaning in delight, his whiskey-like voice matched his persona. He was wearing washed up jeans with combat boots and a tight-fitting v-
necked t-shirt. Castiel snapped out of his fanboy-ing phase so can have an actual conversation with
the subject of his dreams in over five years now.

“Good. Well, I understand you’re not available for me exclusively.” At that, Dean just nodded. “But
I need to know when you are available, so we can work some sort of arrangement.” Dean nodded
again, his eyes betraying the fact his mind was far away from the conversation. It all seemed to click
with him seconds later when he responded.

“Yeah man, sure. Crowley.” he called Fergus, looking at him over Castiel’s shoulder. “Take up all
my days that are not with Allen.” He told him then approached Castiel, dragging one hand across the
surface of the desk. He stopped when he was just inches apart from Castiel. It felt like he had some
kind of angelic power, not touching Dean when he was so close to his speeding heart.

Dean’s eyes searched Castiel before he leaned even more in Castiel’s personal space that their chests
were brushing and whispered in his ear.

“You must be special. Crowley didn’t kick you out. I’m already impressed. At least you’re hot.”
Dean smirked. And Castiel was immediately turned on by Dean’s lack of personal space, however
deep inside, it all rubbed him the wrong way.

Another talent of Castiel’s was reading people. A skill that was helpful in a drug encounter, even
more in a battle, but infinitely helpful in real life. Something told Castiel this couldn’t be Dean’s
actual thoughts, this couldn’t be the actual Dean. Damn him for caring, but it seemed all so
rehearsed, so fake. He didn’t know what he was expecting. He felt bad for expecting anything.

Maybe it was a one time thing. Maybe Dean wasn’t actually a drug addict. Maybe it was an accident.
Again with all the maybe’s. It was clear as day what was happening here. And yet, Castiel’s thoughts
drifted back to Dean.

It wasn’t safe. Dean wasn’t safe. He doomed himself knowingly by using substances.

Castiel’s response was to think how he would like to take Dean from this enviroment and help. Just
help. And now he was done. Too personal, too fast. As far as Castiel should be concerned Dean was
here to give a service, there was no obsession for five fucking years, no showing up now and then
just to look for Dean in a BDSM club, none of that. Just a dom buying himself a sub.

“Dean has every night occupied except for Monday and Sunday.” Crowley spoke. Dean smiled and
patted Cas on the back.

“There you go, buddy. Do you want the thing to happen here or at your place?” Dean asked
nonchalantly, like he probably did for god-knows-how-many times before.

“My apartment would be more suitable.” Castiel willed himself to talk.

“Whatever’s good with you’s good with me.” Dean said as he started to walk very slowly, probably
because he tried to keep his balance and not fall over. He was doing a piss poor job out of it.
“Crowley’ll give me an address and an hour. Talk to him about the other details.”

Wait. Was he leaving? What the fuck?

“What about the contract?” Castiel asked. “This isn’t just a one-time thing. I want you every Sunday
and Monday now, for an unlimited time.”

“The what?” Dean asked incredulously. “Ohhhhh.” He said as though he was remembering
something of unimportance instead of a fucking document that binds the relation between a dom and
“Do people still do that?” he questioned, looking at Crowley. He nodded absently. “Ok then.” he fully turned to Castiel, a hand on the knob and another actually reaching for Ruby for support. It did looked like he would topple over any second.

“You can do whatever you want to me. I don’t have any limits. Now is there anything you would like to say?”

Castiel was dumbstruck. He couldn’t belive his ears. Is that how Dean did things? No wonder he ended up like that… Castiel felt immediately bad for thinking like that and erased those thoughts from his mind.

“Actually, yeah.” He found himself speaking without the consent of his mind. “Whatever you’re on right now… I-I don’t want you to show up like that, if possible.”

“No can do, buddy.”

“Dean.” He called.

“Look, it’s not just you here, ok? There’s another… client who uses me most of the nights, so I’m gonna need to put his needs before yours. And this is what he wants.”

“Maybe I don’t want you like this.” His voice turned ice cold at Dean's answer.

“Too bad. This is me.” He was met with an equally cold voice. “Don’t like it? There are plenty more subs here, who’d be more than happy to step in my shoes. I’ve had enough bad luck for three lives.” he muttered the last part, but Castiel heard it. He felt his heartbreak. His light was a drug addict, his light was a jackass, his light was taken. And yet, Castiel was not a coward. He would at leats try to see the real Dean, to win back his light.

“I expect you to be at eight p.m. sharp at my apartment.” Castiel squared his shoulders. “And pack your bags. You’re staying over.” He was met with the sharp thud of a door closing.

Maybe he imagined it all. His light never existed.

The week passed quickly.

It was Wednesday night and he was sitting on the couch alone with his thought, that were now going into overdrive with all his tests that were waiting to be graded and with not-knowing how he should approach Dean for their first time, to try to stir some sense into his emotionless heart. He wanted to give up, but his heart wouldn’t let him. Groaning, he got up, took his keys and his wallet along with his omnipresent trench coat and got out of the house.

Out of all the places on this godforsaken world, Castiel found himself entering ‘Hell’s best’, slapping himself mentally for coming here again. Different from his other visits was his reason for coming, he wasn’t searching for some nameless face or observing - of course, he would always try to learn from other people that stirred his curiosity. This time, he was open for ‘fun’.

He ignored the feeling of uneasiness eating at his heart and ordered some whiskey, taking his usual place at the bar. Twenty minutes passed until a red-head wearing a leather dress and had a badge that read ‘May the force be with you.’ - whatever that meant- sat down next to him. He kept peeking at the corner of his eyes, feeling like he recognized this person. He had no idea who she was, so he proceded not to care and took a long pull of his drink. After two minues the red-head turned to him and smiled.

“Are we gonna’ pretend like we don’t know each other, Mr. Novak?” she asked and then it clicked.
He had a student in his history class, every Monday he would see her, sit in the fourth row, in the center and typing furiously on her mini-laptop. Damn his memory. Damn it all to hell. He could pretend he didn’t recall her, after all, he had dozens of classes every week, he didn’t have time to remember everyone.

On second thought, he wasn’t that kind of an asshole.

“I suppose we’re not.” He sighed, defeated. “You’re one of my students, am I right?”

“Right. You referred to me once as Miss Bradbury.” She imitated Castiel’s thick voice when she pronounced her name. “Call me Charlie.” She extended a hand and Castiel took it warmly.

“Castiel.”

“I know.” She took a sip of her beer. “Wow, you’re not freaking out meeting a student in a place like this. I’m impressed.”

“Why would I freak out? You’re over eighteen, are you not?”

“Dude, really?” she chuckled and that made Castiel smile instantly. A warm fuzzy feeling crawled its way into Castiel’s stomach. He had an acquaintance. “I’m like twenty-three, for fuck’s sake.”

“My apologies. I didn’t mean to insult you.” Castiel said smirking.

“Well, you did. Now you gotta buy me a drink.” She smirked right back.

“Of course. Though you must know I refrain from having sex with my students.”

“And I refrain from having sex with guys, so we’re good.” she made a serious face. Castiel was screwed. That was why Castiel didn’t have friends - because he was a socially awkward moron.

“I’m sorry-”

He was caught off guard by Charlie’s laughing. He punched him lightly in the shoulder. “Don’t worry, Castiel. I don’t give a shit about that. Everybody wants a piece of this.” she pointed at herself and the tension between Castiel’s shoulders drained. They were still good.

“So, what brings you here, professor?” Castiel fake groaned and leaned his head back. “That bad?” she pushed.

“To be honest, I got no idea what I’m doing here.”

“Aww, this is cute.” She clapped excitedly.

“Let me tell what I know. You’re kind of a new dominant. Couldn’t be in the business for more than one-two years, right?” she pointed at the bracelet on her wrist. She was a dom too. With that, Castiel’s respect for her increased. He nodded dumbly. “And you’re in the freaking situation when a dom doesn’t know what to with their sub?”

“I know what I want to do.” Castiel argued. “I just don’t know if it’s the best approach.” He was defeated.

“Close enough.” She shrugged. “Who’s the lucky sub? Are they from here? Do I know them?” she word-vomited.

“Yes, he is from here. His name is Dean and I honestly have no idea what to do with him, I-” he was
interrupted by her loud gasp.

“So you’re the ‘stick-in-the-ass-fucking hot dom’?”

“The what?”

“Dean told me about you.”

“You know him.” She just nodded.

“Yeah, he’s a good person with a tragic past.” she smiled at her beer like she was remembering something. Now, this was interesting. He couldn’t believe it. He found an in. Maybe he could understand Dean better or get an idea of who he is from Charlie.

“What do you mean?” he pushed, letting a little bit of his desperation slip into his question.

She shook her head. “Not my story to tell, Cas.” He slumped against the bar, defeated once again.

Her voice brought him back from the depths of his mind.

“I’ll tell you this and you need to listen.” Her voice took a solemn tone. He was intimidated and more than that - he felt ashamed about something, even though he didn’t do anything... yet.

"Dean is my best friend, you got it? He was, in fact, my first sub. He helped me through so much of my shit and I’m dying a little bit every day seeing him like this. The only reason I’m telling you is that you made a good first impression.” She took another pull of her beer and dragged it out, as though she wanted to keep Castiel in suspense.

“I don’t know about your kinks or whatever and at this point in our relationship, I don’t care to find out, but if you hurt him, I’ll hurt you. Bad. Understood?”

“Why would I hurt him?” he questioned intrigued. Since when did a dom hurt a sub? Was that a thing?

“I don’t know, Castiel. Just don’t. He’s going through enough shit as it is.” she had a pained expression that shattered his heart a little bit. What was going on? Who hurt Dean? Why?

“I won’t hurt him. I promise.” He responded trying to sound as reassuring as possible. When she didn’t give any sign of acknowledging his promises, he continued. “In fact, the only thing I’ve been thinking about in these past years was just holding him, taking care of him.” He raised his hand and ordered another glass, as he finished the one in front of him. “And I’ve played the moment we met, our first scene and so many other moments in my head countless time.” He chuckled humorlessly. “But as it turns out, they were just dreams.”

“Oh for fuck’s sake Castiel. Come on.” Her eyes transformed into torches of rage. “Boo-hoo! Your dream boy wasn’t what you thought. Then why the fuck did you hired him, huh? To humiliate him? For some sick twisted pleasure? If that’s the case, just give up. He takes too much shit as it is. No need for another self-centered dom.”

Castiel waited for her anger to subside.

“As I was saying, my imagination supplied me with dreams. Meeting the real deal, that was high as fuck and barely holding himself on his feet blew away most of my expectation.” Charlie snorted loudly.

“However, I found myself unable to give up on him.” Another sip. “This may seem a little bit
‘creepy’, but I want him. I’ve wanted him for half a decade. And I’m determined to grant my own wish.” Another sip “Now I don’t know why, but seeing a sub like him made me want to become a dom. So I’ll help Dean because my sick, twisted heart tells me to.” He finished his glass and stood ready to leave, but was held back by a fragile hand around his wrist.

Charlie’s eyes were glassy, threatening to spill over tears. Her eyes were back to spreading the warmth that made Castiel lowkey happy.

“If you truly think what you said... Thank you.” she looked down, then back up. “For wanting to help my friend.” She finished.

“You're welcome.” He whispered.

“By the way, do you think you could give me a pass for the homework on Monday? I’ve had a stressful week.” she smirked.

“Nice try, Miss Bradbury. But the answer is no.” he returned the smirk full force. She let go of his wrist. “See you around, Charlie.”

He left the bar, feeling like a whole new person, with a whole new prospective.

He wouldn’t give up.

He would try to help.

He could try to be the light in his light's darkness.
I'm back with another chapter!!! I'm freaking nervous now. I really hope you'll enjoy reading this as much as i enjoyed writing it. As always, kudos and comments are appreciated.)))
My freaking amazing beta is AngryEgg. :'))))

Dean was fine.

He got dressed, ignoring the pain made by the new marks.

He was fine.

He cursed the blood that stained his relatively clean clothes, as he made his way out of the boss’s den.

It was ok.

He walked in the cold, the chilly air and snow stinging the wounds on his hands and the few that marked his face.

It's been worse.

He shook his head, trying to get rid of the drug-induced haziness. It didn’t work, of course. He crossed his arms over the leather jacket and kept moving with his head bowed down.

It wasn’t even that bad.

He got into the building. As soon as he stepped inside, he thanked God for the warmth that greeted him. He took the lift, feeling his stomach churn. He was nervous. He didn’t understand why. This Castiel guy seemed nice enough. Compared to what he already had, anything would be better. Not like it mattered. He could be the biggest psychopath and Dean still wouldn’t give a shit. Despite his earlier attempts at remaining at least 50% conscious, he popped another pill in his mouth. He pocketed the empty orange bottle in his jacket and walked out of the elevator.

Maybe it was better this way.

He knocked on the door, bracing himself. He felt the drugs slowly kick in and immediately relaxed.

It didn’t matter anyway.

The door opened almost immediately and a pair of excited blue eyes met his.

Let’s play.

***
How did time pass this fast? One minute he was grading papers and the other Castiel found himself frantically cleaning the apartment, trying to make it look welcoming. He knew the environment in which the relationship between a sub and his dom took place was important as it could affect the headspace of both parties. For Castiel that was total bullshit, but he had no idea what Dean liked, so he would clean, even though he had an impression Dean didn’t give a fuck.

He even bought an apartment for fuck's sake. He bought it because it was closer to humanity than his house at the edge of the town, closer to the campus, to his brother (and to the club, but that's a fleeting detail) or to any point of interest what so ever. It was a smaller space for him to live in, smaller space to clean and he actually felt like it fitted him. A space that he decorated- all of it, even the damn bed sheets were his choice. A space where a room, destined to his BDSM scenes felt normal, like part of the picture. Where in his house he couldn't decide even on the color of the walls, here he found himself easily choosing every single detail.

Truth was, maybe he didn't need an apartment that bad, but he wanted it, because even with all his righteousness, he sometimes was just a rich guy that wanted stuff, so sue him.

He would make it right from the most unimportant details to the most complex scenes. Dean would see, he was sure of it. Faint hopes that he would get to take Dean to his actual house, that they would perhaps indulge in some weekend escapades started unraveling in his mind, but he cut the thought short before it could alter his expectations even more.

7:57 PM. He was cleaning the kitchen table once again, making sure that it was perfect. The floor was drying rapidly and the dishes were clean at once. *Hell*, even the stove was shining and the wouldn’t be having sex there.

They wouldn’t be having sex anytime soon actually. The first rule of Castiel’s plan- no sex. At least not the penetrative kind for now. Even if that might seem a bit strict in the kind of relationship he was aiming to establish, it all had a good ending. He had a plan that, for now, promised a succesful outcome . Just he waited.

He was checking the living room for any obvious signs of Castiel being an ass and not cleaning. It was decent. A loud knock cut through the silence and Castiel felt his heart skip for a second before he regained his composure and went to open the door.

8:00 PM.

He opened to find a pair of apple green eyes starring at him. ‘Beautiful’ was the first word that passed through his mind. Then he saw it - the slight tremor in Dean’s shoulders, the paleness of his skin, the cuts on his face and hands, the little maroon stains of drying blood here and there, Dean’s red eyes and dilatated pupils.

He looked like shit. Still beautiful, but like an untouchable ghost.

His light wasn’t shining. It was shrinking. Castiel could see it clearly. Dean bracing himself, trying to stand tall, but Castiel saw how lost he actually was.

His heart broke. Not for himself or one of his selfish desires. And not for his sub, but for Dean as a person. He was being abused and used, excusing it by calling his treatment, BDSM. That’s not what BDSM was. It was not a way to beat people up, neither was it a way to abuse someone and get away with it by calling it rough BDSM. It was a way to give up or take control, to build trust and express it in safe places, always having a safeword and a partner you could rely on.

What Dean was subjecting himself to was regular beatings and an abusive relationship for money.
He didn’t seem to care one bit. There were still parts that he didn’t understand, but he would find out eventually. He would get the whole story and help. Castiel would be different.

“Hello, Dean.” He greeted, plastering a smile, to hide his worry.

“Hey, Cas.” Dean mumbled as he entered the apartment. Castiel closed the door behind him, locking it. He turned around, only to find a wobbly Dean looking silently at the apartment, his lips slightly parted.

“How are you, Dean?” he asked, hoping he would get an honest response, even though it was the second time Dean ever saw him.

“I’m ok.” He answered, clearly a little confused and surprised and, of course, uncomfortable. Great. Off to a good start then. Seeing Dean’s reaction, Castiel cleared his throat as though that could clear the awkwardness in their situation.

“Please undress and leave your clothes folded neatly in the dressing by the door. When you’re done come to meet me in the kitchen.” He got out in one breath, then exited without looking to see Dean’s expression.

After two minutes or so, he heard slow, steady steps. Castiel could almost feel Dean’s uncertainty through his demeanour: almost scared and shy, but covered in a layer of roughness and drugs. Castiel could do this. He turned around, stepping away from the stove. His breath hitched when he saw Dean’s naked form, standing in the middle of his kitchen. It looked just like the start of a porno or one of Castiel’s wet dreams.

It was even better than what he imagined. Oh god. Beautiful. Dean’s body was so… proportionate. For real, his arm muscles were very… big, the veins looking very… prominent, like a 3D tattoo. His legs too, probably his back was the same. His abdomen was just as covered in muscles and probably very soft skin. His cock was standing proud between his legs, looking more and more pleased with their places right now, just from Castiel watching. It was possible for his sub to be an exhibitionist. Interesting.

Castiel was itching to touch.

For a moment there he even looked over the cuts and bruises littering his perfect body, he almost didn’t notice how pale his skin still was, where it wasn’t bruised and burned. He looked sick, without looking too hard you could see the he was wobbling and breathing unevenly and his foot was twitching slightly.

How can someone break that beautiful skin? How can someone want to hurt this beautiful human? Castiel felt himself warming up with anger and sympathy for his submissive.

Another awkward cough. Castiel went to the fridge to get some snacks for their starters until the actual food was ready. That was the exact moment Dean’s stomach chose to let out a very loud sound that expressed nothing but hunger. Castiel turned around rapidly, looking at Dean with big eyes.

Dean immediately averted his gaze. Castiel’s expression turned soft almost instantly.

“It’s ok.” He reassured. “Food’ll be done in about half an hour, but I got some snacks ‘till then.” He said smiling, holding up the olives and shaking the box as if Dean needed proof. Dean snapped his head up and looked a little dazed, before bowing his head again.

“I don’t need to eat. I'll stay with you, if you want.” Dean spoke.
“I didn’t make all this food for myself, Dean. Of course, you need to eat.” Castiel said, trying to sound demanding, but still make Dean understand his intentions were pure.

“It’s fine. I’m not hungry.” Dean was speaking with a tone combining slight arrogance and forced submission. It was quite the transformation from what Castiel saw at the club, but he wasn’t going to comment. Frankly, that was the exact moment Dean's stomach chose to let out a low growl.

“You’re lying. Or, at least, that’s what your stomach is telling me.” Castiel smirked, getting out a plate from one of the cupboards and place it on the table, filling it with fruit and different kinds of cheese and olives and crackers.

“It’s not - “

“Save it, Dean. I’d rather you don’t lie to me.” Castiel said in a calloused voice that had Dean bowing his head again. Even though this kind of behavior is expected from a sub, he couldn’t help but feel bad about it.

“I want to know, though, why are you hiding obvious things. Hm?” he raised his head, finishing the aesthetic of the plate. Dean looked at him now, a barely refrained snarl. He didn’t say anything else, opting to bow his head again instead. Castiel got it.

He took a seat at the table while putting a puffy pillow on the floor for Dean to sit on.

“Come.” He said, placing a napkin on his lap. Dean approached the table slowly, eyes wide. He looked so shocked for a second there, before shaking his head and sitting down.

As he sat down on the pillow, he started to drag his hands gently up and down Castiel’s thighs. The first touch felt almost electric, causing him to hit his knee in the foot of the table. It was a little weird, but Dean was smirking so Castiel returned his smile, labeling it as some kind of gesture for showing affection or gratitude.

Little did he know, those hands went to the bulge in his pants and tried to unbutton Castiel’s slacks. Castiel jumped out of the chair in mild horror. Dean remained on the floor with an equally shocked expression.

“What are you doing?” he asks as Dean raises an eyebrow.

“Giving you a blowjob.” He said matter-of-factly. “Isn’t that what you wanted?” he asks, fear playing at the edges of his tone. It confused Castiel so badly. Dean was so fucking confusing and Castiel was making puzzles for a hobby.

“We were eating.”

“I thought I was supposed to suck you off while you ate.” Dean said, visibly trying to calm himself down.

“I did not voice such desires. Please, listen to me or, at least, ask before doing something like that.” He said sitting down again.

“I’m sorry.” He rasped.

“It’s quite alright.” Castiel assured and smiled down at Dean as he got an olive in his hand and held it for Dean to take it. He looked so unsure of it at first, but Castiel waited and reassured Dean.

“Come on.” He said, moving his hand closer to Dean’s mouth. “I want you to eat too.”
Finally, Dean accepted the food and Castiel couldn’t be more happier. Well, *he could if Dean was his submissive and lover and he wasn’t abused or a druggie and he actually liked Castiel*, but that remained unsaid.

The night went on without other big incidents. Or so Castiel hoped.

He followed his plan thoroughly. He would not practice the sexual part of BDSM with Dean to win his trust, he would do it after Dean’s trust was his. It was damn hard to do it though. Dean was standing right there, with his fucking incredible body and his amazing eyes and puffy lips that made Castiel itch to touch him… with his own lips. ‘Restraint’ Castiel kept thinking to himself, one word to turn off a thousand emotions.

Then they moved from the kitchen to the living room. Castiel took the pillow and set it down in front of the couch. Dean followed him a more confident step, but still cautious of his surrounding and of Castiel, *and people say drugs made you oblivious and stupid*.

Dean sat quietly without asking anything and kept looking down. The bowed head and the submissive behavior made Castiel rethink his every move in order to not mess up and it was fucking frustrating. *He was an idiot! He hired a fucking sub for fuck’s sake! What did he think was going to get?! Idiot.*

Turned out it was harder to earn trust and share an emotional connection when you were not spanking the hell out of someone. Huh… who would’ve thought?

Castiel took his discarded pile of tests and sat down on the couch. Then he retrieved the remote and held it out for Dean to take. At Dean’s confused look, Castiel spoke:

“I’m behind with grading papers. I need to finish these, ok?” Dean nodded dumbly. “Good. I need you to stay here with me while I do that. You are allowed to watch TV, but at a reasonable volume so I can concentrate.” He took the pen and put his glasses on. He caught Dean’s eyes widen a little. “I know the glasses may look a little weird, but their importance is crucial. Can’t let everyone fail.” He huffed and Dean responded with a barely there smile, just a tug of his lips, but enough for Castiel to know they were moving in the right direction. Baby steps. If Castiel secretly patted himself on the back for bringing even the slightest smile on his sub’s lips, no one had to know.

As Dean turned on the television, after minutes of debating, Castiel repositioned himself on the couch, a tentative hand petting his sub’s hair. His hair was exactly like he imagined – soft, but still a little sticky at the ends, probably from all the hair products.

“If you need to go to the bathroom, you may without asking for permission. For any other need, you may address me by tapping my knee twice.” At the end of his indications, that were spoken in the most formal, yet warm way, Castiel offered a little smile for reassurance.

Castiel continued dragging his hand lazily through Dean’s hair as he graded paper after paper, each one including opinions and facts he had read two thousand times already. *Real fun.* Dean kept watching some news channel until he fell asleep, with his head on his own shoulder, his lips parted and his hands in lap. To be fair, it was almost one in the morning and Dean needed sleep, a lot. He looked kind of uncomfortable.

Castiel put his pen and papers down, thanking the gods that he finally finished with that bullshit. He sighted and stretched, feeling the satisfactory bones in his back popping, before turning off the TV. He got off the couch and crouched beside his sleepy sub.
Seeing his face this close, Castiel thought it was the cutest thing ever. *Is that how Russian mobsters ended up these days?!*

He hooked a hand under Dean’s legs and the other hand was holding him by his lower back. Apparently Dean was way lighter than he looked. *Figured.*

He tried making his way gingerly to his bedroom, without waking him up, but as soon as his head hit the pillow, his eyes snapped open in fear and he sat up.

“Ca- Sir?” he corrected himself. It was admirable. Him respecting some rules that they didn’t even set out. Because Dean said there was no need, and Castiel let him fucking get away with it, like the professional dominant he was. Maybe those were the rules established by some other client. His heart constricted.

“Dean.”

“I’m sorry for falling asleep on you. I didn’t mean to. I-”

“It’s ok, Dean. It is quite late.” Castiel put a hand on Dean’s arm, trying to push him down.

“I’ll make it up to you.” Dean whispered and suddenly he was on on the floor, kneeling before Castiel. Cas was struck dumb, so he just kept starring. Dean licked his chapped lips, looking slightly uncomfortable as his hands made their way - again – to the buttons of Cas’s slack in a futile attempt to get them to open.

“Dean, what are you doing?”

“I’m saying sorry.” He responded, working with shaky fingers to get the damn buttons to open.

“Dean, no.” Castiel said.

“It’s ok. I’ll make you feel good.” He whispered with glazed eyes. This kind of behavior brought Castiel very close to the edge of fucking desperation. He took control of the situation, grabbing Dean by his hair and pulling him away from his now very hard and *still clothed* dick. Dean’s mouth hanged open. He looked like he was struggling in his own mind, he looked hurt and small and fuck Castiel for being here and for doing this and for having feelings ‘cause apparently shooting people is not enough for him anymore. *Shit!*

“I said no!” he raised his voice. An emotional approach would have been inefficient. Dean stilled, his head so far back, that his neck was bared. Dean didn’t respond, didn’t fight, he closed his eyes and waited. If he was preparing for some sort of punch or punishment, it never came. Castiel kneeled beside Dean and untangled his hand from his hair and brought it to his face. *Soft fucking skin be damned!*

“Open your eyes, Dean.” Castiel felt his calm slipping through his fingers as he watched something that he wasn’t able to control take place in front of him. After a few seconds, Dean obeyed. His eyes were red-rimmed and frantic. He looked like he was a dear in headlights. Castiel hated it.

“It’s ok. I never asked you to please me, Dean.” He explained, hoping Dean’s panicked brain would register some of what he was constantly blabbing.

“Come on.” He said, helping Dean get up and sit on the edge of the bed. He exited the room and came back with a bottle of water and handed it to Dean. He took it, looking for a second like some damn miracle happened in front of him.
“Drink.” Dean did.

“Now, do you want to take a shower?”

Dean shook his head. Castiel only sighted.

“Very well, get in the bed.” He said, forcing a smile on his sleep. “I, on the other hand, need one.” He went to the closet and retrieved a pair of boxer and his pyjamas. “I’ll be back in approximately fifteen minutes, but you can go to sleep, of course.” He made his way to the bathroom, stopping right in the door and turning around to look at Dean who was starring hard at his hands, still sitting on the edge of the bed.

“We will be sleeping in the same bed, but that doesn’t mean I want to wake to any kind of sexual advances.” He smirked and Dean had the best reaction in the world – he fucking blushed.

“Goodnight, Dean.” He said entering the bathroom. Before he closed the door, he heard a faint “‘Night, Cas.”. He smiled and he kept on smiling when he got out of the shower and when he went into the bedroom to find Dean asleep, under the covers, curled in on himself like a kid or a kitten, and he smiled when he got in the bed, he kept smiling as he murmured promises to Dean’s sleeping form.

He smiled.

***

“Fuck…” Dean whispered.

“Shhnh.” He felt soft fingers caressing his torso. It was welcomed touch, strengthened by his dick as hard as a rock.

“Oh, God… please…” he fisted the sheets, begging for something he knew too well he wasn’t going to get. Didn’t mean he couldn’t try. Teeth were nipping at the soft meat of his inner thighs, so close to his leaking cock, but still so far away.

“Don’t move.” The voice whispered. Dean complied and remained in the same position: on his back, his hands tangled in the sheets, his legs splayed and his eyes closed. It felt good. Really good. It’s been so long since he felt good.

His thoughts were interrupted by a lubed finger breaching his entrance. It surprised Dean so much, he let out a shout and bucked against the hand that was kindly trying to enter him. It wasn’t rough this time. It felt a little different from his past fucks. The finger started moving and moving, starching him, preparing him for something he was actually craving. It was already too much. So good. So freaking good.

“I’m gonna’ – I’m – oh, God –” he tried to form a coherent thought. No such luck.

“Don’t hold back, Dean.” a mouth was suddenly licking and biting his neck. That was going to do it. Fuck. He was close. So close.

“Cas…” he moaned as he was about to finally come.

He woke up with a jolt, almost jumping off the bed.

What the fuck was that?! Since when was the asshole a part of his dreams?!
He yawned and stretched, when he realized something very important. He was in a bed. This bed wasn’t his. It was Cas’s bed and he was still sleeping two feet away from him. Well, at least he wasn’t cuddling him. He had a major hard-on thought. Awesome.

Out of all the people in this world, the guy that gave him a case of blue-balls was Mr. don’t-touch-me over there. Dean had apparently very bad luck. When Crowley told him, he managed to make Al share Dean with other clients, Dean thought for a split second that his life may be turning better. He was clearly wrong. He got a man that wanted freaking contracts to have sex with Dean like what the fuck?! Who does that?! Castiel freaking whatever-his-last-name-was apparently.

Embarrassment passed his thoughts for a moment. He was judging his new boss, in his boss’s bed, while he was having a hard-on because he dreamt about Castiel fucking him. He didn’t even get fucked for real, but he was seconds away from coming. Which reminded him that he’s naked.

He gently uncovered himself and got one leg out of the bed, then the other one. Once his toes were on the fluffy carpet, he lifted his ass as slowly as he could, so he didn’t disturb Castiel. He made his way to the bathroom, glancing at the bed to check if Cas was still sleeping. Once inside, he locked the door and went to the sink. He turned on the faucet and washed his face with cold water to wake himself up.

The truth was he was still tired. Shit, he was always tired, but that didn’t matter. He wouldn’t have gotten out of that bed if he could’ve done whatever he wanted. Sadly, he couldn’t so he rubbed at his face for another minute and used his private time to kill his hard-on the way he always did it. He was in the process of replacing thoughts of dark hair and blue eyes with his latest sexcapades when he heard the sheets ruffled and a couple of prominent steps on the floor. Guess who’s up?

He fucked up again. For fuck’s sake. He should’ve learned this by now. He disobeyed, he got punished. How fucking hard could it be to understand? How stupid could he be?

His breath became shaky and erratic. A pill would have been amazing right about then. It would have made his fears go away.

Only idiots got scared. He’s an idiot, but he’s not scared. He told himself that as he opened the door to find Castiel sitting on the edge of the bed with his face to the door and a blank stare. He immediately lowered his head and padded until he was three or four feet away from his dom.

Castiel didn’t say a word. He must have been pissed. Dean did the only thing he knew. He kneeled, keeping his head down, his eyes glued to the floor.

“Dean.” Castiel finally spoke. For some unknown reason, it was really important for Castiel to talk to him, while Alistair just wanted him to shut up. The drugs were screwing with him. More like not having drugs was screwing with him. Whatever.

“What are you doing?” Castiel asked, getting up slowly and taking two steps in Dean’s direction. The fuck did he think he was doing, he was showing that he was sorry. Not that hard to understand. Crowley told him he was an experimented dom. The bastard lied again.

Dean pushed his anger away and answered.

“I’m sorry.”

“What are you sorry for?” Castiel asked, still playing dumb. If that was how he wanted to show his superiority, then fine.

“For leaving the bed without permission.” He rasped and felt his face going red. It wasn’t a blush.
He was fucking annoyed.

He felt a soft hand tentatively caress his hair and oddly enough he wanted to lean into it, to absorb the warmth, to use these weird moments of actual touching. He refrained. His dom must not be angry anymore. Maybe Dean could stir this in his way. He slowly raised his head. When he saw he was free to look up, he did. He was met with ocean-blue eyes and a warm smile. So gorgeous. Dean actually wouldn’t have minded being fucked by him. Castiel.

His mind was screaming at him. He could feel a headache coming.

“‘You have nothing to be sorry about, Dean.’ A voice that matched the gentle touches spoke. A whiskey-like voice that sent shivers down his spine. In a good way this time. Ignoring the throbbing pain in his head that was slowly making his way down to his limbs and the need for drugs that was growing more desperate by the second, he was ok.

He was ok.

He was ok…

“You are free to do as you please when it comes to basic needs for now.”

He was …

“This is not something to be punished for, you know?” a warm hand caressed his check. He wanted to lean in. He didn’t.

He…

“Dean?”

“Yes.” He snapped his head up.

“Are you ok?”

“Yes.” He stood up, knocking Castiel’s hand of his check in the process. He just needed a pill. Just a little one. Just…

If he could get to his jacket. Where was his jacket?

By the entrance. There it was. By the entrance…

His bottle was empty. He didn’t have them anymore.

“You don’t seem ok.” A voice breached the veil of his thoughts.

“No. No, I totally am.” He reassured, fixing his gaze on his dom’s face. He wouldn’t usually do that, but it was too blurry for him to see Castiel’s reaction so he decided to just go with it. Make up a concentration point that was somehow on Cas’s face and go with it. He wanted to fill his head with thoughts, just to drive away his needs.

His hands did the thing when they didn’t fucking listen again and so Dean found himself stroking Castiel’s clothed torso. It was nice. Even if it was a little blurry, Dean could see Castiel’s confusion. He prayed to God if Dean continued teasing Cas would fuck him or spank him or some shit to take his mind off the drugs.

That’s when he started sweating.
“Dean…”

“Shhhh…” he whispered. “Just let it happen.”

He continued his caresses while he closed the space between them, his mouth going for Castiel’s neck, rather than his lips. It was just easier that way. Castiel just stood there and took it and Dean could work with that too. He started licking and kissing, watching out not to leave any signs. We all knew what happened last time. No need for a replay.

He could feel himself growing hard and even better, he could feel Castiel’s ‘excitement’ through his pajama pants just the same. His hands sneaked their way to Castiel’s ass, gripping tightly, just feeling, concentrated on driving the need for drugs away.

Maybe that’s why it wasn’t going away.

He bit Castiel’s earlobe, letting out tiny whimpers and moans just to set the mood straight. Not that he wasn’t feeling it. He was. Believe it or not, that could’ve been the best sexual experience he had in quiet some long time.

He was lost, torn between the need to smoke or just take something and the expanding need of getting Castiel’s cock in his ass right now. He was about to suggest laying on the bed for better leverage when Cas spoke.

“Stop.” Dean though it was a joke. He probably wasn’t serious. He chose to ignore it, letting his mind and vision get fogged by anticipation. After God-knows-how-long calloused hands pushed away and he stumbled a bit.

“I said stop!” Castiel roared.

Normal circumstances - Dean would lower his head, would apologize and would accept his punishment like the jackass he was. Right now though, Dean was fed up with too much bullshit.

Another wave of anger filled his insides as his vision reddened and his fists clenched.

“What do you mean stop?” he tried to sound calm but failed miserably. He was on his way to not caring.

“I mean exactly that. Stop.”

“Why?”

“Because I said so.”

Dean snorted. Bullshit.

Dean took a couple of steps towards Castiel.

“I don’t get you.” He said, managing not to scream with his built up frustration. “Why do you buy a whore, if you’re not gonna’ use it?” he rasped.

Castiel visibly flinched. Dean mentally patted himself on the back. His cockiness faded when he saw Castiel looking almost hurt. His emotions were quickly masked.

“Careful.”

“Or what?” Dean pushed like a fucking idiot. Maybe he was just in a mood for a fight.
“Have you ever heard of the word ‘punishment’?”

“More times than you could imagine, Sir.” He spat out. Castiel’s eyes darkened. Cold stare turning glaciar.

“You’re crossing the line.” He said through clenched teeth.

“For once, I don’t care.” Dean tried to fuel Castiel’s anger and make it into something more… physical. Just when he though Castiel was going to beat him into a bloody pulp, he turned around and went retrieve a set of clothes. As he was searching through the drawers, he spoke:

“You should go. I expect you to be here next Saturday at 7 PM sharp. You’re going to spend the weekend plus Monday here. If you need anything, feel free to bring it with you.”

“I’m going to be here on Sunday. I can’t come on Saturday.” He rubbed his face once again. He felt awful, in every way. So weak, Dean. So weak.

“That does not concern me.”

“Crowley told you –”

“I don’t care.” He said coldly. He closed the door and started walking towards the bathroom. He stopped next to Dean.

“If you consider yourself a whore, then fuck your way out of it.” He sighted. “As for today, I’m disappointed.” Dean was about to tell him to shove it when Castiel took the last steps and closed the bathroom’s door without another word. He took that as his dismissal and went to dress.

He got out of Castiel’s building fairly quickly. He felt sick.

He was probably sick. It all felt so unstable to him. It felt like that every fucking day, but for some unknown reason, today was an extra shitty day. Lucky him.

He took out his phone and pressed some buttons. The phone rang twice before a well-known voice responded.

“Hello, sweetheart.”

“Shut up.” Dean rasped, getting more and more annoyed, or was it angry. Was he getting angry? What was he? He was feeling. Something. Something… he was feeling…

“Feisty.” Crowley noted.

“Shut up.” Dean said again. “Shut up.” He repeated, more to himself than to Crowley.

He could feel his blood pumping, his heart racing, his body’s tremours, his head getting swarmed with every single thought he ever had and still, he felt blank and empty and on the verge of being blown by the wind. Awesome.

“I need - I need the -” he willed his mind to find the words, it felt like every second made words slip out of his grasp. He needed to figure out where he was too. Castiel.. right… he needed to get home… how could he get home… where is his home...

His home…

Home…
“Dean.” The voice woke him up.

“The thing. I need –”

“I know.” The other voice responded. At least the voice knew, ‘cause he sure didn’t.

“I…”

“Dean, can you get home?”

“Yes.”

“Good. Go.”

“But I – I …”

“I know. I’ll bring you some.” The voice sighted. He found himself moving. His legs were moving even though the direction in which he was heading seemed unclear. His ragged breaths reached his buzzing ears and it all felt like he was on the brink of death. He willed himself to move.

He wobbled on the streets and finally, he got somewhere. His place. At some point something hit him, but he didn’t back down. He punched that door right in the knob.

He crawled up the stairs, fighting with a blurred vision, a lot of pain and his insanity, but it was all good. He inspected all the doors until he found one that looked familiar. He couldn’t find his fucking keys he searched for fuck’s sake. He chose to prop himself on the door, than continue his search. His eyes were closing and opening periodically.

“I’m fine. I’m good. It’s ok.” He heard someone saying. He was alone. He was the one saying those things probably. Probably.

At some point, his stomach decided to announce its presence so Dean threw up. He had the decency to puke in a flower pot, ok?

At some point, he heard another voice. This time it wasn’t his own.

“Moron. Bloody idiot, for fuck’s sake.” He would’ve laughed if he wasn’t feeling like dying.

At another point, he was swallowing something and then he lied down.

After that, his eyes closed again. This time they stayed closed.

Dean woke up groggy, but with a pleasant buzz in his whole body and for that he was grateful. Crowley came through for once. He stayed like that with his eyes still closed contemplating. Oddly, his thoughts drifted to Castiel to his touch and his blue eyes that gave Dean a kind of closeness whenever he saw them, whenever he remembered them.

Then a pair of ice cold eyes rose above all of the memories and he froze. He remembered what happened, what he said, what was Castiel’s response. He almost felt how the ‘buzzing left him again just to be replaced by pain. He was pathetic. The second time he saw the guy that was acting decent, he blew it. He blew it. He fucked up. The guy is so disgusted he won’t even touch him. The rational part of his mind was telling him that someone who was disgusted wouldn’t have touched him like that, even for a short period.

Then again, what did he know about what a fleeting caress meant? He had been thrown around his whole life. He wasn’t worthy.
Pathetic piece of ass, he was.

Liking strangers, craving a guy’s touches, just cause he didn’t cut Dean the first time he saw him. Moron…

He heard someone clearing their throat loudly and he jumped, his eyes opening instantly. He searched the room desperately for his unwelcomed companion and he found Crowley in a chair beside the couch he was currently lying on.

“You scared the shit out of me.”

“I saw.”

Dean rubbed at his eyes, holding back a yawn.

“Well, the fuck you want?”

“Is that any way to talk to your boss, who, may I add, saved your sorry ass?!”

Dean could give him that. He helped.

“Thank you.” He rumbled.

“Don’t strain yourself.” He leaned back in his chair. “Just stay out of trouble, for God’s sake.” He murmured as he sat up.

“Didn’t know you cared.”

“I don’t.” he sighted, looking bored. “I care about not losing money. I can’t have you sick.”

“Asshole.” Dean shot back uninterested as he pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Love you too.” He responded, making his way out.

“Castiel wants to use me three days now.” Dean blurted.

“I know.” Crowley said, looking over his shoulder.

“Are you going to let him?” Dean asked trying to hide his hope and shame at even wanting to see that fucker again.

“You don’t get it.” He shook his head “I know what is happening to you, Dean. I know what he’s doing to you. I have seen what he’s doing to his whores. If I cared, I would’ve been fighting tooth and nail to get you out of there. Too bad he pays well. Now, he found his enemy – Castiel.” He turned fully to Dean.

“Castiel is a wealthy and influential person. He’s the type that gets what he wants.”

“I always wondered how a professor made so much money.” Crowley laughed.

“Those drugs are slowing you down.”

“You don’t say.” He rubbed his itching nose. “What’s done it’s done.” His boss shrugged.

“Yes, you’ll be Castiel’s from Saturday to Monday. Your paycheck will be handed to you next week. Even though “ he glanced around the old, ugly apartment “you’re not using them.”
It was Dean’s turn to shrug.

“I suggest you behave next time. He’s way better than what you have now. Which reminds me “ he pointed a finger at Dean. "All called for you and I told him you’re free. 10 PM. Go take a shower till then. You stink.” He said as he left the apartment.

He got up the couch and went to sleep in the bedroom. Or rather the mattress thrown in the middle of an almost empty room.

As much as he wished for blue eyes to cross his dreams, he was stuck with blank spaces and undesirable images for his aching heart.

The words "As for today, I’m disappointed." echoed in his ears next to his steady heartbeat.
“What happened to you?” a worried voice reached his ears. Sam. How did he get home? He was supposed to stay away until he cooled off.

“Nothing.” He rasped barely holding himself. Thinking about it, it was a miracle he managed to unlock the door or maybe he just banged his head against it until Sam opened it. He couldn’t remember. He wanted to reach a horizontal surface fit for his tired form to pass the fuck out. He was so exhausted, thank whoever for the drugs, that took away his pain. Thank whoever…

“Dean, you’re hurt.” He felt a pair of hands cup his cold cheeks. He shook the hands away and prayed his eyes open only to see his little brother’s face that broke even through the drug haze. The kid looked heartbroken, disappointed and now Dean felt worse than with all of his nausea and pain and drugs side effects put together.

“You’re so cold. Are you - are you high?”

“No.” Dean lied, becoming soberer by the second. Funny how his brother’s voice and the fear of letting down his only family cleared away the haze that took hold of him whenever he used the substances. Mostly cleared the haze. Not even his fear could fight biology.

“Don’t lie to me.” Sam rasped, his eyes glassy already. “I’m not an idiot.”

“I’m sorry.” Sam pulled in a long breath. He looked hurt and confused. Dean hated himself for doing this, for ruining it all. Guess he couldn’t help it, could he?

“Why are you doing this?” his brother asked, dragging a hand over his face in a gesture that signaled tiredness.

“I’m sorry.”

“That’s not what I asked.” Dean lowered his gaze. He would be damned if he told his brother, what a failure he was, if he let him down. He was doing all of this for him, he wasn’t about to hurt Sammy even more. He just wasn’t. What Dean was doing was his own business.

“What happened?” Dean shook his head, still watching the floor.

“I need you to talk to me, so we can fix this.” Warm hands touched his arms.
“Nothing happened. It’s ok.” Dean reassured, raising his head, willing himself to smile.

“I thought I told you not to lie, Dean.” Sam whispered.

“There’s nothing to tell, Sam. I’m glad you’re concerned about me, but I’m fine. In fact, I’m great.” Dean walked past Sam and into his room. If he wasn’t going to reach that horizontal surface, he would surely vomit. He laid down on his mattress and covered his eyes with his hand lazily, to block the light threatening to hurt his eyes. He felt the mattress dip.

“I wish you’d just talk to me.” His brother said. “It’s not the first time, am I right? Something’s been happening to you.”

“Everything’s ok, Sammy. I’m fine.” He reassured.

“You’re obviously not. Why do you keep saying you’re fine when it obviously isn’t true?”

“I’ said I am fine so I am fine, Sam. So stop.” His brother stood up and started pacing around his room. He loved that kid, but damn him! He didn’t know when it was time to fuck off. He tried to ignore him and he did, almost falling asleep, when his voice shattered his calm.

“You’re going through something.”

“What, Sam? What am I going through? Please tell me.” Dean mocked.

“I don’t know. You don’t tell me shit, remember?” Sam raised his voice. Well, that captured Dean’s attention.

“Sam?” he said getting up in a sitting position.

“What are you hiding?”

“Nothing.” He kept his dumb act on, even if a part of him was just dying to tell Sam everything: the drugs, the money, him selling himself, him having to take beatings and listen to his douche client, when he wasn’t in class or at the auto shop, because he couldn’t do anything, because that’s how a nobody like him made a living.

“I’m your brother, Dean!”

“I know.”

“How can you keep lying like this?! You keep saying you’re ok, but you’re not. I can see it from miles away - whatever this is, it’s eating at you slowly.” If only his addiction was his only problem.

“I can’t even imagine how you can buy drugs with the little money we have. We barely have enough to pay the bills, but somehow we got enough for drugs? And above all this, you’re getting sick. I don’t know if you realized, but they’re hurting you, Dean! Are you that blind?”

Dean just sat there and took it. Every single word like a cut on his already bruised skin. It wasn’t Sam’s fault that Dean was a fuck-up. The kid was right.

“Say something.” He brother demanded in a whisper.

“There’s nothing to say.” Dean couldn’t look his brother in the eyes as he spoke. “You’re right.”

“So?”
“So what?”

“What are we going to do about that?”

“Nothing right now.”

“What do you mean, ‘nothing’?”

“What I just said, Sam. I can’t do anything right now.”

“Of course, you can. You can quit. Get cleaned.”

As ashamed as Dean was he was annoyed at his brother’s simple answers. ‘Get cleaned. It’s easy.’ With all of his body hurting and his heart breaking, Dean stood up.

“It’s not that easy.”

“Yes, it is.” Sam insisted.

“I’m telling you it isn’t.”

“There are also you’re bruises that you think you hide so well. Guess what? You’re not that subtle. I can see them, Dean. You walk funny, you keep groaning everytime you move too fast, most of the time you’re shaking, there are bruises literally all over you, you come home in the morning, if you even have time to come home ‘cause you’re out there doing God - knows - what!”

“You know what? My bruises, my ‘funny walking’ as you put it, ain’t none of your goddamn business. So fuck off.”

“Maybe you haven’t noticed, Dean, but dad is gone now. We’re all we have left, but you’re not even here half the time. So, am I already alone?”

“You are not alone, Sam. I’m here for you. I’ve always tried to be here for you. But that’s all I can do for now. Things will get better though.” Sam bowed his head in a defeated gesture.

“Yeah, when?”

“I don’t know, but they will.”

“That’s not good enough.”

“That’s all I have.” Sam left the room without another word.

"So?” the cheery voice broke through the memory, making Dean flinch.

Dean opened his eyes. No nap for him today.

“So what?” Dean groaned as he tried to gently lift his head off the couch without causing a major headache. He still couldn’t see Charlie, so he let his head drop and closed his eyes, the smoke making his eyes tear. Fucking weird how he still wasn’t used to this kind of shit.

“How was your first time with Castiel?” she asked with clear curiosity in her voice, and that annoyed Dean somewhat. Who the fuck is Castiel? Why the fuck do people give a shit about his existence?
He just grumbled in response and hid his eyes from the dim light in the room. Damn his body for betraying him more and more. He felt like shit again. Not even being high allowed him to feel completely fine anymore. A little barfing here, a little fainting there, another headache over there with a side of shakiness that almost never left his weak as shit body.

Not that he was particularly interested, but those weren’t signs of a good, healthy life. Dean chuckled lowly at his own thoughts. What life?

A pair of small, warm hands shook his body, pulling him back from his thoughts. He let his hand drop from his face and squinted his eyes to see the intruders of his alone time. Of course, Charlie didn’t get the hint.

“Ugh, fuck off!” Dean swatted at her weakly. She dodged his ‘hits’ and jumped on him, straddling his lap.

“Earth to Winchester!” she shouted in Dean’s ear. He briefly considered actually punching her. Charlie. His Charlie. He loved Charlie because she was the only person he had, kind of a little sister, who he introduced to this shit ass ‘hobby’, as she insisted on calling it. He partially hated himself for doing that. He’s not going to think about that again. He’d had that guilt trip like a thousand times and it still hadn’t gotten better.

“M’ here.” Was all that his mouth was willing to say.

“I’m going to ask you again and you better answer.” She pointed a finger at his chest. “So, how was it?”

“It was ok.” He said. He suddenly wished he’d be laying down instead of sitting. He felt a wave of dizziness pass through him again.

“Just ok?”

“Yeah.” She punched him in the arm. Dean groaned again in response.

“What was that for?!?”

“For being a cryptic little bitch. Describe it to me.”

“The fuck you want me to say, Charlie? I went there, did the thing, then I left.” Charlie was glaring at him, even with her expression turning more curious by the second.

“So you had sex?”

“Well, not exactly.”

“Dean. Then what did you do?”

“I don’t fucking know! The guy’s too weird. Better than Al, but still… weird.” He felt Charlie flinch at his name.

“Anything is better than that sadistic motherfucker!” Charlie stated through gritted teeth. Dean could feel her delicate hands turn into fists on his shoulders. On some level, it warmed his heart that there was a person that actually gave a shit about him, even if he didn’t anymore.

“Charlie…”

“Dean. You know my opinion about that bastard. Yet, you still tell me to shut up when I could
destroy him in a matter of seconds. I don’t get – ”
“Drop it.” He sighted. Charlie unclenched her fists.

“What did he do now? You do seem a little hazier today. Did he give you someth –”

“I said drop it!” she stopped. He immediately felt bad for shutting her down. He was aware she did everything out of love and truthfully, it was Dean that was the asshole here. “I’m sorry.” He whispered.

“It’s ok, Dean.” She caressed his cheek. He let himself lean into her touch. Her delicate hand trying to spread its warmth through Dean’s cold body. “I just need you to talk to me.” She kept stroking, calming him down. “Can you do that?” he nodded shyly.

There were moments when Charlie made use of her power over Dean. She knew him as much as he knew her. He let her have this emotional intimacy ‘cause frankly, sometimes his drug-addled mind actually wanted someone to touch him, to assure him his life doesn’t suck as much as he thinks, that he’s not the failure and the fuck-up he actually is. He sometimes just needs affection, dare he say, love. Charlie is ok with filling in that space for Dean. Just as Dean can fill in the space of a big brother for her. A fucked up, good for nothing big brother, but still… someone to talk to.

“I still don’t get why you still let him use you.” She said in the same soothing voice.

“Can’t get out.”

“Why?”

“Crowley told me – ”

“He’s bullshitting you and you know it. He knows nothing about you. Barely knows your name. He can’t ‘keep’ you. Right, Michael?” Dean chuckled.

“Guess so.”

“Then what is it?”

“The money.”
“Dean, you’re the most requested submissive. I don’t believe for a second that you don’t have the money to buy a house. Which still doesn’t explain why you still stay in that microscopical box of hazardous environment you call an apartment, but we’ll talk about that later.”

“Ok so, what? Maybe I want more.”

“You’re not that greedy.”

“Maybe I just want to do something.”

“And that could be easily resolved by coming back with me to college.”

“Not for me.”

“Dean.”

“I don’t do school, Charlie. I’m not cut out for it. I’m not smart like you or-or Sam. I can’t do the things that you can do. The only thing I have is this.” Dean started breathing heavy again, so Charlie resumed her stroking and her shushing.
“Don’t talk like that. You know how much it hurts me to hear you talk like that.” The corners of her mouth drew into a tight smile, a forced smile. Still a smile. “A paid abusive BDSM relationship is not the answer. You still have time, you cou-”

“Stop.” His voice cracked. He could do much more, he could be much more, everyone believed in him. Complete and utter bullshit. The image of a better, unreachable life.

“Only if you actually give me some details about Novak.” Thankfully Charlie understood Dean’s silent request and finally changed the subject. Dean was grateful so he granted Charlie’s wish and told her everything that happened, from the moment he stepped into Castiel’s house, to the moment Crowley left his apartment.

“I don’t actually know what to say.”

“Same here, Char.”

“But why were you so disobedient?”

“Excuse me?”

“I don’t get it. You like to please people, but you go against all of Castiel’s orders. Why is that?”

“I don’t know.”

She lightly slapped him.

“Don’t lie to me. I know you better than you know yourself, don’t you forget that.” Her voice turned cold and her face expressionless. Dean’s heart ached at seeing Charlie’s reactions. He disappointed her. He bowed his head. He immediately felt a finger push his chin up so he could look at Charlie.

“It’s ok. I just want you to tell me.”

“I don’t like him.”

“Why is that?”

“He’s weird.” His drugged brain eloquently supplied.

“Since when do you judge people, Dean?” she laughed a little. “Can you tell me a valid reason?”

Dean shook his head.

Charlie jumped off his lap.

“What?” he asked.

“You’re clearly exhausted. Go to sleep.”

“No. I need to get to Al.”

“You have enough time to take a nap, Winchester. Lay down.” Dean frowned but complied.

“What? I learned your schedule.” She smirked.

He laid down again, trying to will his body to relax a bit, but as much as his muscles were becoming less and less tense, his sick mind kept playing twisted jokes on him, remembering how everything
went to crap, how he ended up like this. He knew he deserved it, but he still wished his brother was here, that his life was different. For now, wishing would suffice. For good, wishing would suffice.

***

The light sipped through his beige curtains and warmed his face, slowly trying to open his eyes.

Wait…

Light?!

Castiel sat up quickly and rubbed his eyes. He reached for the phone.

9:24 AM

His class was starting in five minutes. Fuck! Shit! He jumped out of the bed, kicking a pillow in his wake, but he was in a too-big-of-a-rush to care. He went into the bathroom. He looked like crap. His hair was a mess, he had bags under his eyes and his morning breath was so bad he could practically taste it. He brushed his teeth at the same time as his hair. Sadly, he didn’t look much better after that.

Thank whatever deity wants to take credit, because Castiel actually left a set of clothes on his chair. He dressed, checked his bag and made his way out the door. He was moving so fast, he found it hard to even think at the same time. He almost forgot his trenchcoat. What the hell?!

After hitting every red light there was and making a 10 minute-trip in twice as much time, he stormed into class, getting hit in the process by a paper plane. Everyone was there apparently. No seats empty, no one was late, except for him, of course. He groaned and placed his bag on the desk.

“Ok, ok. Calm down now.” The last voices quieted down. Castiel cleared his throat. He returned to the desk and looked over the papers for today, trying to figure out what he was supposed to talk about. His mind was processing everything too slowly, too laggy. Maybe because he forgot the goddamn coffee.

“What are we doing today?” he whispered to himself. One of the students must have heard him ‘cause suddenly he was having a dialogue.

“You said we would be talking about the progress of World War I and what were the results. We were going to talk about The United States as a whole and then start discussing it on regions.” He raised his head to see a blonde girl balancing a pen through on slim fingers. She looked too cocky for his taste. He didn’t like that at all.

“True.” He put the papers down and leaned on the edge of the desk. “But you know what? I feel like a sunny day like this one works better with the history of ancient Egypt.” He made his way to the blackboard and started writing the name of the lecture.

“I don’t actually think that it works that good with – ” a voice interrupted his thoughts.

“Whoever you are, I didn’t ask you, so shut up.” Castiel replied without even glancing at his students. His response made some people chuckle and some outright laugh. He gave an encouraging smile. After everyone calmed down, he started telling them all about Egypt and its development from Ancient Egypt to the modern one. The students seemed to enjoy the middle ages best so he spent a little extra time developing the Islamic invasion.

With all his love for his classes and Egypt, thoughts about a certain submissive broke the veil of calmness that settled over Castiel. Images of him started flooding Castiel’s mind as he continued to
speak about the topic at hand.

His first interaction was certainly not what he had expected, but it wasn’t bad. They weren’t a bad match at least. There were certain moments when Cas actually felt like they clicked and he hoped everything he felt wasn’t one-sided. Dean probably felt it too. He sure felt something, trying to get Castiel into bed with him three times.

He’s proud he resisted his advances. It took real fucking strength, to have the subject of every wet dream for the past years want to blow you and to reject him. Thinking about it, Castiel was impressed. Then he remembered Dean’s look everytime he told him to stop. He looked disappointed and almost freaked.

He remembers Dean getting out of the bathroom, looking so spooked, but trying so hard to hide it, it shattered his heart. He was still working on putting together Dean’s backstory, even though he knew that he would never get it right completely without asking him. Castiel was sure the things he went through would play a very big part in him deciding his methods of work, their scenes and so on. He just had to wait a little. That’s exactly what he’s been telling himself for the past half decade. Just wait…

Dean was so obedient. He could see it. Just as he was aware of his prudence towards Castiel, he saw his first instinct was to listen. His second one was to please. His third one was to hide the first two. Luckily, Castiel had been reading people for a big part of his life so he can’t be fooled that easily. He felt Dean’s need for praising and touching, validation, in general, hidden under layers and layers of false impassiveness and shallowness.

Then he called himself a ‘whore’, he thought he was there for Castiel to ‘use’ him. He felt his heart being ripped from his chest. Then he remembered his response and wondered how stupid he could be. He was supposed to create himself an image that signaled ‘safety’ and ‘love’ for Dean, but he goes and insults his submissive. He kicked his sub out. Oh god.

His actions were stupid. He could see that now.

He was going to make it up to Dean. He was going to do it right. He was going to make a contract with him, discuss terms and have a freaking real talk with him.

They were going to get there.

After 6 hours of class and three lectures, Castiel felt truly done. He was tired, his legs were jelly, his eyes were trying to trick him into falling asleep even on his way to his car, which is funny because he was late, because he slept too much, yet he looked and felt like he hadn’t slept in three days. His golden Prius was waiting for him, all alone in the school’s parking lot. Home, sweet home. He couldn’t wait. Fucking long day, fucking long hours, fucking uncoordinated sleeping schedule.

“You look like shit.” A feminine voice shattered his thoughts. He knew her. He also didn’t have time for her. He took out his keys and unlocked his car.

“Hello, Charlie.”

“You’re not even going to ask why I’ve been waiting for you to finish your classes.” She pushed the door to Castiel’s driver’s seat closed and leaned on it so that he couldn’t get in.

“I’m sure there’s a very interesting reason, but I really need to get home, so if you’ll excuse me.” Charlie didn’t make a move.

“No, I won’t excuse you. What did you do?” she asked. Castiel tilted his head confused.
“I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

She laughed, no humor in her tone.

“I don’t know what you want, but after a session, Dean’s worse than he’s been in months. So how ‘bout now? What did you do?”

Castiel’s eyes widened, a million thoughts crossing his mind.

“What do you mean worse? What happened?”

“That’s exactly what I asked.”

“Nothing happened.”

“Is that so?”

“What did he tell you?” Castiel didn’t want her to know everything that happened, he also didn’t want to be the one to spill the beans, so he needed to know what Dean said so he could build on that. Still, a little part of his mind wondered what could have happened to his sub so bad that Charlie was looking for him.

“That nothing happened and that you’re weird.” Castiel snorted, actually amused by the choice of words. Of course, that would be Dean’s way of describing him.

“And why would you assume I did something?”

“He seemed more troubled. Right after your first encounter. I figured.” She explained. Blame it all on him, why not? Bullshit. He was always the trouble maker.

“For fuck’s sake, Charlie. He seemed a bit troubled and you figured that I tried to bring him harm, when I remember specifically telling you my intentions for him?” she stepped away from the car door at Castiel’s hard tone, regression in her eyes. “I get you’re trying to look after your friend, I do. But it would do him so much more good if you would go after his real abuser, not a poor bastard that spent only a day with him.” With that he got into the car and drove away. He looked in the rearview mirror at the shadow of the person he left behind.

He didn’t know what he was doing anymore. He didn’t have a plan. He had no clue where this was going. He kept thinking, planning, imagining and all for nothing. He was frustrated and tired. His eyes were stinging, the shapes blurring into colors. He wiped his eyes. Fuck it. Damn it all.

What was he doing? He had no idea.

He hated these moments. These moments of weakness, where control was so far out of his reach, it was practically in Narnia.

What was Dean doing? What was happening? He wanted to know. He needed to know. To be trusted, to not feel this powerless over his own person. Even if he was leaving Dean and Charlie out of this, he still felt like shit. Worst of all was he had no idea why.

He found himself at a stoplight, pulling out his phone and pressing ‘one’ on his keypad. The phone rang three times before the cheery voice of his brother blasted through the speakers of his car.

“Cassie, long time no see!” Gabe greeted. All Castiel could do was to sigh.
“We haven’t talked in a week at most.”

“Like I said: long time, no see. What’s poppin’, little bro?”

“Nothing.” Castiel lied.

“Ok, great so where you at? I can be at your apartment in 20 minutes, pizza and everything.”

“Wait, Gabriel. That’s not why I-”

“Castiel, honey. You sound like you got hit by a train. No need to tell me.” then the line went dead.

Castiel kept driving, a smile creeping slowly on his face. Pizza sounded good actually.
Chapter 6

Chapter by adela_19

Chapter Notes

Here I am posting another chapter that I’m not completely happy with even though my beta (AngryEgg) assured me it is more than ok://
Also, thank you all for the nice comments and support. You are incredible and I am very very grateful:) 

“See, this is what happens when I leave you alone, Castiel!”

“Gabriel…” Castiel sighed.

“Don’t ‘Gabriel’ me, little brother! Explain what the hell you think you’re doing.”

“I honestly see no point in you being so shocked about this, but I’ll indulge.” Prompted by Gabriel’s glare, he continued talking. The point remained valid - he did not get his brother’s behavior. It’s because of him that this whole charade started, after all! And now he’s staying in the middle of his kitchen, nursing half a beer, while the pizza and brownies remained forgotten on the counter. He fucking wanted that pizza. Yet he knows telling his brother about this is of great importance regarding their ‘brotherly bond’ and Castiel’s sanity. Father wasn’t there anymore, no one was chasing them, Castiel didn’t have to hide anymore, so he could share a little of his thoughts.

“To be honest, my interest for this particular ‘hobby’ started some time ago, but I never acted on it until a few years ago, when we got out. When we were safe.”

“Hold up! You spent fucking years just debating whether to do it or not?!?”

“You’re yelling again.” Castiel mumbled, under his brother’s scorning.

“You shut up.” He jabbed a finger at Castiel, making him sit down. Back at it with the intimidation. Castiel had really gotten soft. He didn’t know why, but that thought brought a faint smile to his lips.

“Maybe you don’t know how a family works, so let me refresh the concept for you, ok? Me, big brother.” He points at himself. “You, little brother.” He points again at Cas. “You and I are what people call ‘brothers’.” He air quoted. “Now brothers usually spend a lot of time together, forming this bond, right?” Castiel nodded dumbly. “It grows stronger and stronger if the brothers keep doing brotherly stuff, you know? Like. Let’s say…” he tapped his chin with his pointing finger. “talking, sharing stuff, comforting each other, being there for each other, helping each other.” Castiel opened his mouth to stop Gabriel from his childish rant, but his brother shut him up by making a shushing gesture. “I know. Crazy, right? Having a healthy relationship? Screw that!” Gabriel finishes his speech by glaring daggers at the little brother.

“You know what they say, brothers who kill together, stick together.” Cas’s eyes widened at Gabe’s dark tone. This guy can go from sad to angry to happy in a matter of seconds and it’s terrifying.

“I’m sorry.” The younger brother whispers, sporting the biggest pout ever, hoping to earn his brother’s forgiveness. Gabriel smiles faintly.
“I just don’t get it. You have been pulling that shit since we were little. You always keep it to yourself and if before you had an excuse with the murder and all, now this is you just hiding. From me. I’m your brother and a very charming guy, in all honesty. But still, your brother.” Gabriel talked with the tone of a mother, a sad one, but a loving one.

“I know. I am sorry.” Castiel apologized, guilt drenching his words.

“Don’t sweat it.” Gabriel responded quickly, retrieving a couple of plates and setting them on the table in front of Castiel. He, then proceeded to take a slice and eat it, not bothering to use any of the plates.

“Now tell me the story, you moron. I always knew you were a kinky son of a bitch.” He patted Castiel’s shoulder with his greasy hand, making Castiel flinch reflexively.

And with that, Castiel told his brother everything: from the moment he saw Dean, to him wondering about BDSM and realizing it was something he wished to experience someday, then dreaming about this lifestyle while being subjected to their father’s insane missions and commands, to him seeing the possibility of reaching that fantasy once their father was deceased, to Castiel requesting to move to Lawrence and actually researching facts about the BDSM world, to his first two subs and finally to Dean and his need to make the troubled man trust him in order to make a connection which he hopes will transform into something more permanent like a full-on relationship, because Castiel has a crush that turned lowkey into an obsession. No biggie.

“Sneaky asshole.” Was all Gabriel had to say. Castiel, on the other hand, was in no mood for bullshit. His feeling of uneasiness and jumpiness returned like a reminder that his plan wasn’t succeeding.

“So?”

“So what?”

“Gabriel. What do you think?” Castiel asked with curiosity.

“You’re overthinking.”

“As I always seem to do. Anything else?”

“I mean, with your other two subs, from what you’ve told me, you were more… detached, but with Dean, you’re acting like he’s made of glass. One wrong word will end any possibility of you being in a relationship.” At Castiel’s confused look, Gabriel rolled his eyes and continued talking. “It won’t. Besides, it’s stupid for you to think like that. Even more so if he is as problematic as you tell me. I agree it’s a more delicate situation then what I’ve experienced, but in the end, it’s the same thing.”

“Which is?”

“You do what feels right. You know the rules, ‘cause a dork like you probably spent a year just doing research.”

“You can never do too much research, Gabriel. I like to know the rules of the games I’m playing.”

“You know the rules, idiot. You just have to play.” Gabriel winked at him. For once, what he was saying made sense. Castiel could see it very clearly now - he was too afraid to do anything and it was stupid. Dean had a lot of things going on and Castiel wanted to help, but while he got to the helping part, he couldn’t just wait around and not experience this with Dean.
“You’re finally useful.” Castiel teased.

“Laugh all you want, Cassie, but I helped you.” Gabe pointed at him with his half-eaten slice of pizza. Castiel chuckled.

“You really did. Thank you.”

“What can I say, brother? I know my shit.”

“Yeah, by the way, how did you get into this stuff? You never told me.”

“Not happening. Eat your damn food.” Gabriel responded, cheeks turning red.

“You one time I’m nice to you...” Castiel mumbled as he took a huge bite of his slice, bringing back the hunger he neglected in light of understanding how to treat Dean’s situation. He had to make it simple, following the basic rules - you obey, you get rewarded, you disobey, you get punished and working up from there based on their desires and limits. Which reminded him, he needed to find a way to discuss their contract with Dean. Without one there was no map for Castiel to guide himself. Then they should get tested, even though Dean had other clients, so it probably wouldn’t help.

He was overthinking again. He needed to relax a bit. If it actually turned out Castiel’s obsession was centered around the heat of the moment, then it shouldn’t be too hard for them to part and for Cas to go on his own way. Thoughts like that were logical and normal, so why did Castiel’s heart beat a little faster when imagining never seeing those green eyes?

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It was a bit cold outside. Then again, whenever it wasn’t summer, Dean was cold, a chill that he felt down to his tired bones. He couldn’t remember a time when he wasn’t tired or ill, physically or mentally, but he learned to live with it. He learned to take it. First for Sam, then because he wanted to. Truth was if you took this from him – whatever this was, he still chose to call it BDSM – there was nothing left. He wasn’t good for shit and to be honest, he couldn’t be even if he tried.

Showing his ass a little and taking some harsh words and beatings seemed to bring some money in, that he immediately threw on drugs to support his unwanted addiction. At some point, he even had half a mind to wonder if he could stop taking them - the drugs. He tried for a whole six hours before the withdrawal pain hit him like a bus and he took those pills faster than he ever had, craving the pleasant buzzing in his head and the lack of any kind of filter between his brain and his mouth.

Some who knew his story - by "some" he meant Charlie – would say it was not his fault, they’d say none of it was his fault, but Dean knew better. Better than to think himself some martyr, some righteous man, sacrificing himself for the good of others. He wasn’t that. He wasn’t going to fool himself. Those days were long gone, just like that Dean, who had a shot at a something good, at a happy family and healthy life was long gone, forgotten in the fog of the humiliating things he’d done, of the joke of the man he’d become.

He felt a sharp twinge in his lower back that sent gradually million little pricks across his skin and had to keep walking while feeling like a thousand needles kept puncturing him, making him sway a bit trying to hide his pain, putting it off by taking another pill and fastening his pace as to concentrate on something else. The last thing he needed was to cause a scene on the street, not that anyone would particularly care.

He kept his eyes glued to his feet, watching the pavement as he took one step after another. Great concentration point he had found, amazingly original and successful in keeping his pain at bay. It
truly wasn’t that big of a deal as he was making it seem, he felt childish and pathetic as a result. Nothing new.

Sweat broke on his skin, while he found out that his discomfort was still making him jittery. At that point he was forcing his muscles to relax, popping his shoulder for any knots that may have been the cause of his sudden problem. He quickened his steps, telling himself he was almost there like somehow arriving at Castiel’s apartment would make his torment. It was actually funny. He was slowly running, some twisted thought making him think that it would help. He was getting closer to another place he dreaded.

Ok, maybe not ‘dread’, but he didn’t like it. He would never like it. This job of his - he took it as a punishment, a way to repay his debts, his mistakes, to right his wrongs. Actually, scratch that - he didn’t think about why he did, he just did it. That was that. Yes, it was awful. Yes, maybe he wanted something else. But no, he was a fuck-up and he couldn’t do anything.

You made a mistake.

Not looking where his was going, he bumped into some poor bastard and he would’ve apologized if his shoulder wouldn’t have hurt so much that he found himself whispering curses.

You know what happens.

One would believe drugs had a faster effect on the human brain. He didn’t take the pills so he could have nausea and dizziness on the side of physical pain and his twisted, sick thoughts. No. One was supposed to null the other. Today he wasn’t going to escape himself so easily.

Turn around. Hands behind your back.

He was getting close to Castiel’s building. He must be getting closer. He shook his head and rubbed violently at his shoulder, causing even more misery. He kept doing it anyway.

Oh, and don’t hold back. I wanna’ hear you scream.

He raised his head and looked around, observing that he measured the distance right. He should be seeing Cas’s building anytime now.

Next time you’ll listen to me. Next time you’ll be better.

He released his shoulder and gulped in a big breath of air, feeling himself starting to relax. Little by little his thoughts were dulled by a warm feeling that reached every inch of his body, his ache disappeared just as it came: by surprise. This one was a good surprise. For a minute or so, his running was slowed to walking and his thoughts were incoherent pieces of information or memories that Dean was lowkey trying to ignore. Not that he gave a shit anymore.

He kept walking, glancing around like it was a new world, the trees seemed taller and more beautiful, even leafless. The constant various sounds on the street were transformed into a melody in Dean’s head. A shitty one, true, but a melody. Amazed by his oh-so-mundane surroundings he found his feet guiding him unconsciously to Castiel’s place, opening the door, he strode through the building’s halls, smiling, not giving a fuck what happened. Whatever this thing with Cas came to be, nothing could be worse than what he was doing now.

He didn’t care.

Bring it on…
The door opened on the third knock, revealing an excited Castiel, who was smiling like Dean was some damn pizza delivery man, which he wasn’t. That job required some skills. Watching Castiel’s gummy smile he almost felt bad for him, being stuck with the short end of the straw. This man probably deserved better than one broken sub, yet he insisted on Dean taking the job. Yes, that was guilt that tried to crawl its measly way through Dean’s consciousness. He fought it.

It had been fucking weird. Having Castiel as his dom or whatever. He went head first in this, without expectations, but ready to take whatever it was being thrown at him, and yet Castiel seemed almost… fine. Feeding Dean, asking if he needed anything, not letting Dean suck his dick was an actual change of scenery for him. He was still debating if it was a good one or a bad one. Having Castiel as a dominant, if things went as they did last time, it would mean… stuff. Too many stuff for him to process, in fact, so he gladly interrupted that train of though before walking into the apartment.

“How are you, Dean?” Cas asked, his smile never fading. At Dean’s quiet ‘fine’, he continued:

“Don’t undress just yet.” Dean started undressing, but stilled when hearing Castiel’s command. He just stood there without saying a word, lowering his gaze to the ground, he waited for Castiel to be done shamelessly staring him.

“Before we move any further, we need to have a real conversation.” Dean’s head snapped up. “On a scale from one to five, how badly under the influence are you?” Castiel asked.

Honestly? Fuck him. Did he think some pills could stop Dean from talking? Maybe like a whole bottle.

“I am sober enough to talk, you know.” Dean responded, venom in his voice. After all these years, he still couldn’t stay still and just let anyone assume that he was incapable, even if he was, he wouldn’t show it. Jackasses should mind their own business.

“Yes, but are you sober enough to make decisions?” Castiel kept questioning. “Normally, I wouldn’t even consider us talking about things of such importance with you being as high as you are, but I get the feeling I won’t see you clear-minded anytime soon.” At this point, he wanted to just punch the guy. He didn’t say anything, he was truly just stating facts, but for some reason, Dean took it like a scolding. Whatever fight he wanted to start, the better thing to do is to fuck off and just take it, like he always did. To be frank, it was his own damn fault for ending up like this. Fucking idiot.

“Whatever.” Castiel’s nose scrunched up at Dean’s dismissive tone but seemed to let it slide as he turned around and walked to the kitchen. Dean followed him.

“Sit.” He says as he took his place at the other end of the table. Once Dean was seated, Castiel continued:

“I want to discuss a little bit about our limits and expectation. Is that ok?” Dean wanted to tell him to fuck off.

“I thought we were over this. I told you, you can do whatever. I was clear-headed enough.” Dean used a spiteful tone, that he kind of regretted it, seeing Cas’s eyes sadden. He warned him, he hadn’t bought the right whore.

“Dean, I need you to understand that BDSM is way more complex than just saying there are no limits. Everyone has limits and wishes. I want to know yours and to share mine.” Castiel’s eyes were pleading. They were just so damn blue. If he’d been a poet he’d say Castiel’s eyes were deep like the ocean, showing a shade of blue so rare and beautiful, but thank God he wasn’t. He’d suck at that too.
He already felt like shit for speaking up twice, so he just nodded. Castiel’s eyes instantly lit up, and Dean suppressed a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

“Let’s ease into this. Can you tell me what made you take on the position of the submissive?”

See, here was the problem. As much as Dean would have like to get over this conversation, he doubted any of his answers would have delighted Castiel, but then again, lying was so damn stressful and then he would have probably had to remember all the shit he made up and that was a firm hell no. The only option was, to tell the truth.

“Hired subs have a bigger paycheck.” He stated nonchalantly. He could see the exact moment, Cas registered what Dean had said, because his eyes went wide and his mouth slack, but he quickly schooled his features.

“Is that all?”

“Pretty much.”

“So the money is the only thing that made you try BDSM?”

“Eh, not exactly. I could’ve easily been a normal whore. I chose this ‘cause its more interesting.”

“Interesting in what ways, Dean? I need you to be more specific.”

“I don’t know, man. It just is. Can we skip to the next question?” he could see Castiel getting annoyed with him and a part of him couldn’t have been happier, yet another part told him to apologize and behave as much as possible. Even if it felt weird for him to have split opinions, his mind carried on with the troublesome act. If he got a true reaction out of this and could finally realize what kind of dom he was dealing with, then more points for him.

That’s how whole hours passed, with Dean showing little to no interest and dodging every question Cas had while being a total asshole. His inquiry held subject of high importance and interesting matters that Dean hadn’t thought about since before Al. Sorrow flooded his heart and every drop of guilt regarding his behavior towards Castiel vanished. He knew it was wrong to take his anger out on the guy. He hadn't done anything, yet Dean felt worse and worse as the conversation went on. His thoughts drifted back slowly to Sam, how he let him down. He didn’t want to let the kid down, much less make him leave. He thought he was strong enough. Turns out he wasn’t.

So, now he took money from a bastard that used him in every way possible, he couldn't stay half a day without his pills and he missed the good times, when they were alright. That life seems so far away, it almost felt like a dream. In the end, what was there left for him? Nothing. Why did he care so much? He didn’t. He was merely another body wasting oxygen.

“Dean?” Castiel voice reached him. Dean finds concerned eyes looking for anything wrong. That would be him.

“Yeah.” His voice wavered a bit and he cursed himself for it.

“Are you alright?” In another life, Dean would have said no’ and accept the pity, but he was too low already, he wasn’t going further down the drain, not now.

“Of course.”

“Are you lying?” Dean shook his head. Yeah, he was lying, but it was none of his business.

“Are you sure? Do you need anything?” Dean only shook his head more violently. He was not sure
and he needed something stronger to stop the thoughts, but he wasn't going to tell Castiel. He kept his eyes trained on the hands on his lap and didn’t speak, hoping Cas took the hint and went on with his questions.

A warm hand touched his shoulder. Surprised at the sudden contact, Dean whipped his head to see Castiel’s warm and welcoming smile. Now all the anger and frustration was being replaced by pure confusion. It was not directed at Cas - he was just trying to be nice - but at himself. He felt his heart beat faster and his mouth curling into a small, yet reassuring smile. He wanted to touch Cas’s hand and to thank him for not being a complete asshole right now like he tended to be sometimes.

Look at him. This is the second session with Castiel, but Dean already spoke like he knew him. He didn't, but the guy couldn't be that bad.

“I think you should talk to me.” Castiel whispered. “We’re supposed to trust each other in order for this to work.” Dean just kept staring. No response. He didn't know how he was supposed to react. Castiel kept caressing his shoulder gently. All Dean wanted to do was to lean into the touch. Why didn't he? He remained stern. He could feel the hand making larger, more lasting motions, stroking his skin and the touch almost feels electric, at least on Dean’s end. Not saying a word, he began to rub both of his shoulders, moving up to his neck, the tenderness never leaving his touch.

Dean’s resolve was seconds away from crumbling and him fucking accepting that Cas touching him like this felt good, if not amazing. The hands stopped their movements, before going lower in one languid stroke from his upper to his lower back. Dean sensed a change in the contact, while closing his eyes. The hands going over his scars and newly achieved marks had more pressure, leaving the sensation of knives piercing his skin, sparking up a nearly unbearable pain.

*Uneven breaths on his cold skin. A mouth ghosting over his ear.*

“I'll make you remember me.”

Dean jumped off the chair, making Castiel almost fall with the swift movement. He regained his balance by grabbing the discarded chair. Dean was seeing red, he didn’t care if Cas fell, he was angry. All he cared about was making the awful sensation go away. Why the fuck was he taking the drugs if they couldn't keep this shit at bay?

“Dean. What’s wrong?” Cas’s voice reached his mind, which was on the verge of panic.

“Nothing.”

“Tell me what’s wrong.” The voice demanded while a hand was trying to carefully reach for him. Dean ditched the hand, taking deep breaths, and hoping he’d calm down before Castiel saw his weak ass running.

“What’s wrong is that you can’t get a hint.” Dean mumbled, trying to find comforting thoughts. Sadly, there were none.

“I don’t understand.”

“Too fucking bad!” Dean yelled. The room quieted down instantly, the only sound breaking the silence being their sharp breaths. Dean looked at Castiel long enough to see the gradual change in his behavior, the gleam in his eyes turning dark.

“What’s your safe word?” were the first words Castiel said.

*Of fucking course!* Dean’s only reaction was a chuckle.
“Do people still use those?” Castiel’s stern look didn’t waver. He looked serious. Dean must’ve screwed up really bad… again.

“We’ll use the color system. Green for good, keep going, yellow for slow down and red for stop. Understood?” Dean nodded. He was surprised to see that the teacher was actually intimidating. He got out of the kitchen, motioning for Dean to follow him. Not giving a shit about himself or whatever was going to happen, Dean trailed after his dom.

They entered a red room with black accents. It looked familiar somehow. This room, looked like the club, with the same red leather couch and black chairs, to the Chinese love seat. The walls were decorated with different shelves displaying various sex toys. Dean would have actually liked to explore that room more, if his heart weren’t beating in his chest like a hammer. Castiel went immediately for one of the chairs and placed it in the middle of the room. He told Dean to strip and after he was buck naked, he gestured to the chair and told Dean to take a seat. As Dean sat down, Castiel retrieved two black ropes and placed them on one of the chair’s armrest. One rope was intended for his legs, that were binded together, and the other one for his hand, which were tied up behind his back, with a strong knot. When Castiel was done tying Dean, he came to stand in front of him.

“This is your punishment. You didn’t behave yourself at all since you stepped through that door. You will stay here, alone and think about what you did.” Dean snorted. “Do not take my discipline lightly. It has the means to teach you a lesson. Also don’t take it too harshly either. If at any moment, something goes wrong, all you have to do is say red and the scene stops altogether and I will come to untie you. If you find yourself unable to speak, press the buzzer.” Dean kept his head down, unable to look at Cas. He saw his shadow place that damned buzzer within reach.

“Don’t worry. You’ll learn.” Castiel said before stepping out of the room and shutting off the light, leaving the submission in the dark.

“All by himself, Dean forced his eyes to open and his head to lift. He really was alone. Fuck! What did he do? Why did Cas lock him up again? He fucked up. He didn’t mean to. He didn’t. He thought… he obviously didn’t think. He disappointed Cas, for some reason that mattered to him. His heart ached. He wasn’t supposed to care if the dom got sad or mad or whatever. He was supposed to take what people wanted to give, then collect the money. Still, from the moment he sat in that chair, his mind went into overdrive and now he couldn't stop it.

What did he do? His eyes were burning with unshed tears. Stop. He was wrong. He disrespected his dom. His dom… not his. He failed Cas, who only wanted to talk, who caressed Dean’s scars with kindness. He didn’t deserve that. He told Cas to pick someone better, someone suited for him. He told the bastard!

He understood, he'd earned it. He replayed the moment, Castiel’s gaze turning cold as ice and him being instantly sorry for being a pain the ass. Castiel was ok. There wasn’t a single ill-mannered thing he’d done. Cas was different. Dean told himself as he rubbed his hands unconsciously against the ropes. He’d ruined it. Damnitdamnitdamnitdamnitdamnitdamnitdamnitdamnitdamn it damn it damn…

His lungs were burning, his eyes didn't want to open. Even if they would, his sight would have been blurry from the tears. Because he was crying. Shit. If he were alone, he’d scream, but Castiel was right outside. He could have said ‘red’ and stop the game. He didn’t. He was being punished because he deserved it. Thinking about it he deserved it all. Being a petty good-for-nothing most of the days didn't change the fact that it was his fault. As much as he tried to ignore it, to run from his problems, he knew damn well he was to blame and sooner or later he was going to have to accept it. He was
left there for a reason…

“I’m leaving, Dean.”

“What do you mean you’re leaving?” Dean got up from the chair, shocked at the sudden news. He thought they were fine.

“I can’t do this anymore.” His brother says, not even stopping from searching for clothes to pack.

“Sam, what’s happening?” Dean asks, trying not to show the panic that starts menacing his mind.

“All of this, Dean. You, me, us. We don’t fit together anymore.” His brother sighted and Dean’s heart broke. “We need some time apart. I need…”

“Where’s all this coming from?”

“From you, Dean! From you and your impending need to do this to yourself. I tried to help you. You are my brother, but I can’t just stay around and watch you wilt away. I can’t…”

“So you decide to jump ship?”

“If that’s what will make you quit, then yes.” Of course, he neglected Sam. In his mind everything was amazing. Turns out it was not so fine. He understands what Sam is doing and if he wasn’t panic-stricken, he would fight tooth and nail to keep him here, he’d assure Sam he’ll quit and lie about his job.

“I can’t quit!”

“Exactly my point.” His brother responded, while folding a pair of jeans.

“Sam, this is stupid. What you’re doing…”

“Helping you.”

“It’s not helping.”

“It will. You can’t see it now, but it will.” His brother walked past him, to retrieve his toothbrush from the bathroom and threw it into his bag.

“Where are you even going? What are you going to do, huh? Sam, you’re 17!”

“Exactly! Soon I’ll graduate and leave for Standford or wherever the hell I can get in.”

“Don’t say that. You’re a smart kid.” Dean sighed. At his compliment, Sam stopped searching and turned to Dean with a small smile on his face.

“I’m going to stay with Bobby.”

“You could stay here.” Dean offered. Sam only raised his eyebrows at him, like he’s crazy. He raised the kid and now Sam didn’t even want to be around Dean.

“I can’t, Dean.” The worst part was that even if Dean wanted to stop him, lock the door and yell at him for insinuating Dean would ever abandon him. Sadly, he couldn't find the strength to do anything. He knew it would be better for Sam to stay away, so he just stayed with his brother, while he packed everything, which wasn’t much, to be honest. He ignored the pain and bile rising in his throat and waited. When Sam’s done, he got dressed, put his shoes on and left the small apartment without even saying goodbye.

Dean didn’t cry, he didn’t shout, he just stared at Sam’s empty bed, at the clotheless drawers and cursed himself to sleep. It was his damn fault.

He deserved it and it was ok. He took his punishments with indifference. A spanking here, a beating there and what he did is excused, but his shoulders slump forward from everything he’s carrying. He did it to himself and now he was dealing with it. Just like he’s supposed to do. Sure, most of the time it sucked… He remembered vaguely his first times with Al when he wanted to impress and to be good. Surely with no experience, he got disciplined more times that never, not succeeding in doing
anything right. He would fight him sometimes, would demand to know why he likes punishing him so much and he’d just smirk and say:

“Remember this, Michael. Whenever you get punished, just know you deserve it. Seeing you can’t do anything, you should get used to this.”

So he believed it then and still believes it now. Didn’t make it hurt any less. Cas seemed alright, he didn’t look like the type to hurt subs. Faith would make for Dean to be the one to disappoint Castiel to the point where he wants to make Dean suffer. Suffer... a strange word. It wasn't that bad a thought. He was not suffering or hurting. He was ok. He just overreacted like always.

Maybe, just maybe, this dom was not all that different. He could see it. Castiel being just like Al, only repressed. Leave it to Dean to bring him out of his shell. Al’s punishments hurt more though. All the unconventional ways of disciplining Dean that he used, didn’t seem to hurt in the same way this did. This felt somehow worse. Ask Dean what he was thinking about at that moment and he’ll just laugh in your face, say he doesn’t do much thinking in general.

Right now, he kept pondering. He found himself unable to stop comparing Castiel to Al, analyzing them both, studying himself and his actions, remembering what he did, why all of this, everything that happened, everything that will happen, everything… is. His. Fault.

Now would have been a perfect moment to stop the play and yell ‘red’ with everything he had, yet he kept still and breathed slowly, staving off his tears. Castiel wanted him to hurt. Well, too bad. He wouldn't give the bastard satisfaction. Yes, he might’ve just overthought his entire existence and brought himself to tears, but he wouldn't show or tell him anything. For all Dean cared, he could shove it.

He opened his eyes to an empty, dark room. He was alone. Like he always was. He remembered how hopeless and scared he felt, when he started this ‘job’, how he needed someone to talk to, how he craved the comfort of another human body to counter all the shit that was happening. As years passed he learned to hide himself and his desires. Actually, learned to stop wishing for anything. Not two hours ago, he recalled wanting Cas to touch him and not even in the sexy way, just to connect, that’s all he wanted. Then things went south and Dean found himself hurting from inside out, strapped to a chair, in a room full of sex toys.

Anger seeped through his being, reddening everything. What the fuck kind of punishment was this?! Was this a fucking joke!? Fucking repressed feelings! Fucking punishment! Fucking blue eyes! Fuck it all!

He knew something good couldn’t last for long. Castiel’s image of a better kind of dom, crumbled to the ground, just like his spark of hope did.

*Damn it all to hell!*
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

I am lowkey pumped for this chapter seeing as my beta (AngryEgg) who wrote a section of this part thinks it may be one of the best chapters yet and that got me excited:))
Now we're starting to actually get in the plot a lil but more so that's what's happening here.

Also I made a Tumblr page(bottom-dean-for-the-soul) for my drabbles and stuff so if you wanna say hi just hmu :)

I hope you enjoy this and don't forget to let me know what you think in the comments.

Disappointment.

He was disappointed. That was the cold feeling spreading through his body like a plague. His expectations were shattering in front of him and he couldn’t do anything. He knew he was the one at fault imagining a stranger's face on a person that was modeled only after his liking. Dean, his light, as he used to call him, was broken beyond repair and tainted to the bone. Whatever was bound to happen, Castiel knew one thing: he was not shallow. The fact that Dean was defeated from every point of view was not nearly enough to drive Castiel away - it only made him want to help even more, but his arrogance, his carelessness, and shallowness painted the picture of a man too deep in his own world to ever be pulled out, much less by Castiel.

With every second that passed, Castiel’s excitement was dulling and his hope was draining. He wasn’t going to back down though. His heart wouldn’t let him, while his brain was screaming at him to stop this charade. What he and Dean ‘had’ was lacking any kind of spark, organization or even interest on Dean’s part, which drove Castiel mad. They were clearly not a match and as much as he was going to miss those green eyes, if this arrangement was going to wilt away, Castiel wouldn’t stop it. And yet…

Ugh. He took another sip of his whiskey and pursed his lips, enjoying the burn. Deep in thought, he didn’t even register, a cheery redhead plopping down on the chair next to him. He needed to stop coming to this club, now that he had a few acquaintances. He had a feeling Crowley wouldn’t like it.

“What’s up, Cas?” Charlie chirped. Castiel raised an eyebrow at her but didn’t respond. Charlie made a guilty face.

“Are you still mad at me?” No response. “I’ll take that as a yes.” She huffed. Silence. “I’m sorry, ok? I shouldn’t have said those things or assume that you… I’m sorry.”

“It’s ok.” Came Castiel’s reply.

“Now you know how to talk?” Castiel shrugged. “I mean it though. I was harsh and it was unjustified.”
“You’re looking out for him. I get it.” Charlie nodded.

“He doesn’t seem to think so.”

“Snapped at you too?”

“Yep.” Charlie clipped. Castiel nodded in acknowledgement of another victim of Dean’s erratic behavior. “I don’t even know, man. I mean it would be so easy to stop doing these things to himself and yet he’s practically clinging to drugs and abusive relationships. I don’t want to just do nothing.”

“So don’t.”

“Not that easy, buddy.” Castiel squinted at the pet name, but took another swallow of his drink and set the glass down with a cling, turning so as to fully face Charlie.

“It is actually.”

“Easy for you to say.”

“Not really. I could help you help Dean.”

“How do you suggest that?”

“I’ll think of something.” Charlie grunted.

“Great plan.”

“I just need you to tell me about this dom he has.” He spat out the word dom. He didn’t like this guy and he wanted people to know it.

“There he goes, delusional as always.”

“Charlie. We can help him. I just need some more details.” He pulled out the puppy eyes.

“Why do you even care, Castiel? You don’t even know him.”

“I want to know him and I get the feeling he won’t tell me anything anytime soon.” Charlie just gave him a look and ordered a cocktail. They fell into silence. None of them saying another word.

“When I started coming to this club, I didn’t even know I was a lesbian.” She let out a faint laugh. “Then there was Dean. All cheerful and glowing, always smiling. He was so sweet and then to learn he was a submissive… God, I had to try it out. Of course, it ended as abruptly as it started with me being into girls and all, but it was fun. He was - is made for it. Takes orders so easily, loves to obey people, always trying to please. What could you want more? Not even Gilda or freaking Dorothy listened to me as easily as him.” Castiel nodded, attempting to retain every word she said. “He came here wishing to raise some quick money to get his little brother through college. He always talked about Sam. I even met him once - nerdy guy, but so smart, so much like Dean, you could see how much he looked up to his older brother. This guy found him one day and he immediately closed a contract with Crowley, who gave Dean up happily for money. The asshole screwed Dean up. Suggested including drugs into their ‘scenes’. Dean did it for the money. He started forgetting what this ” she said gesturing at the club “ meant to him. He lost himself. Al- that’s his name – was rough and he still is. Dean started to find great pleasure in this because he’s a masochist, but also because he takes it as a constant punishment. Lately, it’s been worse and I can see he’s starting to realize, but I still don’t know what’s happening. He won’t talk to me anymore.”
Castiel was surprised to see Charlie give up so many things that quickly, but he listened carefully and tried to ignore the way his stomach turned when hearing everything she had to say.

He still had a long way to forgetting about Dean.

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Dean was fuming. Downright angry at himself for being fucked up and at Cas for being an asshole with a capital 'a'. Dean could have filled a freaking book with everything that pissed him off right now. But he couldn't stand it, he was going out, he was going to forget about Castiel, about Al, about himself. He didn't need this crap, didn't need any of it. And that's what he kept telling himself as he entered a no-name bar because his brain seemed to think it was a good idea, while his feet cursed the life out of him.

He didn't care though. He got out of his everyday baggy sweatpants and t-shirt for the first time in God-knows-how-long. He was still casual with his washed up dark jeans and plaid shirt, only more 'clean'. Speaking of clean, he hadn't taken his pills since noon and now he could feel himself becoming somewhat jittery. He made his way through the crowd, scanning every single corner for someone approachable, who could be down for a quick, rough fuck in the bathroom, just like the good old days.

A couple of people caught his attention, but were quickly erased from Dean’s list as one of them had a boyfriend, another looked like he was about to puke, one chick looked almost accessible until she started heatedly making out with another girl and Dean gave up on his plans, deciding that a couple of bears would do the trick just the same.

The joke was on him. Dean was on his third beer and was still the creepy loner in a bar - whenever he spotted someone, there had to be something making him reconsider. He told himself he was going to leave after finishing the bottle when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned around, almost shocked but covering his reaction with a null expression. The person that disrupted his deep train of thought was, in fact, very 'decent'. He was a guy, but even though Dean would've been more comfortable fucking a girl tonight, this wasn't bad at all.

"Can I help you?" he asked before the stranger could even open his mouth. The only response he got was a smirk. He raised an eyebrow.

"As a matter of fact, yes." The new guy licked his lips while eye-fucking Dean. Eager. This had proven to be easy after all. He didn't have to look for anyone. People were coming to him. This was one of the times his good looks actually came in handy.

"Well, then." Dean said as he jumped off the chair. "You know where to find me." He said while winking, making sure to make a show of swaying his hips. He got in the bathroom and went straight for the sink, pouring a little handwash and scrubbing his hands under the water. He supposed he needed to do something while waiting for the guy to come his way (pun intended). He glanced at himself in the dirty mirror hanging low over the sink.

He looked normal - like shit, but normal. The bags under his eyes haven't faded, nor did his slightly swollen lip that he was sporting after talking back to Al again. He sighed and kept washing his hands, trying not to get too lost in his own head. The door to the bathroom pushed open slowly. Dean closed the tap and turned around to see the stranger shamelessly staring at him.

"Looking for someone?" Dean teased. The guy didn't even respond before he was on him, their lips meeting in a rough kiss, which consisted in a lot of biting and tongues brushing and soft whimpers that were not coming from Dean, but they tasted like validation. Closing his eyes, he dove deeper
into the kiss, all daily thoughts pushed away. Who cares that he's worthless and all that bullshit? Who
cares that he wasn't good enough for Cas? Or to be a sub at all? Who cares he’s pissed at Cas for
punishing him? Nobody cares. He sure doesn’t.

They parted a little, harsh breaths filling the empty washroom. He opened his eyes to see the other
guy already watching him in downright awe. His lips were spit-slick and swollen from the kiss, his
eyes were dilated and his cheeks red, panting for air. Green irises were trained on him. If the guy
would have moved, the dim light would make his eyes go from green to blue. He really liked blue. It
was a fancy, yet casual color that seemed to make anything better.

The guy kissed him again, even rougher than before, but Dean was long gone in the deepest corners
of his mind. What was it that annoyed Castiel so much, that he punished him? He wasn’t bitter about
it, not really, ‘cause he knew very well it was called for. Cas was an actual saint for dealing with him
that long. He would’ve thrown himself out after five minutes at most.

Which reminded him - he was a royal jackass. If he didn’t know any better, he’d have said he was
feeling guilty. He pushed the ideas out of his mind and kept teasing the guy in front of him with
rough hands and sharp tugs. He found himself looking into eyes that were not blue, running his hand
through strands of hair that were not dark-brown, almost raven, hearing obscenities spoken in a
voice not nearly as deep and whiskey-like, kissing lips that were not as plump and feeling completely
unfulfilled.

The stranger made quick work of his belt buckle and watched as Dean made a show of undressing
himself. Well, "show" was a generous term, as they were both too heated and clumsy to retain any
patience for such details. Soon enough, two pairs of pants decorated the floor, and their faces met
once more, hungrily lapping at each other's mouths. The stranger was rucking up Dean's shirt, a
talented, but cold hand snaking up his chest and flicking a finger over his nipples. Dean let out a
strangled moan, biting into the dark, soft skin under the man's jaw.

In a flash, Dean found himself bending over the dirty sink, grunting as his partner was shoving a
hand between his legs. He moaned needily when he felt deft fingers grasping his length. After a few
frantic pumps, Dean felt his cock being glazed with precum, and he felt himself growing annoyed
and impatient.

"Goddamnit, just fuck me already!"

No sooner had those words left his mouth that he felt two strong hands gripping his flushed hips, and
forcefully thrusting into him.

Dean collapsed, a whimpering puddle of pleasure, as the stranger skewered him. Their raucous
moans filled the bathroom, and the wet sound of their hips meeting again and again riled Dean up
even more. His walls were clenching around the foreign muscle pressing further and further in, and
he shuddered, pushing his ass out to meet the man's merciless pace. Meanwhile, said stranger bluntly
spit into his own palm, and went straight back to business, rubbing Dean's pulsing cock. Dean
rocked himself in the rhythm the guy set, both melting into the slick, wet heat of his hand, and
collapsing around the length relentlessly thundering against his g-spot.

As the stranger slammed home, burying himself to the hilt one last time, Dean gave in to the niggling
sensation building at the base of his cock, and dizzily cried out his arrival, quickly followed by the
man's own breathy release.

Gathering himself up, he quickly left the bathroom, feeling like every single person knew what he'd
done in there, then he remembered he didn’t give a shit and made his way out, not even looking back
at the stranger.
After what he suspected were a couple more shots and snorts he exited the club. Sucks that after that he couldn't recall a single damn thing that happened that could've possibly landed him on Crowley's precious, leather couch in his fucking office, but he was there now so, hooray!

Adjusting slowly to the torturously bright light, Dean opened his eyes, squinting, until the funny shapes morphed into actual objects. There was a rug, and a desk and lots of papers and a Crowley writing furiously with his glasses propped on his nose, making him look even older. The man raised his head, catching Dean staring. It was probably too late to play dead now…

“Hi.” He rasped, his throat dry as a desert, making Dean aware of how dehydrated he must be.

“You’re finally up.”

“Understatement.” Dean mumbled as he pushed himself up into a sitting position, rubbing harshly at his face. “How did I get here?”

“The tooth-fairy brought you here. Said not to let any morons on the streets no more.” Crowley responded, his eyes never leaving the papers.

“Very funny.” Dean groaned, swinging his legs on the ground, taking a few seconds before attempting to stand without falling on his ass. “Do you have some water around here?”

Crowley took his glasses off and placed them on his desk in one swift motion before intertwining his fingers and leaning over his desk.

“What do you think you’re doing, huh?” Confused by the sudden question, Dean looked around the room, noting that he was the only one Crowley could be talking to.

“Um, asking for some water?”

“No, you moron. Why are you blowing this off?” Even more confused by his boss’s inquiry, he only shook his head slightly in a sign of complete bafflement.

“You’re acting like a brat and creating unnecessary stress for one, very generous Castiel Novak. I want to know why.”

Novak! That was his last name. He’s been trying to remember it for freaking days.

“Mind your business.” Was Dean’s response, before ignoring his headache in favor of getting the fuck out of there. This guy was everywhere now. How the fuck could a fucking history teacher be so ass-kissed by everyone?

“I am. Now do say.” Dean only pushed on the knob harder, making a show out of leaving, but not actually exiting the room. “You’re not leaving here until I get a fucking answer.” Crowley raised his voice. Dean felt the anger sweep through him. He turned back to the older man, fury in his eyes.

“The fuck do you care, hm? He’s a fucking client and I do my job however the fuck I please, ok?!”

“Yes, in normal circumstances it would be ok, but here, I simply cannot comprehend how you’d let someone have their way with you and not let anyone else even touch you.” Crowley had a sly smile, knowing he was getting close to Dean’s soft spot. Now that's just freaking dirty.

“What do you want?”

“Exactly what I requested not minutes earlier, moron. You do your job right, if Al gets to have his
way, then so does Castiel and every other client that hires you.”

“You know, you’re a fucking asshole. You never gave a shit what I did as long as you got your money. Why start now?” Dean gritted his teeth, so ready for a fight.

“You’re right, I don’t care. I still got good money.” Dean turns to leave and is stopped yet again by the same annoying voice that has been intruding the privacy of his mind for some minutes now. “Call it self-consciousness, but I’m not that content with what’s happening with that fucker. As I’ve told you many times before, my hand has been forced, both by the cash and influence of Al. You, my unlucky friend, drew the short stick that brought us here.”

Dean made a face that pressed him to get to the point already. He'd heard this half-assed apology so many times he didn't even mind it. Yes, it was unfortunate. Yes, he sometimes wished to get the fuck out, maybe use his money to do something. Yes, it was Crowley’s fault, yet, at the same time, it wasn’t. Him signing the damn contract was his own wrong-doing.

“But I, as you so kindly said, am an asshole. Every single contract I sign has a loophole. A specific loophole that allows me and therefore you, in this case, to leave the business in a certain context.” Dean’s brow furrowed. The hell did he want? What was this conversation about? Crowley must’ve read into his features, because he started talking again, rolling his eyes dramatically.

“I can terminate this contract, but not without your help.”

“To be fucking honest, I don’t really give a shit about any contract. I can leave anytime I want, can’t I?” Crowley pursed his lips.

“Well you can, but you’ll be leaving with a lawsuit for breaching of a contract and a very dangerous person after you. So, no you can’t leave. Unless you’re suicidal, which kind of applies to you so, do what you may.” Crowley smiles again and gestures to the door. As much as Dean would have loved to prove the jackass right and flip him a single finger salute, curiosity got the better of him.

“What’s the context that would allow you to finish the agreement?”

“Now we’re talking.” Crowley spun with his chair once, ending up looking at Dean with a superiority he'd seen so many times, he was so fucking sick of it, but as a flicker of hope burned in chest, he willed himself to listen. “You need another client willing to hire you full-time.”

“That’s it?! Fucking Castiel requested me full-time and you didn’t say shit!” Dean shouted, letting his frustration bleed out through his rough voice.

“Down boy. You didn’t let me finish. If it’d been that simple, we would’ve gotten out years ago.” Dean actually snorted. “You need a regular client, who you’ve been seeing for more than half a year, to want the whole package.” Dean’s hope dissipated instantly.

“That’s bullshit.” He mumbled.

“Don’t pout, Winchester. Despite my principles, I gave you an out. All you have to do is take it.”

“Do not pretend like this isn’t for your own good.” Dean pointed a shaky finger at his boss.

“I won’t. It helps you more than me though.” Dean lowered his eyes, before asking.

“How do I do that?”
“It’s pretty easy, you neanderthal. You hold on to Castiel Novak for dear life. He didn’t request we make a contract since he wasn’t sure how working with you would actually be like. I’d expect him every minute to tell me, he wants another sub, or that he found someone else and then you’re kaput, seeing how people run when they find that you’re with Al.”

“I’m not with that piece of shit! I’m not.” Dean tried to negate the rumor he’s been hearing for so long, it almost feels pointless.

“You are his bitch though. What’s the difference? Castiel wants you for some reason, so I’m just telling you to get your priorities straight.” Dean raised his head, a death glare in his eyes. He turned around and left without a word.

As he kept looking for that glass of water, he was straining to process the new information. He had hope and it felt damn good. He was imagining a life just like Charlie described it, him taking his G.E.D. and using his money to open a business or do anything really, he didn’t care, but for the first time in forever, he was seeing a solution, the light at the end of the tunnel.

His mood dampened in a second with thoughts of Al being a stuck-up bastard, not allowing Dean to leave. Screw him! Dean had his own life, he could do whatever, including fucking leaving. As his train of thought evolved, images of short white hair, wrinkles, terrifying smiles and a vicious old voice are replaced by raven hair, warm smiles, soft skin and a whiskey-warm voice that Dean dreaded and liked at the same time. If he actually wanted to get out, he was supposed to kiss some serious ass, to replace Al with Castiel, while keeping him from making a contract with Crowley so he could leave for real.

Why was he doing this though? He didn’t deserve any of this. Let fucking Crowley come and plant a fucking impossible dream in his fucked-up head and Dean would just roll over. Damn it! He was tired and yet excited. Feeling like he was not worthy of these feelings, he pushed them down, filling his mind with uncertainties and doubt, like he always did. He needed a hit and some damn water. Maybe if he was fast enough he could even catch Charlie before he had to leave for Al’s.

*What a magical day!*  

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He vaguely remembers the first time the arrangement was renewed and how he just stood by and let it happen, having, at that point, nothing to say. He signed the papers, he drank a little and passed out in one of the back rooms. He woke up with the same dread of living and he continued waking up like that, feeling a constant stone in his heart and weight on his shoulders and it was fucking unnerving. Always being scared, never doing shit right, but still giving enough fucks to mask his feelings, a façade of a careless dude whose only problem was when he was running out of drugs.

Looking at things now, he kicked himself for allowing things to get this far, drowning in regret and worthlessness, he kept walking on the surprisingly empty streets. He glanced at the starless sky. Huh. It must have been night. Of course, it was night for fuck’s sake. He recalled thinking the sky was turning black when he got his daily beating in front of the window in Al’s enormous living room. He wasn’t even sure what he did this time. In truth, he probably didn’t do anything, maybe it was just another ‘mood’, but he could never be too sure, being all drugged.

*"Tell me you like it, bitch. Tell me.”*

*Keeping his mouth shut, Dean squeezed his eyes and turned his head to the side in an attempt to shield himself. The expected slap echoed in the huge room.*
“Say it.” Still no word. “That’s what I like about you, my whore. After all this time, you don’t give up. Always fighting.” No response. A cold, ugly laugh rang in his ears. “This is the last time I tell you this: say it, Michael.”

Dean hugged himself as he sped his pace.

If he got out, what would he do? He couldn’t do anything after all. He could continue with this job, just change this contract, this time making sure there are no psychotic sadists requesting him. There wasn’t anyone that would actually want him. He looked like shit, with cuts all over his once muscular torso and arms which became just bones covered with pale skin, barely holding himself together, or functioning, for that matter.

There’s no way he was smart enough to get his G.E.D. by himself, helped by some books, no way he could open a damn business, no way he could get a job that doesn’t have to shake his ass for money in the job description.

No way…

What was he thinking? There was no one to impress, no one to care for, no one to protect, no one that cared.

No one.

Funny how color can drain from your surroundings just by overthinking. He was damn stupid. Getting excited for what exactly? For who? For himself? Tumbling from one mistake to another. He didn’t even understand why his sick mind still thought about all this. He thought he’d decided it was a damn foolish idea. There was no Sam now to push him further, no little annoying brother to guide him. He should have been guiding Sam. Screwed up. Sam was just fine without him. He didn’t need Dean, not as much as Dean needed him.

He didn’t bother knocking. He was running late by ten minutes. He was fucked. He opened the door, revealing a long dark hall. He took his boots off and ran like lightning down the hall, where he knew Al would be waiting. He was, as imagined, pissed, his usual terrifying grin replaced by an annoyed scowl.

“You’re late.” He acknowledged Dean’s presence, standing with his face turned away, hands clasped behind his back, looking through the window like it held the secret of life.

“I know. I’m sorry. I was just - I ran and I had some things to take care of with my broth- I didn’t mean to come late - I lost track of time.” He took a deep breath to calm his nerves. “It won’t happen again, Sir.” Dean bowed his head. That seemed to get Al’s attention as he quickly spun around and made his way towards Dean, stopping in front of him, foreheads almost touching.

“You’re right. It won’t happen again. You’ll be more careful next time, won’t you?” a sharp slap hit his cheek, leaving him shocked. He didn’t raise his head, grinding his teeth in an attempt to calm himself. Al established the space between them and Dean thanked whichever god was listening.

He took his discarded glass and sat down. After taking a sip and pursing his lips a little he returned his attention to Dean, who hadn't moved from his spot.

“You mentioned a brother, huh, slut?” Dean nodded weakly, mentally cursing himself and his big fucking mouth. “Is he a whore like you?” he asked nonchalantly. “Or are you that special?” he chuckled. Dean set his jaw, determined not to speak a word to the jackass. If it weren’t for the money, he would’ve rearranged this douche’s face the moment he walked through that door.
“Well?” Al pushed. Dean grounded his feet. “Fine, don’t tell me. Does he even know what you do?” he chuckled and took another pull. “Probably not. Then you wouldn’t have a brother anymore. That’s probably why you didn’t say anything.” Dean could see from his peripheral vision, Al’s piercing stare and the invitation to fight, but he ignored him. “Ah, that would be so shameful - learning your brother’s a filthy prostitute. That’s what happens when you have no other talents. I almost pity you.” He got up again. “Almost.” He spat. “I am aware, you’re just a pretty face, no brain what-so-ever, but please, learn to arrive at the correct time, Michael.” He passed Dean.

“For your own good.” Another chuckle.

That was the first time, Dean realized how wrong it was, yet how necessary. Before the drugs, before Sam leaving, before the violation of getting more corporal, he used to fight, he used to feel conscious and guilty and better than what he was feeling now.

Who knew? Maybe in five to ten short years, he would get his life back. Fat chance at that. He could either keep living like this or choose to fight again. Knowing how things went the last time he had the strength to argue some treatments and request reasons that he wouldn’t get, either way, a small part of him was screaming at him to consume the life he had chosen - the sad, empty one, full of meaningless actions and acquaintances, the one where you don’t actually live, but survive.

A flash of blue and the ghost of a warm, gentle touch graced Dean’s being and he felt one of the corners of his mouth slowly rising, just to come back down at the memory of being strapped down and left alone, discarded like he didn’t matter, which he didn’t. He was angry and sad. He was freaking sangry at Castiel for fucking acting like the most human person he ever encountered and then throwing him away in a couple of seconds. Desperate and pathetic. That’s what he was.

*He was insane.*

Totally screwed in the head.

*Fucking nuts.*

He raised his hand, rapping his knuckles on the wood.

*His madness was bigger than The Eiffel Tower.*

*Not even funny.*

The door opened not seconds after.

*Idiot as always.*

A pair of piercing blue eyes met his, confusion reading clear as day on his damned beautiful face. Before he could think better about the best way to say it, his mouth opened.

“I’ll be good.”
*crawling out of my hole of darkness and despair*

Hi, hello, it is i! Here's a new chapter after a freaking long time.
I'm sorry for taking this long to come up with something new, but i'm making it up as i go.
I feel like now thing are actually starting to progress and we'll see more and more of deancas and their gay asses so hooray!
Also i just wanted to say thank you to Maria, because she's awesome and it's because of her that i'm actually posting this so ye.

Enjoy reading. I hope you like it and please let me know what you think about this ok?
ok. :)

Castiel knew why he chose this job. A teacher. Who would like to be a teacher? A post so looked down upon these days that it was nearly heartbreaking. A tutor was supposed to be a guide, the one to instruct and show others the good way, to teach generations over generations whatever it was they chose to master in. As times evolved, so did the people. As technology progressed, the human relationship shriveled and the normal relationship between a student and their teacher that was presumably filled with respect and partnership turned into long hours of staying in the same room, gathering nothing but pure boredom. The joy of learning and teaching was and still is, unfortunately decreasing, both parties being at fault.

With all of his insanity, Castiel was sure of one thing. He loved to be able to help, even if it was just a couple of students looking for an easier way to learn everything that happened in the first and second world war, he was happy, even thrilled to oblige. Thinking about it, he could’ve done anything, he could’ve gone anywhere, but right there and then he felt like he belonged like he had a purpose past taking the lives of fellow living souls and it felt fucking amazing.

“So, you’re saying if I bring the paper on Tuesday you’ll still give me a pass for missing the test?” the hopeful tone almost made Castiel give in to the student’s request, but that wasn’t the way things worked and while he understood the reason for skipping class, he couldn’t just roll over. It was still about learning.

“No. Nice try though,” he responded with a small smile on his lips. The student pouted. “But I'll tell you what, Krissy. If you bring the paper, plus a speech presenting the subject of your project, then we’ll see.” He offered. At Krissy’s big eyes he knew he had a winner.

“Yeah, sure. No problem, Mister Novak. I'll get it done. “ she took her backpack and practically jumped out of the class, thanking him for his indulgence. Castiel just reminded her to take her second
chance seriously before he was alone in the room. Glancing at his wristwatch he saw it was 7:57 PM.

“Better get going.” He said to himself while starting to pack his endless papers and stuffing them carelessly in his bag.

The drive home was uneventful, besides a little frustration from catching all the red lights. That didn’t bother him that much, didn’t stop him from making a little visit to his favorite Chinese restaurant, ordering like a third of the menu, his big appetite surprising even himself. With two full bags of food, only for him, he sprinted to the car, driving as fast as possible at the thought of eating something, his almost always busy schedule never allowing him to have a full meal or even a healthy snack.

Turned out he wasn’t kidding, seeing as most of his food disappeared in a matter of minutes. After a long, much-needed shower and two animal documentaries, Castiel found himself splayed on the couch, only in his grey pajama bottoms, mentally rearranging his priorities and projects. The clock read 11:49 PM. Fuck, he didn’t even notice the time passing. He could’ve sworn it was noon just an hour ago. He was willing himself to finally go to sleep, knowing how tired he’d be in the morning when the promo showed a documentary involving bees coming up next and as much as sleep was in order for him, another half an hour wouldn’t hurt anyone. Bees were, after all, magnificent creatures that are used to being underrated. Castiel thought higher of them. He’d watch the documentary.

As the television explained the relationship between bees, ants, and wasps, Castiel’s mind drifted unwillingly to Dean, something that was becoming a habit lately. Different from other times, when Castiel would be wondering what was Dean’s past entailing and his reasons for acting the way he did - so carelessly, now, he was wondering how could he stop the kind of abusive relation Dean had going on with Al - or whatever name that motherfucker had. Castiel slowly realized that this wasn’t entirely about Dean, even though him being the subject of the fucked up ‘domination’ - if you could call it that, in this case - played a fairly big part in it. No submissive should have to endure, what he imagined, what he heard Dean was putting up with. It was too fucking much, crossing the borders of a healthy lifestyle, nevermind BDSM, by freaking miles. Dean with his beautiful, beautiful green eyes and freckled skin to be subjected to such actions was tragic. Just like that the disappointment that lathered his insides, drained out of him like it never existed. So what if he and Dean weren’t ‘compatible’? It didn’t matter. Screw compatibility. Screw everything. Cas just wanted to help. They might not ever be the right partner for each other to engage in a dom/sub relation, yet Castiel would be immensely happy just by being able to ease the pain that must’ve taken home in Dean’s heart. He didn’t even care -

The doorbell rang loudly, startling Castiel out of his thoughts. Who the fuck could be at his door now out of all times? A furious series of knocks made Cas finally stand up, reluctantly grabbing his t-shirt and throwing it over his head, speeding to see who was making this much noise at this ungodly hour. Curious and yet cautious, he threw a quick glance through the peephole that revealed a horrific looking Dean, bouncing from one leg to another, hugging the life out of himself. The sight threw Castiel for a loop and he didn’t even think before he swung the door open, looking Dean up and down, searching for an answer for his late-night visit. Before he could express his worries, a small voice echoed in his ears.
“I’ll be good.” Castiel caught Dean’s eyes and held his stare, not quite making sense of the words spoken to him. “What?” was the only thing he managed to say.

“I’ll listen. I - I’ll be good.” Dean lowered his eyes while talking. Castiel still couldn’t comprehend what was happening in front of him. Dean’s shakiness was so visible, his slumped shoulders trembling (probably from the cold, seeing as the leather jacket held the place of a coat for him). The realization spurred Castiel into action as he grabbed Dean’s forearm gently from where it stayed crossed over his torso and dragged him slowly into the apartment. “Come in, please.” Dean nodded and followed Castiel. As the door closed, Dean took his boots off and placed them carefully near the locker beside the door. He kept his eyes glued to the ground as his arms remained lifeless along his body. Cas noted Dean’s demeanor and saw resignation and sorrow. His beautiful features were clouded by problems of grave importance. As much as Castiel would’ve loved to be a professional about all this, he could feel Dean’s far cry for help, he saw it and he tried to make up the best method to show Dean that he wanted nothing more than to be of use. Without the consent of his brain, he approached Dean, who hasn’t moved an inch from the door. His first instinct was to cup his jaw and hold his head high, but it seemed like verbal communication would be more efficient.

“Dean?”
“Yes?”
“What’s wrong?” he asked tilting his head, in a weak attempt to enter Dean’s sight. No luck.
“Nothing.”
“Then to what do I owe the late night visit?” Dean shook his head slowly.
“I - I don’t - I thought -” Dean stammered.
“Dean, look at me.” His hand moved in a flash holding his face and gently nudging him to look at Cas. Hooded eyes met Castiel’s. “I don’t mind you coming here. You are welcomed anytime. This though isn’t a usual time to make a visit. I am simply requesting to know what’s troubling you.”
“Nothing.” The sub clipped and it was such an obvious lie.
“I thought we established you wouldn’t try to lie to me about evident things.” Castiel smiled warmly.
“I’m sorry.” Dean’s teeth slightly chattered, which brought Castiel’s attention to how cold Dean actually was.
“You’re freezing.” He grabbed Dean’s hand aiming to get him to the living room.
“No - no, uh, it’s ok. I’m fine.”
“There you go again.”
“I just came by to, to say, um - to tell you that I’ll do whatever you want. I’ll do it. The contract, all of it, whatever. I’ll stop being a little bitch.” The words took Castiel by surprise. Dean, who seemed so uncaring of the arrangement and everything that entailed, was offering to make one.
“Dean...” Castiel breathed.
“That’s all I wanted to say.” He shook his hand from Castiel’s grip to wrap it around himself. “I’m sorry for bothering you.”
“Dean,” Castiel called firmly. “Where do you think you’re going? You can’t just come here, be cryptic as shit, while half frozen to death and then leave.”
“I should – I need to leave.”
“Wait, weren’t you supposed to be with your other client today?” Castiel asked incredulously because if Crowley lied to him, he had another thing coming. Dean flinched at the question and Castiel immediately regretted bringing it up, but he wanted to know.
“He, uh, he threw me, uh - kicked me out,” Dean whispered.
“Why?” Castiel demanded. What kind of shit-
“I was bad. He’s punishing me.” Dean said more to himself than to Castiel.
“No act deserves such discipline.” Castiel responded furiously “To what end is he using these punishments on you? You are clearly in pain and - ” he cut himself off and gathered his thoughts. His eyes were caught on Dean’s shrinking form, he could see how Dean mentally willed himself to
stay strong and proud. The situation itself didn’t permit this luxury. Castiel’s heart recoiled. He stepped closer again. This time Dean raised his head only to peak at Castiel’s features before he proceeded to look anywhere but at him.

“Will you let me make sure you are ok?” Castiel pointed to the living room. Dean snorted, but after debating somewhat, he nodded slowly, a barely noticeable movement that conferred Castiel joy.

“Come on.” He whispered, leading Dean through the apartment. The bee documentary was still revealing interesting facts in the background while Cas ran to the bedroom to retrieve a bathrobe to speed Dean’s warming process. In the bright light of the living room, Castiel could see what was wrong. Dean’s cheek had a dark purple shade to it, probably the result of excessive punching, the collar of his t-shirt had a crust of dried blood from cuts that were somewhat still bleeding. As Dean was having futile attempts of heating his hands by blowing short breaths into his fists, he could see his jittery legs hopping up and down, while his ripped jeans told that the scrapped skin of his knees was another source of pain.

Although Dean seemed oblivious to his injuries, Castiel couldn’t shut up, no more.

“Dean, what happened?” Castiel asked, running to the bedroom to retrieve a bathrobe to speed Dean’s warming process.

“I - I told you.”

“That’s not what I meant.” Castiel clarified but Dean stayed unconcerned. “You have blood all over your shirt and your knees – they’re -” Dean looked down at himself and exhaled audibly.

“It’s ok.”

“Most certainly not.” After a heavy pause, Castiel heard himself speak again. “It was him, wasn’t it?” for a second Dean seemed to be looking for an excuse. The silence that Castiel assumed would lead up to an answer never ended. That was a response in itself.

“That bastard. How can he -?” Castiel saw red. Dean was being abused and as much as it should’ve felt like a step forward, it felt like he took ten steps back. "I'm sorry. It is not my place to rage, even if I am completely against such methods. It's not my business."

“Cas, I’m fine,” Dean whispered. Castiel kneeled in front of Dean, first touching his face, checking for any rising fever, then gently hooking a finger under Dean’s collar, determined to see what he was dealing with, when he felt Dean tense up. He immediately pulled back and looked up into those green eyes that spoke of discomfort and unease.

“I just want to see how bad it actually is,” Castiel whispered without reason. It just felt calmer, closer to Dean like that. Dean searched his face, trying to decide if Castiel was going to hold to his words.

“Ok.” He rasped. Castiel continued with his examination, learning that the cuts weren’t that deep, but deep enough to draw blood and sting, if not downright hurt. They were recent too, made in the previous hours. His scrapped knees were a sign of falling, little bubbles of blood tinting the skin and running down his legs. It must’ve been a pretty harsh fall for his jeans to rip, but he didn’t say anything, nor had he any plans to, not until Dean was ok. Getting up, he walked to his bedroom to retrieve a towel and some pajamas.

“Would you like a shower?” Castiel asked holding out the items in front of Dean, who shook his head harshly. “Dean. I’m not mad. I understand what’s happening and believe me when I say I want to help you in any way I can, but right now you are cold and bloody and a shower will do wonders.” Dean listened to him and got up, hesitantly taking the stuff from Castiel. While he led Dean through the halls to the bathroom, he said:

“I’ll wash your clothes and dry them. I took the liberty to bring you a pajama. I think it should fit. I presumed it would be a little awkward to give you a pair of underwear too. If you are in need, you only have to tell me.” At the offer Dean gave a half smile and shrugged.

“We don’t know each other that well, Cas.” He said before slipping into the bathroom. Castiel remained a little confused.
“Ah, it was a joke.” He realized as he strode down the hallway waiting for Dean to be done with his shower so they could have a real talk. So Castiel could understand truly what Dean meant when he said: “I’ll be good.”

***

When Dean emerged from the bathroom, not twenty minutes later, Castiel was almost done preparing hot chocolate for both of them. He really wanted some hot chocolate and figured if Dean refused to drink his, there’d more for him. Talking about weird cravings. Dean was looking slightly better than before, the collarbone was now full of scratches, but without the blood that drew the most attention, it looked almost not like fucking abuse. His knees were not visible due to the damned length of the pajama pants, but they must be looking better too.

Dean was now sitting in the kitchen, head still bowed, no words were spoken. It made him think about the last time he was in Cas’s kitchen and how fiery he seemed. Compared to now, it was almost another person. Almost. Castiel was done stirring the two cups, adding a little honey to his. He was prepared to ask if Dean wanted some or sugar maybe when a small voice stopped him.

“Thank you,” Dean said, rubbing at his neck awkwardly. “For letting me use your bathroom.” he was so small and cute at the same time. It made Cas want to kick himself for thinking such but he couldn’t help it. The man before him was a wonder- he went from being the jumpy ignorant man to the small, quiet boy in no time and it made Castiel even more curious about other personality traits. Of course, it did, ‘cause – as the cool kids say - Cas has no chill. He offered a gummy smile and assured him it was no problem at all.

“Do you want some hot chocolate?” he pointed to the mugs on the countertop.

“No, it’s ok.” Castiel raised an eyebrow.

“Are you sure? I’m really happy you freshened up a bit, but maybe some of this could improve your state. Only if you want.” Dean looked conflicted. Why was he so conflicted over hot chocolate? It is delicious goddamnit! Finally, Dean gave a tiny smile and nodded.

“Great.” Castiel clapped as he turned to the mugs. “Do you want some sugar or even honey?” Dean shook his head, saying he didn’t need sugar ‘cause it was supposed to be sweet. Castiel was tempted to let him how some things could shock you.

When he was done, he took the mugs and walked to the living room again, placing the chocolates on the low glass table in front of the couch and took the remote to null the sound from the TV. Dean stood on the opposite end of the couch, looking so shy, Castiel couldn’t comprehend the sudden change, but some part of him sure welcomed it.

He took his mug and turned to Dean, who was still eyeing his.

“Please.” Castiel gestured to the other recipient while settling one elbow over the couch for support while drinking, not wanting to spill anything.

“Help me understand.” Castiel began. “What do you mean by ‘I’ll be good.’ and do not tell ‘Nothing.’ because you looked really serious.” Dean took a sip and closed his eyes slightly, probably
enjoying the flavor, which made Cas’s heart beat ten times faster. Beautiful.

“ It is self-explanatory.”

“Not enough for me.”
“I’ll listen to you. I’ll stop being a bitch. I’ll obey.” Despite the initial burn of the harsh words, Castiel’s chest burned with hope. If this was actually happening and Dean was actually meaning all those words, then it wasn’t over just yet.
“It’s not about being a bitch. It’s not about being my employee or doing a job. It’s about you wanting to do this, first of all.” Castiel explained, trying to get a message through to Dean, trying to see the extinct of what those words meant to Dean. “Which brings me to my second question. What made you change your mind?” Dean looked lost. Like a kicked puppy. His heart shrank. Stupid heart performing acrobatics in his fucking chest. Dean snapped himself out of his daze when he put the mug down and got up.

“I’m sorry. I should go. It—it’s my fault. I’m sorry.” Dean said as he turned around and looked even more lost than before. If he was searching for his clothes, which he probably was then it was 0.1 percent chance to find them seeing as they were in the dryer.

“Dean, come back! What’s happening?” Castiel set his own mug down slowly and gazed at Dean, who was still frantically searching the room.

“I’m sorry for bothering. I am. I have to leave.”

“No, you don’t. Calm down.” Seeing no response from Dean, lost in his own mind, pacing the room like crazy, Castiel got up and made his way steadily to the man. He found words were a waste of time, nothing could remove Dean from his mission of finding his clothes. He came closer and closer, not saying a word, until he reached a distance that allowed him to catch his wrist in a swift movement and hold it there, despite Dean shaking his hand, trying to free it. Castiel’s hold was of stone. Dean tried to set his eyes on his face until they unhurriedly worked their way to Cas’s own eyes and they stared at each other, neither daring to break the silence washing over them. Castiel started stroking Dean’s wrist with the pad of his thumb, feeling the smooth skin and veins. Dean’s breathing was under control in no time and he stepped closer, praying to whoever that his instincts weren’t letting him down. He could feel Dean’s need for touch and closure. This beautiful creature being starved of loving touch was a crime that Castiel would put to rest.

“Can you tell me why now?”

“I’m sorry,” Dean whispered.

“You keep saying that, but you forget I’m no mind reader, Dean. You’re going to have to tell me more so I can understand.”

“I changed my mind.” He whispered.

“Excuse me?” Castiel made no damn sense of his words. It was like solving a puzzle when there were always new pieces to add.

“I really don’t want to bother or—or upset you, Cas. You should just let me go. It would be better for you if you let me go now.”

“I know.” Dean’s confused features spurred Cas on. “I keep telling myself the same thing, you
know. Somehow I can’t seem to stay away.” Castiel whispered back. He guided them back on the couch. Castiel’s response made Dean chuckle.

“That’s exactly what he said. Except he knew why he wanted me. Because I was pretty.” Dean murmured. “Until I wasn’t that pretty.” His voice cracked on the word ‘pretty’.

“I’m nothing like him.” Castiel needed to let Dean know his comparison was ridiculous.

“Maybe not.” Dean swallowed. “Your punishment hurt worse though.” He added and it took Castiel a few seconds to register, still not getting Dean’s idea.

“What are you talking about?” he pushed, his voice tight. In the back of his mind, he was faintly aware that he never let Dean’s hand go, still massaging the little veins, the contact calming them both.

“I don’t wanna talk.”

“I’m sorry but you have to. You have to tell me.” Dean sighed, but continued, his words never above whispers. Like it hurt him even more to talk. It probably did.

“It’s no secret to you that I have another dom and that he gets… rough sometimes.” Castiel contained the reflex to roll his eyes and nodded. “I, myself, am no good at this. I always screw up somehow. Even when I try - I just – it doesn’t work. So he punishes me, which is normal. It’s supposed to hurt and it does. It does…” Dean lowered yet again his eyes.

“Then I come in and annoy you as well, for no reason ‘cause I’m just good at that and you punish me too. Again, normal. Turns out being slapped and spanked and punched, hurts way less than sitting alone in a room. Who would’ve thought?” Dean shrugged in a defeated manner and Cas had no words. He didn’t mean for it hurt. He didn’t know Dean hurt this much. He didn’t mean to do that. He took it up as a punishment that Dean would barely notice, if not laugh it up. He had no idea. He hurt Dean without meaning to. He should’ve seen it happening, should’ve paid more attention.

“Why didn’t you use the safe word?” he rasped, trying to hide his panicky thoughts.

“I deserved it. No matter what, you were right in leaving me there.”

“I didn’t think it would hurt you this much. You have to understand I believed the level of difficulty would be fitting to the method of discipline. I was wrong. I don’t even know how to - or what I could -“ lost in his own derailed mind a warm hand surprised him, cupping his cheek. Castiel looked into emerald green eyes and found himself really close to swooning. This amazing man was trying to comfort him. He wanted to give back ten times more.

“You’re not like the others, are you?” Dean asked. It felt like a rhetorical question like Dean knew the answer already. “I can’t do this to you.” The hand dropped and Castiel already missed the warmth that it brought to his face, the calmness it brought to his mind.

“Do what?” Dean was obscure. If tonight ended on a good note, like Castiel was still hoping to, they’ll have to work on that.

“What I came here for.”

“I need you to be more specific… again.”
“I want out,” Dean responded. “I know what I’m doing it’s not good for me. Not that I care, but maybe I could do something else with my pathetic life. Help people, my family, someone, anyone. Today Crowley showed me an out in his contract with Al that requires me being requested by another dom full-time…” Castiel heard the same words over and over again- an out. Dean could be free. A part of Dean wanted to be free. He could be Castiel’s and all he needed was to…

“- after spending at least half a year regularly seeing said dom.” Dean last words brought Cas back to reality.

“So whatever happens, you’re still stuck with him at least six months,” Castiel concluded. “And you came here to ask this of me?” Castiel finally put the ends together.

“More like kiss your ass and trick you into doing this,” Dean responded nonchalantly. They both chuckled. In the small respire, Castiel accidentally let go of Dean’s wrist. Too awkward to take his wrist back when there was no need he continued to feel the loss internally.

“Why me?”

“You took an interest.” Castiel didn’t believe a word. He couldn’t be the only one who wanted Dean. He wasn’t.

“I’m sure I’m not the only one.”

“Nobody wants me, Cas.” Dean sounded broken. “You are one of the few.”

“But Crowley said-”

“Old tactic, my friend. Sell your product like it’s the only one in town.” Dean flashed grin filled with sadness.

“I want you. I’ll help.” Dean’s reaction was immediate.

“I can’t ask that of you.”

“You’re not asking, I’m offering,” Castiel replied.

“After I bitched like a cheap whore?! No. I’ll figure it out.”

“Please don’t be stubborn.” Castiel’s tone turned solemn, but still somehow warm. “Do this for yourself. I can tell you’re not thinking about yourself much, but don’t take this to a higher level. You want to get out. I’d love to help.”

“That means you’re stuck with me for over six months. Not to mention, getting out is not just getting out. Six months won't pass by and then it's done. My client - he is a dangerous man, I can't tell. He is in a shady business and I don't expect him to accept his defeat. He will put you in danger and that is something I cannot do. You are too good for me. I will not stain you and I will not risk Al getting close to you.”

Oh, the irony...

“Dean. I’m choosing to be here. I'm choosing you, just like I did at the club. I can take care of myself and I will. I just need you to trust me. I want to help you. Not just with the contract.” Castiel felt himself burn with hope and excitement.
“Castiel...” The pause following Dean's contempt sight was pregnant with all the tension, all the unspoken emotion between the two. They were so close he could taste Dean's breath on his lips, he could just lean in and take everything he had been imagining. Instead, he pulled away and coughed into his fist, breaking the moment.

“Great.” He took a sip of his drink, finding it was still warm. “Saturday we will be discussing the contract. Be here at 10 AM sharp.” Dean slid over to the other end of the couch, enjoying his hot chocolate. He didn’t look like an addict or even someone abused, worry and tiredness took over his features, but it was the first time he’d seen Dean so relaxed, which made Castiel very happy.

Things were looking up, or so the flaring hope in Cas’s heart said.

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It was all set. Cas was running with two cans of soda in one hand and a plate with snacks in the other. He placed them on the table. One can on his side and one soda and the snacks on Dean’s side. He glanced at the clock.

9:49 AM.

He wasn’t even late with his ‘preparations’ yet he felt his heart speeding its rhythm like a boom box. The table was clean. He had his computer with all of his BDSM-related tabs opened just in case. He printed a paper copy of the contract unfilled just for Dean to read and take his time with. He had food to ease Dean into this business. Is it a business? He couldn’t call it a negotiation. It was more of an ‘agreement’.

He stayed up last night going over all of his copies and notes and just thinking about Dean in general. He revisited the talk about his limits and how every dom has limits that do not make them weak but stronger. As he filled the contract on his part, he made sure to check the box, near where was written ‘unlimited period of time’. He wrote next to those words ‘trial run: six months’ smiling like an idiot.

While he was aware what he was doing was hardcore pining over Dean, who didn’t have the time or interest in a relationship. He pushed down any bad thoughts that tried to surface. What if Crowley lied about Dean’s client? What if there’s no way to actually get out? What if the beatings continue just as bad or worse? What if Dean will be inebriated almost all the time, never getting to consume the soon-to-be a healthy BDSM relationship?

They’d find a way. He’d find a way. Funny how from being disappointed he became overexcited just from a little possible alteration. It felt so weird for him to care this much, much more knowing the context of the situation. He took a deep breath and willed himself to stop pacing. Maybe sitting down would help stave off his nerves. He went to his chair when a series of knocks let Cas know Dean has arrived.

Opening the door, he smiles his signature, gummy smile and greets Dean in the warmest way possible. Dean smiles back and says ‘hi’. Entering the house his split lip and hobbled walking made themselves obvious as Dean walked to the kitchen. Castiel wanted to ask even though he was pretty sure he knew how Dean got the fresh scars. Ultimately he decided to shut up.
He gestured to the chair and told Dean to take a seat asking about the drink and snacks- if they’re suitable for Dean’s tastes. He just shrugged and nodded, keeping his eyes on the papers in front of him like it was an algebra quiz. You could say he almost looked scared.

“Are you ready to start?” Castiel asked taking his place.

“Yes.” Dean absently nodded.

“Dean, look at me.” Dean’s head snapped up, eyes wide and worried. “Please don’t be nervous. There’s no reason for you to be. We’re going to discuss our limits, expectation and, of course, rules. Do you still want to do this?”

“Of course. I’m sorry.” He murmured, straightening his back.

“No need to apologize.” Dean didn’t respond further. “Before we start, I need you to understand that in the negotiation part we are equals. You have every right to speak up. Tell me about your limits, your pleasures, your kinks. I’ll listen.” Cas smiled. Dean’s lips remained parted slightly, before curling into a shy smile. ‘Beautiful’ Castiel thought, then returned his attention to his laptop, opening his notes. He read over the official part- naming the attributes of the dominant and the submissive acknowledging their positions in this relation- with a ritualistic demeanour. He remembered faintly how Balthazar kept chuckling at the way Cas treated it like business, making remarks about the stiffness of Castiel’s posture and his undying formality. Now it felt just like the opposite seeing Dean’s eyes skitting over the printed agreement while keeping track of whatever Castiel was saying. He continued by stating the program they were going to adopt for their session and the already set period of time that this should go on for. Dean smiled weakly but made no comments. After all the ‘pompous shit’ as Castiel liked to call them, but never diminished their importance, came the part with everything that involved them in the bedroom.

“My dealbreakers are anything involving causing you any kind of pain, be it blood play, knife play, flame or fire play. Also, no watersports - scat or anything else, ok?”

Dean shook his head affirmatively.

“Also, no sharing, at least not while you’re here and no humiliation. Is that also good with you, Dean?”

“Yes.”

“Do you have any limits, hard or soft, that is?” Dean actually looked thoughtful before he responded.

“I don’t, but I agree with everything you said.” Castiel sighed loudly and continued to the actual checklist. He needed yes, no or maybe answers for every item he listed and as he was expecting he got mostly yes’s and some maybe’s here and there. They barely got past letter B, because Cas just has to order everything alphabetically.

“How do you feel about collars?” Castiel asked.

“Like an animal?” Dean returned the question, with his brow furrowed.

“Not necessarily. A collar practically marks you as being under my protection while you’re wearing it, my submissive.” Dean flinched. A barely there movement and then turned to Castiel with pleading
“We’ll put it down as a ‘no’.” Castiel moved to tick the ‘no’ box when Dean stopped him. “Dean, it’s fine if you’re not into collaring. That’s exactly why we’re doing this, so we can play safe.”

“Don’t erase that,” Dean said, his voice tight. “Mark it as a soft limit.” Dean tested the words on his tongue like it was the first time he was talking. Castiel did as told, nodding his approval. It wasn’t as much about collaring, but about Dean having a limit and admitting it. They continued with the questions and clipped answers. Dean said yes to a lot of them, things that Castiel wasn’t so sure Dean could take but it wasn’t his place to make decisions for the submissive. So affirmative to chains, chastity belts, chocking, cock rings, come play and other bodily fluids such as spit or tears and cuffs, however, they may be. And so they continued back and forth, Castiel paying extra attention to Dean's gestures, his appearance letting Castiel know where Dean was heading, if he was slipping off into his own thoughts or if he was truly paying mind. For the most part, there weren’t problems. Dean would sometimes ask what something meant and despite being very hesitant he said yes and went on. He’d given the ok for dildos, any length or color, erotic dances, fisting- even though his stalling convinced Cas it was better to just say no for Dean’s good- gags, either tapes, balls or just a simple tie, immobilization.

“Have you ever tried infantilism?” Cas asks, not even remembering why he put this item here in the first place.

“What’s that?” Dean asked, genuine curiosity in his voice

"Basically it's like role play and sometimes it can come close to age play. It would be me in the role of a parent and you in the role of a child."

"Isn’t that pedophilia?"

"It’s not. It focuses on the bond, the respect and trust the younger should have in the older participant and vice versa."

"I mean if you’re into it, then I guess- "

"No, it is,” Castiel stated. This time Dean didn’t protest.

“We’ve reached K,” Castiel informed. “Is kissing ok?”

“Kissing?” Dean asked incredulously. “Of course. Kissing is good. It’s a yes.”

“Anywhere?”

“Yeah, anywhere - everywhere.” Castiel only hummed and moved on and received yes to kneeling, licking- anywhere just like the kissing, lingerie wearing, massages.

“Nipple clamps?”

“Mhm.” Dean agreed.

“Ok. How about nipple rings?”

“You mean like piercings?”
“Exactly like that.”

“I’d rather not, but—”

“If you’d rather not, then no, Dean.” Castiel gave a reassuring smile.

“Oral play?”

“Um, yes.” Dean let out a harsh breath.

“Orgasm denial or control?”

“Sure. Why not?”

“Pet play?”

“What does that mean?”

“You being in the role of an animal and me being in the owner/master position. Generally a kitty or a puppy, including caging, collar wearing, walking just like them or eating from a bowl, but everything is negotiable.” Dean bit his lower lip and immediately averted his eyes. Castiel could tell, Dean was at least a little intrigued.

“I think I’d like to try that at some point.” He’d said, blushing.

“Good.” He typed and then returned his eyes to the sub. “Kitty or puppy, Dean?”

“I… Kitten, please.” His cheeks turning crimson.

“Hm.” Dean raised his head at the sound.

“What?”

“Nothing.” Castiel chastised. “I was thinking about a kitten too. How do you feel about praising?”

“Praising?” Dean repeated dumbly. “Uh, I mean, um… yeah.”

“Negative or positive praise?”

“I don’t… Is there a difference? It’s praise.”

“Well, you see. Let’s say you’re currently having my penis in your mouth. I could tell you that you’re a good boy, that you’re doing so well and are so perfect - that’d be the positive praise.” Dean ducked his head at Cas’s example, his cheeks not even having time to cool off before erupting into a deep red color for the third time in two minutes. “Or I could say you’re a practiced whore, made for sucking my big dick, having probably so much experience it comes as a reflex by now. That’d be the negative praise.”

“I got it, ok?” Dean said embarrassed.

“Which one, then? Or is it both?”
“I - I don’t know. I -“

“...I think you do. You’re just too ashamed to say it. Dean, I told you that I need and want to know your likes and dislikes, so, please. There is no shame in wanting it.”

“Positive,” Dean whispered and it was good enough for Cas. And from there it sailed as smooth as before, with Dean obediently saying yes, sometimes asking what a certain term meant and Cas explaining happily. It came to a stop when the sex machines came into the picture and Dean admitted for the first time that he was really uncomfortable, Castiel noting everything down.

“We are done with the checklist.” Dean smiled, looking a bit more relaxed. “Now, are there any certain things you would like to see on that list. Any ideas you have and may want to experience if you didn’t have the chance to do so, any particular kinks I should know of?” Dean's eyes grew comically wide. He hadn’t been expecting this question apparently, which made Castiel all the more pleased that he asked it. He was ninety percent sure he already knew his answer, but who knows, right?

“N - No.” He stumbled. “None.” He said certain of himself.

In the end, Dean looked as exhausted as running through the whole town would render him to be.

“For the last part of the contract, I’d like you to choose a safeword. I believe you know its use.” Dean nodded, lost in his own mind. “My safeword is ‘apiary’.” Dean looked shocked and amused at the same time.

“Do doms need a safeword too?”

“Of course, when a scene takes a turn for the unexpected worse, the dom has the same right as the sub to quit the play.”

“Mine’s ‘Impala’,” Dean added quickly. Castiel typed it down.

“If I hear ‘Impala’ in any moment of our scene, I am to stop immediately from anything we might be doing. We will be discussing what happened and where it went wrong, everything in hopes of improving our interactions.” Castiel went over everything he had written, over his notes he made separately about Dean’s behavior and checked his mental lists and found that they covered if not all, most of it.

“I think we are almost finished. One more thing. I will need you to have a check-up regarding any sexual diseases. Did you do one with the other dominant?”

Dean only stared and shook his head.

“I debated if it was worth it, asking you to do this, seeing as you have another dominant who I don’t know and who you can’t vouch for in terms of health.”

“He doesn’t fuck me,” Dean mumbled.

“What was that?” Castiel asked.

“He doesn’t fuck me. In any way.” Castiel’s eyes grew big. He couldn’t believe what he was
hearing. He couldn’t fucking believe what was happening.

“Are you lying to me?” Castiel asked. Dean blinked slowly and rapidly gave a gesture that meant ‘no’. Castiel only hummed, processing the information. He wasn’t quite convinced. Who would be? Having one dom for a couple of years and not having any sexual intercourse? Even though it was possible and heard of, it still made no move to gain Castiel’s trust in this situation. “Why’s that?”

“I don’t know.” Castiel bobbed his head. They would have an appointment but if it came to the sex part, Castiel would be sure to use protection. As much as he hated any layers during sex, be it just thin latex, he wasn’t going to stomp down just because Dean said so.

“Then I’ll schedule us for an appointment tomorrow morning. The faster we go, the faster we can start.” Castiel snickered.

“So no play until then?” Dean asked, visibly disappointed.

“I’ll think of something,” Castiel promised, eyeing Dean with a sudden hunger that surprised even himself. Castiel shrugged his behavior off and closed the laptop, plugging it to recharge. He turned to Dean who was glued to his chair.

“I don’t know about you, but I’m starving. Come. Let’s see what we have in the pantry.”

“You have a pantry!?” Dean asked as he stood up and followed him to the kitchen.
Chapter 9

Chapter by adela_19

Chapter Notes

Remember this story has a trigger warning so please be careful:
Also I know I have no posting schedule what so ever, but I'll make one after the exams end yeeeee

So please enjoy this chapter and comment your thoughts. Seriously those are my motivation;

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Dean was not a good person.
Everything he has done in his 25 years of life comes together created a testimony that left behind the memory of a useless person, who couldn’t even save himself from the fires of the vicious activities he was indulging in. Those three people that knew him would surely miss him when he would be gone.
As much as these thoughts caused a bitter taste in his mouth and sorrow in his heart, his choice had been made, his fate was sure one without the happiness he secretly yearned for.
Dean knew what he wanted, what he’d always wanted. He had this clear picture of what he thought his life would be, and even if it was a bit blurry in the drug-induced haze he kept it tucked safely. He locked it next to his mother’s memory in a safe stored for death or life situations.
As retarded as he liked to believe himself to be, Dean paid attention. He was there, observing. It was creepy and completely unbelievable from a guy who could just as well have cocaine instead of air in his lungs, but he knew stuff and his façade of a complete moron helped a lot. Not that he wasn’t… a complete moron.
Dean saw Al. He knew he was dangerous. He also knew he was not who he said he was and that he didn’t try to hide that much. He knew he was probably guilty of more illegal doings than Dean had fingers to count on. He didn’t care. In Dean’s eyes, Al was just another repressed guy that found a toy which didn’t seem to break. Dean would keep it that way. He never was and never will be his bitch. Despite what everyone said and the rumors going around, Dean was not in love with the douche, he didn’t plan on moving in with him or stop going to the club and he sure as hell didn’t love his big dick. Maybe that was the biggest lie of all. He would need to have a big dick for Dean to love but he was lacking considerably. Although, he did make up for it with that enormous ego of his. That he does have. As specified, Dean didn’t care. As long as he got his money, he figured it was ok. If you asked him why he wanted to get out so bad now, Dean would have just shrugged his shoulders and said he was getting bored.
Dean saw Sam, and as much as he’d have liked to consider truthful all the crap that he’d been spewing about Sam moving because of the school and Dean accepting that and them keeping in touch constantly… It wasn’t like that. On the one hand, Dean’s heart still heaved at the thought of Sammy, his floppy-haired little brother who never failed to brighten his day, desolation chaining his
soul and locking up his happiness in a chamber so far away, it felt impossible to reach. On the other hand, Dean couldn't thank Sam enough for his decision to distance himself. He was probably having a good time without Dean soiling everything, without worries dampening his mood constantly, and for that Dean was grateful.

He even saw Castiel – Cas… The best of them all. The most innocent and the kindest. Dean recalled being a dick to him, a major asshole. Even if he was just high, not everything he'd said and done could have been blamed on the substances, his attitude being as much a part of the problem as his addiction was. Yet Cas was never crude or disgusted by Dean and his behavior, he offered to help Dean, even after everything. Dean kicked himself for being so easily swept off his feet by a stranger. He knew next to nothing about Castiel, except his selfless, amazing personality. Dean kept replaying the understanding and soothing tone of Cas’s voice when dealing with him in his head. It oozed of care and affection. Just like the shy touches and modest caresses that displayed the fact that Castiel wanted him, even for a fuck, Castiel wanted him and it felt damn good to be wanted, but he wouldn’t let himself dwell on it for too long.

Dean tossed the fork in the sink and sauntered over to the fridge throwing the leftover rice before stopping in the middle of the minuscule kitchen, not knowing what to do next, a feeling that occurred more and more these days or maybe it was the fact that he cared about doing something. A change that he didn’t understand. A change that affected more aspects of his pathetic life. A change that he both resented and gladly welcomed. Alterations to his mental state that made him think and rethink everything he was doing.

Barefoot in the middle of the room, he wiggled his toes on the cold sandstone and just stood there deep in thought. What was he thinking about? He couldn't say. His ideas were jumbled, jittering from the shower that was in order, to his stash that needed replenishing, to Al, to himself, to Cas and Charlie and Sammy, to his mom and dad, to Ellen and Bobby and so on, until he came right back to the start and he kept going again, maybe not in the same order, but it sure was a repetitive cycle. He finally dragged his feet to the bathroom, nulling everything his brain tried to remember.

Sighing at the hotness of the shower and the steam that coated the bathroom, he finally stepped closer to the showerhead, letting warmth engulf him, already feeling the invisible rock on his chest breaking. After a damn long time, the shower actually proved to be unfulfilling, except for the fact that he smelled like roses. He needed to stop going grocery shopping when high. Actually, he needed to stop being under the influence and start doing some serious shopping and he had the feeling that the fridge agreed too. Ignoring the minute self-esteem he developed, he got out the bathroom butt naked, striding through the cramped apartment, swaying his hips to the rhythm of the music playing in his head. Bits of different songs moved Dean’s body in all of his naked glory before he decided to cover his ass with a pair of old sweatpants.

Glancing at the clock on his phone screen, he saw he had more than an hour before he should have started getting ready to get to Cas’s. The test results should have come in and as much as Dean wanted to push the worries away, knowing there was no chance that he actually had a disease, he could not help but play out every single thing that could’ve gone wrong, from him actually being ill to Cas just not liking his face and kicking him out. Dean knew his worries were unrealistic, that half of his scenarios were not possible, yet he leaped from the couch, searching through the creaking drawers for something to ease the mental storm taking place in his head.

After some minutes that brought only more panic to Dean’s already erratic search, thinking he was out of pills or out of everything, he found an orange prescription bottle that held three small, white pills. Dean shook the bottle, squinting his eyes at its contents like they were going to disappear. He uncapped the bottle before his brain found more occasions to stop him and swallowed them dry, throwing the bottle back in the drawer and shutting it.

He found himself yet again with no idea of what he should do. Should he stay on the couch? Should
he eat? Should he maybe go for a walk before going to Cas’? He paced through the house a good half an hour before he started to feel his body going heavy on him, getting harder and harder to drag himself around. He gathered his strength and sprinted to the bathroom, wetting his face with handfuls of cold water, hoping to reduce the visibility of his not so hot state. He threw a shirt and his omnipresent brown leather jacket on, stuffing the laces of his boots inside, instead of tying them. Who the hell has time for that?

He locked the door, sprinting down the stairs, fighting against his drowsy state, pushing himself to keep running or jogging, doing laps of his block, before feeling stable enough to go on his way. He was more stable after a few rounds and, even though the drugs were yet to unleash their full effect on his body, Dean was going to keep himself woke. He was going to be fine. He could look completely sober while running high on whatever it was he took. He’d done it before. He knew Cas was no fool. He also knew he was incredibly grateful for what Cas did and was continuously doing for him so he wasn't going to screw up again, his addiction be damned.

Lost in his thoughts, the run to Castiel felt way quicker and arriving in front of his block ten minutes earlier was as much of a surprise as it was a relief, not wanting to be late for their appointments ever again. He took the elevator, checking himself in the mirrors. He ran his hands through his short sandy hair, like spiking it up would have made a difference. It didn't. With all his combing and arranging, he still wasn't ready to see Cas, when the door opened and he was hit with the warmest smile, the air was punched out of Dean. Looked like sobering up was not going to be such a problem.

“Hello, Dean.” All Dean could do was smile back and nod, while mentally reteaching himself how to breathe. Once inside, he started taking his boots off, then came his leather jacket. He reached for his T-shirt when Cas stopped him and gently asked him to wait until they discussed the results of the test. The demand, as simple as it was, heightened Dean’s momentarily forgotten anxiety and worry. Back in the kitchen after a week or so, Dean still felt like a stranger to this place. And while he felt like that about a simple apartment, his feelings for the apartment’s owner were exactly the opposite. He knew almost nothing about Castiel Novak, yet his heart twisted and turned every time he caught sight of those blue eyes and megawatt smile. Different from the last time, on the kitchen table, were no more questionnaires, but two light brown envelopes that had their names scribbled in black ink in the upper right corner. Dean stared at his own anxiously. He took a seat, nulling his fears by tapping his leg furiously on the ground. That was probably not helping but he did it anyway, if just for the feeling that he still had control over one thing- his body.

“Relax, Dean.” Castiel’s hesitant voice reached his ears. He responded with a genuine smile, just because he felt like it. Just the fact that Cas included himself in the reasons why the situation could go wrong, even though they both knew Castiel’s chances of actually having something were slim to none, was heartwarming.

“How about I open your results and you open mine? How does that sound?”

“Yeah, let’s do that.” Dean agreed, reaching for the cover with ‘Castiel Novak’ on it. Once they both had the other’s envelope they locked eyes and Castiel seemed to silently be pleading permission to start so Dean nodded dumbly. When Castiel started opening it, he remembered he had the same thing to do, so he quickly tore the cover and went through the pages until he found what he was looking for. Castiel was clean. Dean slumped back against his chair, glancing at Cas. He sat with a stiffer posture than before. It made Dean’s muscles lock in tension and anticipation. He knew it.

“Oh, Dean,” Castiel said, his tone regretful and slightly disappointed.

“What?” Cas’s only response was a puppy dog look. Dean’s every sexual encounter, or what he could remember, flashed through his head in an attempt to pinpoint the moment he contracted the disease. “I fucking knew it,” Dean mumbled, keeping his eyes down.

“It looks like you are clean.” Castiel’s amused voice sounded through Dean’s panicky state, quieting down every thought. Once he made sense of the words, his head snapped up in shock to meet Castiel’s smile that was bordering on laughing. Dean immediately blushed.

“You ass!” Dean retorted. “What the hell was that?” He asked in awe.

“I believe that was my attempt at being humorous,” Castiel explained, his smile never fading, his
faint laugh bringing Dean’s desire to laugh. So that’s what he did. He laughed like an idiot.
“That was such a bad prank, I swear,” Dean said after their laughter died down.
“It made you laugh, didn’t it?”
“I wasn’t laughing about that.” Dean huffed, grinning.
“Oh, no?” Castiel’s words called bullshit.
“No.” Dean averted his eyes in a playful manner. “I thought about something else.”
“Is that so?” Cas raised an eyebrow.
“Yes.” Dean mocked.
“Then I guess I’ll just have to step up my game.”
“I guess so,” Dean whispered. Castiel put the pages down and leaned over the table, looking Dean in the eyes, a silent question. Dean faked a laugh to hide his embarrassment at being watched too thoroughly.
“What?”
“I believe I should know what my results are too.” Dean sighed.
“Cas, you know you’re clean.”
“Now I do. I didn’t before, that’s why I asked you.” At Dean’s unconvinced look, he fell back in his chair, running a hand through raven flocks of hair making Dean wondered how it felt to tug on them or just feel the smooth strands through his own fingers. “You know we’re equals, right?” Castiel started again. “Not only here, but in a scene too.” Dean snorted.
“The whole point of this is to give you all the control.”
“Exactly.” Cas encountered. “Giving me the power, the… control over your actions doesn’t make you weak. It also doesn’t place you in a rank below me. Equals.” Cas stated again. Even though Dean wouldn’t look at Cas, his peripheral vision supplied him with images of Cas staring at him unabashedly with emotion in his eyes. A feeling Dean couldn’t put his finger on. Castiel seemed to believe in his own words. “If anything, you are stronger for even considering handing your power, consenting to me taking care of you, Dean. I want to take care of you.” Cas said and Dean was frozen by Cas’s honesty and sentiments that bleed through every word he spoke and for a second there, he actually allowed himself to believe his words, knowing that was the actual truth, but refusing to accept it. “But I also need you to understand this and stop diminishing your position in this relationship. You matter as much as you think I do. You matter. Do you understand, Dean?”
Dean bobbed his head, momentarily at a loss for words. When he looked at Cas again, his face was schooled like he hadn’t just had a word vomiting session a minute ago. It was a wonder how he knew how to say exactly what Dean needed to hear, even if he himself didn’t know it sometimes. He’d let Cas take care for as long as the guy could stand to have Dean around.
“Thank you, Cas,” Dean spoke. “For everything. Thank you.” Cas smiled his oh so beautiful smile and jumped off the chair. He took Dean by the hand and led them to his bedroom where he asked Dean to strip and as much as he wished to remain naked, he was careful to mask his disappointment when Cas handed him a clean pair of grey sweatpants, telling him they had some work to do.
“What? No T-shirt?” Dean asked, already knowing the response. Castiel threw a vicious smirk over his shoulder, before exiting the bedroom, demanding to be followed. Even though the sexual part was absent from their day, nobody thought to bring it up even once. At least Dean didn’t. He found himself enjoying Cas’s company as they prepared lunch, moving together in the kitchen like they actually had any idea where the other was going to be. Turned out, Cas was a decent cook and, together, they made the best tacos he’d ever tasted. They ate at the table with no pillow-on-the-floor business.
Light conversation was in order, both of them speaking whenever they wanted and agreeing or disagreeing over small stuff that made their encounter even more enjoyable. Dean was struck dumb by the obvious difference between doms and - in general - people. It seemed unfair for such good people as Cas to have to live in the same world as Al or himself - it was uncomprehendingly unjust. His time with Cas was oddly domestic, sparking long forgotten wishes in Dean’s heart. It felt like a good dream, too good to be true.
It appeared that the only work Cas was talking about was cooking because after that was done, they
spent their day on the couch watching whatever had a good enough description on Netflix. There was also no cuddling, no touching to a point where Dean was starting to get worried. Lost in his head, Dean dozed off with the murmuring of the TV in the background.

When he came to, he felt inexplicably relaxed, though he could tell without opening his eyes that some things changed in the time he gave himself to his drowsiness. He remembered falling asleep while sitting, but now he was lying, a gentle hand running through his hair, pulling him to another nap, but he fought it with all he had. Instead, he opened his eyes, instant tears appearing when they met the bright light of the light bulb. Outside was dark and that meant at least 3-4 hours of sleep.

Starting with the windows, he scanned the room, until he laid eyes on Castiel that was still petting him while watching enthralled Dean’s behavior. He fell asleep. He shouldn’t have. That’s not why Castiel paid him. An apology was on the tip of his tongue, but when he opened his mouth, Castiel held one hand up, shushing him.

“Don’t. You needed it. Plus watching you sleep is quite interesting. You make the cutest sounds.” Dean blushed and hid his face in the fabric of Castiel slacks. Because his head was actually lying on Cas’s lap. He quickly stood up, ashamed. A warm hand reached over and clasped his shoulder turning him to look at his dom’s face.

“Hey, no need for all this. It’s quite ok.” Dean wanted to believe everything he said, yet he still found it hard to put his trust in Castiel. Losing himself in Castiel’s dark blue eyes made him think he could give it a try - trusting him, letting himself be cared for. His dom - Cas, he was so gentle, so beautiful- words Dean didn’t use often, if at all, yet he kept thinking them just by looking at Cas’s handsome feature and discovering more and more of his alluring personality.

This close he could see all of him, every detail, every line of his face, his sharp jawline, his eyes that sparkled with the reflection of the light bulb, his smooth skin, his faint wrinkles, his plump, slightly chapped lips, begging to be kissed, everything put together resembling Cas – as one of the most attractive people he’d ever seen. If he could just reach and touch. He remembered vaguely the feel of Cas’s skin and the electric shiver a simple touch sent through him.

If you would ask Dean what in God’s name possessed him to actually raise a hand and brush his knuckles over Cas’s cheekbone, taking his sweet ass time to feel, giving himself enough time to touch, he’d just say he was an idiot- a curious idiot at that. The concept of time was lost to Dean, as he lost himself in the depths of those Carrabian blue eyes. He kept stroking, ignoring his mind that was screaming for him to get back, to stop this. Even with the threat of a well-deserved punishment over his head, Dean kept exploring.

If you asked him again what was he thinking when he closed the space between them, brushing his lips against Cas's and staying there just shy of too long, letting the feel of warm lips spread through his already greedy body, he’d simply respond ‘I wasn’t thinking.’ He pulled back, waiting for a reaction from Cas, who had been holding curiously still for the best part of Dean’s charade. Not pushing Dean away, nor giving in to his affections. He’d been expecting anger and disappointment, maybe even a little shouting. What was not on his anticipations list was Castiel’s dark lustful look, before plunging in and trapping Dean into a bruising kiss. Even if he was caught by surprise, he didn’t hesitate to kiss back, trying to pour every single drop of gratefulness and good-natured intentions he had.

Parting for a couple of seconds at a time, before kissing again, Dean felt better than he assumed he would. He felt boneless, weightless, free. As tongues slid together, Castiel earned dominance without question and Dean heard himself groan. He could feel Cas’s reserve crumble with every second they kept exploring each other's mouths. Cas’s hands, that had no use since Dean woke up, came up to run again through his hair, the contact so good, that another moan escaped his mouth unwillingly. His own hands found their way somehow to Cas’s upper arms and back, feeling the muscle under his dress shirt and seeing that he was completely fascinated by his dom’s body, he wanted everything, wanted to touch every patch of skin available, wanted them naked now, wanted…

It was weird to be so gluttonous, so aroused over a thing as simple as kissing. He felt like a horny teenager. He also didn’t mind feeling like a horny teenager. Cas broke the kiss to look Dean in the eyes and he had time to take in the dom’s disheveled look- his hair sticking up in every direction, his
eyes hiding a carnal hunger, that paired with his spit-slick lips, did nothing to stop Dean’s growing erection.

“Lay down,” Cas whispered, voice rough from all the funny business. Dean did as told, being the same length as the couch he splayed across it, one leg on the floor, the other one up on the couch. Cas waited patiently for Dean to reposition himself, before he hovered slowly on top of him, not making any kind of contact, but rather observing Dean.

He draped himself over Dean’s body in a shielding manner, looking one more time at Dean, his eyes asking for permission. At Dean’s first nod, Cas crushed their lips again, sighing into the kiss, swiping his tongue against Dean’s lips, tasting him while his hands wandered over Dean’s face and neck and eventually coming down to grip his shoulders and arms with just the right amount of pressure that had Dean’s dick already straining against the suddenly too tight sweatpants. As uncomfortable as that was, the kissing was good - hell, it was amazing- and Dean wouldn’t break the moment, he would follow Cas’s lead and if all this turned out just to be a heated make-out session with no intention of getting Dean off, then so be it.

Soon enough, Castiel broke their kiss, maintaining the same position since they started this - whatever this is - that it was actually a wonder how Cas’s hands didn’t give up under him. He kept himself from touching Dean anywhere from the waist down. If it weren’t for Cas’s hesitance, Dean would have already been trying to gain friction for his neglected cock. Their ragged breaths were the only sounds in the room, it was all Dean heard as he scanned Castiel’s face, looking for any kind of insight concerning what’s happening right then. Instead all he got was a wide-eyed look and a hand caressing his face and yet he confronted the same problems as before when he asked himself if he should let himself lean into the touch or keep his composure - as much composure a guy who’s been eye-fucked and kissed for the past half an hour could have.

“Was it ok?” Castiel’s asks, coming down from his high.

“Yeah.”

“I would like to do it again,” Cas stated in a half question tone. Dean smiles.

“Me too.” Cas hums in acknowledgment, leaning on Dean’s side and propping one of his hands under his head, probably because they got tired. Cas quickly pecked Dean on the lips.

“So you enjoyed it?” Cas asked before stealing another kiss.

“I did,” Dean confirmed shyly. Another peck.

“Is there anything else” one more brush of his lips against Dean’s “that you would like?” Cas’s question set a fluttery feeling in Dean, not knowing what he should respond.

“Anything, I guess,” Cas pulled back from Dean when he was going to kiss him again and frowned.

“That’s awfully vague.”

“It’s true.” Dean hurried to add.

“I never said it wasn’t true. I said it was vague.”

“I don’t know what to say,” Dean admitted, turning his face away from Cas. The dom used a finger to push Dean’s chin so as the visual contact was made again.

“You could say” Castiel started, planting a chaste kiss on Dean’s burning lips and then on the corner of his mouth and going over his jawline, licking and even sucking at the sharp bone, sending a thrill through Dean’s body “that you’d like me to kiss you even more, that you want me to move on from your mouth to some other neglected areas” Castiel flashed a sinful smirk as he dipped his head lower, biting carefully at Dean’s neck, making him chew at his bottom lip to stifle the shameful moans and suggestions that threatened to spill out. Castiel kept lapping and sucking at Dean’s throat until he could actually feel the marks forming on the abused skin. With the same careful movements, Castiel went even lower, to his collarbone, repeating the motions, making Dean’s toes curl and his fists clench in a futile attempt to stay still and shut up.

When a pathetic whimper escaped his tightly locked lips, Castiel stopped his ministrations immediately drawing a sharp cry from him at the loss of contact. Cas raised his hand slowly and drew Dean’s lip from the sharpness of his teeth. Even with his eyes screwed shut, Dean could imagine Castiel’s disappointed look at Dean’s failure to communicate.

“You’ll hurt yourself if you do that,” Cas said matter of matter-of-factly. He heard a heavy sigh and
kicked himself mentally for causing this awkward situation. “M’ sorry.” Came his diffident voice. He instantly felt a pair of hands stroking the sides of his face with kindness that was bordering on intimacy.

“Nothing to be sorry for.” Dean gave a slight nod. “Could you open your eyes for me?” Dean shook his head. “I think you can, you just don’t want to,” Dean grunted in response. He was pathetic, just like the sounds he was making, just like his behavior, just like everything he did.

Worthless.
Stupid.
Useless.

“What are you afraid to see, Dean? Why don’t you want to open your eyes?” Dean forced the words stuck in his throat.

“Don’t wanna see you.” He mumbled, still debating if he should give up so much. It was a constant battle in his brain: to trust Cas or not to trust Cas, to tell him what is going on or to keep it to himself, to be scared of the feelings currently developing in his heart or to ignore everything because it probably was a passing state? He didn’t fucking know. Anything regarding Castiel lately was rendering Dean to an incoherent state where his feelings took hold of the reins and it was scary as hell. Cas’s soft huff confirmed Dean’s thoughts of weakness.

“I am not disappointed. If you would open your eyes you would see that.” Yeah, right. Cas wasn’t mad and Dean wasn’t incompetent. No fucking way. “Did I do something you didn’t enjoy?” Cas asked, uncertainty dripping from his voice and Dean couldn’t stand it. How the fuck would this be Cas’s fault in any way? Fuck no. That much he did say.

“No, Cas. You were good.”

“Then why?” Dean opened his eyes but still wouldn’t meet Castiel’s.

“I said I’d be good, that I wouldn’t let you down. Guess what?”

“Stop this. You are amazing. It’s not your fault.”

“Then whose is it?”

“No one’s.” Dean snorted in disbelief. “I just want you to be frank with me and tell me what you want, what feels good.”

“Isn’t that why we made the contract?”

“And you were vague there too, so if I’m not using any toys or putting together any particular scene, I’m in the dark here.”

“Nothing you would do could be wrong.”

“It certainly could, even if you don’t allow yourself the comfort of demanding stuff I can tell you want, but sharing a little, when asked for, is sure appreciated.” Cas smiled and Dean untensed under his dom’s calm gaze. He wasn’t being punished, nor were there screams or anger. As Cas started sitting up, Dean murmured under his breath:

“I liked it when we kissed.” Cas stopped moving and turned back to look at Dean, while he put his elbows under himself, coming up to drop a feather-light kiss on his dom’s lips, pouring all of his recently gained affection for him. Cas didn’t waste any time deepening the kiss before they both fell back on the couch, never breaking their link, their mouths slotted together, fitting just right with one another. Dean’s skin was imploding with the need to be closer. He wrapped his hand around Cas’s waist bringing him closer, hearing Castiel grunt in response to his actions.

“Tell me what feels good,” Castiel whispered against the shell of Dean’s ear, making him shiver with lust. Any recent inconvenience was forgotten when he felt Castiel’s lips explore his body once again, more thoroughly and roughly than before. It felt amazing. Castiel repeated his routine and kept it to a minimum and Dean only muttered a few ‘yes’s just to let Cas know he was in the moment.

The moment Castiel’s hot mouth latched on one of his nipples was the first time Dean wondered if he could come untouched. While one hand was rubbing and thumming one nipple, the other had the whole attention of Castiel’s wet tongue. He kept licking and biting and Dean didn’t have the necessary strength to restrain himself anymore. His hands shot down in Castiel’s hair as he grunted out his name and other approving sounds more than a couple of times as his hips moved in slow circles seeking friction.
“I see you are particularly enjoying this?” Dean bit his lip lightly and stared, praying his eyes could get the message over to Cas. He hummed happily, then suddenly wrapped his mouth around the other nipple and mirrored everything he had done.

“Yes. God, yes. Cas, please. Yes, yes. Cas.” Dean chanted. Castiel then continued mapping out Dean’s upper body with both his hands and that gorgeous mouth. He ran his hands over Dean’s arms, his back, his ribs, his stomach, but underneath the apparent roughness, Dean sensed Castiel attentive behavior, his hands going slower where Dean had scars and his mouth working gingerly. After all of this, the thought of not coming seemed impossible to Dean as he kept pleading.

“Please, Cas. Please.”

“Please what, Dean?” Dean knew Cas had a very clear idea of what Dean’s begging meant but the bastard was playing him.

“Please,” Dean repeated.

“What do you want, Dean? Tell me what you want.”

You.

“Can I come? Please. I need to come, Cas. Please.” Castiel eyed him carefully before rising to his knees and staring yet again.

“You want to come, huh?” Castiel lingered over Dean and all he could do was stare hungrily into his dom’s eyes, and let him decide what to do next. “How do you want to come, Dean?” Castiel asked. Dean was taken aback by the question. If Cas’s smirk was any indication, he knew that too.

“Would you want me to stroke you to completion? Or perhaps” Cas said as he dragged a finger slowly across Dean’s abdomen “You’d like a more head-on approach?” he lowered himself until his mouth was breathing over the precome stained crotch of his sweatpants. He then moved away rapidly. “So, what’s it going to be?” Getting dizzy from Castiel voice and his intoxicating touch, Dean forgot himself as he entreated:

“Your mouth, Cas. I want your mouth. God, please. Please.”

“On my cock, Cas. Please, just… I can’t… I need.”

“Good boy,” Castiel called as he scrambled to move his sweatpants and finally free his straining dick. The words sent a wave of desire and warmth through his whole being and at that moment Dean really felt… good. Like he succeeded some way-over-the-top demand when in reality he barely grunted a few words. Even with that, he was still good.

Cas swallowed him whole the first time and Dean could do nothing but tug at Cas’s hair, trying to reign in his screams. Cas pulled back and took Dean’s hands in his own, kissing his wrists.

“Keep your hands behind your back,” Castiel instructed, before returning to Dean leaking member. He kept swallowing around it and humming, sending bolts of pleasure through Dean who could do nothing but whisper profanities as he felt himself getting closer and closer. The heat of Cas’s mouth paired with Castiel’s skilled hands that kept either stroking his inner thighs or playing with his balls made Dean’s eyes nearly roll back into his head as he moaned. Castiel pulled back once again, kissing on the whole length of his dick, before lapping at his slit.

“Cas - fuck, fuck yes, please, please fuck- oh god, I can’t, Cas. Castiel…” Castiel swallowed him again and kept bobbing his head. Dean was so so close, he just needed- raising his head he met Castiel’s blue eyes, that were staring up at him through his long lashes- and that was all it took. Cas’s hot mouth left him before Dean was coming hard and fast, black and white dots behind his heavy eyelids, lulling him to nap a little. When he came to again, the first thing he saw was Cas carefully cleaning Dean of his own come, while unconsciously caressing Dean’s skin. He felt sated and content for the first time after an encounter like this. No guilt, no shame, just a pleasant buzz in the back of his mind. When Cas realized he was awake, he flashed the brightest smile he ever saw that amped Dean’s mood without even trying to. Cas was so beautiful. Even more now - with his hair sticking up in every direction where Dean couldn’t stop himself from tugging, his lips still a darker shade of pink than it was normal and his face flushed. As Cas never took any of his clothes off, there was no other proof of their recent activities.
“You’re awake.”
“Sleepy,” Dean mumbled, blinking himself awake.
“I imagined as much. That’s why I already started cleaning you, so all you have to do is drink some juice or water - whatever you prefer, and then we can get ready for bed.” Cas explained, his grin never faltering. Dean sat up and took the orange juice Cas offered, impressed he drained it all at once. He realized that while he came and everything had been pleasurable for him, his dom was unattended. Dean coughed a little, getting up the strength to breach the subject:
“Did you, uh … you know?” Dean gestured vaguely at Cas.
“Cum?”
“Yeah. That.” Dean said, blushing.
“I did.”
“When did you…?” Dean asked embarrassed for not even remembering.
“You were out of it when I... finished.” Cas supplied.
“I’m glad.” Dean went over his words again. “I mean not that I was out of it while you... I’m glad you did get to do that. Not that I wish precisely I was awake to witness, not that I would mind in any way. I mean I think I’d actually like to, I don’t even know.” Dean mumbled like a mess. Pathetic.
“Dean! It’s ok.” Castiel assured while he threw the dirty paper towels away.
“I didn’t do anything. It was you who -”
“No, you were good, so good for me,” Cas said cupping both of his cheeks. “You have no idea how important it was to me what you did tonight. You are beautiful.” Dean ducked his head, trying to hide crimson tint that was threatening to cover his face. “You blush quite beautifully too.”
“Shut up.” Dean huffed amused.
“If you wish me to,” Cas said getting up and extending a hand for Dean. “Ready for bed?” Dean took his hand and followed Castiel.

Dean didn’t want to admit, but something was somehow changing. He felt good, staying with Cas and letting Cas take the role of his dominant. It was amazing, to say the least. Maybe it was too soon, maybe it was inappropriate - even with everything they were already doing - but Dean started to like it - their arrangement, and him - Cas. Strange reactions and unknown emotions were rousing inside him, with just a thought of those blue eyes and kind heart. Guess it’s true what they say. Inner beauty beats the outer kind every day.
The weekend passed with no more sexual encounters, as Cas liked to call them. Just stolen touches here and there and chaste kisses and Dean found himself looking forward to those moments, waiting for them like they were meant to change something for him, to change something in him, which of course is a stupid thought.
It felt even better when nothing ruined their time together - no drug withdrawal, which was weird because Dean expected it to kick in any moment, but it never came, no inhibitions, no triggers - it was relaxing.
So you can imagine Dean’s dread when he had to leave. The moments they spent by Cas’s door while Dean got dressed were awkward to the point of painful, where the warmth gradually transformed into coldness, where the comfort that Cas showed over the past couple of days turned into obvious stiffness. Dean played along. He mirrored Cas’s behavior, even though he wanted to know why the sudden alteration happened, he also reminded himself it was none of his business.
With all of their friendly behavior, it was still work and Dean mentally kicked himself for imaging something else- even if for a little bit. Pleasantries exchanged, Dean got out promising to return and Cas said he’d be looking forward to it.
Dean’s smile stayed plastered to his face. It was there as Dean got home and changed. It was there when he borrowed some lorazepam from Crowley who yet again lied that he had run out of the good stuff, but Dean didn’t care - he just needed something to keep him running. The smile was there when he bumped into Charlie, who eyed him like he suddenly grew another head, his only response when being asked about his good mood was something vague about being sunny outside. It was there when Dean left to go to Al’s. It was still there when he arrived five minutes late.
Then suddenly, it wasn’t.
“Where were you?” Al asked, twirling the same whiskey glass between his slender fingers while sitting on the too big black leather couch. He looked up at Dean like he was the elephant in the room.
“Nowhere.” Dean fidgeted, his hands tightly locked behind his back, not to show the constant clenching of his fists that he liked very much to remodel Al’s face.
“Nowhere, huh?” Al mocked. He stood up abruptly. “You think I’m that stupid?” Three steps and he was standing in front of Dean. “We’ve had this discussion before.” He pointed at Dean with his glass, slowly raising his voice. “Yet you. Can’t seem. To get it. Through your thick skull. That’s why we set a time.” He turned around, pacing the room. “Why is it so hard to understand?” he asked. “It’s simple. And you can’t even do that.” Dean set his jaw and took deep breaths. He could see where it was going. He couldn’t do anything about it but he knew he was not nearly high enough for this shit.

“Or maybe you’re trying to defeat me? Is that it?” He looked Dean square in the eyes. “You think you are better? Think you can just show up late and nothing happens? Do you think you are too good to face the consequence of your stupidity? That what you think?” He questioned giving Dean an ultimatum. He knew what Al wanted. He wanted Dean kneeling and begging for forgiveness. As low as Dean was, he would never be that low. Clenching his jaw, he stood his ground and stared ahead, expressionless.

In two strides, Al was right in his face again, eyeing him angrily. He followed Al’s gaze, saw him analyzing, watched him think his next move, stood perfectly still while Al’s eyes traveled down his body until they settled on his neck. He raised his hand slowly and Dean shoved down his instinct to turn away. He raised the collar of Dean’s T-shirt just a little bit and looked at something out of Dean’s reach before the tentative hand circled his neck pushing Dean into the wall behind him. Dean collided with a low thud, pinned by Al’s hand around his neck. For a second, the only thing Dean could hear was the sound of his erratic breathing and as much as tried to calm down, nothing seemed to work. Al’s sharp voice cut through the silence like a knife.

“You little bitch!” Al’s fist tightened, his thumb blocking Dean’s windpipe. He could feel himself starting to scramble for air, but with no success as Al just held him there shouting profanities, but to Dean, everything was drowned out by his urge to get free.

“Is that what’s happening?! You got somebody else?! After everything that I’ve done for you?!”

Dean’s eyes widened as he realized Al must have seen one of the marks left by Cas and his panic had another motive to engulf him. Not Cas. Al drew Dean out, only to push him back harder against the wall, his head taking the worst damage. He could hear himself gasping for air.

“You should be grateful, you bastard! You are nothing!” Another slam. Things got foggier and foggier for him, white appearing at the edges of his sight, followed quickly by darkness. A distant thought hit him - if he would have died right now, he would have been ok with it.

Suddenly the hand left him to slide boneless against the wall until his ass hit the floor with a soft thud. A blurry figure appeared in front of him, black eyes leveling on his own.

“You’ll regret this!” Cold, harsh hands grab his chin forcing him to look at Al. “It’s not going to work, by the way.” He said with a snarl. “You trying to get rid of me. It’s not gonna’ work. Because you are nothing, but a waste of space. You realize no one will want you, right? Look at you. Pathetic.” He spat out, getting up. His boot kicked Dean in his stomach causing him to cough violently.

“Stupid.” Another kick, even harder.

“Worthless.” Another one.

“Useless.” another.

“Whore.” And the kicking stopped. Whatever composure Dean managed to regain during Al’s little speech was gone as he was clutching his stomach, trying not to think about how much it fucking hurt. He tried to look unaffected, even debated getting up, but soon discarded the thought, seeing that he could barely think. To be honest no drugs could end this kind of pain.

“Stop feeling sorry for yourself, bitch. Get up. We need to punish you properly. Show you who’s the one in charge here.” He said as he got a fist of Dean’s shirt and made him stand, dragging him to the
playroom. Between being dragged down the hall to Al’s room and being spread out on the bed, wrists, and ankles cuffed to it, Dean got in and out of consciousness, enough to only let him get glimpses of what was happening. He heard himself groan a couple of time from the pain that was spreading through his whole body. He briskly started to wonder how did he get so weak that he couldn’t hold one for himself. He didn’t have the strength, nor the interest to keep debating that subject before he felt Al’s hands smoothing over his skin. It sent shivers of disgust down his spine as he tried to twist away without being so obvious.

“Greedy little slut.” He heard him whisper. Dean tried to hide his face as not to give away his reaction of immediate repugnance. “But not yet.” He said jumping off of Dean. He walked over to the smaller closet places right next to the bed and Dean heard some rustling and then complete silence. He kept his eyes closed, but he can’t tell if it’s because he’s tired or if it’s going to be easier if he can’t see.

“You’ll be begging when I’m done with you.” Then he got a slap in the face and it stung. Al continued to psychically violate every fiber in his being with words along the lines of ‘bitch’, ‘whore’, ‘slut’ etc. - that Dean has heard a thousand times, yet never got used to. Then a punch in the stomach and somewhere along the line a flogger showed up and was used to intensify Dean’s pain. With all that, with all the beating and the hopelessness that took root in his being, all he did was smile.

Why you ask? It was simple.
No, Dean would not beg.
Not now.
Not ever.
Not to him.
Chapter 10

Chapter by adela_19

Chapter Notes

I would like to start by saying how sorry i am?? I am an asshole, i know. There's no need to remind me.
But lookie here!!! I got another chapter for y'all after 200 years ( i'm sorry yet again).
This one's a long chapter so beware. We're starting to dive into various relationships and backstories now so it should be interesting.
The trigger warnings listed in the tags still stand, so read at your own risk, although i think this chapter is pretty safe.

Thanks to everyone for your lovely comments and support. You're the best!!!
S/o, as always, to my awesome partner, the egg that is always angry. We went over this chapter over and over again(still lowkey sucks but no matter).

Truth was, as much as Cas wished for this, he didn’t expect he’d actually get to have it. That was just not how things worked for him, ever. So imagine his surprise when he realized how easily he won - won Dean over (more or less), won a strong and stable dominant role that didn't involve him questioning himself in every decision that he made, won some acquaintances (close to friends, really), won a job he loved, won peace and quiet finally. No need to cover himself anymore, no need to keep a lookout for some big bad looming over his head, for assassins and crime bosses. No need for any of that.

As sad as it might sound, he had time to discover himself, what he liked - besides green eyes and sandy blond hair - and what he disliked, what he could and couldn’t do, where he was or wasn’t comfortable, what his dreams and hopes were. He could create himself again. Strip that persona of the perfect son and cold-blooded killer that he never desired to be and piece himself together as the normal guy he wanted to be, with the apple pie life he fancied so much.

No more screwing around. Those days are gone and frankly, they’re never coming back. Late night thoughts made Castiel realize that in the end, it all started with Dean. His Dean - if he could refer to him like that. He probably couldn’t, but his private view of his perfect submissive wouldn’t hurt anyone.

Dean, who had his own demons to fight, who suppressed his being so deep under the unrequired layers of drugs and self-loathing he could barely see the world clearly. Surprisingly, that didn’t bother Castiel - it intrigued him. So along with rebuilding himself, another important point on Castiel’s ‘to do’ list was Dean and everything concerning him.

In some kind of twisted way, it felt like Dean was the turning point, the one variable that flipped the tables, the one that set Castiel straight, which, in reality, couldn’t be farther from the truth, but for Cas, that was exactly how it felt like. Dean resembled some sort of incarnation of everything Castiel wanted from the perfect love to the normal life and seeing him that night, in the club, losing himself in those emeralds was the moment Castiel’s resolve started to shake and the locked up desires started to slip through the cracks of his carefully crafted mask.
From there came small, unnoticeable acts of disobedience until Castiel found himself walking away with no remorse from his father’s burning body and even now it still felt like he made the right call. Saving himself and his brother from a life neither of them wanted to live at the price of their dad’s existence was a choice he made and there was no regret, no feelings included. Their father’s memory would remain as the bastard that stole half of their life for selfish reasons. It was not that bad. Could’ve been worse.

Now it was all gone.

The only word that came to Cas’s mind was ‘good’.

With all of his 'new life, new me' resolutions, he still couldn't keep those thoughts at bay, couldn’t keep them from plaguing his mind, his soul with questions he’d rather forget and possibilities he’d rather not experience. It might take some time. As much as he hated to admit it, he couldn't erase everything, he couldn't forget all about it. Bad days brought the inevitable question of whether he was going to be able to handle everything if he’d be able to forget and forgive himself and if his consciousness would ever let him go. He’d give his best. He always did. The only difference now was free will - something he found himself valuing a lot, something he’d never give up again.

Despite Castiel’s revelations, life didn't stop for him to make amends but went on dragging him along and Cas could do nothing but follow and adjust himself while going on. Schoolwork didn't wait for him to set himself straight, but kept coming, just like that, Castiel worked and worked and buried himself in it. Every night though something changed for him. After planning tomorrow's lesson or grading papers or coming up with new assignments, his mind wandered involuntarily to his past, to his father, to Gabriel, who was the only reason he survived this long and to whom he was grateful beyond words. Of course, Gabe didn't need to know that.

The first time he took the pocket gun from his bedside drawer and the ones hidden in his closet along with every other weapon he could find, like knives and sprays, that were scattered through the house, he stuffed them unceremoniously in a bag thrown at the back of the very same closet, in the darkest, smallest corner, where they were not visible but reachable. Even with all the change, old habits die hard. Next day, he made a pact with himself to forget the name Krushnic. He took a bottle of whiskey on the balcony, hoping the alcohol would soften his demeanor a little or, if he was lucky, it would get him drunk, but of course none of that happened and he ended up staring up at a starless sky with an empty bottle as his companion, just like normal people did.

The next couple of days were spent fighting himself and his old persona, struggling between past and present and everything he knew and everything he needed to abandon. Little by little, he came to terms with himself and with the countless whiskey glasses he indulged himself in. It was a whole process made up only of pep talks that consisted of something along the lines of ‘what's done is done’ and ‘nothing you did can be changed’, but ‘now you can do better, be better, be who you want to be’. And God help him, he believed it or, at least, he wanted to.

Some people say it’s not a single moment where you decide you want to change. It really wasn't. Looking back at a lost life, Castiel saw it. It took him countless years to get rid of his father and it took him another couple of years to let himself forget the idea of him and everything he stood for – pain, murder, chaos. There was, on the other hand, one particular moment that administered the final push. So he changed. For real and irrevocably.

There was no remorse - he didn’t want there to be.
It wasn't his fault - he knew that.

He was over it - that he was surely aware of.

He felt nothing - he was afraid of the reason why.

With all that mambo jumbo of emotions and conceptions, Cas didn’t say ‘no’ when Gabriel called Tuesday night letting him know they were going out in approximately twenty minutes.

“Gabriel, are you insane?! Are you under the influence?” Castiel hissed into the phone, hoping his annoyance could get to the other end of the phone call.

“Not yet, little bro, but that’s exactly our goal tonight!” Gabriel cheered on.

“No, no, no. There’s no ‘our goal’ because there’s no ‘us’. Not tonight at least.” He sighed.

“Why though?” Gabriel sounded curious. “Is your boy-toy coming tonight? Cause I can understand if you just wanna get some, but other than that, there are no excuses I’ll accept under any circumstances.”

“What?! No!” Castiel shut him down immediately. “He’s not my boy-toy and he’s not coming, no.”

“Great then. Pick you up in ten.” His brother sounded like he wanted to hang up.

“No! Gabriel, hold on, I can’t. I have papers to grade and other… stuff to do.” Castiel ended vaguely.

“Oh, come on! Papers-shmapers! Fuck that, brother. Let’s go breath some fresh air.”

“You mean the air that smells like drugs and ten kinds of alcohol?” he asked sarcastically.

“Exactly! The best kind of air!”

“I don’t think so.”

“I don’t care what you think, moy dorogoy brat.” Gabriel’s tone was mocking. "Stop it." Castiel threatened. He hated to hear Gabriel's little lingual escapades. He remembered briefly when he used to combine English with Russian. He trained himself to stop using it, to forget it. He didn't need to know that anymore. It was easier for his brother to get rid of his Russian tendencies, yet he used it whenever he wanted to spite Castiel or to make fun of him. The brat...

“Otlichno! I’ll be there in five and you better be ready and I won’t say that again.” And then the line disconnected.

“Fucking idiot.” Castiel cursed as he threw himself on the sofa in a defeated stance. At first, exasperation clouded his mind, making him fantasize about the thousands of ways he could kick Gabe out - the asshole. In the end, though, frustration and tiredness got the better of him and he saw it as an opportunity to get out of the house, an opportunity to be normal and he took it. He was sick of George Washington already and reading another fifty essays wouldn’t do him any good.

Just like he’d announced, Gabriel was banging on Cas’s door five minutes later, demanding that Castiel opened the door.
“So help me, little brother, I will wrestle you!” the voice was accompanied by loud, rapid knocks. Castiel walked slowly, dragging the moment on for as much as he could, in some sort of payback at Gabriel’s silly behavior. When he opened the door, he could see Gabriel taking him in, analyzing him from head to toes.

“The fuck happened, Castiel?” was the first thing he said, eyes still searching and interested.

“What do you mean?”

“You look different. Good different.”

“No, you retard. I look exactly the same. I just didn’t put my coat yet.” Castiel deadpanned.

“Really? Oh wow.”

“Idiot.” Was the only response he got before Cas grabbed his trench coat and locked the door behind them.

“What made you change your mind though? Why do you suddenly wanna go?” Gabe asked over his shoulder.

“I don’t. But school can kiss my ass.”

“Hold your horses, you sound like a rebellious teenager.” Gabriel whistled, making his way downstairs.

“Damn right.” Castiel agreed, getting into the car.

“Hell yeah,” Gabriel shouted and pressed the acceleration.

Being excited about the whole ‘getting out of the house’ thing, Castiel forgot to tell his brother to shove it and to pick a place himself. Seeing himself in front of a no-name bar, Castiel remembered those precious details. Too bad he was too fucking late.

Entering the pub, he had to brace himself for the smell of smoke that flooded his nostrils not even two seconds after getting in. Despite being a weeknight, the bar was uncomfortably crowded. Some people weren’t stopped from partying by daily duties and problems. Then again, some people didn’t even have the notion of ‘responsibility’ in their vocabulary.

Making their way to the front of the bar where the alcohol was stashed, Castiel was already feeling restless. Funny thing how he was alright with people fucking around him in a BDSM club but a little bar was giving him anxiety.

“So what’s up with the sudden call?” Castiel opened the conversation as he signaled his presence to the female bartender who nodded while speaking to some other customers.

“Nothing’s up. Just wanted a drink.” Gabriel shrugged.

“And your stash wasn’t good enough because?”

“Gee, Cassie, what the fuck do you want? Maybe I wanted to spend some time with you.”
“I may be younger, but I am certainly not the stupid one.”

“Could’ve fooled me.” Gabriel bit back.

“Are you going to tell me what’s happening or am I going to have to use physical force in achieving my goal?”

“Settle down.” Gabriel whispered and Cas squinted his eyes in a sign of annoyance. The blonde bartender took their order and strode off to prepare their drinks - whiskey on the rocks for Cas, as usual, and a fancy ass cocktail for the big baby. Even when they remained alone, Castiel pinned Gabriel with his eyes in a silent question.

“Nothing’s wrong, Cassie. It’s OK.” Gabriel let his head hang low as he dragged his hands all over the flat surface of the bar, making invisible shapes. “I was just...” he closed his eyes for a second before continuing. “I was with Kali and, literally, nothing happened and we were, uh, we were talking and I can’t even tell you what it was we were discussing but one second I looked at her and she was so, so beautiful.” Gabriel talked slowly like he was counting his words. “And then I spaced out and all I saw was dad and blood and all this shit we left behind and I was taken aback so, I fled without saying a word. She probably thinks I’m crazy, which I totally am, but she didn’t have to get spooked just yet. And now, here I am.”

“What the hell?” Castiel whispered to himself.

“Exactly,” Gabriel responded. The bartender came back to give them the drinks and Cas nodded once in a thanking sign, to which the blonde winked friendly.

“Gabriel...” Castiel started but was stopped by Gabe holding his hand up and smiling.

“Don’t. Let’s just drink.” He held his drink high, inviting Cas to clink glasses, which he did, taking a sip, while his brother swallowed its content without breathing.

“You know you’re not crazy, right?” Castiel tried again after two more glasses of whatever the fuck Gabe drank next.

“I totally am. I just don’t care.” She signaled for the next drink.

“You say that just because you’re inebriated.”

“M’not drunk if that’s what you mean.” Gabe pointed a threatening finger at Cas. His eyes narrowed as he watched his finger, probably trying to concentrate on it. “Oh wow. I am a bit dizzy. Just a little.”

“Idiot.” Cas huffed, chuckling. Not many things brought Castiel the same pleasure as seeing Gabe was wrong in an argument. Oh well.

“I heard you!” Gabriel shouted in Castiel’s ear. “I honestly don’t get how you can be so... fine.” He murmured, laying his head on the bar.

“What?” Castiel asked, confused.

“I mean I get you’re basically a robot with no feelings but come on.” Castiel’s heart constricted. Gabe was suffering and Castiel almost didn’t pay any mind.
“Gabe. It’s not that I don’t” Castiel used air quotes “feel shit, as you say- ”

“Then what? ‘Cause you seem perfectly fine, but I start freaking out for nothing.”

“You didn’t freak out - ”

“That is precisely what I did. It’s been two fucking years, for fuck’s sake! What the fuck! It never bothered me if I killed people or not. I had to do it, but I don’t have a beautiful mind?!”

“Keep it down, would you? It doesn’t matter. Listen to me, it can happen to the best of us, OK?” Castiel gave a reassuring smile to his brother, who was probably trying to focus his sight on Cas and carry on the conversation without puking. He could never hold down his liquor. His brother nodded and raised his head just in time for the blonde bartender to bring another mysterious cocktail.

“Thank you, Cassie,” Gabe whispered. “I don’t know what happened. I just ran. I don’t know why.”

“Anytime, Gabe. But next time start with that when you drag me out of the house on a weekday, dumbhead.”

“You shut the fuck up, you need someone to get that stick outta your ass pronto, little bro!” Gabriel yelled, getting the attention of a couple of people who luckily didn’t spare them a second thought, but put them off as a couple of drunks.

“I’ll keep that in mind. Thank you for the revision.” Cas shouted back, expressionless, getting up.

“Oh come on now where do you think you’re going?” Hearing Gabe, Castiel came closer and whispered in Gabriel’s ear:

“There’s this secret place named ‘bathroom’. You should try it sometimes. I hear you can even shower in the private ones.” Castiel ran off immediately after that, but he thought he heard something resembling “what a funny motherfucker you are!”

Taking his untouchable stance, he made his way to the bathroom, trying to blend in - not like anyone would study him too thoroughly. Reaching the hallway, where the bathrooms were, he stopped dead in his tracks.

There were two girls making out and as much as Cas’s awkward self-made an appearance, everything made a turn for the worse when he realized that the fierce red-head was Charlie and she had no inhibitions whatsoever as she kissed the brunette stupid right in front of him. Her hands were holding the other girl’s face guiding her through the kiss as the brunette’s hands were wandering all over Charlie’s back, stroking and scraping in a game that would lead very soon to something more thorough. Charlie’s mouth traveled from the girl’s lips to her neck, biting and kissing, eliciting shameless pants and moans who had her head thrown back against the wall, her eyes closed and her lips parted in a silent plead. Her hands were drifting from her back way lower to her ass, grabbing handfuls of it and bringing Charlie closer as she was working the buttons on her shirt open and that was exactly the extent of what Castiel could handle. He turned back and sped into the crowd, hoping Charlie didn’t catch sight of him. Cheeks still burning, Castiel rejoined Gabriel at the bar stiff and silent.

“Wow, what’s up with you?” Gabriel asked, amusement seeping out of his voice. “Did you walk in on someone having bathroom sex or what? You looked spooked.”

“Little brother, you are the funniest,” Gabriel said, wiping tears from his eyes. “The dominant, everyone! Cassie, you made my day!”

“Your jokes lack humor and your face is unsightly.” Castiel deadpanned, hoping he could at least change the subject.

“What was it huh? Gay?” Gabriel mocked a shocked expression “Hetero?” he chuckled at his own ‘jokes’.

“They were lesbians, mind you,” Castiel responded ordering yet another glass.

“Then what the fuck? I’d have joined them so fast.”

“Cause you’re an asshat.”

“You hurt me, bro! Don’t be so harsh.”

“I could kick your ass ‘till you -” Castiel started his string of threats when a voice stopped him.

“Cas!” he turned around and saw Charlie and the brunette coming towards them. Castiel swallowed hard, trying to stop his face from turning a color similar to a tomato. With jumpy steps they found themselves taking up the spots beside Castiel at the bar and ordering some other fancy shit he was starting to get fed up with.

“What’s up, bitches?” Charlie greeted as she half hugged Cas. He returned the hug, feeling his stiff posture drain away.

“Nothing much, Charlie. We’re just... You know… hanging out.” Charlie gave him a suspicious look and then turned her attention to Gabriel, who was studying her just the same. “Charlie. This is Gabe, my brother.” Castiel introduced him and Charlie’s face instantly softened as she extended a friendly hand. Gabe shook it, a little bit confused at the sudden change.

“This is Dorothy, my… friend.” The brunette smiled. Castiel raised a questioning eyebrow, but Charlie shut him up with a stern look.

“How you doing, ladies?” Gabe put his charm on.

“They’re gay. You have no chance. Move on now.” Castiel announced proudly.

“He wouldn’t have had a chance even if we weren’t gay.” Charlie chirped as she sipped her drink and Dorothy snorted.

“OK, OK, pick on the new guy, why not?” Gabriel held his hands suggesting that he surrendered.

“Well, we already did, didn’t we?” Charlie responded.

“Not nearly enough.” Cas started up again and Charlie chuckled. The tension disappeared and was replaced by a contented feeling and friendly conversation. Even Gabe joined in after he fixed his
bruised ego and he and Charlie seemed to get along pretty well, cracking bad puns and jokes that had them holding back tears and had Cas and Dorothy looking embarrassed hoping no one could hear them.

It felt more than good to get out with acquaintances - friends - and give into the laughter, the music, the pleasant buzz of the alcohol, which had little to no effect, but still, he felt great, felt normal like he was blending in. This was the kind of life he wanted or maybe needed. At some point, deep in thought, Dean’s memory struck him and he started even himself as he asked:

“How’s Dean?” Charlie looked taken by surprise, but she smiled.

“I honestly do not know, Cas. I haven’t seen him in a week or so.” She looked pained for a second, but then her features were schooled into a warm expression.

“Why not? Did you guys fight?”

“Nope.” She took another sip. “He didn’t show up at the club and he didn’t respond to my calls. I don’t blame him though. That piece of shit doesn't let him out of his sight.”

Castiel’s mood soured at the mention of this ‘Al’ who was labeled as the abusive piece of excrement that Dean was forced to spend another six months with. He felt a warm hand cover his fists under the table. When he raised his head, he was met with dark green eyes that resembled Dean's so much and yet were different in so many ways. Her smile was sweet and hopeful. Castiel couldn’t help but smile back, feeling his uncertainties vanish. Charlie would tell him if something was wrong. She could handle herself and Dean and so much more and Castiel was proud to call her a friend - a capable one at that.

“Don’t worry, Cas. He’s going to be just fine.” Her soft voice chased away his bitterness.

“He will. As long as he has you. Thank you.”

“As long as he has us. You're just as important.” Her words struck a chord and Castiel let himself revel in the tender emotion coiling in his heart and the fondness that he was developing for the red-haired firecracker. The intense, yet pleasant moment was ruined when Gabe used his hands as a megaphone to shout:

“Gay ass people right here!”

“You do realize we’d be hetero, right?” Charlie asked, faking irritation.

“Whatsoever you say, red!” he yelled.

“Dude, he’s wasted,” Charlie whispered to Cas.

“I know.” he sighed, shoulders slumping in a defeated posture. “Guess I need to take him home now,” he said getting off the chair. He went to retrieve his wallet, but Charlie stopped him.

“It’s on us.” She said. Castiel wanted to refuse but was interrupted again. “Besides Jo can give a discount or something.”

“In your dreams, Bradbury.” The bartender shouted, to whom Charlie stuck her tongue out. Cas gave them a weird look.
“Guess we’d better be on our way.”

“We should do it again,” Charlie suggested.

“We will.” Cas agreed. “Come on, let’s go, Gabe.” He clapped his brother on the shoulder and made a move. Charlie came close and stood on her toes while she whispered in Cas’s ear:

“Next time you need to go to the bathroom, you should tell me to get out the way, you know.” She chuckled while Cas’s face was red with embarrassment. She punched him lightly in his arm. “Don’t stress, Cinderella.” Castiel could only nod and walk to the exit with his brother in tow.

Twenty minutes later, he entered his apartment. Alone with himself again, the flood of concerns regarding Dean came unexpectedly and as he got ready for bed and long into the night, beside the sentiments low in his stomach when he remembered about the night he had, there was something like ice slowing down his heartbeats while he hoped with all his soul that his sub - his Dean was and will be alright. As he found his way to the surface of the pain, he hoped Dean didn’t have to do the same, even if it was just a childish request, he wanted Dean to be fine or at least for him to be able to help.

***

The next time Dean was scheduled to come to Cas’s, it was a total clusterfuck.

Why, you may ask?

Well, you know, because Cas had literally no idea what they were supposed to do. Not to worry, Dean was not aware of his previous creative fart when it came to their next scene. Their second ‘real’ meeting and Cas was putting his kid gloves on without even realizing. After he chastised himself and tried to lock away his overprotective behavior towards the submissive, he started coming up with new scene ideas and role-playing fantasies, but at some point, all of them seemed wrong.

Castiel wasn’t going to dive head first into something that he felt might go wrong before it even begun. No fucking way. He dug deeper, trying to understand himself and his rationalizing, the reason why his stomach churned whenever his plans took a more sexual turn or when the notion of touching Dean in a remotely rough way.

It didn’t take a genius to get that Castiel was afraid, his concern for his Dean - for Dean- taking his careful intent and his need to have the submissive safe and it was completely ridiculous. The fact that Dean was in a not so loving relationship shouldn’t prevent any of his plans. Another lie. It exclusively did - the fact that Dean had another dom, who was also an abusive character, was more than a little concerning for Castiel. He couldn’t have gone ‘guns blazing’ like he used to. If he were still a respected mobster, the legend- he would hunt this Al down and cut his fingers one by one and then shove them up his …

Sadly, a history professor did not have nearly this murderous dreams. Bummer. That went even further than Dean and his discomfort, it related to Cas’s respect for his submissive and his wish for Dean to know that he would always help and care for him deeply. That was about Dean trusting Cas as his dominant and acknowledging his place, which was more than a lot to ask after such a small amount of sessions, where most of them ended up on a bad note.

It all gravitated around earning Dean’s trust. Cas didn’t want to push or pry into his life. He did not want Dean’s gratefulness and he sure as hell didn’t want trust won during hot sex. He didn’t mind
the hot sex part though. Which was nearly mandatory for a fucking dominant.

Having all those details thoroughly discussed, it was clear to see the conflict going on in Castiel’s head: how could he have intercourse with Dean, but still not go as far as penetrative sex and yet manage to not give away his concern?

Until Friday night, Castiel did everything possible in trying to come up with something – he watched porn, jerked off every night, and used every last drop of his imagination and he also called Charlie, who told him to put his big boy pants on because he was not supposed to be a pussy. Before ending the call she reassured Cas that, despite everything Dean went and was still going through, he was a tough cookie and could take anything he could ever throw at him. Castiel knew as much, but it did nothing to ease his growing anxiousness.

With all of his difficulties, when he heard two loud knocks and opened the door, only to reveal a smiling Dean, all of his worries were melted by that simper and he decided the best way to go about it was his instinct. His sense was betraying him and it wanted Dean.

“Heya, Cas.”

“Hello, Dean.” Cas met Dean's blinding grin with one of his own before making room for him to actually enter. After he closed the door, he let Dean take his leather jacket and his shoes off before he spoke:

“Leave the rest on.” Dean's smile disappeared immediately, replaced by a confused frown. “Do not frown. There is nothing wrong, Dean.” Cas approached his sub, a tentative hand at the side of his neck, his thumb stroking over the sharp edge of his jaw. That was when a dark purple bruise caught his eye. At that moment it seemed like every injury had made itself visible for Castiel. He was aware of Dean’s cut just above his eyebrow, his still split lip- which was probably a renewed injury- and about another dozen bruises just above his collar. Castiel winced internally, pushing down his anger. When his eyes met Dean’s pools of fresh green that were wondering on their own, he realized he was probably aware of Castiel thoughts, following his movements carefully, but not daring to take any action.

Castiel’s need to worship his beautiful, strong submissive grew until it was a matter of seconds before something feral, almost primal took over. His position in this relationship required him to stay level-headed and cognizant of his situated needs. He let his hand caress Dean’s bony cheek one more time before taking a step back. Deans' eyes were big and expecting- eager, he might say.

“Go wait for me in the bedroom. Upstairs, second door on the right.” Castiel instructed.

“I remember,” Dean replied softly. Of course, he did.

“Go now,” Cas told him playfully. Dean raised a hand in a surrendering act and nodded before making his way to the bedroom.

Five minutes later, the juice and water were ready for after the scene. The security system was in check and his plan was going well. Oh, and there was a male beauty waiting for him upstairs. He paused five more minutes. Build Dean’s expectations a bit and then let him down gently. If he was anything like last time, he still wouldn’t get what he was wishing for.

It was a little fucked up how imposing and perfect a dominant needed to seem in order to be taken seriously. Maybe Cas was doing it all wrong. Maybe he wasn’t made for this. He would never give
up though. It just seemed such a stress-filled arrangement dealing with the fact that a dom should always know what to do and should always make the right choice. The amount of care and work was immense. Not that Castiel didn’t like it. He loved it. It grounded him, reminded him of himself and to have someone as good as Dean was just a gift.

Five minutes were up. Ten minutes were up. Time to swat any self-conscious thought and join Dean. He stepped surely, replaying the way tonight should go one last time. Opening yet another door, he found Dean pacing back and forth and biting his nails like there was no tomorrow. He was murmuring to himself and as much as Castiel tried to make out the words, he didn’t understand anything at all. When Dean took notice of Castiel’s presence he stopped like a child caught with his hand in the cookie jar. He tried taking a casual pose, but it seemed like his nervousness kept breaking the surface. Castiel saw no reason for him to be unsettled.

“Dean.” He called. Dean met his eyes shyly. He advanced towards him and saw him tracing his movements like before. He came as close as he could, their chests almost pressed together, yet no contact at all. “Are you agitated?”

Dean nodded once slowly. Cas searched his face for any kind of sign that indicated Dean’s unwillingness. There was no such thing. He licked his lips, observing Dean mirroring his action, looking like he forgot himself for a moment. Castiel wasted no more time, but raised his head just a little, capturing Dean’s lips in a chaste kiss that spoke nothing but passion. When they parted, seconds later, Dean’s eyes glinted with an unspoken question.

Castiel raised yet again to meet Deans’ lips, this time plunging his tongue into Dean’s mouth like it belonged there- no questions asked and Dean opened eagerly, letting a shameless moan that was immediately swallowed by Cas, whose hands came up to the submissive’s neck and stroked gently as he continued to give Dean the bruising kiss he was no wonder enjoying.

Coming up for air, Dean was gulping, getting ready for a kiss that never came.

“Eager, aren’t we?” Cas teased, but Dean’s look said it all. “I want you to stay still.” He instructed. “At no moment will you move, except for helping me remove your clothing.” He spoke carefully, watching Dean’s train of thought play out on his face. “I will take this off.” He tugged on Dean's red and black plaid shirt. “Then I am going to continue exploring this beautiful body of yours.” He stroked slowly Dean’s pectorals. “Also, you will not come. If you get to the point where you think you might do it, you need to tell me. Are we clear?” Dean nodded.

“Words, Dean.” Cas lifted one corner of his mouth.

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Sir.”

"What is your safe word, Dean?"

"Impala, Sir."

“Good boy.” Castiel praised and he saw Dean go blank for half a second before a crimson color took over his face.
“You blush quite beautifully.” He continued. “I believe I have told you that before.”

“You did.” Dean’s voice was small, but oh so needy. It made Castiel want to take him right there.

“And I will continue doing it because it amazes me.” He went for the plaid shirt, stripping it down, arm by arm, slowly, so Dean could feel every shift, so every movement could get a meaning and a purpose. After he started talking, praising his sub, he found himself unable to stop. It just… felt right.

Then came another round of kissing, starting out rough, passionate and ending up languid and innocent. From there Castiel worked his way to Dean’s cheeks, kissing the corners of his mouth, biting his jaw and licking over the faint marks to soothe them. It was very entertaining especially when he got to Deans’ ears because it was easy to spew dirty things while biting and working as slow as ever with Dean huffing and whimpering, concentrating on not moving and, possibly, on keeping his frustration in check. Castiel couldn’t care less as he continued his ministrations.

“So beautiful.” He whispered. “So good.” Dean let out a whine. As soon as Cas got to the collar of his black t-shirt, he raised his head and looked at Dean for any signs of doubt. All he was met with was lust and something else- trust?- maybe not that, maybe it was too soon…

“Lift your arms, Dean.” He did as he was told. Castiel didn’t give up his ’let’s take it slow’ tactic, not even for a second. The shirt disposed of, Castiel’s mouth was on Dean’s chest, covering every inch of skin or, at least, trying to as he focused his attention on Dean’s breathing and as he felt him fall apart, his cock already hard through his jeans and Castiel was damn pleased with himself.

When he reached Dean’s nipples, he made sure that he pinched as hard as he could. So hard that Dean’s knees buckled as a surge of pleasure shook his entire body, making him forget his command.

“Stay still.”

“I’m sorry,” Dean said, coming back to himself.

“I see you are enjoying yourself.” Dean blushed and dodged any kind of eye contact Cas tried to establish. “You have to be careful though.” He said as he lowered his mouth to one of his hardened nipples, biting one of the buds. Dean’s cry reverberated. “Wouldn’t want you to break my word.” He licked and sucked, drawing out more delicious sounds from the submissive. “Wouldn’t want you to be... punished.” He grinned as he saw Dean stopping himself from looking down at Cas.

“For now you’re doing fine.” He assured the sub. His mouth mirrored the same actions on the other hardened bud. “So responsive.” He went even lower, to Dean’s ribs, repeating the exact same procedure, yet being met with different sounds every time. His hands wandered over the plain muscles of his while trying not to seem like he was also mapping his cuts, his scars, remembering to treat the respective with more care.

“Perfect.” Dean shuddered at the word, making Cas’s smile grow bigger. His breath was the only sound filling the room, before Cas went to his belly, biting hard and sucking lightly on the soft skin before sinking his teeth into his flesh again. More tension-charged minutes passed before Cas reached Dean’s hipbones or where Cas needed to finally take Dean’s jeans off. With a last, hard bite, he crawled up Dean body just in time to see Dean drawing blood from chewing on his lip to stifle his sounds.

Cas frowned and took Dean’s lip from between his teeth and kissed him.
“Do not hold back. Not being able to move, doesn’t mean I don’t want to hear any of those miraculous sounds of yours.”

“Cas...”

“Don’t steal any of that noise from me. They’re mine.” He growled before bringing Dean by the back of his head to meet his lips in a dominating kiss. Dean felt so good, tasted even better and Cas couldn’t get enough. At some point, his erection grew quite concerning too. Running his hands the short strands of sandy blond hair, he remembered his plan and shook himself. He kneeled in front of Dean, looking up at his face, that was looking straight ahead. Smart boy. He unbuckled Dean’s belt leisurely and popped his buttons just as slow and stripped the right leg, then the left one, taking his socks along with the pants.

Now Dean was almost naked - except for the boxers - in the middle of his bedroom. He looked stunning. Miles of soft skin on display for Cas, only for him. He looked also beaten, the proof of rough behavior in the shape of scars and bruises all over his glorious body. Castiel chose to let them go for now. Not forget them. Never forget them.

As soon as Cas dragged the boxers down, Dean’s cock bobbed free, punching a gasp out of him. Cas massaged Dean’s thighs, going as far as to squeeze his sub’s ass, making Dean moan. He was still in control. Not for long though.

Castiel got his mouth as close to Dean’s dick as possible so he could feel his breath and yet he never touched him. He kissed and nipped at his thighs and went back to his hipbones, his belly, but never touched his cock, rendering Dean to whimpers and pants.

“M’close.” Came a murmur.

“What was that, Dean?”

“I’m close.” He groaned. That’s when Castiel removed himself completely. Dean's frustrated moan tumbled off the walls.

“What’s the matter?” Castiel asked innocently as he raised to his feet. Dean groaned. “Remember to use words.”

“Why did you do that?” Dean breathed.

“Do what?” Cas raised an eyebrow.

“I’m close,” Dean whispered pathetically, his veins on the back of his hands and on his neck straining-signs of holding himself back.

“I know,” Castiel answered. “Oh, no. You’re not coming tonight, Dean.” Castiel acted surprised. He knew how frustrating this could get, but Dean was so good, so ready to obey. He doubted he’d have a problem.

“Then what was all this for?” Dean hissed.

“Personal pleasure,” Castiel answered. “I like to know what makes my subs tick, you included.” Dean whimpered and Cas’s heart skipped in a mix of affection and humor.
“Please, Cas.”

“Please what?”

“Please, let me come.” Castiel stroked his cheek yet again, an apologetic smile on his face.

“Not tonight, my boy.” Castiel watched Dean’s features go from hopeful to lustful and then frustrated in a matter of seconds. “Don’t worry yourself.” He caressed over Dean’s frown wrinkles. “You did well. You were really good, sweet boy.” Dean shuddered. Castiel removed his hand. “You like it when I call you that, don’t you?”

Dean nodded.

“So many things I don’t know about you.” Cas contemplated.

“Just ask,” Dean responded and as much as it surprised the ease those words were spoken with, he didn’t dwell too much on it.

“My good, good boy.”

“Cas…” Dean said, ducking his head.

“Do not shy away from my praise. Especially when you deserve it.” Castiel kissed Dean again. “You taste so good. Perfect.” Dean closed his eyes. Seeing his praise rejected yet again, Cas grabbed Dean’s chin harshly, making him snap his eyes open in shock, but Cas’s presence was calm, unwavering. “I told you to not do that.” Castiel grabbed a pillow from the bed and threw it on the floor between them. He pointed to it and Dean lowered himself on it, without question.

“You are going to suck me off. You are still not allowed to come. Got it?” Dean nodded, mischief in his eyes. It didn’t look like much of a punishment. It wasn’t a punishment per se, more like an experiment.

He unzipped his pants and took out his now hard cock and held it in front of Dean.

“Get me hard.” He commanded. “Use your tongue.” Dean started by licking the tip of his dick and sucking, occasionally getting his tongue into the slit and swirling it like Castiel coming was a matter of great import. Castiel buried his hands in Dean’s hair, lowkey guiding him through the motions. He kept the praise and verbal responses to Dean’s actions at a minimum. Minute by minute, Dean’s movements were getting more and more uncertain and anxious. He could see his confidence disappearing along with Castiel’s kind words. Even if Dean didn’t want to believe it or didn’t like it, he enjoyed being praised. It was obvious.

Dean was fighting his gag reflex, forcing himself to take Castiel all. Feeling himself approaching orgasm, he let Dean suck a little more and bob his head a couple more times.

“Ah, Dean. Fuck. So good.” Dean moaned around him, sending vibrations straight to his hard dick. “I’m close. Dean.” Dean moved faster and faster. “Unf shit fuck!” Castiel mumbled. He pulled Dean away from his cock and grabbed his leaking member, stroking himself a few times, and spilling hot semen all over himself.

Dean was still on the floor, looking at Castiel with this expression between disappointment and surprise.
“Did you want my come, Dean?”

“Yes, Sir.” Dean timidly admitted.

“Not to worry, sweet boy. We’ll get there. You can get up now.” Castiel went to clean himself. When he emerged from the bathroom, five minutes later, Dean was standing on the edge of the bed waiting for him.

“I’ll bring you some juice. Don’t worry.” Dean mumbled a ‘thank you’. He looked like an unsatisfied child. While he looked cute as shit, he had this frown that was taking his expressive behavior to a whole other level. “Now, Dean, you’ll get to come too. No need to be so moody.”

“Hey! I am not moody.”

“Then you are, obviously, constipated.”

“I’d like my juice now.” He responded by trying to hide his grin. Castiel mentally patted himself on the back. It seemed like their idea of humor was somewhat similar which could be a strong connecting point. He left the room throwing Dean a flirtatious wink.

***

By morning, all of Castiel's concerns went away. It seemed stupid that he even thought there'd be a problem, that he'd even considered it. He had forgotten for a second how responsive and genuinely obedient Dean was in his own beautiful way.

After going to bed, without saying a word besides the formalities, Castiel fought the urge to ask if Dean wanted to be held or just try and close the space, but his brain won in the end and he let it go. He drifted in a peaceful sleep staring at Dean's rough shape in the darkness. Even with his back at him, even if they weren't where Castiel would've wished, he still felt right. It felt right and as much as that may have seemed like pure infatuation to anyone, it wasn't. For god's sake, it wasn't. He knew it.

When he came to, bright, warm light was hugging the room in a show of reflections that made it seem like his apartment was placed up in the sky, rather than on the third floor of an apartment building.

Scrubbing his eyes, he turned to look at his companion, only to see Dean staring at him, wonder and lust in his eyes. Castiel couldn't help the warm feeling forming at waking up beside the green-eyed man. Once they made eye contact, Dean was quick to break it, turning his head to the other side, trying to hide the blush that was taking over his features.

"Good morning to you too, Dean,” Cas smirked like a cocky teenager. Dean turned his head back to Cas, hesitantly.

"Hey there, Cas.” Dean greeted, giving his own grin. His worry lines were prominent and the bags under his breathtaking eyes didn't look like they were going anywhere. Dean looked tired.

"How are you, Dean?” Cas squinted his eyes, praying Dean was going, to be honest. The sub burst out laughing.

"Really, dude? Small talk?” Castiel had no reaction but kept quiet as if pushing Dean to speak. When
Dean understood Cas's intention, his laughter died down.

"I'm fine, Doctor Phil." He said, trying to give a convincing smile but somewhat failing. "No need to worry about little old me."

"But I do worry, you know?" Castiel proceeded cautiously. "Your well being concerns me a great deal." even if it was a little awkward admitting it, he needed to stop beating around the bush. This was as good a moment as any.

"Appreciate it, but I'm ok, really." Dean's eyes spoke of a story his mouth intended to keep locked. Not many people must've said that to Dean, seeing as he looked like Cas was spewing bullshit.

"You seem... tired."

"I am a 'tired but what can you do- it's the job." Dean shrugged. Cas came up to prop his head in one of his hands, facing Dean. "Plus, I haven't taken any pills since yesterday morning. I should be feeling a little funny, otherwise, the drugs wouldn't have worked ."

Cas sucked in a sharp breath. Dean was an addict. He had forgotten. What if something happened to Dean because of them? What if something will happen to Dean because of them? Castiel felt, yet again, powerless- a feeling that he hated in a number of ways.

Dean turned to face Cas fully, snapping his fingers and calling Castiel from his revolutionary moment.

"I apologize, Dean. I totally forgot you were under the influence."

"Please stop calling it 'under the influence'. It sounds like I'm sick." Dean spoke and Cas remained stunned, not knowing where this conversation would lead, wondering if he should drop it. Before he had time to make an actual plan, he heard himself talking:

"You are not sick. You might become, though, if you don't stop."

"We've talked about this, Cas. I have to take them."

"Are you taking them without your own consent?"

"The job requires them."

"No job requires being high, Dean." Castiel became irate with the lack of fighting Dean was showing. He sounded like he was trying to explain to a toddler that drugs weren't that bad. Castiel called total bullshit.

"This one does, OK?" Dean raised his voice. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have." he immediately apologized. Normal circumstances, Castiel would've assured Dean there was no problem, but those were not normal circumstances.

"You are correct. You shouldn't have." Castiel spoke coldly. Dean lowered his head slowly. It came off as him assuming his mistake and showing his regret.

"You're right," Dean whispered, his eyes still looking at the bedding.
"I'm always right. You'll get used to it." Castiel joked, trying to eliminate the tension that was heavy in the room.

"Now, stop your guilt trip. You have enough of those already." Dean locked eyes with Castiel.

"I..." Dean wanted to say but stopped short, reconsidering his words. "Thank you, Sir."

"Dean," Cas growled and went to kiss Dean with a passion spoken of only in fiction. Dean responded eagerly, letting himself fall back on the bed and taking Cas with him. He propped his hands on both sides of Dean's hand while continuing with a lazy, languid kiss, licking into Dean's mouth and causing him to buck under him, their cocks brushing against each other sending jolts of pleasure up Cas's spine. By Dean's whimpers, Castiel knew he felt it too.

He broke the kiss and stared down at Dean reveling in the fact that the sun reflected in those eyes made them even lighter than usual. He caressed Dean's forehead, tracing his worry and laugh lines,

"Cas..." Dean breathed.

"What is it, sweet boy?" Cas asked innocently.

"Can we kiss again?"

"You want us to kiss?" Dean nodded. Castiel went even closer to Dean, practically breathing into his mouth, but never letting their lips touch. "But we already did that," Cas frowned. "I thought maybe you wanted something more... exciting." He whispered against of his ear, stopping to lightly nip at it. Dean bucked up again, swallowing a moan that was threatening to get out.

"Cas, please..."

"Please what?"

"I don't know..." seemed conflicted the second time in two minutes.

"That's unfortunate. I guess I'll just have to come up with something," Dean bit his lip and stared at the ceiling, deliberately avoiding Cas's line of sight.

"So many things to choose from." He said as he slid down Dean's body and stopping at his crotch. "I could suck you off again." He mouthed against the cotton of Dean's boxers. "I remember how much you liked it the last time, how loud you moaned, how pretty you begged."

"Please..." Dean whimpered, one hand fisting the sheets and the other running through his hair. It was truly amazing how responsive he was, how easy he could play with him, how beautiful he was.

"We could even go further, you know." He continued, sitting on his ankles, between Dean's splayed legs. "We could try some of the toys I bought. Or maybe you might be interested in something more... sharp." He said flicking his tongue. Dean was watching him in awe. He patted the bed two times, before jumping out of the bed and into the bathroom, leaving Dean alone and frustrated.

"Someday we'll see about that too." He called over his shoulder. "Oh, and you can't jack off. So better go cool yourself before you make a mess out of the sheets." He said chuckling and was met only with an annoyed grunt.
Mission accomplished.

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That was how it was for them those days- a really long frustrating period filled with unresolved sexual tension. Castiel loved every single bit of it. Unfortunately, he couldn't say the same for Dean, who was begging for release every time things got even remotely 'heated' and got met with denial every single time.

In the kitchen, Cas made sure to brush against Dean every chance he got and to make as many innuendos as humanly possible. Sometimes he would kiss Dean and Cas would briefly wonder why he didn't want to let Dean come. He found no answer to that question, but it sure was an entertaining scene. Even if Dean didn't believe so then, it'd be worth it when he'd get that sweet release that he was begging for so shamelessly.

When the frustration got the better of him, Dean said he'd rather come and be punished for it, than staying like that anymore. Castiel knew Dean wasn't capable of that, but he had the need to remind him that if he'd come without permission, he wouldn't only get punished but would get a cock ring too. That seemed to shut right him up and send him back in that dark abyss in his head. Dean's annoyance and exhaustion we're sipping through his tired looks and his exasperated huffs and grunts.

Sunday night was slowly becoming 'movie night'. Cas was making the popcorn while Dean was waiting for him on one of the chairs.
"Why don't you go pick the movie while I finish this?"

“You have DVDs?” Cas gave him an incredulous look.

“I'm afraid I do not, but I do possess something called a Netflix account.” He smirked. Staying around Dean brought out the funny side in Cas.

“Smartass,” Dean grumbled as he away.

“What was that?” Cas called in a teasing manner.

“Nothing, Sir,” Dean replied innocently.

“Better be nothing.” It was Cas’s turn to grumble.

Dean went to do just that while Cas kept eyeing the popcorn as if he could speed the processing time, which he obviously didn’t. When Cas entered the living room, Dean was already on the couch, stiff as a wood, the remote in his hand. Castiel would never understand how Dean’s moods could switch so quickly- from funny and flirty to rigid and anxious. The TV was showing a movie called “Die Hard”. It seemed to be quite a violent movie and old – looking at the promo poster.

He set the bowl on the table and went to get the drinks- water for Dean and tea for himself. Dean didn’t look even a little more relaxed when he returned. He was watching the screen and holding the remote, propping his hand on his knee.

“Dean?” Cas called.

“Wanna watch this?” he asked, not looking up. Castiel reread the title and watched Dean intently as he responded:
“I am not familiar with this movie, but it seems as great an opportunity as ever to expand my cinematic knowledge.” He plopped down on the couch.

“Dude, really?” Dean broke his brittle posture. “You haven’t seen Die Hard?” Cas shook his head, having no idea why it would be such a big concern for Dean. “Bruce Willis? Alan Rickman? Nothing?” after some more staring and shock on Dean’s part, he added excitedly. “We’re watching this and you’re going to love it.” He pressed the play button and let the remote rest on the coffee table. During the movie, Castiel still had no idea what it was about besides the fact that there were some infractors, a cop there somewhere, Cas’s eyes were involuntarily went to Dean’s form that had finally relaxed completely, a glint in his eyes and a smirk on his face while he mouthed some of the lines that the characters were saying.

Castiel was left wondering how was it fair that this man was supposed to endure such pain as merely a part of his life. Seeing him like this no one would expect to be facing a drug addict with a dark past and an even darker present. Almost like when he was asleep- he looked careless. Castiel wanted to be the reason Dean’s worry wrinkles disappeared- even for a little.

Dean caught him staring and held the contact, not a word spoken between them. They were both seated at opposite sides of the couch, but it felt like they were too far away, like they had to be closer to each other, like something was pulling them closer. Castiel didn’t have half a mind to resist the urge to taste the submissive because he surged forward pressing his lips to Deans’ in a chaste kiss. He could feel Dean loitering, not sure of his position or the rules. Castiel wanted to tell him to let go and do what he felt like and then he remembered his own purpose.

The kisses were short and barely above innocent, lips pressing and noses nudging, but it didn’t stay like that. Once Castiel knew what he’d do next, the kiss turned dirty and open-mouthed, tongues brushing against each other, Dean not even putting up a fight for domination this time. The movie was drowned out by the sound of soft gasps and groans coming from the both of them. Castiel’s hands came up to cup Dean’s stubble, down to his shirtless torso and pushing him back on the couch and Dean went willingly, locking his hands at the back of Cas’s head dragging him towards the man.

Castiel went easily, his gesture punching a moan swallowed with the same hunger by Dean who was giving his all into the kiss and if Cas didn’t know better, he’d have said Dean was trying to prove something whether it was his determination, his obedience or his unyielding loyalty.

Cas’s whole body was draped carefully over his submissive as their lips moved together in a heated mix of passion and lust. He then pulled back a little taking both of Dean’s wrists and holding them above his head as he kissed down his neck, leaving marks the soft skin.

“Sir…” Dean whined.

“What is it, Dean?” Cas asked before diving in for Dean’s shoulder and licking the flesh in a slow pace. He was only met with silence. He raised his head. “Is there something that you want?” Dean shook his head.

“Very well, Dean. I’ll have to guess then.” He said as his mouth traveled down his chest and hips. When he got to his navel he slowed down, continuing his ministrations, only way slower. Dean was squirming under Castiel, his pants tenting rapidly. He hovered over Dean’s clothed cock, pausing to think his next move. He breathed over Dean’s outline and rubbed his nose softly over his arousal. Dean’s erratic sights echoed through the room, the movie already finished. In one swift motion, Cas pulled Dean’s sweatpants over his hips, throwing them on the floor. Dean’s dick bobbed free,
punching a loud moan from the submissive who was fighting to stop wriggling.

“It doesn’t look that comfortable, does it?” Castiel spoke. Dean looked down and shook his head once, bottom lip pulled tight between his teeth. “Maybe we could do something about it?” he said, ducking to take only the head of Dean’s tongue, sucking lightly and running his tongue over the slit. He pulled back.

“My bad,” Cas said wiping the spit from the corners of his mouth. “I totally forgot you don’t want this,” Dean whined pathetically and bucked under him once again. Cas placed his hands on his hips, holding him down.

“No need for that, sweet boy.” He cooed. “Just tell me what you want and you got it.” Silence. “I can’t really help you if you don’t cooperate, you know.”

“I need…” Dean breathed, writhing on the like he was trying to escape himself.

“What was that, beautiful?”

“I want to come.” Dean gulped. “Please.” He looked as if the words might’ve him or maybe it was the case of blue balls he was sporting. Cas would never know.

“That can be accomplished.” He said, grinning. “Do you need any help, Dean?” Dean nodded slowly, staring into Cas. “How may I help?”

“I just want to come.”

“We’ve established that. But how can you do that efficiently?” he made a thinking face. “Would you like some time alone?” Dean shook his head.

“Then what, Dean?” he had an expression.

“Touch me, Cas. Sir, touch me, touch me, please. I need you to—” Dean groaned. “Touch me.”

“It’s still a cryptic answer. I guess I’ll have to make do with that.” He climbed up Dean’s body and kissed him soundly before holding two fingers and demanding:

“Suck.” Dean opened his mouth and took Cas fingers with no problem, sucking and licking like no one’s business.

“Enough,” Castiel spoke and Dean moaned around his digits before letting them go. He went back down to Dean’s cock, swallowing him down in one go, before pulling off completely.

“Fuck.” Sought Dean, his nails over the back of the couch.

Cas spared Dean one more look before he got to work. What he saw gave the motivation to provide his submissive with one of the best orgasms he had ever had. A disheveled, naked Dean, splayed on his couch, was supplying Castiel with all the incentive to allow Dean to finally have what he desperately wanted.

Cas licked the underside of Dean’s cock, tongues laving over the swollen head of Dean’s dick, before wrapping his lips around him and taking him all in one smooth go. As soon as Dean let out a surprised shout, Cas’s hands cupped Dean’s ass, squeezing his cheeks hard enough to leave big
angry marks. His head kept bobbing constantly and his tongue worked to either tease Dean’s head or lap his precum.

“Please, Cas. Don’t stop. Don’t –” Castiel never intended to do that. He brought up his index finger settling it lightly over the tight ring of muscles. Dean let out a small gasp and closed his eyes mouthing something along the lines of “yes” and “please”. Cas pulled his mouth off Dean's dick with a wet 'pop' before moving his concentration to Dean’s hole.

“You’re so beautiful, Dean.” He said as he circled his fingers around his hole and then pushed the tip of his index inside him up to the first knuckle. “So good for me.” Dean in response, but it’s enough for Cas to know he’s enjoying himself. He sank the finger in further, working it in circles, stretching Dean enough to slide digit in. After a while, he started crooking his fingers, looking for –

“Ah, Cas, right there. Oh god, there. Fuck!” Dean pants. There it was.

Dean tensed further while Cas worked his fingers relentlessly over the bundle of nerves inside while using his other hand to pump Dean’s cock and his mouth, to suck Dean’s cock. He set a relatively slow rhythm, Dean pushing back on Cas’s fingers and bucking up into his mouth and fist. He became a mess, whispering things to himself that Cas couldn't hear clearly, even if Dean didn’t direct them to him. His body was coated in sweat and his hips start stuttering, breaking the pattern while Dean mumbled:

“So close. Please. Fuck.” That’s when Cas’s voice came along to take it a step forward.

“You’re doing so good, Dean. You’re so good.” Dean’s breathing was rough. “Such a good boy for me. Can you come for me?” he tried and Dean dipped his head hectically.

“Yes, Cas. I’m so close, so close.” He said, fucking himself desperately on Castiel’s fingers.

“Do it.” He said and Dean “Dean, look at me.” He commanded roughly. Dean’s eyes opened immediately. “Come for me. Come now.”

That’s exactly what he did. He tipped his head back, lips parted, loud sobs escaping him, while white stripes of semen paint his belly and Cas’s fist. Dean dropped back on the couch, all the fight leaving him in a breath.

Castiel got up to clean and put himself back together and came back with a wet towel and to take care of his amazing submissive. When he started gently rubbing the proof of their recent activities off of Dean, he heard himself letting his thoughts free.

“You are so beautiful.” He said. “So amazing for me. So receptive. Perfect, my handsome submissive.” My light.

"I'm really not all... that,” Dean mumbled.

“Apologies. I was not aware you were so bashful .”

“I’ll never get you, man.” He continued speaking like he hadn’t heard Cas. “You’re fucking weird.”

“Why’s that?”

“You’re so nice to me. I don’t understand why.” He said, his closed eyelids fighting against the light.
“You deserve to be treated nicely,” Castiel responded.

“Do not.” Dean warned.
“You do.” He argued. Dean huffed.

“I like you too.” But Dean was already out although the warm feeling invoked by Dean’s words didn’t leave him for a long time. He felt an inner happiness – he felt hopeful. It felt good.

Even as he carried Dean to their bed and as he helped him drink his water, Castiel never dismissed these emotions brewing up in his heart that spikes up a great deal of affection towards Dean - towards his light whose presence brought only happiness to Castiel's new found life.
Chapter 11

Chapter by adela_19

Chapter Notes

Guys, we're getting deeper!!!! (pun intended)
Thank you for all the nice comments. You are awesome!
o, but for real, we're getting to real fucked up stuff where a lot of the archive warnings
for gore apply.
Read only if you took note of the warnings (blood and gore, torture, and sexual abuse
are the main stuff going on here), please!
AngryEgg was a sweetheart as usual so there's that.

P.S.: don't hate me, okkkk!!!! and pls comment your opinion on this chapter cause i
have some really mixed feelings sooo

He knew he wasn’t good. Knew he was worthless, useless. Nothing. He acknowledged all that. It
was fine because he was used to it. He trained himself to face the truth and accept it, no matter how
hard and repulsive it may have seemed. Sometimes, when he was faced with these kinds of ‘self-
esteeeem boosters’, it hurt. Memories of a younger version of himself sparked inside the closed-off
walls of his mind, reminding him how, in the beginning, it was better. Not by much, but surely
better. He was trying back then and fighting and breaking everything in his way to keep Sam safe.
How he'd loved Sammy, how he loved him even then…

In the end, though, it got all broke. Because of him. It would be pure hypocrisy to blame it on his
shitty childhood, his dad, his not-so-much of a family. He won’t place the blame on anyone but
himself, because that was how it felt right, that was how it was supposed to be.

Even then, in his crappy situation, the only one at fault was him and him only and that was even
worse. It fueled the anger even more. He had reached a dangerous state of incompetence that was a
constant reminder of how powerless he had become.

Oh, and what a future he had! A cheap mechanic at his uncles’ auto shop. That screamed
‘glamorous’. Never smart enough to become something decent, something he could pride himself
with. He knew he was never the smartest bean in the bag. That was Sam’s job - he had the smarts,
always jumping at the opportunity to learn something new, always at the top of the class, always
better. What difference did it make? A whore… but a whore who had some money. Who was also
spending said money on drugs to nurture his ever growing addiction. Instead, he should've been in
college, doing something. He could have tried more, make a greater effort for his future. Yet, it stood
proof that he couldn’t do anything right. He was content with going through the motions in a
worrisome wait of withering away.
It shouldn’t have hurt. He had no right to feel the shame and disgust, he had no right. Hurting so many good people didn’t provide him with that right. His mind supplied him with the image of Castiel - his latest victim. Another genuinely nice, innocent person who got cursed. Part of him wished he’d have just -

The sound of something shattering broke the sickening silence and Dean’s train of thought.

“Michael!” cold, callous fingers dug into the skin of his jaw, locking his eyes with Al’s. He seemed angry. He was always angry. No matter what Dean did, he was never satisfied.

Something was wrong.

He despised Al. He didn’t want to please his sorry ass. Multiple thoughts on the matter swam in his head, as Dean tried to get a hold of them, put them in order, make them shut up. His vision was blurry again. He didn't give too much thought to it, putting it off as another effect of too much cocaine.

“Thought I told you to look at me, bitch!”

“You probably did, I just wasn’t listening.” Dean shrugged from where he’d been laying on the bed, naked, except for his boxers, which covered his totally disinterested dick. Al went silent for a few seconds before his palm connected with Dean’s cheek, making a piercing sound and leaving a trail of a sharp burn on his face.

“Bad slut.” He called before his other hand repeated the motion on Dean’s other cheek. Dean stood still. He could feel the drugs pushing his feelings to the surface, demanding that Dean stopped caring already and made justice of his own. He deserved it. He’d deserved it for almost two years.

When the slaps ended, he jabbed his fingers in the side of his face, his sharp nails leaving angry red marks on his skin. That time he kept his mouth shut. Al kept looking at him, staring in a way that had Dean either want to gag or throw punches.
“Such a pretty slut. Pretty. Cheap. Slut, huh?” Dean gritted his teeth. “Are you getting mad, whore?” he said dragging his nails harshly over Dean’s abdomen. The hand enclosed into a fist and punched Dean right in his stomach, earning a small whimper.

“Did that hurt, bitch?” Dean stood silent. “Not in the mood for talking?” he asked, crouching next to the bed. “No matter.” He gave a threatening smile. “I’ll make you scream.” Before Dean could process the words or form any kind of preconception, a hand trapped his neck in between slender fingers, pressing with a drive that had Dean gasping.

As hazy as his brain felt, the reaction was instantaneous. His own hands came up to his neck, trying to bat away Al’s, but he just smirked and laid the other hand on top of Deans’ hands and he started pushing even harder like his mission was to try and get Dean through the mattress.

Little noises resembling ‘stop’ and ‘no’ died on his lips before he had a chance to get them out. He was suffocating, running out of oxygen by the second. He couldn’t do anything about it, he couldn’t even fight his way out. The thought of himself dying there, being killed by a douche brought him… nothing, truly nothing.

Just when he started to drift off, the edges of his vision blackening, the hands were gone and he was gasping for air. He didn’t get two lungfuls of air before another slap echoed in the room.

“There’s no time for you to sleep.” He said but Dean was still forcing air into his body, willing his brain to fight through the fogginess. “Come on now, don’t make a scene.” Dean was still concentrating on leveling his breaths when he felt the edge of a knife slicing the skin of his thigh. Dean hissed instantly, gritting his teeth. What were the drugs for, if not numbing the pain - emotionally and physically? Dean got swept in a string of ominous thoughts, memories, and notions that would have had him tear up if it wasn’t for not wanting to give Al any kind of satisfaction.

“You’re awake now, huh?” he said playing with the pocket knife, lightly tracing patterns that had him shivering in anxiousness and disgust, but not breaking the skin. “We’re just getting started, right?” he kept circling the bed. “You’re not gonna move an inch, no matter what.” He said tapping his chin with the tip of the cutting instrument. “Oh, and no coming. Try and keep yourself in check.” As if. Dean snorted at seeing Al so cynical. Two years and he came three times in total and that was because he had to touch himself. Yet Al wanted to remind him that not coming in his presence was a hard thing to do. It was hilarious. Dean would be crowing if his focus wouldn’t have been pointed to Al’s movements.

Al stopped his tour when he got to his belly, he pulled the knife back as if preparing to stab Dean.
He didn’t want to try and dodge just yet or maybe he had a death wish, who knew? The knife went down with a speed that surpassed Dean’s focusing skills but it stopped just before breaching the skin. Al’s belittling laugh was ear-splitting to Dean, but he accepted it anew.

“Such a scaredy cat. Tsk, tsk. Don’t worry, bitch. You’re not worth the trouble.” He spat as he spun around and then sliced the skin of his stomach fast and clean. Not two seconds passed and there was an angry, long gush on the skin right above his navel. He could see the blood starting to make it’s way to the surface. He stood stoically. Didn’t make a sound.

“How disappointing,” Al spoke, pouting. “Maybe it wasn’t deep enough. Here, let me try again.” He said, moving a bit higher and cutting a line similar to the one before, but deeper. He could feel it without looking. The blood. Hot searing pain severing the drug’s effect and truly waking him up. A broken sound escaped Dean’s lips.

“That’s a little better.” He giggled and added. “Don’t get me wrong: you’re still a disappointment. But what can I do now? I have to drag it out of you. Why do you have to be such a pain in the ass, huh?” Another slice was made a bit higher than the previous one, having the same depth but hurting way more. Another sound got out unwillingly. “We’re getting there. Open that mouth and fucking scream for me.” Dean, however, stood down, even if his blood boiled for him to do something, anything. He just laid there.

“Come on, Michael.” A cut. “Why so serious? Aren’t you having fun?” Another cut. “Cause I sure am.” Another cut. A whimper. “Come on, you can do better, you worthless piece of ass.” the next line was carved vertically, angry with unshed blood. “Disgusting.” Another gush. Another whine. “Stupid.” One more wound. One more cry. He was holding back tears by the time his stomach was littered with red injuries. “Broken.” A slap boomed over his loud voice, the small, sharp knife coming down to make a cut over the remotely old one “Scream for me, bitch.” It hurt so fucking much. The pique and hurt brought out tears at the corners of his eyes. “Scream, you whore.” He roared and as he was ready to let the knife dive in again when Dean spoke:

“Fuck you.” Al stopped for a couple of seconds.

“What was that?”

“Fuck you.” Dean breathed, trying not to mind the pain. The little knife clattered to the ground with a loud thud. Then as fast as ever, Al used his now free hand to press down on Dean’s bloody abdomen.
“Say that again.” His eyes were hard. Dean was not afraid. What could have happened then?

“I said - Fuck. You.” The hands pressed with more pressure, his fingers stretching and opening up the cuts even more. The pain was so great that Dean gritted his teeth.

“That’s not very nice of you, slut.” He said. “After everything, I did for you, Michael. That is disrespectful, to say the least.” He chastised. All Dean did was to turn his head to the other side and avoid his dead eyes. “Now would you stop whining so much, you’re barely grazed.” He used his other hand to guide Dean’s head back to look at him. The pressure on his stomach disappeared. Al retrieved his hand, only to act surprised when he acknowledged his hand smeared with Dean’s blood.

“Look what you did.” He spoke, showing it to Dean. It was indeed bloody. With his blood. That was too much. Safewording was the first idea he had and then he gave up anticipating the fact that Al would never acknowledge it, even if he had spoken it. The pain and the drugs were fighting a war inside his skull as Dean struggled to gather his bearings. Before he made a noticeable amount of progress, Al stole his focus again, licking his fingers clean of Dean’s blood and making a fucking show out of it, smearing the red liquid over his face, his teeth. Dean was trying to keep a calm, straight face even if his insticts told him he should have been freaking out.

Without any warning, as usual, Al leaned over Dean kissing him roughly. Dean didn’t kiss back. Never did. But Al wasn’t kidding. He kept biting Dean’s lips, plunging his tongue into Dean’s mouth so fast that he was trying to hold down bile. The coppery taste made its way into Dean’s mouth sending him into a fit, trashing and trying to get away, limbs flailing everywhere. Al didn’t falter but pined Dean’s hands to the bed with his own as he kept licking and sucking, invading every corner of his mouth and mind.

His legs were kicking air and what he did could’ve still been called tossing even though Al was surprisingly stronger than Dean. After what felt like minutes, hours, he stopped and laid there. Taking it. And hating himself for every second of it. At some point, Al came back for air.

“You see, slut? I win. Your moping tells me that clearly. Don’t underestimate me. I don’t know why you’re throwing these little acts of rebellion but I’ll tell you something - worthless whores like you don’t get to have a choice. You take what I give to you. And that’s it. Whatever has got into your head: that you have a right to do or say something without my clear instruction is bullshit. You don’t. Understood?” Dean didn’t say anything but closed his eyes.
Too tired.

Another slap.

“Understood, you useless bitch?”

He remained still, debating with the last shred of his consciousness what he should do. Luckily, when darkness engulfed him, Dean welcomed it like an old friend.

***

“Dean?”

Charlie’s wrecked voice was like a bucket of ice-cold water over Dean’s overheated engine - refreshing, yet still causing instant distress. He stood up, ignoring the feeling of the cuts splitting, the soreness, and dizziness threatening to land him ass first onto the floor.

“What’s wrong?”

“I - No, nothing’s wrong. I just… wanted to see how you were doing.”

“I’m okay.” He responded to Charlie’s obvious way of distracting him. “How are you?” he played along. “You doing ok?” he closed his eyes, massaging his forehead lightly, trying to rid himself of the ache. Charlie snorted and huffed. She sounded tired. He couldn’t have known for sure because he hadn’t been there the past few days. He was too busy earning some mental and physical scars from a psychopath with a diploma.
“I don’t know.” She responded simply, not bothering to get into details. Dean groaned internally at himself for not knowing how to go about this. Charlie was obviously troubled, she was in fucking pain and Dean was making fucking strategies, just because it didn’t seem the perfect moment to ask her outright what was going on.

“You feeling fine?” he tried again. He surely couldn't be that stupid. Well, there was always room for more surprises. A few seconds passed, before a small voice, cracked in the middle of a weak ‘no’.

Hearing Charlie’s usually cheery voice so sad, made Dean’s head swim with possible situations that could’ve caused his bubbly friend such great torment. A few alternatives popped into his mind, but he erased them, wanting to keep a positive mood, maybe pass it on to Charlie.

He ran to get his grey, overused hoodie and his sweatpants to make an outfit with his omnipresent black t-shirt. He wanted her to be happy, he needed her to be well. Charlie was not a sad person. Despite her tragic past, her personality shone brightly wherever she went, leaving trails of positivity in her wake like a little fairy. A fairy that deserved way better than what she got. There were few times, her mood soured to this point, few times her light went out, leaving her in complete darkness. When that happened, Dean took it upon himself to make her smile again. Whenever he was faced with situations like this, his fret was apprehensive and terrifying even to himself.

“Hey, Char, you at the club?” he kept it casual as he balanced his phone between his ear and his shoulder, using his hands to dress quickly.

“Nope.” Yet again, nothing more.

“Would you mind telling me where you are?” he tried again, this time letting a bit of his worry sip into his voice.

“I guess.”

“So?”

“Dean…” she started. Dean already knew what she wanted to say and it was sure as fuck, not her
“It - it’s ok.”

“I know.” He said but didn’t believe even a bit. “I just wanna hang out with ya, red.” He grabbed his shoes and fumbled to put them on. “What? You already bored of me?” he joked.

“Never.” Came her reply. Dean couldn’t help when one corner of his mouth pulled into a smile.

“So, where ya at?” He pushed. Deafening moments passed. They felt like hours to Dean.

“Our place.” The line went dead. He pocketed the phone before running to get a blanket.

Their place was sacred. Their place was the one thing that defined them both, a setting both of them held dear, just like their friendship. It wasn’t as good as it sounded. It was nothing that fancy, nothing someone would envy. It was a place that was practically invisible to the rest of the world.

The spot was represented by the roof of an abandoned building. It was two blocks away from Dean’s apartment which constituted an advantage. If Dean remembered correctly, the construction served as a modeling agency. The walls crowded with decolored, ripped posters of traditional female models supported Dean in his guess. The building became just a bunch of old bricks that barely held together. It looked like it could have fallen any second. Dean even pointed that out the first time they saw it, but Charlie dragged him in there anyway. The interior held nothing special, yet when they got up to the roof, they stayed only for the view. You couldn’t see that much of the city, but the scenery was still stunning. Trees framed the landscape and the sky was ruled by shades of blue, pink and purple, blending into something that resembled the project of a romantic painter or as Charlie has said ‘the feces of an overexcited unicorn’. That took the first place in top five stupid shit Charlie said while high.

They would usually sit on the cold cement and stare at the sky, the city and chat or just stay in each other’s presence without the stress that was brought by their abstract lifestyle. After coming back a second time due to another one of Charlie’s shitty moods, it became something they did - kept each other company on the compact roof of an abandoned fashion house. They went there at any time and did anything they could think of, whether it was because of boredom or sadness or genuine need to hang out, it always felt that somehow coming there stopped the hours from ticking away, stopped their crappy lives from getting… crappier.

Taking the steps two at a time, Dean ran pushing roughly through all the doors until he found himself
reaching the roof without any clue for a conversation starter. A non-awkward one, if possible. He got on the roof only to find Charlie staying cross-legged, with her back at him and her hands pushed back to support her as she seemed to bathe in the darkness of the night, exactly how one would go out tanning. He took his phone out, only now bothering to actually see that it was one in the fucking morning. He could’ve sworn it was nine pm. He approached her slowly, quietly, unpacking the blanket.

“Hey, Char.” He greeted as he placed the blanket gingerly on her small shoulders. She jumped slightly, quickly wiping silent tears off her red cheeks. He lowered himself on the ground, next to her.

“What’s up, Dee?” she smiled. He put his arm around her, guiding her to lean her head on his shoulder. He cringed slightly when the pressure of her forehead sparked familiar pain from his new cuts. She didn’t seem to notice though and, for that, Dean was extremely grateful.

“What happened?” he asked, leaving no room from deflecting jokes or shit like that.

“Shitty day.”

“Wanna talk about it?” he offered.

“You have your own shit to deal with.” Dean made a thinking face but responded lightly:

“Very true. Yet I’ll always have room for your shit too, you know.” She raised her head to look into his eyes, probably searching for any kind of mistrust. She nodded.

“It’s mom.” She started and Dean could tell that this time, she intended to give some more details. Dean wasn’t sure he wanted to know now. He already knew the story of her parents, mostly. Charlie didn’t want to talk about it, she didn’t want to remember. Dean getting to be one of the few people who knew the story was a miracle. Charlie trusting him with her story, her past, was something he could never repay, something he would never forget, something he took pride in knowing, just as he took pride in making her smile.

Celeste Bradbury lost her parents in a car crash at the age of twelve. The way she tells it puts all the
blame on her, making her resemble Dean one hundred percent. She was invited to a sleepover, a normal event in the like of a preteenager. At some point during the night, she got scared. The source of her fear is unknown to her even today. She called her parents, explaining why she needed to be picked up immediately, why she needed to have them close. Even though they resisted her first push, they caved in and got into the car, wanting to reach Charlie as soon as possible. Without any kind of warning, defying all the rules that came with that driver’s license, a drunk driver guided a car right into the vehicle that was driven by her parents.

Her father died on impact. When the paramedics got there, her mom was still conscious, mourning the loss of her beloved husband, wailing and screaming as they bagged his body and dragged him away. Pain overtook her senses, the exhaustion finally kicking in at that point, so she fell asleep as the professionals transported her to the nearest hospital. Even with the tragic news, Charlie ran to the ER, all by herself in the winter snow, only to lay at her mother’s side, waiting for her to wake up.

She never did.

She never opened her eyes again. She kept being transferred from hospital to hospital in search of something to wake her. Nothing worked. Even after thirteen years of mourning, her mother was still counting on machines to keep her alive. Charlie refused to let her die. A lot of doctors suggested it, severing the bond with the machines to stop her useless struggle, yet Charlie always told them it would be worth it.

She kept hoping, day after day, month after month, year after year, she prayed for her mother to wake, even if for a little while, just enough time for Charlie to talk to her one last time, apologize and remind her of her undying love.

Sadly, that was not the case.

“They said I need to let it go. The hospital can keep her going for so long and my savings aren't going to be able to keep her there for much longer. Called it stupid.” She sniffled, her eyes beginning to look glassy again. “Told me it was useless. She’s never going to open her eyes. Said I should let her die, spare her the torture.” A tear fell. Another one followed soon after. Dean squeezed her hand, sympathetically. Dean empathized so much with her that her pain, her distress, became his own.

“I’m sorry.”
“I just…” she let out a harsh breath. “I want her to know how sorry I am, how much I love her, how seeing her like that ruins me. Dean…” she said, finally looking at him. Dean couldn’t help but stare into her glassy, forest green eyes. “It hurts.” His heart shattered in his chest, sending metaphorical shards flying into his lungs, making the simple act of breathing a burden. Tears stained her rosy cheeks, as the night wind blew the red curls out of her face. “I don’t know what to do.” He brushed her tears away, guiding her forehead gently to be kissed by Dean’s warm lips, before trapping her into a tight embrace. She let herself be held as she cried into Dean’s hoodie. He couldn’t do anything but stand still and keep himself from shedding yet another round of tears.

“It’s going to be ok, Charlie.” She didn’t respond. She was too busy crying. He kept stroking her hair and shushing her in a loving manner. “Please do not listen to them. Don’t care about shit as long as they’re ok.”

“I don’t know what to do.” She repeated.

“What do you mean?”

“I am hurting her, aren’t I? I’m keeping her here against her will.”

“Charlie…”

“I didn’t know she was hurting. I didn’t - ”

“No, you didn’t. It’s ok…”

“I wanted her to wake up. They can’t… One more time. Just one more time… I just need…” she bargained like Dean was able to do anything but listen.

“I’m sorry. I don’t know.-”

“I don’t want her to die.” her raw voice reached his ears. “I can’t keep her here.”
“It’s fine.”

“I don’t know what to do.” She breathed loudly. “What should I do? What can I do?” she whispered, her eyes lost in memories replaying in the intimacy of her own mind.

“You can do whatever you want.”

“Not if all I’m doing is hurting her!” she raised her voice. “I just need her to know how sorry….” she melted into Dean’s arms, going into another fit, that had Dean barely resisting. He kept rocking back and forth, taking Dean’s figure with her. “She left me a long time ago, but I’m the one that never let go. I’m the reason she’s strapped to a filthy hospital bed instead of being with dad. Oh god. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

“It’s not your fault.” Dean chastised.

Charlie didn’t say anything, she kept hiding her face into Dean’s shirt as she cried and whispered to herself things along the lines of “What am I doing?” or “It’s my fault. I am sorry.”. If Dean wouldn’t have related to it so much, he would’ve called the situation just shy of dramatic.

As he held her tight, he hoped this helped Charlie, if only a bit, he hoped he’ll be able to help put her back together or even just resemble a good pillow. He’d be down for anything that made her happy.

The night, better described as early morning, with Charlie ended when her cries died down and Dean suggested going back to her apartment. She refused, saying that home was an empty apartment that she wasn’t comfortable staying in now. She wanted to go with Dean. Even after he told her his apartment was no better, it barely had a bed and some old rusty furniture, she insisted, explaining ‘she didn’t give a shit’ so he gave up on trying to convince her otherwise and they went together.

Charlie wasn’t nearly as curious as Dean thought, she went straight for the couch, laying down only to have snores coming from her in less than two minutes. Dean got the blanket and covered her little body with it pushing the corners gently under her sleeping frame forming a tiny cocoon. After a quick shower and some more fighting with himself, he fell asleep.
The morning came too fast for Dean, who had a restless sleep. From the moment he opened his eyes, he felt himself slipping. He felt the need to pull his knees to his chest and start rocking himself. He was jumpy and sweaty before actually waking up. It didn’t look like a good day.

He had to go to Cas’s today. He didn’t want to. He was going to cause a scene, he wouldn’t be able to control himself. He desired to try to sleep again. He felt the dizziness overtaking his senses. He shook his head slightly, trying to will it away. No matter his shitty ass mood and his shitty ass luck, he had to get up.

He paddled into the kitchen, passing Charlie, who was still sleeping soundly. He kissed her forehead softly before he went to his business. He started mentally kicking himself for what he was about to do. He dreaded doing it - dreaded the fact that it became a necessity, a factor that helped him function and was somehow vital.

At first, he loved them and he was grateful however he managed to get them. He remembered liking them only a month ago. He had no idea what changed. They seemed to only slow him down. The side effects were horrible and the withdrawal he was facing when he forgot to take them - which to be honest happened more often than not - were annoying and profoundly difficult. They weren’t shielding him from the pain brought by Al anymore - he remembered everything clearly and felt every single scratch. He subconsciously put a hand to his clothed stomach as if to check if the discomfort was still there - sadly, it was.

He would be earning nothing but Castiel’s disgust. He was a fool for thinking about Cas and for wanting him. There, he said it - well, he thought it. He wanted Cas, wanted Cas to want him. Call him a teenage girl, but he was not in for the sex - though it would’ve been nice for that to happen - he desired the more gentle touch than the rough fuck. And fuck everything for thinking it, but he did, he wanted Castiel, wanted to please him, be good for him. Castiel’s low voice echoed in his head, whispering false praises.

He didn’t know how it got this serious. The truth was he did not know Castiel Novak. On the other hand, what was there to know? A simple history teacher with an apple pie life. He didn’t need Dean to destroy it even if -

“Stop thinking so loud!” Charlie said from behind him. He turned around, jumping slightly.

“Hey, red.” She smiled. “How you doing?”
“Better.” She responded. “If that's what you’re asking.” She winked at him. He just gave a small smile.

“Are you really… ok?”

“As ok as I can be, seeing as I have to choose between letting my mom die or keeping her alive, but at the same time torturing her.” He only nodded, rubbing his head when a hit of giddiness hit him, threatening to resolve his balance. “Woah, are you ok?” came a worry-filled voice. He immediately dropped the hand from his head and braced himself on the counter, almost tipping over the coffee maker.

“Yeah, Char.” He opened the drawers quickly, searching for something, anything. He had just replenished his stash.

“You don’t look like it.” She said, approaching Dean and placing a hand on his arm to make sure he wasn’t going to fall over.

“I will be.” He breathed as he found the little transparent bag filled with white pills. He took two and popped them into his mouth dry. The hand dropped instantly from his arm.

“Dean… “ Charlie seemed disappointed. Damn right. Castiel’s regretful expression popped into his mind, sparking a familiar ache in his heart. He threw the bag in the drawer and closed it rapidly.

“What?” he questioned nonchalantly as he went to make some coffee.

“Why are you doing that?”

“Doing what?”

“Taking the fucking drugs again!” she was starting to get annoyed. Dean didn’t mean to do that.
“Because I have to.” He responded calmly as he retrieved two mugs and set them on the counter, not meeting her eyes.

“What does that even mean?! You have to?” she asked incredulously. He turned to watch her.

“I have to as in I'm so fucked up I cannot function without them!” he shouted, but Charlie seemed unphased.

“But you were doing ok.” She stated and it angered Dean to a grade he could have just strode off and never come back.

“You mean me barely standing is doing ok?!?” he raised his voice again.

“No! I mean you going through a fucking withdrawal so you could maybe stop taking them altogether!”

“Oh come on! You know I can’t do that!”

“Why is that, huh?” she pushed.

“Call it stupidity or whatever,” he answered serenely.

“You’re not stupid, Dean.” She said.

“And you’re a bad liar, Char.” She huffed at his joke - it wasn’t really a joke, she did suck at lying, getting all panicky and sweating rocks. He poured the coffee and added three spoons of sugar in Charlie’s mug. He usually took it black. He handed her the drink. She took it and spoke:
“Why, Dean?”

“Because it’s morning. You need your coffee.” He winked and sipped from his coffee.

“Don’t bullshit me.” She smiled. He sighed.

“Why what? Why do I take them? The same reason as always. I don’t get why now it’s suddenly a big deal.”

“It was always a big deal.” Dean made a face as if to ask ‘what changed?’. “You said you didn’t feel like doing this anymore.”

“When did I say that?” she raised her eyebrows.

“True. You might have been stoned then.”

“See? I’m not a reliable source.” Dean deliberately ignored her sarcasm. She shook her head and went to her coffee, refusing to say anything else. Dean felt her disappointment build tension in the room. He hated it.

“I want to forget.” He said eventually. She seemed awakened from her thoughts.

“Forget what? Him?” Dean nodded, closing his eyes. “I know.” Her compassion was nearly palpable. “But we’ll have to try another way.” She caressed his cheek and he leaned into the touch without thinking.

“Why?” he whispered.

“You’re going through enough. That is just more poison, another way to damage you, if not kill you.
You are strong enough to thrive without them. You can get past them, past Al, you can make it. You just need to want it bad enough."

“I do want it but I don't think I am strong enough.” He admitted. “I thought about taking something stronger though.” He giggled in a sad attempt at seeming fine. “I’m guessing you’re not gonna be too supporting.”

“If by supporting you mean, from now you’re done with them then damn right I'm supportive, kid.” Dean scrunched up his nose at her pet name.

“I’m older than you.”

“I couldn’t care less, Dee.”

“I’m going to Cas’s tonight.” He blurted without reason, but Charlie only smiled.

“I’m glad. Talk to him about this. He might help.”

“This is not his problem to solve. He’s not my fucking shrink. He is just a client.”

“You know that's not true. He’s a good person. He’ll want to help.”

“I didn’t know you were his number one fan.”

“Well, of course. Have you seen those eyes?”

“I’m serious. You and Cas talk?”
“Occasionally, yeah.” Dean nodded. That was good news.

“Cool. What do ya, um, talk about?” she patted his head mockingly.

“As if I’d ever tell you, honey.”

“You talk about me, don't ya?” Dean smirked.

“Don’t flatter yourself, hotshot.” She left the mug to go to the bathroom, leaving Dean alone with his thoughts. Should he tell Cas? He smacked himself. What kind of useless, attention whore was he? He didn’t need a stranger’s help. That’s what Castiel was- a fucking stranger, a fucking hot college teacher with a beautiful personality and a big fucking heart just like his…

Dean huffed as he hit his head on the counter.

***

From the moment he stepped into the building anxiousness and excitement swept over him like a tornado. A very conflicted tornado, he might have added. Knocking at the door was another show of emotions. Yet he did it.

“Hello, Dean.” Cas’s beautiful face appeared in his sight, making Dean smile brighter than he ever intended to.

“Hey there, Cas.” He greeted. Cas moved to the side letting Dean enter.

“You know what to do. I’ve left your sweatpants in here.” He pointed to the tiny closet by the door. Dean nodded. “When you’re done, meet me in the living room.” Dean made quick work of shedding his clothes. He packed them and placed them neatly in the closet - just as Cas liked them, retrieving the sweatpants. In less than two minutes, he was ready.
He found Cas splayed on the couch with a stack of papers on his lap, that looked bigger than his head. Cas stopped his reading to look at Dean through his glasses. He looked like a teacher that just came out of a porno - hair all ruffled and lips parted. Dean wouldn’t have minded being part of any porn with Cas.

“Come sit.” Cas patted the couch. Dean didn’t waste a second before doing as he was told. “I prepared you a snack.” He pointed to the plate on the coffee table containing cheese, biscuits, and grapes. It wasn’t Dean’s favorite food, but he couldn’t actually remember the last time he ate so it was more than welcomed.

“Knowing you, you probably haven’t eaten recently. If it won’t suffice, you are welcome to go get more from the fridge.”

“It’s fine,” Dean assured.

“As you can see, I am still trapped grading these assignments - truly the worst part of being a teacher.” Dean snorted. “Same rules as last time: you can watch TV, but at an acceptable volume, you can go to the bathroom and for any emergency, you may speak when you need to do so. Understood?” Dean gestured that he did.

“Words.”

“Yes, sir,” Dean responded instinctively. For a second, he thought Cas would think he was mocking him or that he was playing, but none of that happened. Castiel just smiled that beautiful, gummy smile of his.

“Good boy.” He said before going back to work. Dean’s insides melted. He deflated, seeing how pathetic he was, counting so much on a few praise words from a dominant that wasn’t even his. He took the plate in his lap and started consuming his snack carefully as not to drop something. He didn’t bother changing the channel, the bear documentary that was currently on being enough to keep his attention in check.

Twenty minutes or half a plate later, Dean found himself unable to take another bite. He still felt hungry, but in some other way, he felt sick like he was going to throw everything up if another bite found its way into his mouth. Hopefully, it wouldn’t be the case.
“What’s wrong?” he heard Cas. He looked at him, seeing that he had his full attention. He turned a light shade of red.

“Nothing.” He assured.

“Do you not like the food?”

“It’s good. Better than I expected.” He chuckles. “I’m just full.” He explained shyly.

“When’s the last time you have eaten?” Dean motioned something that resembled an ‘I don’t know.’ Castiel just sighed and went back to work and Dean returned his attention to the documentary.

The programme ended at some point. Dean checked, looked at Cas, who seemed to be so far away from ending his papers, he wasn’t going to finish until tonight, maybe even tomorrow. Dean relaxed, no play for him tonight. As much as he loved it, it was truly nerve-wracking. It wasn’t even about Cas, he was the perfect dominant, but Dean’s inexplicable need to not disappoint him raised above any kind of rational thought. Even the idea of Cas not wanting him around bore holes into Dean’s heart. No more degrading talk. Not with Cas so near.

He picked up the remote and started searching for something decent to watch. He eventually stumbled upon a rerun of ‘Hell’s kitchen’. Well, it couldn’t be that bad. Besides, for the hunger that scratched at his insides, the show was nothing but entertaining. Time passed without Dean’s notice.

So when Castiel threw the stack of papers on the table and jumped off the couch, Dean was nothing short of spooked. Cas stretched out a hand for Dean, who took it without thinking twice.

“How do you feel about chicken?” Cas asked, leading him to the kitchen. Just as last time, they cooked together, moving gingerly next to each other. The result was fried chicken with vegetables on the side. If Dean had any appetite he sure as shit wouldn’t enjoy eating that. So imagine Dean’s dread at having to smile and eat that without even having an appetite. Cas seemed pleased with it so it was fine.
They took care of the dishes together—Cas washed and Dean dried—and cleaned the kitchen. When everything was in order, according to Cas’s standards, he took Dean’s hand in his and led him to the bedroom. The room was dark and clean. Dean could barely make out the shape of the bed—not that he didn’t know how the bed looked.

“Sit,” Cas ordered as he walked to the switch and turned on the lights that were placed directly above the bed. The light wasn’t as bright as to hurt Dean’s eyes, yet it was a change for the better. Cas came to stand in front of him and made a linear motion with his pointing and index fingers and Dean stood up immediately.

“What is your safe word, Dean?” he asked. The question brought expectations and scenarios that were forgotten or in the PF-13 section.

“Impala.” Dean didn’t hesitate.

“Pants off. On the bed.” He commanded and went into the immense closet. Dean did exactly as he was told ignoring the cold air or the way his heart beat like his chest was too small for it. Turned out, it didn’t take Cas too long to return. He was caring a box that he placed on the nightstand. He examined Dean, his eyes stopping comically when he saw Al’s work of art. He seemed annoyed for a second there, a sight that had Dean wanting to cover himself. He wasted no time and opened the box getting out four pieces of thick rope that had the exact same length. Dean could feel himself gaping.

“I am going to tie you to this bed. Do you wish to continue?”

“Yes, sir.” He got a smirk from his dom before he got to work, tying Dean’s limbs expertly. Every limb was stretched and tied to one corner of the bed. He tugged at them to test their resistance. They were tied well. He felt awkward when he was naked, now he was literally being put on display for Castiel’s hungry eyes. Conflicted emotions fought a war inside his skull. He wanted to feel good about it, ’cause even like this, he could’ve felt the amount of care was more than he ever deserved, but on the other hand he was… vulnerable, he was trapped.

“Comfortable?”

“Yeah.”
“Good boy.” He checked every rope one more time before announcing: “We’re going to start now.” Dean couldn’t do anything but wait.

Calloused hands smoothed over his thighs slowly. It sent shivers up his spine, but he fought to keep himself in check.

“Do not suppress your reactions. You are allowed to move as much as these ropes will permit you.” He started the caressing again. “Same goes with the noises. You are allowed to talk.” He grinned, stroking over the cut on his thigh. His first instinct was to tell him to stop. He remembered Cas didn’t want to hurt him so he let the ministrations continue. His wandering hands found their way to Dean’s abdomen. Castiel kept caressing, looking, examining. Dean wanted to know what Castiel was thinking. Was he repulsed by his cuts? Was he indifferent? What was he feeling? What was he thinking?

He leaned over Dean and pressed his lips to his in a chaste kiss. The lips went away quickly and Dean wanted to chase after him, but he didn’t. Thir lips met yet again after a couple of seconds when Castiel’s kiss turned more heated, where he coaxed Dean’s mouth to open to him and let him in. Then Cas disappeared all at once. The third kiss was downright filthy. He wasted no time plunging his tongues into Dean’s mouth, stroking the walls of his mouth and making sure to draw out the whiniest moans Dean had in store.

Then Castiel straightened himself and Dean remained strapped to the bed, breathing hard, the way one would breathe if they ran a marathon. This time Dean got so into the kiss, that, without thinking, he followed Castiel lips until the restraints pulled him back, plopping on the fluffy bed.

“Tsk, tsk, so eager.” Dean turned his head in the opposite direction to hide the blush that crept from his neck to his ears.

Tsk, tsk. Don’t worry, bitch. When a voice sneaked into his thoughts, he felt himself come to a halt. He ground his teeth to refrain from making public what was going on inside his mind. Luckily, it seemed to go away.

“Don’t be shy, my boy. Show me that beautiful blush.” Dean didn’t have it in him to argue so he complied. He felt Castiel’s hand on his cheek.
“Gorgeous.” He whispered in Dean’s ear, biting his earlobe, only to make a point. Dean closed his eyes and bit his lip to stifle the shameful sounds threatening to escape him just because Cas was in proximity. How pitiful. He was aware of Cas’s command for him to let himself be free, but it was instinct. You shouldn’t act like a whore… not all the time. Cas’s hands caressed over his shoulders and traveled up to his outstretched upper arms to the wrists and massaging them as much as he could without touching the rope. Dean forgot himself for a second- or several seconds there - so when Castiel’s warmth left him, he remembered what he was supposed to be doing. Damn Cas for being so enticing!

“I’ll be back in a second,” Cas assured him, probably seeing Dean’s confusion. He just nodded.

When Cas returned he was holding a towel that he placed on the nightstand, next to the mystery box. Dean’s curiosity heightened.

“We’re going to play a game.” Dean huffed. He sucked at games. “Do not pout.” He said standing next to the bed, a hand already reaching for the box. “I think you’ll enjoy yourself.” He spoke. "If not you will safeword immediately.” He retrieved a colored dildo. He examined it for a few seconds before he decided it was suitable for the game he introduced.

“Do you know what this is?” he asked. Dean shook his head. If it turned out not to be a dildo, then Dean didn’t want to embarrass himself. “I don’t believe you, but fine.” He huffed, still smiling a bit. “This is a vibrator.” Dean remained silent. He didn’t even know how to react. Besides the fear of the unknown, there was no response.

“Have you played with one before, Dean?” Dean shook his head once more, worrying his bottom lip between his teeth. It was Cas’s turn to be confused. Dean hated that his dysfunctional way of living succeeded to fuck him up even in situations like this.

“I can take it.” He hurried to add. He didn’t want Cas to think he couldn’t do anything. He walked beside the bed until he was standing next to Dean’s head.

“It’s ok.” He soothed with a voice that showed nothing of what he was thinking. “Do you want to try it out?” he asked. Dean didn’t even think before responding:
“Yes, sir.” Long, deft fingers, combed his hair gently.

“I am not disappointed, Dean.” He explained like he could read Dean’s thoughts. Damn him! “I am merely surprised. You seemed more… experienced.” Dean closed his eyes, trying to stop the flood of sadness, the ache that, in reality, had no purpose. Dean’s brain had other plans though.

“Don’t do that.” Cas’s hard voice reached his ears and he opened his eyes. Fuck, he was causing a scene. He needed to stop. “Stop degrading yourself. Stop it.” Cas seemed so… concerned. Dean wanted to break the ropes and reach up to kiss him. Instead, he kept passively watching the emotions develop on Cas’s face - from tranquillity to anger, to lust.

“You know what this means, my boy?” he asked, his tone resembling desire. “It means…” he started while walking back to the box and retrieving a bottle of lube. He placed it on the bed next to Dean. “… that I can mold you however I want. I can fill you up.” He leaned over Dean, his lips so close to Dean’s and yet, never touching. Dean found himself wishing Cas would kiss him stupid again. “I can make you fall apart, I can put you back together again.” One of his hands went down to one of Dean’s nipples squeezing one of them, eliciting a whimper from Dean. He did the same to the other nipple. He lowered his mouth and Dean was getting ready to feel that heat spread through his body again when Cas jumped off the bed.

“I almost forgot!” Cas announced and Dean groaned internally. So close, yet so far away. “We’re playing a game, Dean. Now the rules are simple. I said you can move and you can talk. You will have to talk. The only thing that must concern you is that, regardless of what I do, you have to count down from one hundred.”

Dean’s first reaction was a combination of confusion, surprise and a bit of apprehension. He saw no possible way of playing a sexual game that involved counting.

“I will play with you however I want.” He continued. “And you will count. Simple, right?” Dean nodded. It was simple. “Oh, and by the way, if you’ll make a mistake, you’ll have to start over again. You will get to come only if you finish counting.” A catch. Fan - freaking - tastic.

“Shall we get started?”

“Yes, sir.”
“Good boy.” He started yet again slow, with his hands tracing patterns on Dean’s body, always going slower if there were new cuts, taking care of Dean and his wounds. Dean was following Cas’s movements when Cas locked his eyes with him and spoke:

“Count, Dean.” Dean almost forgot because of Cas’s alluring presence.

“100.” He started. Nothing changed. It should’ve been easy. “99.” Cas’s ministrations never stopped, they kept exploring, but never more than just touching, feeling. It didn’t soothe the buzz under Dean’s skin. “98.” His mouth latched unexpectedly on Dean’s nipple and it felt way hotter to him than it should’ve been. He moaned low in his gut. “97. 96.” Cas kept sucking and biting at the bud and eventually his hand came up to toy with the other while Cas’s mouth continued abusing the other. Dean couldn’t help the whines that were stuck in his throat and the heat building low in his belly.

“Keep going.”

“95. 94. 93.” From the nipples, his mouth went lower to his abdomen, to his cuts. Dean closed his eyes instinctively. He was never one for body shaming, but when Cas was so close, he could see and feel every single gush and it looked way bigger and uglier than before. Dean kept counting though.

“92. 91.” Cas kissed and lapped and, occasionally, bit the skin between the cuts. Soon Dean’s thoughts concerning anything and everything disappeared when he felt Cas’s hot breath near his cock that was already half hard. Truly amazing how Cas could make him come with a little dirty talk and some stroking. Really fucking resistant. Dean remembered his mission.

“90.” Cas looked up at him and took hold of Dean’s dick stroking it lightly. “Fuck.” Dean breathed.

“Keep counting, Dean.”

“89.” Cas gave up a mischevious grin before giving Dean’s head some experimental licks, lapping up at the forming precome. “Shit. Fuck.” Dean threw his head back. “88. 87.” He breathed harshly.

“Such a beautiful cock you have, Dean.” He took him all in one go and then, just as soon as it came, the heat disappeared. Dean didn’t respond but kept counting.
“86. 85.” He jerked Dean’s dick one more time before any kind of touch left him. Dean couldn’t help the rumble in his chest that vibrated through his entire being.

“Do not stress, my beautiful boy.” Dean’s insides warmed at Cas’s words.

“84.” Dean’s harsh breaths echoed off the walls. “83.” The cap of the lube made a popping sound. “82.” He saw Cas squeezing some of it onto his hand and then warming it up between his fingers, spreading it onto his palm and fingers. After pouring a little bit more, Cas adjusted his position between Dean’s spread legs. His first instinct was to draw his legs together, but the restraints held him in place. He cursed them internally. “81.”

Cas wasted no time, but went head first in there- or better said, finger first – his digit pressing lightly on his rim and circling the tight ring of muscles there as if testing Dean’s resistance. He could take.

“80.”

“That’s it, Dean.” He said, still caressing the puckered skin while spreading his buttocks. His eyes were glued to Dean’s. In a normal situation, he’d find that creepy, yet now it only served to make the moment hotter. The tip of his finger breached Dean’s entrance.

“Fuck.” He bucked up. The ropes made themselves known again. “Shit.” Cas’s finger kept pushing in, as slow as ever, drawing out little huffs and whimpers.

“79. Shit.” He tried to twist away. It felt so good, even if it was bordering on hurtful, it was mainly pleasure that overtook his senses. A distant thought about Cas asking him if he’s a masochist came to him.

“No, Dean. I’m pretty sure ‘shit’ doesn’t come after 79.” Dean cried out at Cas’s comment. It was truly because of the multiple emotions that swirled in his head that were muted by his intense enjoyment.
“Oh fuck.” Dean lamented. Cas was into his last knuckle. He kept twisting and curling it, so close to
Dean’s prostate but never going through. Never giving Dean what he wanted. The fucker knew it.
He was doing him on purpose. By the look in his darkened eyes and his evil smirk, Dean would say.

“Cas, please. Sir.”

“I think you should try that again.”

“Please.” Dean knew what he meant. He didn’t want to restart. A second finger joined the first one
with a little less care. Dean shouted at the feeling of having something inside him again. He almost
forgot how good it felt.

“Start counting.” Cas’s words left no room for argument.

“100. 99.”

“You are so tight, Dean.” Cas spoke as he did the exact same thing with two fingers - he curled
them, twisted them, scissored them, stretching Dean’s entrance, yet he never grazed his prostate... not
even a little.”


“So sensitive.” He mused. “I can barely touch you and you just…” he took his fingers out and
pushed them in gently, drawing a breathy moan from Dean, as he threw his head back and closed his
eyes. “…respond. I can just…” he leaned over Dean’s hard-rock cock. “…breathe.” Dean felt his hot
breath over his desperate dick and struggled uselessly in his restraints, even though he knew it wasn’t
going to help.

“95.” His entrance was breached by a third finger. “Oh. I can’t - Sir. Cas. Castiel.” It entered Dean’s
hole easily and Cas started shamelessly pulling his fingers out and pushing them in, speeding the
pace little by little.

“Dean, we’ve talked about this. ‘Shit’ does not come after 95 either. You were looking for 94.” If Dean wouldn’t have been completely gone on Cas’s fingers, he would’ve made a witty come back.

“You shall start again.” Dean shook his head but complied.

“100…”

Third time’s the charm as they say. Dean pulled himself together long enough to get to 87. After some harsh ‘fuck’s’ and other beautiful words such as that, he remembered he had to count and kept going. Slowly but surely. Whenever he got a break such as Cas’s fingers not moving inside him he tried counting faster. He was barely giving himself time to think about his impending erection. That’s why he screamed when he felt the first time those deft fingers grazed his prostate.

“Yes. Fuck. Yes. Shit. Oh, God. Yes…” he was babbling.

“Dean,” Cas warned.

“Right.” He wracked his brain to remember where he left off. “76.” After Dean truly got comfortable with Cas’s fingers deep in his ass, with them massaging his prostate, pumping in and out of him and with his leaking cock resting on his belly when it was all gone. Dean gave a needy one. Cas jumped off the bed and retrieved the vibrator. Just the sight of it made him tremble in expectation. Cas came to kneel between his legs. The respite gave him enough time to reach 40 and he was rushing to end it. He watched as Cas lubed the vibrator up and examined it like it held some deep secrets. Hands traveled from his calves to his thighs and his stomach. Dean contained a shiver. When they came back down they stopped to give his dick a few pumps and his ass a hard squeeze, dragging his nails over his overheated skin.

“Such a gorgeous boy.”

“36.”
“Doing so well. Being so good.” Cas spoke quietly. Dean could barely hear Cas over his own voice and the pleasure that was threatening to disconnect him from reality. Everything felt heightened.

“35. 34.”

“Do you want this, Dean?” Cas asked, holding up the vibrator. Dean bit his lip. He wanted that. He also wanted to stop fucking counting and let himself drown in the different feelings Cas arose inside him.

“Yes, Sir.” He swallowed hard. “Please.” He added and saw Cas’s face soften.

“Want this to fill you up? My fingers weren’t enough for you?” Dean shook his head. As soon as Dean remembered the feeling of having something inside him, he wanted to be filled. “Would you like that? Using this to make you come? I guess you don’t need much more help.” He glanced at Dean’s neglected cock.

“33. 32. 31.” His voice was wrecked.

“Mmmm, that’s right. Keep counting. Taking orders so well. Maybe you’ll even come.” Dean grunted but kept counting vehemently. The vibrator was finally out of his sight as Cas lined it up with his entrance. When he pushed it forward, Dean let out a long, loud moan. He ground his teeth in an effort to stay silent, except when he was fucking counting. When the vibrator was fully inside of him, seated against his prostate, Dean arched his back off the bed, fighting his pleasure, fighting the need to let go, to fucking come. He wanted to come so bad. He didn’t have permission yet. He needed to hold off. Be good.

Cas stood up and started walking through the room like it was a fucking museum.

“How does it feel?” he finally asked and Dean was dumbstruck. How did it feel? It felt fucking amazing like he needed to come right that second. He felt full, yet not sated. He wanted more. He couldn’t say. It sounded stupid. In the end, he settled for:

“Good.”
“I’m glad.” He responded before low buzzing started from the vibrator, sending shocking waves of pleasure up Dean’s spine, making him squirm.

“16. 15. 14.”

“Oh, that’s right. I almost forgot. You need to finish with that or you cannot come.” The vibrator sped up.


“What do you want, Dean? Doesn’t it feel good enough?”

“It feels, uh, feels so g-good, Sir. S-so good.” He stuttered. He didn’t expect to feel that good, to enjoy himself so much. His dick was hard against his belly, precum pooling at its head. “13. 12. 11.”

“That’s it,” Cas said, coming closer and closer to the bed. “You’re so close.” Castiel must’ve turned it up another notch, the vibrator buzzing inside him, massaging his prostate due to Dean’s reckless squirming and bringing him closer to the edge. He was ready to come, too bad he wasn’t allowed to… yet. He thought as he counted without even thinking. He reached 6 without any complications.

“You must be careful now. Wouldn’t want to mess it up.” He could hear Cas’s amusement, but the vibrator started buzzing even harder, faster. Dean let out an inaudible gasp and rocking his hips together. “Not when you are so close.”

“5.” He whispered. Dean shifted and groaned when the vibrations were right against his prostate. He was so close. He just needed to hold off a little bit. Just a little bit.

“4.” The setting went even hire and Dean’s hips stuttered as he let out little “uh, uh, uh”s.
“Oh, Cas. Please.” Castiel didn’t respond verbally but he came to stand next to the bed. He pinched both of his nipples at the same time, making Dean jump slightly off the mattress.

“3” His mouth was dry. In these kinds of moments, he couldn’t care less. His breath hitched when he saw his crimson buds, red from all the attention they got from Cas’s experimented hands.

“2,” Dean shouted when the buzzing sped up. How many controls did that thing have? He moved his hips in circular motions, feeling overwhelmed by lust and pleasure and yet he needed more, he wanted more.

“1.” He finished and, in actuality, nothing happened. The vibrations kept coming, he was still tied up and Cas was still grinning like the asshole he was.

“You may come, Dean.” He said. The kicker was that Dean found himself unable to. After all the torture, that was still going. He didn’t have the strength to come.

“I - I can’t…” Dean whined. He just needed a push, something, anything. Cas crouched next to Dean.

“Why not?” Cas toyed with him. “I thought you felt good?”

“I do. I feel good.” Dean assured him, even though he knew it wasn’t the case. “I need more. A little more…”

“Or you could not come,” Cas said and Dean’s breathing came to a stop. “You were a good boy today. Very good so I cannot let you without a reward, am I right?” Dean nodded pathetically. “Is there something I could to... help?” he murmured against the shell of Dean’s ear and grazed his teeth over the pulse point. Dean bucked up. “Are you enjoying this? Me, speaking to you, telling you how beautiful you are, how perfect.” He cupped Dean’s face. Dean moaned low in his gut. “Is that what does it for you, baby? My voice.” Dean let out a muffled sound that resembled an affirmation. “So if I told you to... come, you would?” Dean responded in the same way. Cas pulled back and smirked at him before he spoke again:

“Come for me, Dean. Come now.” As farfetched as it seemed, Cas’s voice so gravelly, so hot that
when he demanded he came, he did. He came hard, shooting hot white strips of come on his belly. He felt spent, probably because he was.

He collapsed on the bed and closed his eyes while letting his breaths even out. The next thing he knew was complete darkness.

His idea of waking up did not mingle with how tired and strained his body and mind actually felt, resulting him to wake up at the ass crack of day. He started up and looked around the room. For a second, jumbled thoughts cascaded in his mind repeating the same two questions: “where am I?” and “what am I doing?” Realizing his location did not change from last night, he let himself relax and became aware for the first time of the warm sleeping form next to him. He turned his head slowly to look at him in case he had woken him up. He did not. Cas was sleeping on his stomach with both of his hands hugging the pillow. The blanket was covering only half of his form, pulled right above his butt. His back was stretched so that Dean could see the tight lines and shapes of his muscular form. His way of dressing didn’t do him justice at all, but now dressed in a shirt so thin, Dean saw another one of his physical qualities, something that managed to make him even more beautiful in Dean’s eyes.

“Beautiful?” he whispered to himself, rubbing his aching eyes. Did he really just call his dominant ‘beautiful’? “Oh, God.” He groaned. He was way too deep in this shit. He let himself fall prisoner to the chains of an unreturned infatuation. What even was he doing? His palms were sweaty. Perfect time for a session of uncontrollable trembling to take over his body. That was exactly how his luck worked - shittily.

Poor guy just wanted to get his kinky rocks off. He didn’t sign up for Dean. This wasn’t a soap opera. This wasn’t supposed to happen. Just because Dean’s life was fucked up, that did not make it reasonable for him to latch onto Cas - it just didn’t. A million thoughts swarmed in his mind. They made it hard for him to think at all. It was way too hot for him to even feel remotely comfortable anymore. He didn’t want to get out of the bed. He didn’t want to leave the warmth, Cas’s warmth.

He was too messed up. He wasn’t good. He wanted Cas and, at the same time, he didn’t want to taint his beautiful heart. He deserved better. Cas didn’t want him. He saw his hands shaking slightly. He cracked his knuckles in an attempt to try and stop the tremors. It didn’t work. He felt like there was an unscratchable itch under his skin. All he wanted, all he could think of was Cas’s embrace, of which he didn’t get nearly enough of.

He screwed his eyes shut, as countless emotions swarmed through him. He wanted to cry, scream and hurt all at the same time. Maybe the drugs fucking him up. He was so tired of feeling like this. So useless, unworthy and wrong. It killed him slowly, but surely. He didn’t really care, but the pain – no matter the situation, be it something unmistakably simple - was so great, he felt like air exited his
lungs but forgot to enter them again.

Subconsciously, he pressed a hand to his stomach, clutching hard. The burn spread through his whole body but was still no match for the mental ache he was currently battling. He was straining to stay still and breathe slowly. His distress did not concern anyone, but himself. It was no one’s problem, but his, and his alone.

Warmth spread through his right arm as a tentative hand caressed it.

“I got you.” Was the only thing he heard, before the situation he was in, registered. As he realized what he was doing, he felt shame swallow him in its merciless claws. He wanted to collapse into Castiel’s arms, just as much as he wanted to run and never look back. He was conflicted.

“You are hurt.” Came a whisper and then another hand was on his stomach, removing his own hand from digging into his wounds. He looked at his red-painted hand. He could only stare dumbly. It all seemed so far away. He felt disconnected like he was drunk but better. He was aware of the sweat covering his forehead and the blood coating his stomach. He was aware of his eyes stinging with unshed tears, of the loud beatings of his heart and of Castiel’s calm moves. What he did not register was why he was still there, what was the point. Why did he struggle, why did he resist? Why couldn’t he just… not be anymore? Why did he have to live through this?

Be it partly the drug’s fault for influencing his mind and making it take dark turns, but he felt i - the despair. He sat there and stared for an undefined period of time. No thoughts, no nothing.

“Is anything else hurting?” Castiel’s voice broke the stillness. Dean shook his head.

“Are you sure?” Dean shook his head again. He thought, at some point, Cas left and then he came back for some reason. He could not be sure. Looking down at his bruised skin, he found a wet fluffy towel draped over him. Castiel was standing on the edge of the bed, wiping the blood off of his hand with another fluffy towel.

It felt nice. Being taken care of. When you could not take care of your own self, it was easier to rely on others to carry you. Too bad Dean was never one for affection. He lingered a few seconds before slowly retrieving his hands from Cas’s tenderness. Castiel didn’t question him, but let it go. They sat there quietly.
“You are still not alright.”

“I’m fine.” He mumbled. His voice was hoarse.

“I wish you wouldn’t lie to me,” Cas spoke, pain darkening his clear blue eyes.

“Me too.” He concentrated on stopping his tears. He wished he could kiss Cas and ask him to hold him and hug him and just stay there. Such useless demands from a no one.

“Why do you, then?”

“I’m too much of a problem already.” For the first time that day, he meant what he said.

“To whom?”

“No one.” He responded. “Everyone.” He added. He lowered his head. A new layer of sweat covered his body.

“For what it’s worth, it is not true.” He sighed. “Not for me.” Dean snorted.

“Who’s lying now?”

“It’s still you.”

“Yeah.”
Silence engulfed them like an illness plaguing even the sunny rays that entered the room. Even they seemed sad to Dean.

“We can’t keep doing this.” Castiel’s voice spoke the words Dean has been waiting from the beginning. He felt his heart shatter. He felt himself crack. He was so close to breaking. Just one more push. One more word.

The brush of Castiel’s fingers over his knuckles sparked flowers of energy under his overheated skin.

“Please, do not build prejudices, because it is not what you imagine.” He felt his brow unfurrow and his muscles unclench. The beating of his heart slowed its pace, if only for a bit.

“We can’t keep doing this,” Castiel repeated. “I cannot keep watching you suffer. I don’t want to.” The mere brush of his fingers turned into a full caress. “I can’t just stand by, while I see you dismissing every single clue that you are not alright. Far from it, in truth.” He looked pained. Dean caused that pain. “I do not want to just let you wilt away. I will not support your withering or your worthless complex anymore. I want to help. I want you to want my help.” He bit his lip slightly. “I want to take care of you. Let me take care of you. Let me know you and everything that beautiful soul is made of. Physical closeness can be so shallow. I don’t want to be stopped by it.” Dean had a hard time registering the words, though the idea made itself clear in his head. Cas cared for him. Dean’s heart fluttered at his carefully-crafted words. Yet in another way, he couldn’t help but feel like a retard - like he couldn’t take care of himself. Like he couldn’t even do that.

“I can take care of myself.” He whispered. “I don’t want to be a burden. I am not.” He assured himself, but it felt as fake as his fleeting hope for himself.

“I do not doubt that.” A timid smile took over his features. “You don’t have to though.”

“You are taking care of me, Cas.” He looked around. “That’s what we’ve been doing after I forced you into helping me. After I turned it all upside down for you.”

“Now, don’t flatter yourself. My life was fucked up, way before you stepped foot through the door.” People kept telling him that. Dean shot him a confused look but didn’t dwell on it. What could have happened to a damn teacher? It must’ve been something big. He still didn’t ask. Before he could think of a decent enough answer, Cas’s fingers were moving towards his face.
“My beautiful Dean” he started and Dean’s heart swelled with warmth he didn’t know he wanted or needed. When the first brush of fingers happened, Cas’s face contorted into a confused frown.

“You’re hot.” He said matter-of-factly, his hand traveled to his forehead. He looked worried. Dean couldn’t understand why.

“Oh, hey Cas. Buy me a drink first.” He joked.

“It is not humorous. You have a fever. How do you feel?”

“Dizzy. But that’s an everyday bonus.”

“What’s wrong then?” Castiel asked, more himself, then Dean. “Have you not been drinking enough water? Have I pushed you too hard?”

“No worries, Cas,” Dean reassured. “It’s just the drugs.”

“You were fine last night,” Cas spoke in disbelief.

“I was. I am now too. It’ll pass.”

“Dean, this is serious. This affects your health.” Cas argued.

“So?”

“So it’s wrong,” Cas said.
“And?”

“And you are not going to do take the drugs anymore.” He ordered.

“Not so sure about that, buddy.” He chuckled.

“I am not trying to be funny. I am serious.”

“So am I.” Dean ignored the twinge in his stomach demanding him laid down. He sat up straighter. “You can’t just say ‘stop’ and poof, it’s all done.”

“I just did.”

“Yes you did say it, but it didn’t stop.” Charlie’s similar words echoed in his mind. He didn’t have the heart to tell her what he actually thought of her ‘let’s find a new solution’ plan.

“I need you to listen to me.” Cas jabbed a finger at Dean as he stood up. Dean thought he looked threatening. “And do it carefully. I have confessed my desires regarding you. Regarding us – to help you and be there for you. That is a preference of mine. You have a choice now. Let me or leave me. It was no bluff when I said that your pain wakes old aches in me and I will not stand for it. I won’t. I have found out recently that your presence brings me joy. Your safety brings me comfort and your pain brings only sorrow. I do not know why. But if it is your wish, your true wish to remain a submissive, my submissive, beyond Al and everything else, you only have to say it. The contract will be terminated and I will introduce Crowley to one of the best lawyers I know and help him in every way I can win his battle against Al or whatever. For you.” He took a deep breath. After a couple of seconds, he sighed and ran a tired hand over his face. Dean didn’t like it. It didn’t feel right. The sadness had no place on Castiel’s features.

Cas was giving him an ultimatum. Cas wanted him. He didn’t want the drugs though, he didn’t want Dean to be in pain. He wanted Dean to let him care for him. His heart raced. His breathing quickened as another layer of sweat coated his form. He could leave and Al could be taken care of. Cas said so. Cas promised. Dean knew exactly what he wanted.
He looked up just in time to see Cas turning and leaving the room without a word.
Hey guysss
Long time, no see. Which is my fault. I'm sorry for that, but i am back and everything is going so don't give up on us yet the story is still going.

This chapter may not contain as much angst, but i still loved writing it. We are not to forget my beloved little beta hoe(AngryEgg) who is just plain awesome and who helped and continues to help me with this gigantic fic and life in general!!!

I hope you enjoy reading it!!! Leave a kudos or a comment because i appreciate every single one and i would really like to know what y'all think. :))

He needed to slow down. To think. To recompose himself. To surmise. His erratic breaths did nothing but worsen his state. Everything he told Dean was true. He spoke his mind and he screwed it. Why did he do it?

Everything had been going alright. It had been just fine before Castiel ruined it. Giving Dean an ultimatum, making him choose between his addiction and Castiel, in a context where he couldn’t have been more than an acquaintance, was completely ridiculous. Yet a part of Castiel felt undeniably refreshed. Taking risks, reminding himself of his actual influence… it felt good.

Losing Dean, when he didn’t even have him, wasn’t going to feel good though. He could just imagine Dean, coming down the stairs, his shoulders slumped and his head bowed telling Castiel that he was unreasonable and that the only choice he had was to leave.

Just picturing that, made Cas’ heartache and his mind spin in a flurry of rage and self-loathing. Why couldn’t Dean understand? It was all for him, for his good. Castiel was trying to take care, to advise him, to help him. Lately, it seemed like he’d been doing the opposite.

His fist slammed into the counter leaving the silverware in the cupboards trembling, but it did nothing to soothe his nerves. It wasn’t supposed to go like that. It just wasn’t. He couldn’t back down. He would keep his word. If that meant losing Dean, then fine. He wasn’t about to stand by and watch Dean slowly kill himself.

He wouldn’t let himself feel it - the disappointment, the self-hatred. He didn’t want to know those emotions and he loathed himself for ever knowing how they felt. He had to be the bigger person and he had to make a change.

The sound of heavy, quick steps resounded through the whole apartment, startling Castiel. He made no move to see what Dean was doing. The worst-case scenario was him leaving without a word and Cas sending an email with the termination of the contract, and the payment or maybe he could leave
the money to Crowley this time. This was no time to think about -

Dean finally came into his sight. He was partially naked, wearing just the sweats with a look that gave away nothing of his true intentions. His hair was ruffled and his eyes were big and puffy. He came down the stairs quickly, but when he saw Cas and their eyes locked, he slowed down, taking the last three steps at an agonizingly slow pace.

Castiel let out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding.

Losing Dean would be harder than he thought. He didn’t want to. He found himself questioning if he would be able to fully let him go.

He also did not want to back down. He stood his ground, lifting his chin slightly and locking his arms behind his back. He waited to see if Dean would say something.

Dean looked out of breath and dizzy like he was hanging on to a thread that was going to break any second. Castiel’s instincts told him to run to him, scoop him up in his arms and carry him to safety. Instead, he locked his jaw and watched carefully.

Reaching the bottom of the steps, Dean looked like he regained a bit more balance and air into his lungs. He wasted no time, taking small, sure steps towards Cas that quickened their pace by the second. Cas did not move.

Their eyes met again in an explosion of blue and green and then -

“I’m yours,” Dean said, yanking him forward by his t-shirt, as he closed the space between them and locked their lips together in a fiery kiss that left Castiel stunned.

He took a step back, breaking their kiss. He had no words.

The last minute was still processing. If that was a joke to him, Castiel was at a loss. It seemed a decision that was rushed and Castiel could help but wonder if Dean was aware of the importance the choice held.

At the same time, Dean might have been perfectly aware of what he was saying and doing and what his words were bound to start. He chose Cas. If he weren’t so unsure of himself and of Dean’s view of him, he would’ve been tempted to truly believe him. To let himself revel in the knowledge that Dean wanted him too. That he earned his trust and his respect as much as his companionship. For some reason, it seemed unbelievable.

Dean approached him again and put a gentle palm on his shoulder as if reassuring Cas that he was there, that he was not going anywhere. At the same time, it felt like he was also trying to hold himself up. Castiel could’ve just reached out and helped, but he couldn’t have been sure. He wanted to hope, but not if that was going to get his heart crushed.

“If you’ll have me” Dean started as a small smile crept on his pale face. “I’m yours.” Cas stood there wide-eyed and searching. He also seemed like he meant every single word. Castiel’s heart was racing in his chest, the frantic beats echoing in his ears as he looked at Dean, not sure of what he was supposed to do.

“Of course.” Was the last thing he had to say before a pair of cold lips latched on to his, continuing the kiss that ended prematurely. Dean’s lips didn’t stop moving, pressing and brushing, sparking
great waves of sensations inside Castiel. He tried to keep up with his thoughts and his feelings that threatened to pull him out of his own body. It felt amazing, having Dean kiss him so passionately, writing the testament of his submission on Castiel’s warm lips. It felt too little and too much at the same time.

Hearing Dean moan into his mouth and feeling his hands desperately grabbing at his shoulders, placed Castiel’s mind into overdrive as he grabbed Dean by the hips and lifted him off the floor as if he weighed nothing. He instinctively wrapped both his legs around Cas’ middle and continued their fiery kiss. Castiel placed him on the counter tenderly, never letting go of his hips, squeezing and caressing the cold skin beneath his fingers.

He moved lower, his mouth kissing and biting at Dean’s neck as Dean leaned his head back, closed his eyes and slightly opened his mouth, letting little grunts and whimpers escape his spit-slicked lips. He got lost in the moment, his mind already moving his arms to rid Dean of his sweatpants.

Suddenly, Dean drew back and stared at him.

“Is there something wrong?” he asked. He shook his head. Dean didn’t look convinced at all so another reassuring, warmth-filled kiss followed. Breaking their kiss for the third time, Cas held Dean’s gaze. His eyes were soft, yet unreadable.

Neither of them moved or made a sound. They stood locked in a gentle embrace that radiated calm and reassurance for the both of them. It was weird how their lust was erased so suddenly by a simple question. Dean’s hands were still fisting Castiel’s pajama t-shirt while Castiel was caressing the nape of Dean’s neck and his shoulders lightly.

Dean jumped off the counter and stood in front of Cas without doing anything, but watching. He slowly leaned down, so that he could lay his head on Castiel’s shoulder. He sagged against him as he spoke:

“Are you alright?” Castiel flinched. He forgot their context and it was just them, holding each other for no other reason than being close. Kissing Dean like that surpassed their contract-ensured boundaries by miles. Instead of guilt, Castiel felt something similar to pride.

“I…”

“You asked me to choose.” Dean continued, not even aware that Castiel was about to speak. He sounded a little out of breath. “I did. I chose you. You're different.”

“Dean,” Castiel called softly, only to be ignored by Dean as he mumbled words into his shoulder, as his head lulled from right to left as if wanted to wipe something off his face.

“I hate it. I hate it.” He heard over and over again.

“What do you hate?” Cas asked.

“I hate him.”

“Who, Dean?”

“I’m sorry.”
“There’s nothing to apologize for.” He assured him.

“I’ll do it.” He spoke.

“Do what?” Cas kept still.

“I’ll quit.” Dean raised his head and steadily unclenched his fists from Cas’ top, smoothing his palms over the creases formed from holding on too tight.

“Dean, it’ok.” Cas murmured into Dean’s forehead. His lips ached to kiss that skin, to comfort him in his troubled confrontation with himself. His Dean.

“It’s not,” Dean stated, breaking from Castiel’s embrace. “I want to.” He threw his hands in the air. “I don’t know what I’m doing or what I’m supposed to be doing. Look at me!” he raised his voice, just as concern started to cloud Cas’s judgment and dissipate his calm. “I don’t know who I am or what I’m doing. I’m a waste. I’m getting money from letting people have their way with me, because - spoiler! - I’m just a piece of ass and that’s what I do. That’s what I’ve been doing. Been a waste, a whore” he spat out “my whole life. That’s how I lived. Somehow I got even worse. I can barely stand, I can barely live.” He sounded close to crying, yet his eyes showed no such signs.

“No. I get it. I understand why you’d do this.” He chuckled “give me an ultimatum. I am not…”

“It’s not…”

“I am screwed in the head.” Dean interrupted. “I know it. But what if, even after I get rid of… this “ he gestured at himself “ I’ll be worse. You don’t know me. You don’t.” Dean shook his head and braced himself on the counter, stabilizing himself. “We are… strangers. I don’t know who you are. You don’t know who I am. I might be a serial killer for all you care.”

‘Oh, the irony’ Castiel thought to himself. Dean’s words brought heartache to Cas but he willed himself to realize that Dean was right. He was right and there was no denying that. If he could just kiss him stupid and forget it all. That would be certainly better.

“I am sure you’re not a killer.”

“How would you know?” Dean pushed.

“You’re not the type.” Cas smiled.

“How about you? You could be. You could be tricking me so you could kill me, how would I know?” he spoke, humor making his words lose their solemnity.

“I want nothing, but your happiness, your safety.” He spoke, coming closer to Dean only to bring his hand up to Dean’s cheek and caress his cheekbone, willing him slowly to give in and lean into the touch.
“I want to be good for you.” Dean retorted. Cas’s insides filled with a fuzzy feeling.

“I want you to trust me.” Cas ventured. If they were going to share their wishes, he might as well go all in.

“I want to trust you,” Dean spoke clearly and Cas could see it in those sparkling pools of green that his trust was already won. It brought only content in Cas’ gut like he didn’t need anything else.

“I want to kiss you.” Cas pushed. It might not have been the best thing to say or what Dean wanted to hear, but it felt necessary to Castiel.

“I want you to kiss me,” Dean responded and Castiel wasted no time in sealing their lips together in a kiss that started out passionately but transformed quickly into something more chaste and loving. Something that emphasized the meaning of the act more than the action itself. Cas took the time to explore Dean’s mouth, lick into every corner and find every single thing that made Dean tick. The submissive responded by running his hands through his hair, eliciting small grunts from Castiel, whose excitement was read by the growing bulge in his pants.

Dean huffed and Castiel smiled into the kiss. If he would’ve been a poet, he would’ve said that the feeling of Dean’s lips on his was the true meaning of living and that this man was the definition of light for Castiel. Luckily, he was not a poet. He would’ve sucked.

His own hands were wondering over Dean’s torso and his back muscles. A hand brushed past his cuts and Cas froze afraid he had hurt Dean.

“Don’t stop.” Said the younger man as he took his hand and guided it back on his stomach, practically inviting Cas to feel him, to map him out, like he didn’t already know his way.

If you asked him, Cas would say that he did not remember when or how Dean became one of the main concerns of his life. His normal, apple-pie life. The life of an unknown professor, one that never felt someone’s blood on his hands and one that did not know how to shoot a gun, disarm a bomb or smuggle drugs into the country without being caught. One that was not supposedly dead, but one who lived a full, happy life without problems past what’s to eat or too many papers to grade. Somehow that was him or it was supposed to be him.

Nobody knew about him, nobody asked questions, but ticked him off as a new, humble outsider. Everyone welcomed him and included him into their circles, be it school, the club or his group of friends.

Lost in his thoughts, he let his body do the rest, taking hold of Dean’s body and pushing him into the counter as Cas growled into his mouth, kissing him roughly. His hands cradled his face in a manner that matched his kiss, only to realize that Dean was breathing harshly, way too harsh for what they were doing. Cas broke the kiss and looked at Dean’s tear-stained cheeks. Dean was wearing a soft smile. Castiel didn’t even realize.

“Thank you.” He heard Dean whisper.

“What for?” responded Cas, perplexed by the sudden words.

“For everything. Thank you.”
“Dean, there’s no…”

“Need to thank you. I know. I want to.” Cas’ sight swept over Dean. One of the previously bandaged wounds started to bleed again. The first time he saw them he was filled with rage, but also agony, giving his powerless state. Dean was getting hurt and Cas couldn’t do anything but watch. That drove him insane. He went to grab a towel but Dean stopped him, putting a hand on his chest and pushing him back as to lock gazes again.

“You’re bleeding,” Castiel explained himself. Dean caught his hand and squeezed him between both of his.

“I don’t care.”

“I do.” Dean shook his head and lowered it to examine his wounds.

“They’ll heal.” He responded calmly and almost uninterested.

“Not if you don’t take care of them.”

“He’ll make more anyway.” Castiel was stunned by Dean’s answer. It was true and they both knew it, yet speaking so freely of it took away from its severity. Castiel saw red.

“That piece of…”

“Don’t,” Dean advised. “You’re wasting breath.”

“But I can’t just let you do this.”

“You are helping enough already.”

“He is hurting you.”

“He always has. It's his thing.”

“My thing is freeing you from him then.”

“I’m not a damsel in distress, you know. I can hold my own.”

“Why don’t you?”

“He is a dangerous guy, Cas.” Dean started to explain but had no time to finish as Cas interrupted him, filled with madness.

“So am I, Dean.” Cas registered the moment he went too far, as he saw Dean taking a small step back, eyes widening in confusion. Unfortunately, for some unknown reason, he kept going. “I specifically told you that I won’t stay by and watch you die. We can get rid of the drugs, we will get rid of them.” He took a deep breath. “But how about him, huh? What if it’s going to get worse? What if he does something to you, something worse than this?”

“I won’t let him.”

“I don’t think your consent is his main concern.” He spat, pointing at Deans' wounds. If he hadn’t
crossed that line before, he certainly did then. Dean looked pained. He opened his mouth, looking conflicted as well as bitter. Then he suddenly closed it, looking around the room frantically. Before Cas could question what was wrong, Dean leaned over the sink, spilling the contents of his stomach in one go. Cas caught him and massaged his back as he continued to dry heave over the sink. He was hurting and not just from the vomiting. One hand was supporting him over the sink as another was clutching his abdomen.

Thinking about the motives that put Dean in such an awful state he went over the expiration dates on his snacks or what they did last night or their actions today, looking for any signs of sub drop or just general stomach infection. It took him some time to realize that this was it - withdrawal.

“It’s ok,” Cas said as he caressed his back, his arms. He wracked his brain for stuff to do while in withdrawal. This kind of problem would take some research.

“Cas.” Dean’s small voice called for him. “Cas, please.” His heart broke, as it had the tendency to do so lately. “I need…”

“What is it? What do you need?” Dean looked at him intently before turning to heave again. When Cas caught the meaning of Dean’s silence he was struck dumb. “No.” he stated. Dean just said he wasn’t going to do it. He was going to quit. Castiel would make sure of it.

“Please.” Came a weak voice.

“Dean. No.” Cas growled. That seemed to silence him. “You are strong enough to do this.” They stayed there - Dean hunched over the sink, emptying his stomach’s contents (mostly liquids, which explained why Dean could barely stand before having vomited), and Cas holding him up and soothing his probably painful position as best as he could.

Eventually, he guided Dean into their bed and tucked his almost sleeping body in. Dean did not say another word. He left a glass of water and exited the room quietly. He retrieved his phone and made some quick calls.

First one was to Crowley who didn’t bother to pick up but called Cas back after an hour or so, sounding like the least troubled man in the world.

“To what do I owe the pleasure, angel?” he responded.

“Fuck off,” Castiel warned him.

“What’s got you so tight-assed?” He snickered.

“It’s Dean,” Cas responded.

“Isn’t it supposed to be the other way around?” Crowley drawled. Cas was going to have none of it.

“Would you shut the fuck up?” Castiel spoke annoyed.

“Not a chance.” Came Crowley’s silly response. Castiel said nothing more but waited Crowley out. “Fine, you got me. What do you want?” Cas smirked.

“What drugs has Dean been taking?”
“Why? Wanna fill my supplier role?”

“Actually, the exact opposite.”

“What?”

“It does not concern you. I just need you to tell me what were the fucking drugs that he took.”

“I don’t think I remember.” Crowley poked, his smirk could be seen in his intonation.

“Crowley so help me if you don’t tell me, I’m…”

“You’re what, Castiel? You gonna’ kill me? Not a mobster anymore, remember? No more guns blazing, no more blood for you to spill. At least, try and play your damned part.”

“So help me I’m going to take Dean away and leave you here to deal with the lawsuit brought on by Al. Don’t fucking push me.” Crowley remained silent as Castiel wracked his mind for some other threats he could make.

“Mainly MDMA, but he’s not picky. Throw in some methamphetamine, maybe a salt bath and he’s good. I can’t wait to hear what Dean’ll think of your beautiful, but oh so bloody past.”

“He is anything but good. It's all thanks to you.” Crowley’s arrogance towards the issue was starting to get on Cas’ nerves.

"To me? What did I do?" Crowley sounded scandalized. If you didn't know him you could have said the accusations were unfair.

"I'm sure you are perfectly aware. I honestly do not think you need me to refresh your memory." he was met with silence. Crowley had it coming. The harsh words, the conflict, everything. What Castiel forgot was that he was not the one who decided all those things. Just as he was about to end the call, Crowley's voice came through the line.

“He dead yet?”not even a bit of shame or concern.

“No. You’d think that you’d give a shit.”

“Yeah, you’d think. I’m not sentimental.” he brushed Cas' words off like nothing. Castiel was too fed up to listen anymore. But Crowley went on.

“Now that you're there to help his ass, that kid is better off dead, than alive.”

The line disconnected after that.

His words left Cas pondering their meaning. He couldn't help but feel like he should've known what it was all about, what was happening.

“What’s up?” came Charlie’s cheery as usual voice.

“Where are you?”

“The club. Why?”
“I need you.”

“No, Cas. I specifically told you I am gay, so…”

“I swear, the amount of humor you think you possess is way smaller in reality.” He grunted, slightly annoyed with everyone’s jokes. He needed back-up because he was in the middle of an important fucking step. Why couldn’t she or anyone, for the matter, see that? Maybe joking about everything at inappropriate times is what kept them going? Cas couldn’t see the logic.

“Ok, alright. What do you need?” Charlie spoke, giggling. After a long pause and sigh that spoke of Cas’ irritation, he continued.

“I need you to come down to my apartment. Dean might need you here.”

“Is he ok? Is he with you?”

“Yes, he is here. Now, I don’t really know your definition of ‘ok’ so I cannot speak for…” this time, he was the one interrupted.

“Is he breathing?”

“Yes.”

“Is he dying?”

“What? Charlie, no. He’s… he’s in withdrawal.”

After a few tension-filled seconds, she said:

“That was fast.”

“What?”

“You know. Him asking for help. You being yourself and actually helping.” Cas made a humming sound, piecing information together to find out what the holy hell was Charlie talking about.

“I… yes,” Castiel responded, failing at hiding his confusion.

“He didn’t ask you, did he?”

“Not really, no.”

“That fucker,” Charlie whispered. He held on for a minute while Charlie spoke to someone else whom she refused to name. Castiel could hear bits and pieces of their conversation. It was mainly Charlie making excuses for leaving so abruptly.

“Give me your address.” She said when she got back on the phone. Castiel did not hesitate.

After half an hour of research, Castiel finally understood simple symptoms and how to try and make the process more pleasant for Dean. Castiel felt ashamed at the thought of being around drugs and smuggling them like candies and never truly knowing their effects. It reminded him of the blind
soldier he used to be, of the innocent lives he used to take and the murderous people he used to talk
to or even befriend.

The look on Dean’s face when he raised his voice, nearly shouting at him, flashed through his mind.
Dean had looked alarmed and he had every right to be. Castiel was supposed to be the image of
calmness and restraint. Letting himself simply be consumed by his emotions did him no favors in
strengthening that portrait. He rubbed his forehead tiredly.

A tiny part of him wanted Dean to have forgotten their last discussion. From plain communication to
simple kisses, the talk was a big step in their development. His lips tingled at the thought of Dean
kissing him, yet he remained even then mesmerized by Dean’s determination and loyalty. It felt pure
and sincere, something that Castiel cherished. They were well on their way to becoming friends or
something else, maybe more and that was filling Cas’ heart with warmth.

Three rapid knocks were heard. Castiel went over and looked through the peephole, only to reveal a
very restless Charlie that was typing furiously on her phone.

“Heya, Cas.” She said walking past Cas in a rush, looking completely absorbed by her virtual
conversation.

“Well, welcome.”

“Where’s Dean?” she asked, putting the phone away.

“Up. The bedroom.” Charlie strolled in without waiting for Castiel to take her to Dean. It looked like
she could figure it out herself. They didn’t have time for a full tour of the place. Castiel locked the
door, checking it twice from old reflexes before following Charlie. Contrary to her petite form and
kind smile she was very capable of taking care of herself. When it came to Dean, it seemed like all
those qualities that entitled her to the badass role, only amplified.

“Second door,” Castiel called behind her. She gave no signs of hearing him but kept fast walking all
those four steps from the staircase to the door. Suddenly, when she reached it, she stopped with her
hand extended towards the knob. She glanced at Cas warily before entering gently. Castiel followed
suit for no other reason than his worry about the submissive and the enjoyment of seeing their
interactions. Charlie seemed like the one beacon of hope Dean was not considering letting go of any
time soon.

Dean was splayed on the bed, with his face to the ceiling, a hand clutching at the pillow and the
other extended over what was Cas’ side of the bed and his legs tangled in the sheets. Charlie sat
 gingerly on the side of the bed. Castiel leaned on the doorframe watching them with the kind of
fondness he’d never thought he would feel. Charlie ran her hand through Dean’s sweat soaked hair,
spiking it - a gesture that made Castiel’s heart melt.

“Creeper,” Charlie whispered. If Cas wouldn’t have been so watchful, he would have missed it.

“I am merely observing.” He responded.

“Oggling.” Charlie snorted playfully. Castiel came closer and stood beside Dean’s bed, tentative
about his next move. He itched to touch, to bring comfort to his submissive, yet he remained still.
“Are you going to tell me what it is you called me for?” Charlie spoke, not unkindly.

“It’ll be hard.” Charlie kept massaging Dean’s hand as he slept soundly. “To get rid of his
addiction.” She looked up. “From what Crowley has told me, a lot of drugs he used to take were
combinations and he does not know what the majority of them were, I suppose. Although he spoke of ecstasy and methamphetamine.”

“So we have no idea what the hell he was poisoning himself with. Great.” She huffed, looking back at Dean.

“ Asking Dean will do more bad than good, right?”

“Yes, probably. Although he doesn't pay attention to that stuff. He himself doesn't know.” She clicked her tongue. The silence that settled between them was filled with tension.

“Well, I’ve done research on this matter. A complete withdrawal should take between one week and a month. Maybe more, depending on how his body will take it. I think after three to five the worst of the pain should go away leaving him free to get back on his feet. The side effects can go from dizziness to depression and violent behavior. Not to mention that methamphetamine could cause lasting brain damage and even though he's not giving any signs of it now, we could never be sure. I was thinking...”

“He can do it.” Charlie interrupted his babbling.

“Of course.” Cas settled. "Do you think he'll need help?"

“He will and we'll be sure to help. Even if he won't ask. What did he say? When you proposed it?” Castiel fumbled for a second, remembering their earlier encounter.

“I didn’t exactly ‘propose’ it”

“What did you do then? Threatened him with a gun until he accepted?”

“Why do people associate me with murderous situations?”

“You’re mysterious as fuck, pretty face, show up out of nowhere. Figures.”

“It makes no sense.” Castiel shamelessly defended himself.

“Yeah, of course. Wouldn’t want to upset you.” Charlie faked a scared face and Castiel rolled his eyes at her.

“He’s going to do it.” Charlie changed her tone abruptly. “I know he wants to get rid of this. He is scared but no less willing.”

“Even so. I don’t trust to leave him alone now.”

“Makes two of us.”

“He’s going back there on Monday.”


“Maybe he could just not go,” Cas suggested.

“It’ll be worse for him later.”
“Well, I can’t know that seeing as now it seems like a better plan to keep him here. The fact that that abusive dirtbag can keep Dean there with a contract is the extent of my knowledge, but I do not know what could happen if he doesn’t go, besides the lawsuit of course. Dean keeps saying he is a dangerous man, that no one should get mixed up with him. That I should let him be.”

“Good.” She spoke coldly.

“Why?”

“Well, for one, we don't know shit about him. His sexual preferences are the extent of our knowledge. I saw what he did to Dean. He is a sadist with a loose sense of consent.” she lifted up the cover that was hiding Dean's most recent wounds and stared at them. "It's killing me to see this. The more I see this stuff, the more I feel the need to do something.”

“What's holding you back?” He sneered.

"I promised..." she nodded in Dean's direction. "I promised I'd let him handle it, but I'm reaching my limit."

"I'm sure he would understand if it is for his own good."

“Cas…” she called, shaking her head slightly.

“He is being abused. That is no mystery to you, or to me or to anyone with eyes. It is as clear as his need for submission. Despite all this bullshit, I indulged him. I have stepped over my rules and indulged. It is a wonder even to me how I do not regret it. I cannot do anything and that brings me emotions similar to yours. Now, if you have a way that we could help, from the shadows possibly, that would be great.”

“Fool.” Charlie breathed and as Cas felt his control slipping away he made a sharp turn to leave the room. Charlie tried to do the same when a weak hand pulled her back on the bed.

“Charlie?” groaned Dean with his eyes half closed. “That you?”

“Yes, dumbass.” Dean groaned in response. “How are you feeling?”

“Sick.” Castiel stopped his ranging storm out and waited outside the door, giving them some privacy and also eaves-dropping like the bastard he was. “Don’t be sad,” Dean spoke. He heard Charlie breath a laugh.

“I’m not.” She assured. Dean shushed her.

“Cas is going to take care of me.” He whispered wickedly like he divulged a great secret.

“Really?” Charlie played dumb.

“Mhmm.” Came Dean’s reply. “I like him so much.” Dean snickered. “He is fucking nice,” Dean stated. “Almost as nice as you.”

“He’s catching up to me. I better step up my game.” Charlie joked. Castiel smiled at their little game and at Dean’s confession. He liked Dean too. He knew if Dean could see himself now he would be
blushing.

Charlie slipped out of the room, after two minutes of silence. She closed the door and put a finger to her lips and walked down the stairs.

“Something to drink?” Cas asked.

“No, better die of thirst.”

Cas smiled.

“Water, coffee?”

“Fuck yeah coffee.”

“Why did you call me, Cas? You clearly have the situation under control,” she questioned right after the water started to boil. Castiel wondered if the reason Charlie waited was for some dramatic effect.

“I thought Dean would feel better if you came by. Maybe it would encourage him more to see that he has people who love him.” She hummed. Cas placed the mug in front of her. “Sugar, honey?”

“Honey? I want some of that.” Castiel had a thought telling Charlie what made his honey so special, but he refrained. He knew if he started, he’d never finish. “Of course, he has people who love him. He is an idiot for ever thinking otherwise. His family is begging to hear from him but he won't listen. I'm sure that if he'd call, Sam would be thrilled. He's stubborn though. Says it's better to stay away. A lot of bullshit if you ask me. Maybe after he's clean he'll think otherwise.”

“Dean used to talk about this more when he started going there. He’d be complaining, telling me how the douche had kinks like blood or pain play and how he could handle it but it was his way of doing that spooked him out. He called his voice a ‘slimy thread of regrets’. At first, I did not notice. I had my own shit to deal with. I still do.” Castiel watched her stiffness and noted to ask her later about her ‘own shit’.

The rest of the story was told with the compassion of a sister and protectiveness of a mother. Charlie described Dean’s downward spiral in the most beautiful of ways, making it look almost tragic - not like it wasn’t. In the end, the idea was as simple as that: Dean was slowly surrendering to a psychopath.

“He is good. The best. I'll help with whatever you need.” she finished.

“Thank you.”

“You’re the one taking care,” Charlie mumbled.

“You’re the other one taking care.” Castiel smiled. “I’m thinking even while you are here, Dean should stay in his submissive space. I want to see if that could be of any help to his current condition. If it bothers you I can -”

“Do not forget who his first dom was.” She said pointing to herself.

“Right. How did that even go?”

“Great, except I can’t engage sexually with him, which is a total loss.” she joked. “He likes it - submitting to people, trusting them, having that sense of security that he can let go, let someone else care of him. He enjoys it. Yearns for it. That's why when he deals with rougher dominants,
especially the entitled crazy ones, he keeps that sense of timidity which pulls him into his dark corners.”

“So I’ve noticed. Despite the many contradictions we had, I’ve noticed.”

“Well it’s good you didn’t let yourself fall for it. Didn’t turn your back on him.” Castiel nodded solemnly. Charlie jumped out of her chair and proposed:

“Wanna watch some TV?”

“Yes. Maybe a documentary, maybe about bees,” he tried.

They got lost in easy conversation and cringy TV shows.

The clock was reading 2:42 AM when something shattering woke him up. He jumped off the couch, where he apparently fell asleep with Charlie. When he looked behind him, she was right there, urging him to go on.

“Fuck.” Came a pained whimper from the kitchen that had them both moving way quicker. “Shit!” a grunt and a couple of rapid breaths filled the silence. It was Dean and Cas was already imagining what he—what they would say.

Castiel flicked the lights on and found a sobbing Dean on the floor. In front of him, there were pieces of what must've been a glass with spilled water as their background. Dean was rocking back and forth, but only slightly as he fought to hold his tears back.

Castiel approached him with Charlie in tow. Dean looked so captivated by the glass that he didn't seem to register the lights turning on or them entering the kitchen, staring at Dean. Castiel considered the approach that would've fit the situation the best. He concluded the fact that he had no idea what would be best. His gut just told him to offer his comfort and go from there.

Seeing Dean hunched and so out of it brought a kind of fear spiced with confusion as to why it was happening and also desperation at finding out faster.

“Dean?” he said, leaning forward, trying to take a better look at his face. Dean flinched as if suddenly woken up as if he was actually unaware of himself and his surroundings until that moment. He looked up and now his tear-stained cheeks were glowing in the artificial light of the bulb. His eyes were red-rimmed and his chapped lips parted as if he wanted to say something.

“I’m sorry.” He looked directly at Cas. “I broke it.” He looked back the mess. Castiel crouched down next to him and tried to catch his gaze. He couldn’t.

“You have nothing to apologize for,” Cas assured.

“Of course I do.” Dean sniffled. “I broke it. It broke. I don’t even know how or -” He snorted, his voice quivering. “or why. I wanted some water but I broke it. I didn’t mean to. I don’t know what happened.” His mouth pulled back in a sharp line. Cas could see Dean’s effort to cover himself. It truly pained him.

“It’s OK.” Castiel extended a tentative hand and caressed Dean’s back gently. Dean’s hands were placed on his lap and his head bowed even further as if he was participating at the glass’ funeral. Castiel worked gradually, calmly until he came to stroke his whole back in languid motions, reaching
for the shoulders and sometimes his arms. Dean, on the other hand, did not look too moved by Castiel’s ministrations.

“How is this OK?” Dean whispered. “How the fuck is this OK!!” he raised his voice. “I broke it. I can’t - can’t fix it. It’s my fault.” A new tear rolled off his left cheek and onto his hand.

“Dean…”

“No, no, no, no. I can’t - can’t do it.” He sobbed, limbs flailing everywhere and a voice that screamed of deeper problems than the ones Dean chose to voice. Dean was shouting and his eyes shedding tears that gave away great pain. Pain in which he was drowning, in which he was lost, from which he could not escape.

In which he was not alone.

Castiel caught Dean’s body as it seemed like he was going to collapse on the hard floor. He heard a faint gasp from Charlie. Castiel ignored it for the moment and paid attention to Dean, to his beautiful submissive. He had his face buried in Castiel’s shoulder as muffled sounds came out between heartbreaking sobs. To Castiel, they were perfectly clear.

“I broke it.”

“Dean, no. It’s OK.”

“It’s not. I ruined it….”

“You didn’t.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Hush, Dean.”

“I can’t - can’t, Cas….” Dean was heaving. Castiel could feel their hearts synchronizing, yet he did not know if he sped up or Dean’s slowed down. No matter.

“Hush now, my boy.” He replied. Dean stiffened immediately, but let himself go lax into his arms. There were no more sounds, no more screaming but steady breaths. Castiel stayed there while Dean dozed off. Knowing Dean's words were of the metaphorical type he wondered what did Dean mean? What has he ruined?

Charlie crouched beside them and started cleaning the floor. Castiel told her he’d take care of it later, but Charlie had none of it. He did not know how long they stayed there and he did not care. The only thing going on in his head was Dean and his more than worrying behavior.

When they led Dean to the couch, they realized how pliant and otherwise unresponsive he truly was. He walked, letting himself be held by Charlie and Cas, leaning on them.

They finally sat down on the couch and then… nothing happened. They kept staring at him from opposite sides as if waiting for Dean to explode. Castiel told himself there was no reason for any of that but if it came to happen Cas would be there. He subconsciously took comfort in the fact that Charlie was there, ready to guide him. Charlie's presence felt like a reassurance for the both of them.
Dean, for all they have shared, was still a mystery to Cas. He’d work on unraveling him— that was a
no-brainer. Castiel’s heart couldn’t help racing at the thought of Dean.

Even there, sitting completely unaware of anything, really, he made Castiel feel a kind of sadness
that came from over-empathizing. He knew it had to be from withdrawal, his form was shaking and
his skin turned to a pale color, but he couldn’t stop the sorrow that flooded him. He knew part of this
was Dean’s fault. He made some wrong choices, there was no denying that, but he received worse
than what he gave.

In Cas’ opinion, Dean was good at heart – the righteous man, the self-deprecating man, the
emotional one, the selfless one. The one who could light Castiel’s entire being at the slightest touch
of a hand, the one that was in great need of help, yet the one who never asked for anything.

“Dean, are you ok?” he heard Charlie say. Dean turned his head slightly in her direction.

“You are here.” He stated and Charlie nodded, a small smile playing at her lips. “I’m sorry.” He
continued. The smile on her face disappeared without a trace.

“Why are you sorry?”

“For everything.” He said, moving to face her more, eliciting a grunt in the process. “I did. For
everything I had done to you.”

“What do you mean?”

“You know.” Dean nodded as if Charlie was supposed to remember any second. Of course, she was
left in the dark.

“You keep saying you are sorry, but you have no reason.” She spoke and her voice sounded cold,
distant, but not mean. “I would like you to stop.” Dean only looked at her, taking what she said in.

“I mean it.”

“I know.” She leaned forward into him and hugged him tenderly. He let himself be hugged be didn’t
react otherwise. “You’re shaking.” She observed, her arms still locked around Dean. Dean hummed.

“Are you hurting?” Castiel found himself intervening. Dean shook his head.

“M dizzy. That’s all. And everything else hurts.” He mumbled.

“Oh, is that all?” Charlie mocked, but Dean nodded sincerely. Charlie locked him into a hug but
Dean did not move from where his head was resting on her shoulder.

“I feel like I’m dying.” He murmured. They both froze. “I don’t know what to do.”

“What to do regarding what?” Charlie question.

“Nothing. Everything.” He snuggled into Charlie and she ran her hands on his back in a
compassionate manner. “I don’t want this. I don’t want to live like this.”

“Oh, Dean.”
“I don’t want to be like this anymore.”

“Like what?” Castiel asked.

“Useless.” Dean sighed. “I want to be good for you.”

“You are.”

“Liar.”

“It is true, even if you won’t believe it.” Cas pressed.

“Just because you believe it, it doesn’t make it true.”

“I believe you are good. The wrong choices you have made do not define you now, not anymore. You are someone else.”

“I am nothing.” He said and Cas could see Charlie’s hands lightly clenching on Dean’s back. After those words were spoken Dean seemed to slip into unconsciousness, thus forgetting the whole thing. After laying him on the couch, Charlie went to the kitchen in a rush.

“I cannot believe this.” She spoke, her eyes beginning to look glassy.

“Don’t,” Castiel advised. He approached her slowly and pushed a strand of hair out of her face. He pulled her into a hug. A hug that meant a million things. It indicated a connection that kept strengthening and an act of undeniable friendship. It also spoke of a promise – one that Charlie was not aware of at the time. A promise that Castiel would never leave the. They were part of his life now. They were his friends.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

whew woops guess who's late. it's us. well, mostly me, but HEY!! it's chapter 13!! up and in full glory. me and ade are quite busy with school stuff lately, but we want you all to know we still HAVEN'T given up on this story (still kickin, bitch). we've got the next chapter done already, and after some little grammar fixes, we'll put that one up as well!! without further unwanted rambling, enjoy cas and dean doing stuff and then doing each other.

Dean stood in front of the black, imposing door and tried to contain his shivers. He was not going to come off as weak towards anyone, be it a stranger or that lunatic. Ok, he was not going to come off as weak to anyone else. The door opened slowly and Al’s face creeped into the hall light. The way the shadows played on his features paired with a smile that was just as assuring made Dean think of the devil. The devil’s spawn, at least.

“I thought you stood me up.” His voice scratched Dean’s ears the way a kid would move chalk against a board. He flinched internally, dreading the moments to come. “Come in, now. Wouldn’t want you to catch a cold.” Dean entered reluctantly, hugging his form tightly.

He stood there, making no move to remove his clothing. He didn’t want to. He found himself wishing Castiel were there instead of Al, he found himself craving comfort more openly than ever before. Found himself wanting to fight and almost allowing himself to do so. He motivated himself internally, saying ‘fuck it all’. He could do it. He could get through withdrawal and he could fight off Al. He could also be there for Charlie and pick himself up for Cas. His dominant’s voice echoed in his head: ‘The choices you have made, do not define you now. You can change.’

Deft fingers brought his collar down, exposing his neck before a pair of cold lips latched onto it from behind, licking a stripe before Dean registered the situation as he jumped, turning around and glaring at the intruder of his personal space.

“What’s the problem?” he asked, still grinning.

“You.” Dean responded through clenched teeth. He wondered if he was making the right choices. He wondered if standing up could bring more bad than good in the end. He didn’t want to cause more problems.
“Is that so?” Al asked ironically, approaching Dean. He felt his brain nudging him to take a step back and put as much space between them as possible. On the other hand, it could’ve meant a sign of submission, of backing down... or the start of a chase. Dean knew how much Al loved to see Dean helpless, struggling. It must’ve been quite a show for him. Dean stood his ground and nodded once.

“Then why still show up?” he asked, looking almost bored with the situation. Dean had no answer. Why did he come, really? When Cas asked him to stay, Dean laughed and assured him he could handle anything. Now, trying to stop the room from spinning, he was not so sure. Along with Castiel’s memory rushed all the feelings that made something buzz under his skin, a kind of itch that could only be soothed under his dom’s tender touch. That’s exactly why he showed up, so he could be done and then be left in peace, so he could close this chapter of his shitty life and move on.

“No answer for me?” he said circling Dean like a predator with its pray. He felt exposed and somewhat fearful, but his guard was high up. “What happened? Cat got your tongue?” he spoke as his fingers slid over Dean’s arm. He did not retreat from the touch, but held in his objections.

“I suppose you’re resting?” he said. He was at Dean’s side, still circling him. When he got to his back he stopped. Erasing any kind of definition for personal space Dean was building up, he came closer to whisper in Dean’s ear. “Preparing for what’s to come?” Dean wanted to deny it, tell the douche it was his reluctance of conversing with a psychopath that stopped his responses.

Suddenly he glued himself to Dean’s back and took off his leather jacket roughly, discarding it on the floor. Dean tried to be compliant. He acted more or less like a doll. He did not move and he did not speak. As different items of clothing hit the floor at an agonizing pace he willed himself to resist it, to endure because it was bound to be over at some point.

For all of his whining, he felt ridiculous. He was a grown ass man. He couldn’t help but feel like he needed people to care for him, like he somehow couldn’t hold his own, like he was not able to survive without someone. All of the sappy songs describing everyone’s life like a dark abyss without someone to lean on couldn’t make Dean accept that — or himself, for that matter.

It was total bullshit. He could survive, but he wasn’t so sure about living. Depending on other people to carry him didn’t feel good either. This was not to be confused with Dean’s need and love for submission because it was a passion and a preference to include BDSM into his sexual activities. If he wouldn’t have liked it, he would’ve been a simple whore. He gladly took the money and the spice added to his ‘job’. It wasn’t always the mean, power-drunk dom that would end up with Dean. There were the occasional kind ones or the ones that were fresh from vanilla sex, trying to get a taste of BDSM. Dean had his fair share of good and bad experiences. Everyone in his line of work did and him complaining felt like cheating. Him meeting Castiel also felt like cheating, like he didn’t deserve it, like he stole that from someone else.
His boxers were sliding down his legs ungracefully. Goosebumps erupted all over his skin. Al came to stand in front of him, noses almost touching. Dean still refused to back down or to show more submission than he had to. He refused to let himself get lost in this. His withdrawal was just the beginning. There were more changes to come, Dean would make sure of it.

“Are you thinking about him?” the slithering voice reached his ears.

“About who?” Dean asked. His thought went immediately to Cas, yet playing dumb seemed like a better idea.

“The other man. The one who’s stealing you away from me. Stealing what’s mine.” He sneered.

“I was never yours.” Dean responded.

“Is that so?” he asked sarcastically, gripping Dean’s chin and forcing him to look into his blue grey eyes that gave a cool vibe, the kind the dead posses. Dean just watched. He could feel the anger shimmering low in Al’s voice. It was like waiting for a bomb to explode. He did not know when, but he knew it was going to happen. He was slammed into the door, the shock making it impossible for him to avert his head from bumping into the hard surface. His surroundings became blurry as the world started spinning once again, just when Dean thought he’d had everything under control.

“Answer me.” He demanded. Dean couldn’t have been happier to oblige.

“I was never yours.” Dean repeated, defiance clear in his voice.

“Never mine, huh?” He looked around. Dean could see the edge of an idea starting to form in Al’s head. “Guess I’ll have to remind you.” A slap came across his cheek as a sharp sting clouded his judgment. It had never felt this bad, this intense. The action was repeated a couple more times until his face caught a crimson color.

“Knees. Now.” Came the command and Dean obeyed making sure to show how dreadful it all was. “You think you can defy me, boy? Think again.” He said as he turned around and went to the living room. Dean was left there useless. Naked, beside the door, like a dog, an animal. He felt dark thoughts creeping at the corners of his mind, which he was desperately trying to rebuild.

Rebuild what?, a low voice crept in his thoughts. He was a failure, some worthless guy. He did
not deserve it, every single good thing he had, from his brother to Cas, he was not worthy of anything. It seemed like God had messed up the address. He sure as hell did not mean to drop such blessings at Dean’s door seeing how easily he screwed up everything he touched and everyone he met. It was his fault after all. He did not put up a fight before because he knew he deserved it. Al was right—he had forgotten his place. Not that any of his places would mean him enjoying his time with Al.

For a minute there, he seemed to have forgotten where he stood. He was under somebody’s foot, ready to be squashed. A burning sensation squeezed his chest and brough his hand up to lay over his sternum—where his heart was increasing its speed. He was heading down a dark path, his brain taking him to places that consisted of pure self-loathing. Dean remembered what Cas had briefly explained, the most common sympthoms. They talked about the tremors, the fever and the vomiting. Castiel payed close attention to the mental part also, explaining how he could be tempted to have violent responses or fast changing emotions and how important it was that he was aware of his thoughts at any and all times. When the dark thoughts appeared, Cas advised him to fight them and remind himself of the things that made him most happy, because he deserved it. It didn’t seem to be working, but at least he was aware, so a step has been made in the right direction.

“Michael!” Al’s voice came from the bedroom. He was not aware of the time or how the minutes had passed. He huffed and brough himself upright before walking to the bedroom.

There, Al stood in the center of the room. It all looked normal. As much as Dean did not want to find out what was going to happen he was curious as to what Al had in mind, what he thought would break Dean’s voluntary disobedience.

He approached with wary steps the figure that was standing tall, trying to tower over Dean and to give off confidence and power. Dean never let his eyes down. He kept them locked with Al’s.

“What a brave thing you are.” He stated, licking his lips slowly. It made Dean shiver with disgust. He used one hand to cup Dean’s face and stroked his cheek leisurely. He did not move—didn’t pull away from the touch, but didn’t lean in.

“Seeing you like this, it reminds me why I still keep you.” He murmured, almost bitterly. “I can see you.” He spoke, his caressing never ceasing. Dean’s legs were losing ground slowly as his vision began to blur again. He willed himself to get through it, wanting to hear what Al had to say. His body started trembling and bile raised in his throat. He pushed it all down, not wanting to destroy the moment. Who knew what information could escape through Al’s masks? Dean wanted to be sure he caught them all.

“You don’t seem well. You look troubled, afraid.” Dean’s eyes must’ve widened in a somewhat comical way that pushed Al to chuckle and continue.
“I know you. Whatever you might think, whatever lies you might tell yourself, I am what you need. And you know it. Keep asking yourself why you are still here? After all this time?” Dean wanted to nod, but stopped himself. He was not having friendly talk with a psychopath.

“Keep spewing that shit with the contract and the lawsuit when we both know that’s not true. Is it, Michael? You might’ve fooled everyone else, including yourself, but you cannot fool me.” He gave a toothy grin. Dean did not want to listen anymore to any of it. He turned his head to the right, pulling away from the touch. Without hesitation, Al grabbed his chin, forcing him to look him straight into the eyes. Dean gritted his teeth.

He was wondering what would happen if he would punch him. One quick fist to the face that would leave him unconscious. After that he could punch him again and Al would be already dead to the world. He stopped his plan abruptly when he realized the turn his thoughts were taking him. Maybe these were the violent outbursts Cas had warned him about. He couldn’t be sure though with Al. He’d wanted to punch the guy since day one and two years later he was still in the same condition.

“What I give you, you need it. More than drugs or sex.” He spits the words out and grimaces as if they left a sour taste in his mouth. “Now you can run and deny it all you want, boy.” He came closer and closer by the words, leaving little to no space between them. His last sentence was spoke almost against Dean’s mouth. The other hand came to wrap its fingers around one of Dean’s wrist holding him in place. No matter how much Dean squirmed, Al continued his speech.

“But I know you and without me you are nothing.” Cold lips jumped his and started kissing him fearlessly, invading every single corner of Dean’s being with revultion. He demanded entrance but got stuck just brushing his lips against Dean’s as he tried to wriggle his way out of the situation. The hand that was not locked in Al’s tight grip was pushing at his shoulder to break the contact, but Al did not budge. He kept at his ministrations. When Dean growled through his closed lips, they parted and Al smiled and leaned his forehead on Dean by forcing his neck to comply.

“Such a feisty whore. I like it.” Dean’s head was spinning with emotion. There was the need to run and hide until he forgot about his own existence. Dean ignored it in favor of freeing himself. He caught Al’s wrist and twisted it at an odd angle, and so he finally freed his other hand. Al cursed briefly, before looking back at Dean in a way si predatory, it reminded Dean of a wolf ready to attack.

He lunged for Dean, but he ducked and ran to the other side of the room. He wracked his brain for anything that would help him do… anything really. He could try and exit the apartment, but he was still naked and he would have to come back in the end, so that was out of the question. He could kill Al but he did not want to end up in jail, so that was a ‘no’. He settled for accepting his fate… unless he couldn’t knock the asshole out cold.
Al approached him rapidly, the thrill of fighting or chasing or whatever they were doing reflecting in his cold eyes. Dean spun out of the way and made a move for the opposite corner when sharp nails sank into his skin leaving bright red marks, but not securing him.

“You can fake it, ‘till you make it, as they say, but you want it. You chose it.”

“Shut up.” Dean threatened.

“Why?” Al faked concern. “Am I wrong in assuming you still see me for the pain I offer you? You crave it. If not, you need it. It might not be for a good reason but you do. Ain’t that the deal, Michael?” Al’s words registered, but Dean was shaking with rage and something else – guilt?

How dare he unfold Dean like that, how dare he pretend he knows the first thing about him, how dare he treat people like nothing, how dare he be so heartless and so ugly on the inside? How dare he?

“No.”

“No? Then tell me. Why do you keep running back to me?” he spoke striding along the living room, walking towards Dean steadily. Dean had no answer. He knew it was all in vain – trying to talk to Al or making him shut the hell up. Dean kept backing up, turning away from Al as much as he could.

“In the end, no matter what you do or how far you run, destiny will always find a way to keep us close.” Dean shook his head. He wanted to laugh in his face for believing such idiotic things.

“Fuck destiny. I was not and never will be yours.” Dean spoke. In the next second he was pushed back by Al’s right fist hitting across his nose bridge. The shock of the hit sent Dean landing on his back missing the glass coffee table by millimeters. He didn’t have the energy to get up. The ground made for a comfortable surface, after all. Al was crouched down, straddling Dean, his fists flying.

The strikes were accompanied by comments that made Dean’s insides chum with agitation as he saw the rationality slowly bleed out, leaving only the spewing remarks of a mad man. Dean wasn’t so sure he could keep smiling against his threats.
“After everything, Michael, how dare you?” he lifted Dean’s chin up, dragging a finger lazily over his abdomen. He followed his digit with his eyes, pausing to look at the skin littered with healing gashes. His smile grew wider as Dean’s insides grew colder. He liked seeing his mark or seeing him hurt or maybe both.

“I’ve been the one who took care of you.” He leaned down, glueing himself to Dean’s front and murmuring into his ear. His tone gave away his smile and his joy. “Who helped you. Who made you what you are now.”

Nothing. Dean’s brain hurried to supply. Beads of sweat rolled down his forehead as he struggled to remain coherent enough as to decide if it would be wiser to stay put or start a fight – a real one.

Slender fingers encircled Dean’s throat and just held him there. His body was pinned by Al’s to the floor and his brain was racing as if to compensate for the lack of physical effort. Deam squirmed under the touch anticipating the harm that was to come and making phantom pain produce agony.

“Don’t.” he pleaded even though he meant it as a warning.

“Shhh, slut. Don’t worry. It’s just going to hurt. A lot.” His teeth bit on his ear roughly and kept going until Dean had a thought Al was looking for blood. He probably was. In the blink of an eye, his mouth was hovering over his, but not making contact. If Dean could’ve sunk through the floor to escape it, he would’ve.

Then Al closed the space and Dean felt it. The moment it all decided to stop working. His mind was flooded by mixed feelings resembling rage, terror and disgust at Al, but at himself also. How could he be so weak? How did he do it before? What had changed that stopped allowing himself to enjoy it or at least not be bothered by it?

The thought of getting money from this didn’t sound as appealing, the thought of being fondled by strangers didn’t seem so satisfying and the thought of being a real life sex toy did not look so alluring. Looking at himself now, it was completely idiotic and just fucked up.

His thoughts were clouded briefly by Cas’ memory. The one guy that made Dean fantasize about perfect dates and lazy Sunday mornings or hot shower sex – in one word: new and unexpected and something he never would’ve done or dreamed of doing – ok, so those were more words than Dean cared to count but you get the idea. The guy Dean sure as hell does not deserve, but gets anyway.

Coming back to himself, he registered those lips brushing against his in a show of dominance and power, but Dean was not impressed. He felt Al’s tongue poking at his lips trying to part them, gain
access, but he was met with resistance. His throat was squished under the weight of his hands. When Dean gasped for air, Al saw the opportunity, plunging his tongue inside.

Dean was not responding in any manner, besides mentally begging for all of it to cease. It felt constricting and just wrong. On the other hand, he had to take it, situation in which shutting down like this, helped. The hand left his throat with a sudden move. Dean didn’t follow it, concentrating more on himself, trapped inside his mind or rather trying to protect it from damage because he knew what a horror show it already was up there.

The moment his hands were brought together between their bodies and held there as Al binded them with rope that bit harshly into his skin, he realized he maybe should’ve paid more attention to him. He also realized it wouldn’t have mattered anyway – he was useless.

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The door opened so fast, Dean could’ve sworn Cas was waiting for him, looking through the peephole to catch the moment Dean would exit the elevator, to time his steps perfectly as to open the door right after the first knock. Dean imagined Cas filled with joy and expectation at seeing Dean. He imagined Castiel worrying about him the days they couldn’t see each other, pining like an idiot.

He was probably wrong. Scratch that – he was wrong. When Cas’ bright smile blinded Dean with its delight, he felt hope rise up in his chest to strangle him – but in a good way. Then he remembered it must’ve been the nausea and tremors making him feel that. Dean also gave his biggest smile, as if to say ‘thank you’ for caring and for being there, but also ‘I’m glad it’s you who opened the door, who took care of me’.

He hadn’t the slightest idea of what made him cry his soul out through words but he didn’t like it. He felt vulnerable and small – like a child, helpless. He felt a little lighter though with Castiel so close to him, soothing some kind of longing that was strange even to him. He flexed his fingers at his sides, keeping his jumpiness in check as he tried to appear as normal and OK as he could.

Castiel invited him in and then looked him over once. The smile morphed into an angry frown and Dean had half a thought to kiss it away.

“You don’t look good.” He stated as he locked the door and checked it twice by pulling and pushing at the doorknob.
Leave it to Cas to call out Dean’s bullshit.

“Gee, Cas, thanks. You know lyin’ doesn’t hurt, right?” he joked.

Cas bowed his head, looking almost shy. He now recognized how his bluntness could’ve come off as rude but Dean waved it off. He really didn’t mind – it was yet another trait that made Cas, well, Cas.

“My apologies. I intended to say that you seem in pain, disoriented.” He caressed Dean’s arm. “Take off your jacket, you must be really hot.”

Dean’s weak humor nearly pushed him to make another smart remark. For now he reasoned, Cas’ reaction was the best he was going to get considering the purple color his undereye sported and the small cuts that littered his entire face. He thanked his stars that Cas chose not to mention any of them. He didn’t know if he could've dealt with it.

“What’s wrong?” Cas asked, but Dean ignored him in favor of taking his shirt off. Cas laid a hand on his shoulder. “Don’t change just yet.” He spoke. Dean stopped but didn’t put his shirt back. Screw it all. Screw this sick feeling lingering at the back of his head, always accosting him with vomiting probabilities and signals caused by incontrollable fevers and shivers. Screw Cas and his niceness and his shouldering him through his crap. Damn him! But most of all – screw Dean, for existing in the first place.

“I thought today we could take a day off and just watch a movie or if you have any other ideas, feel free to share them with me.” Dean shook his head and offered his response. Cas didn’t want to play today. Who was playing, anyway? You can’t call it ‘play’ just by standing still and fucking up. Cas was slowly realizing how Dean was not the good choice, not the one to be had. No, he was no one.
Castiel found out.

“Whatever.” Dean brushed it off. He stood with his back at his dom. It was a clear sign of disobedience and pure bratiness on Dean’s part. If today’s actions would be the tipping point that made Cas forget Dean altogether, then so be it. Dean was OK without Cas too, he didn’t need him now. He didn’t need a warm smile to brighten his days or kind heart to show him gentleness. Nope, he didn’t need him.

“I can sense your distress.” Cas approached tentatively. Dean loved him for it. In the context of Dean’s behavior he didn’t deserve the care he was shown. “If I added to it, I did not mean it. Please, tell me what troubles you.” Castiel’s manner of speech brought Dean to the brink of confusion in times when it didn’t amuse him. He was so formal, using so many words for such simple subjects.

His dom appeared into his sight suddenly – just like he did into his life. Castiel showed up out of the blue and occupied a place Dean did not know was available. But then, it seemed to fit perfectly, so he never left – or rather, Dean never let him go. Hard to admit out loud, yet harder to admit to himself, Castiel was everything he wished himself to be, everything he wished people would be – kind and generous, attentive and respectful, flawed yet trying to do better. Believe it or not, his infuriating moments did nothing but serve to create the picture of a man fit to Dean’s desires that he never let out, never wanted to be aware of.

Dean refused to raise his head and face the situation for fear that he might cry. His sight was becoming blurry and his cheeks wet. He was not crying – his face was just… leaking.

“I am sorry if I have upset you. It was not my intention.” Came that beautiful voice again. Dean was glad that Castiel didn’t let him drown into the silence that threatened to engulf the room. In his hands, he was still holding his shirt – black one, made of cotton. He owned five shirts that were the same as that one. In one swoop he put his shirt back one, wincing at sharp pang of pain in his arms.

“You do not have to leave.”

The sudden hurt in his body, alarmed the hidden one in his mind. In seconds the reason for that dull ache came back to him, along with so many other memories he wished to forget.

“Pretty bitch you are.” A hiss echoed in his ear. “Lucky that you’re face looks good. Not sure what else you could’ve done.” And so it followed. Harsh words and broken whispers echoed in his ears, making him dizzy with rage at no one, but himself and what has he become. On a good day, he imagined being worthy enough of someone like Cas – of Castiel.
The sound of a whip cut through the air making Dean’s ears zing. He looked around trying to register where the sound had come from. There was nothing to be seen, except Castiel’s worried face. He looked like he tried to keep up with Dean. Little did he know, Dean could barely keep up with himself. Maybe Cas was thinking how to throw Dean out without being that rude.

“You stay so still. You must want it.” The knots were pulled tighter and the already red skin protested. Dean did not move. “Or maybe you must’ve understood the lesson – I own you. You were mine the minute you stepped through the door, the minute I bought you. You were mine, as you still are.” The whip made contact with the skin of his back right below the ribs eliciting a sharp crack. His face was buried into the hardwood floor.

“Do you understand?” another wip, another flinch. No response. “Tell me!” the voice boomed. It got no response. “No matter then, we shall play until I win.” Dean’s mind blared its alarms in a sign of a retreat. He could give in and save himself. He needed to say that he was owned, even if he didn’t believe and maybe the pain would go away. Instead of thinking rationally he clenched his teeth and held on for dear life as he heard the sharp twist of the whipping tool again and again and as he felt his skin on fire and his consciousness slip away, his mind protested three last words: I’m not yours.

Bits and pieces of his past flashed before his eyes. He was no longer inside Cas’ apartment with him by his side, but alone in different bedrooms with different people. No memory brought joy, just sorrow and hurt. He fought them, tried to get away. He found it was not that simple.

Against his better judgement, he called:

“Cas.” His arms were held by warm palms.

“I am here. Dean, can you hear me?” he nodded. His throat constricted as the oxygen became oddly inefficient in helping Dean breathe. “What’s wrong?”

“Cas.”

“I need you to tell me what’s wrong.” Castiel demanded. Be it every other day and any other circumstance, it would’ve been wrong that they were not in bed together. Right then, the only thing wrong was Dean.
“Poor slut.”

“Dean.”

“Do you have anyone?”

“Can’t you breathe?”

“No one would want someone like you.”

“Are you having difficulties breathing, Dean?”

“Spread your legs.”

“Look at me. Please.”

“Take it. I know you can. Like the bitch that you are.”

“Can you see me? Copy what I am doing.”

He could see Castiel taking one of his hands and guiding it to his clothed chest right about where his heart should be. His fingers stretched involuntarily as he felt a rapid beat under his fingers. It was somewhat calming. Castiel was breathing in and out audibly, encouraging Dean to follow his example. The heart sped its beats. Did Dean do this to Cas’ heart? Was he the one that sped the rhythm of such a beautiful soul? Was he the one that brought worry to Castiel’s features? A selfish part of him liked seeing him worried, seeing him caring. Another part kicked him for causing such trouble to a more than nice man.

He felt air make its way to his lungs. It was unexpected, but it felt good, calming and passionate. Like they were becoming one, forming some astronomical connection that they were both aware of, but neither spoke of out loud, in case it might ruin its magic.

Cas might do this in fear of Dean dying in his house. No history teacher should have to have the death of – a no one really – on his conscience. He wanted Dean calm and relaxed so when he was fired he wouldn’t make too much of a fuss. The connection was not real, just one of Dean’s infatuations. Dean was there on business – to perform sexual acts in exchange for money. There is no lov- like in such contexts.

“Stop paying me.” Dean blurted.

“Pardon?”

“Don’t pay me anymore.” He repeated, hoping he wouldn’t have to explain. This time he was not that lucky. Cas was watching him like he just escaped some asylum.
“I am afraid I do not understand. Do you not wish to see me anymore?” Cas asked, his voice slightly trembling. Dean almost missed it. Castiel’s reaction spoke for itself. Maybe for some screwed up reason he wanted Dean – hell, he even said so. Dean nodded and Cas raised an eyebrow and asked silently for Dean to explain his intentions.

“I’m yours.” He calmly stated. He fought to stay upright in that moment. Be it withdrawl or just intense emotions Dean felt his, already little, power draining. “But I need you to not pay me. I need to do this without you paying me.”

Castiel’s face cleared a bit as he seemed to grasp the concept.

“So what you are saying is that – you wish to see me, but not the money.” Dean shook his head in an affirmative motion. It sounded about right.

“I can’t keep doing this with you, Cas. I’m sorry.” Castiel’s face morphed into something that resembled shock and somewhat confusion again. Damn the hidden meanings! Dean wanted to say it out loud, yet admitting it would change a lot, if not everything. He pinched the bridge of his nose in silent frustration. Why the fuck was it so hard? He wished Cas would just get what he meant without him having to… talk. He got in a lungfull of air, feeling the panic wisk away slowly but surely. That didn’t mean he was left with a clear mind, but it was certainly better.

“I want you. So much. I'm sorry. But I just can’t keep doing this for money. I understand if it might not change anything. I am not stupid, it probably doesn’t mean anyth-”

“Dean.” He was interrupted by Cas’ gravelly voice. “Shut up, please.” he spoke as he caressed Dean cheeks with his thumbs, going over those bruises and faded scars. It made Dean want to melt into his arms. Castiel closed the space between them gradually, coming closer and closer until their lips met. By that time, Dean was buzzing with anticipation and uncertainty. What was this supposed to mean? What was happening?

Cold hands pushed at his thighs while an uncanny voice dripped terror into his being. It felt like he was slowly getting trapped into something. He couldn't say what, but could feel malice swallowing him while until his breathing became fitful and his mind turbulent with expectations that he'd rather not experience.

"Not to worry." he said. Dean stayed quiet. His context was foreign to him which meant he was caught like a deer in headlights... literally. Since the first caress that spoke of trouble his body became stiff yet his brain rushed to anticipate what was going to happen. He knew it was nothing he would enjoy.
"It's ok. I know you like it. You can express yourself, i won't mind." the hand travelled until it was circling his cock. He tried getting away but succeeded only a millimeter or so before his hands latched onto his ankles and dragged him towards him and forced him to wrap his legs around Al's torso. After useless struggle, Al managed to bind him with a pair of metal handcuffs that didn't offer one bit of comfort.

"There you go. Now we can start." Dean turned his head away from the man for felling that he might shed tears if he looked at him. He finally understood all the nonsense he was told and the slight change in the touch in Al's hand. It didn't only speak of wanting to bring harm but something else. Something Dean didn't want to give.

"Enjoy." chapped lips murmured against his before clashing.

Warm, plush lips met his and slothed together as if they were long lost pieces of a puzzle neither of them could solve – until then. Castiel eagerly took control, steering the kiss into a dark pit of passion, licking and nipping, eliciting small groans and whimpers that were swallowed by him, even before they could escape Dean.

“What does this mean?” he heard himself say against those wonderful lips of his dominant. Normally he wouldn't put logic before a warm body next to his, but this was Cas and if he wanted Dean, he deserved the best version, which he would be sure to give.

Castiel licked his lips and stared at Dean, while pondering on his answer.

“This means” he started “that I want you also.” He nuzzled his nose into Dean’s cheek. He felt a blush creeping up his neck and all the way to his ears. “And that I will do anything in my power to keep you from wishing anyone else” he pressed a chaste kiss against his lips. “but me.”

Dean felt like jelly, inside and out. It seemed almost like a dream. He always had nightmares though, so that must have been reality. Rare were the times when reality offered him something good, something to hold on to and with Cas – he’d be sure to hold on for dear life.

He kissed him then with the kind of desperation seen only in movies, yet it didn’t feel farfetched to him. It felt real and exciting – two things he didn’t know how to handle but he’d be sure to work it out.
With a primal growl that bounced off the walls making everything that was happening even hotter, he was pushed into the nearest wall missing the clothes hanger by the door by centimeters. Even like that, the action was not made in a rough manner, but in a caring one. It didn’t hurt him, besides the bruises that protested the contact – then again, the bruises protested every move these days.

He didn’t realize he was open-mothed until Castiel threw himself at Dean as their lips collapsed roughly. He ran his hands through the black flocks of hair that Castiel could never seem to tame and bit at the lips that made him want to die of lack of oxygen and parted his legs – which never seemed to stay open when Cas was around – giving his dominant the access he needed to slot one of his legs between the two of his and grind giving Dean’s dick as much attention as it was possible. Still, it felt amazing and as much as he wanted to reign in his excitement his mouth had other plans as whispers and full on moans left his lips. He was almost embarrassed at the freedom he was giving himself, thinking he looked stupid, even though in the book of a hooker he looked just right.

They drew back for air and Castiel didn’t waste any time in diving back, this time lower, kissing his jaw and biting his ear, leaving wet trails all over. Dean let his head back on the wall, trying to give as much space as possible. His hands seemed locked in Castiel’s hair as his lips became a strange shade of purple from all the biting. Their breaths mingled with obscenely wet sounds, contributing to Dean’s arousal.

“Cas.” He called. Castiel made a sound as to let Dean know he had heard him. “Castiel, please.” he got the same reaction. “Bedroom.” He tried again and this time, Castiel’s head snapped up, like awakened from a dream – a good one, Dean hoped. Blue eyes met his and now his request lost all its power seeing as Dean lost all his context. What if Castiel thought him a whore, easy? Well, he was. What if he was too demanding, too forward in his request and ended up killing the mood or driving Castiel away?

“Aren’t you sure?” a calming voice spoke.

Was he though?

He was. He wanted Cas. Of that he was certain. They didn’t have to have sex or go to the bedroom, he would take whatever Cas gave. He nodded tentatively. Castiel raised an eyebrow.

“Words, Dean.” He seemed somewhat amused.

“Yes, Cas. I want you.” Castiel did not have an immediate reaction, which raised alarm sings in
Dean’s head. “It’s totally ok if that isn’t what you want, man. I get it.”

“You know, Dean. You said that you are mine.” Dean nodded actively because how could he forget the moment he let it out and shared with Cas, how he thought of himself or at least of his submissive persona. “You said that if I’d have you, you were mine. It might come as a surprise to you, but I want you too.” He planted a chaste kiss on his waiting lips. What was he worried about again? “I’ve wanted you since the moment I saw you. It didn’t take long to discover that your intellect was just as beautiful as your body.” The kissing started up again.

“I’m not-“ Dean’s muffled response was cut off by Cas:

“You are.” A kiss. “You should not be doubting yourself. You are beautiful and you are mine. And I am yours too.” He pushed Dean’s body into the wall and kissed him stupid before pulling him along to the bedroom. Hearing Cas say those words made a good kind of pain swamp up Dean's being. It was a scary thing to say and yet he wanted to hear over and over again, spoken in that kind voice that drove him to be the kind of person he saw in Cas. Dean’s heart thumped like crazy. He thought he could try to stop it, stifle it somehow, yet it still kept beating louder and louder as if it wanted Cas’ attention.

After some tumbling and two almost-fails that could’ve ended up with bones sprained or broken, they reached the room and Castiel opened it as his tongue licked in Dean’s mouth. He opened and closed the door smoothly. Dean smiled into the kiss. Cas was handy – just like when he used his hands to take Dean apart, Cas showed how handsy he could be. Dean didn’t mind in the least. Cas probably noticed his smile. He backed up and watched Dean with a similar grin.

“What are you smiling about?” Cas asked.

“You. What are you smiling about?”

“You.” Cas repeated. It made Dean huff a laugh. He unconsciously reached a hand up to Castiel’s dress shirt and started unbuttoning it.

“Eager.” Cas observed.

“For you, always.” Dean spoke and it made himself think of the countless times he lied to his clients using the exact same words. Luckily, Castiel only smile and went to unzip Dean’s jeans. When the zipper was down he was pushed onto the bed and Castiel got up there crawling over Dean’s body in
a shielding manner. Dean would’ve lied if he said he didn’t feel safe.

He lifted his hips obediently as Cas slid down his clothes and discarded them carelessly on the floor. It seemed so unlike Cas – who usually had everything in order and clean, even his avalanche of papers were ordinarily disordered. Dean smiled again. He didn’t even think to suppress it.

“Gorgeous.”

“What?” Dean asked between kisses. He realized he was giggling like a school girl. He also realized he did not give a flying fuck.

“Your smile. You.” For some reason Cas’ response didn’t drive Dean to the idea of embarrassment or sappiness. No, to him, right then, it seemed the only right thing to say. Lost in cloud nine, he realized he had disconnected from the situation until puff of air reached his aching dick. He yelped, surprised. Cas did not acknowledge his reaction, but slid a hot, but firm tongue from the root to the head of his dick, pushing Dean to hold on to the sheets in an attempt to stifle the last remains of his dignity.

“Fuck.” Dean breathed when Cas swirled his tongue over the slit, toying with Dean like it was so easy. It probably was. “Ah, Cas.” He could feel the lips forming somewhat of a smile around his shaft. Seconds later, Castiel pulled out with a loud pop.

“Jesus Christ.” Dean whispered, running a hand through his sweaty hair.

“No, I’m Castiel.” He deadpanned.

“Well, aren’t you a funny fucker?” Castiel only wiggled his eyebrows as if to say “Haven’t you figured it out?”

“I assure you, you won’t be laughing when I’ll be done with you.” He warned and Dean snapped his mouth shut. Call it submissive instinct but he could tell Cas was serious and he’ll do right by his warning. Dean was also a funny motherfucker himself, and also really stupid, so provoking Castiel, even jokingly, seemed like a genius idea.

“What are you gonna’ do?” Castiel was faking surprise at Dean’s words but he indulged the question.
“That is none of your concern, my boy. What you need to know is that you won’t be walking straight for weeks.” He purred. In some other context, he would’ve laughed his ass off at such a direct speech, but now the only he could do was groan as images of being fucked by Cas floated into his mind. Being pushed down, face-first into the mattress and roughly pounded sounded delightful, riding Cas till he couldn’t see straight was bringing his cock to a color resembling prunes, but Castiel fucking into him slow and deep while kissing every inch of his body and whispering obscenities in his usual sex voice was something that was promising a fast relief – and that was just an imagination.

Freaking Castiel Novak was the walking image of sex – and he was the prostitute – making him fall under some damned spell and the worst of it was, he didn’t just want his body, he wanted more, everything maybe. That was a scary thought, but it was also the truth, so Dean was learning to live with it – the idea of letting someone in, of desiring a person for something other than sex.

Castiel kissed him again. It had the same intensity and depth and even if they’d been doing it for probably an hour so, Dean still felt unsatisfied, like he wanted more, like he needed more. A hand wrapped around his cock and squeezed at the base eliciting a deep moan that was swallowed by the gorgeous dominant. Castiel leaned on his right hand, rooting the elbow into the mattress while the hand was caressing Dean’s cheek.

“The sounds you make, Dean.” Castiel praised. “I love them.” His other hand worked up and down in its own routine, creating a buzz under his skin, a need that could be truly sated by Castiel. His breaths mingled with faded whimpers that worked him up even more. He would be shouting if his mind wasn’t chastising him every step of the way. Even like this he felt strage, like he was too loud, too eager or too shy, like he was anything but what Castiel wanted or needed. According to his dominant’s words, he was doing fine so he tried ignoring the bitchy little voice at the back of his head.

“There are so many things I wanna do to you.” Castiel confessed, stroking Dean’s shaft in the earnest. “I thought about this so much. What I could do to you. How much you would enjoy it. It seems you enjoy quite a lot of stuff. I can tell by the sounds you are making.” Dean wanted to have a witty remark ready but the only thing he managed was to squirm and give something between a whine and a moan. “That’s right, Dean. I know you. What makes you tick. How to take you apart and put you back together.”

“I know you and without me you are nothing.”

Dean suppressed a sudden shiver that threatened to freeze him over. All along Castiel kept stroking his cock and saying words that melted away everything Dean built, everything he was trying to be and left him naked, real. His hand left his shaft slowly and went lower until it reached his ass. He squeezed one buttock while invading his face with gentle, kitten kisses.
“Tell me, Dean. Do you want this? Us?” Dean already knew his answer, but he let Cas talk. His fingers parted his cheeks slowly and another digit traced his rim in feather – light moves. “Is that something that could bring you happiness?” Dean watched Castiel’s eyes lose their confidence and his smile grow nervous. Dean was completely aware of the meaning of that question. Hell, he asked a side of that question minutes earlier. Crazy was that Dean wanted to shout ‘yes’. He nodded tentatively. Leave it to his mind, his flight or flight instinct to initiate a deep ass conversation while there were fingers asking for intrance to his ass.

“I need words, Dean.” He said smiling. Well, good because Dean was about give him some.

“Let me ask you something.” Dean took in a lungful of air. “What happens when you realize how fucked up I am? When you realize how much baggage I carry?”

“I’ll still want you. I’ll help you carry it.”

“Yeah well, I don’t want you to.” Castiel huffed and prodded once at Dean’s entrance like he wanted to breach it. Dean tensed all over, ready for the burn, for the uncomfortable slide of a raw touch, but it never came.

“Let me respond with a question.” Dean was all ears. “What would you do if you were to realize that maybe” he stopped as his eyes moved dramatically over the room. “I am not as good as you think I am.” How could Cas ask that? In what world could Castiel be a bad person? It was normal for everyone to have flaws, yet in Dean’s eyes all of them were drowned by Castiel’s kindness and warmth. So Dean said the first thing his mind supplied him with.

“I’d like you just the same.” Castiel smiled and leaned his forehead on Dean’s shoulder. He seemed relieved for some reason.

“See? This is what I’m talking about. If you accept me, the way I am, then so do I, Dean.”

“You are some guy, Cas.” Dean said and kissed Castiel’s hair in a simple gesture of affection. When Castiel raised his head, his lips got the same treatment. The kiss was slow and chaste but the moment Dean opened up for Cas, it turned raw and passionate. The fingers started teasing again and the anticipation got so much that Dean was uncounscioulsy moving his hips, signaling Cas to do it already for fuck’s sake. His hand left his ass entirely and Dean let his head drop back on the pillow, groaning in utter frustration.
“Fuck me!”

“Not yet.” Castiel chuckled and Dean groaned again. With such a smile, he was actually considering to let it slide. Dean almost got lost again in those bright pools of blue when Castiel spoke again: “We have to wait for the perfect time.”

“And when’s that?”

“We’ll see.” Seeing Dean’s reaction, Cas frowned slightly. “Don’t pout, love.”

“I don’t pout.” Dean responded.

“Sure you do.” He said, touching the corners of Dean’s mouth. Dean turned his head away and buried it in the pillows. “You are cute too when you do it.” Cas supplied. Dean could only smile at the remark and mentally curse his longing for days like this, when his heart jumped with happiness and content.

He rolled over coming face to face with Cas and pushing him on his back and climbing onto him. They were face to face, their mouths so close but not touching.

“We could still do a lot of stuff.” Cas hummed thoughtfully.

“Like what?”

“Like we could do more of the kissing.” He emphasized with a peck on the lips, “and then we could do more of the…” Dean ran his hands over Castiel’s clothed chest “…sex.” Castiel face broke into a laugh. Dean plopped down on the bed in annoyance.

“If that is you attempting dirty talk, I want to hear more.”

“You’re an asshole.”
“Never said I am not.” Dean faked an angry face and kissed him again, making sure to deepen it, make it hot.

“Are you holding back on me, Sir?” Dean asked, trying to get a real reaction out of Cas – preferably arousal. “Cause then, I might need to get my game on.” Dean said glancing at Castiel’s dick.

“Nope. Still have some learning to do.”

“Then teach me.” Dean said mischevioulsy. Castiel obliged immediately, rolling Dean onto his back and grinding against him. Dean could feel the other man’s cock as hard as a rock against his leg and he was glad he could get that reaction out of him. Dean moved his hands to travel along Castiel’s back and his arms, almost reaching the ass. Then Cas grabbed both his hands and pinned them above Dean’s head.

“Don’t move.” He instructed. He, then, began nuzzling into the juncture of Dean’s neck, giving open mouthed kisses and bites and biting to sooth the red skin that was left in his wake. Dean was writhing on the bed in seconds with the effort to stay still. He was spewing incoherent shit as sensations overtook him and rendered him speechless.

Loud ringing signaled the end of their moment and brought Dean out of the arousal fog. He watched dumb founded as Castiel took out his phone out of his backpocket and watched the screen with a mild frown.

“I’m sorry. I need to take this.” Dean nodded and watched him jump off the bed and walk out the room.

“What, Gabriel?” he heard before the door closed. He wondered faintly who Gabriel was or what was the deal that Castiel’s demenor changed completely at the press of a button. Thoughts escalated until they settled on Cas and Cas only – on his smile and his heart. Dean bit his lip, remembering what they were doing only seconds ago.

“In the end, no matter what you do or how far you run, destiny will always find a way to keep us close.” Dean flinched and plopped back onto the bed, defeated. He needed to get rid of the damn voice. Maybe getting rid of the real deal, would make it go away. Maybe. Another four months. They were going to pass, he told himself. Sooner or later he would be free. He’d make sure by that time he’d make some more changes. He couldn’t stay like that anymore, not if he wanted to keep Cas around.
“Please, Dean!” Charlie begged excitedly. Dean already knew he was done for. He wasn’t about to refuse her, especially not when she was still turned about her mom. She put on a brave face, looking like she had completely forgotten, but Dean knew her and, even without seeing it, he was aware how her mask cracked now and then, how the subject was hanging at the back of her head, waiting to plague her day.

“Charlie.” He huffed, already looking around the bedroom for something he could wear. Not that he gave a shit, but he preferred the shirts that were not smeared with blood. He was balancing his phone between his ear and shoulder and opened the closet only to find a couple of grey and black T-shirts thrown in a hideous disorder. He groaned internally but began looking through them.

“Yeah, fine.” He gave in. In return he got a happy squeal accompanied by the thump of shoes. She was jumping just at the thought of going out – literally. Well, she deserved a night out and Dean would make sure to be the best friend ever – the designated driver, the supervisor, the mom friend. You got the idea.

“We’re gonna’ have so much fun. I promise.” She assured him.

“Where are we gonna’ have that fun, by the way?”

“Guess you’ll have to wait and see.” The mischievous smile that was written all over her words, started Dean’s curiosity as he began to cross out locations Charlie could think of.

“I’m not going to another lesbian meeting, you hear me?” he warned, already replaying the cringy memories from last time.

“That was one time, ok? And don’t pretend you didn’t like it, mister ‘wanna have a threeome’.”

“Hey, it was their loss.”

“Of course, Dean.” She faked tenderness and Dean mocked her words to which she responded by laughing.
“See this is why I always end up out of minutes. Are you gonna’ tell me anytime soon or should I just give up?” he already knew the answer.

“Give up, big guy.” He called it. “I’ll be by your place in half an hour and then we’re going to have so much fun!”

“How come I don’t believe you?” he groaned, but huffed happily when he found a good enough t-shirt to wear. Next step: plaid shirt. He sighed deeply at the thought of searching for them but got to work. Although he decided he was going to keep the pants.

“Half an hour.” She repeated, signaling the end of the conversation. He confirmed and ended the call. Then he tucked the phone into the back of his jeans and went on his second mission of the day. The paper reading ‘Improvements’ was left discarded on the kitchen counter. He’d do it when he’d come back.

Maybe that scrap of paper wasn’t much, but it sure was a step forward, a step that Dean was lowkey proud of – scratch that, highkey proud of it. It was the start of something, of what he was not sure, but it will be better. Cas deserved it, Charlie deserved it, everyone that gave a shit or had given a shit about him deserved it. He was done being a fuck up and that was that.

He smelled the black and white plaid and scrunched up his nose when the odor of sweat reached him. Yeah, it wasn’t a good choice. Flipping through the pile in a hurrying pace, he stumbled over a green and black shirt, which did not smell half as bad. It’ll have to do. He dressed himself quickly and combed his hair, but still checked himself out in the mirror. He looked like shit with bags under his tired eyes, but his skin seemed to gain a bit of color, which did him good. He stopped on the way to his door and grabbed an ice cold water bottle. He found out that drinking a lot of liquids is supposed to help with the withdrawal. The tremours had calmed down a bit, allowing him to blend and not look like he was in shock. Although the headaches, nightmares and paranoia were still there, holding him back from a full recovery.

Seeing his progress, he started to get more and more optimistic, finally thinking he could beat this thing. Thinking that maybe he could get his life in order. Baby steps. He ignored his doubts about the easiness of his withdrawal but Castiel’s brilliant smile popped into his mind and forced a smile of his own. God bless him for putting up with Dean’s sorry ass.

Dean opened the door to his block still engulfed by his thoughts as he found himself more and more lately when a hatchback yellow fiat caught his attention.

“I could’ve sworn you sold it.” Dean called as he circled the car going for the co-pilot’s side.
“No way, José. I’m not selling this beauty, you hear me?”

“I know, but what about this car?” he deadpanned.

“Keep insulting my baby and you’ll be walking.” She threatened. He put both his hands up in a gesture of surrender.

“I don’t even know where we are going.” He reminded her.

“Good.” She smirked as she turned the keys in ignition. The drive was short and uneventful, mainly filled with bad puns and small talk. Dean knew Charlie wanted to ask about Castiel and his withdrawal from the way she was eyeing the damn water bottle, just as he wanted to ask about her mom. They both said nothing, thinking either of those subjects were bound to sour the mood immediately.

Only when Charlie pulled up in the parking lot of a family bar did he realize where they were and what ‘fun’ actually implied. The dark-wooden walls gave a sense of hospitality while bright red, curvy letters spelling “The Roadhouse” warmly invited everyone in.

“Charlie, no. What the hell?!” he hissed. His heart did not waste any time in picking up the pace giving Dean the feeling that it was going to explode. He could feel the blood going to his brain and the veins on his arms just waiting to pop from the way he was gripping the edges of the seat.

“I’m not going in.” he announced and he felt himself relax a little. He didn’t have to face it that day, right then. He was going to, just not right then.

“Of course you are.” His heart rate picked up again. He shook his head, hoping Charlie would drop it and let him be. No such luck. “What are you afraid of, Dean? You haven’t seen Ellen or Jo in what? Two years? Not to mention Bobby. Or Benny.”

“Stop. I get it.” Charlie smiled at him.

“So we’re going, right?” Dean shook his head again.
“I don’t get it.”

“Charlie.”

“Two years, Dean. You have been missing. They keep asking me about you. How you are, what you’re doing.” Dean raised his eyebrows and his question was clear: ‘Really?’ Charlie nodded and then tuck a strand of her red short hair behind her ear.

“I told them the truth.” Dean’s blood ran cold.

Were they aware of Dean’s fuck-ups and his screwed up life, his incompetence and his failure? Were they disappointed? He snorted at himself. Of course, they were. He couldn’t comprehend why Charlie would betray him and then lead him into the viper’s nest. He felt anger and disappointment cloud his judgment but besides all of it, he felt tiredness sweep him like dust.

“Why would you?” he asked, his words containing all the hurt he was feeling, mainly because of himself. Probably Charlie was trying to help, but it didn’t make him feel better.

“I tried to help.”

“I don’t know if it worked.” He said. “It didn’t.” he supplied moments later.

“Dean, you just need to go inside. They miss you and that is all you need to know.” He grunted and got out of the car rapidly, slamming the door. As he was running for the door of the bar, vague question that inquired what the holy hell he was doing passed him mind but he ignored them all. He’d be over with it. Go now, receive a speech about how disappointed everyone was in and then head home. He heard another car door open and then close. He guessed Charlie was following him. He opened the doors expecting for everyone to stop whatever they were doing like he was the black sheep. In all truth, he was.

Instead the bar was crowded and buzzing with energy, the kind that warmed you and at the same time asked you to go buy a bear and enjoy yourself. Just like he remembered. Nothing had changed. Same wooden tables and red leather chairs, same booths lined against vinyl-covered walls and it almost seemed like the same people, even if it couldn’t have been. It all resembled a picture, something that time had no effect over. It seemed surreal for him to be back. He spotted Jo moving graciously through the tables and chatting with everyone and exerting friendliness at another level.
She was tucking her notepad into the pocket of her black apron. She made a circular motion with her pen as she explained something to the customers. Her character had them all smiling and nodding along. She then raised her hand just a little and Dean watched frozen as her eyes landed on his figure.

She didn’t seem to recognize him but after a couple seconds she excused herself and made her way slowly but surely to Dean. She looked ready to punch him or at least scream his brains out. She approached him, bumping into some clients but immediately apologizing and picking up the pace. It felt like an eternity but when she reached him he waited for her reaction.

She looked at him, examining him like a stranger, but when he took sight of those brown eyes of hers, childhood memories flooded his brain and he fought the emotion with all he had. He felt skinny but strong arms wrap around him and pull him into the hug. Jo was hugging him.

“We missed you.” She whispered. “I missed you.” She added. Dean could only nod. When their hug broke, Dean put on his innocent face and responded:

“We too.” Jo punched him in the arm eliciting great pain as he hissed more from the sudden motion than the force it was given with.

“You are a grade A jack-ass. Ellen needs to see you, before you disappear again.” Dean shrunked into himself. He was guilty. She looked at him pointedly, before turning away and walking to the bar. He got the silent instruction: “Follow me.” As they navigated the crowed he found that Charlie was filling in his steps and he relaxed a bit. He couldn’t help the stiffness that ate away at his self constructed calmness.

They reached the bar and Jo went back to work, but not before telling him that Ellen was in her office. He nodded and let Charlie hang around there while he went to say ‘hi’. He told himself foolishly that it was going to be ok, but he couldn’t help his heart from telling otherwise.

He knocked on the door and the few seconds before she told him to come in he was thinking maybe nobody was in there. Maybe he was free to go. Now, don’t get him wrong he was missing everybody so much it ached sometimes to think of the golden days when everyone got along and there were little to no problems. He resented the fact that it would never be the same again. What Dean did was not normal or ok from any and all points of view. He was ashamed to step into a place that used to bring him so much joy only to be reminded how much he changed.

The door creacked silently as he pushed it as if he could hide in any way from her. He couldn’t. Upon looking the room over, he had the same realization : nothing changed. He was surprised yet
again to see two people in the old but clean bureau. Ellen was half sitting of the edge of her dark wooden desk that was so full of papers stacked one over the other that it looked like they might fall any second. Right next to her a man wearing the same dusty baseball cap rolled from one side of the room to the other turning the wheels of his chair with such a force it seemed like his life depended on it.

“Hi.” He called. Both looked up at the same time and both expressions morphed into surprised once seeing Dean standing there squirming from all the attention and anxiety. Ellen pushed herself off the desk and stalked over to Dean looking ready for a fight. He braced himself internally. When she reached him, she smacked him over the head with a force that was not too light, yet not too strong—even though Ellen was capable of doing it. Few seconds after receiving his “thanks” he murmured.

“I’m sorry.”

“What is that, boy?” she said with her hands on her hips.

“I am sorry.” He repeated, this time louder. “For everything.”

“Damn right you are.” She didn’t sound too impressed. “Dean Winchester, how could you?” she asked, eyes filled with disappointment—something Dean didn’t want to see, but was forced to. “How could you vanish and not say anything? What had happened to you? What was it so bad that I had to check if you were still alive with Charlie because you won’t answer the damn phone or visit anymore or even be at home when I’m freaking looking for you? What happened that you had to disappear?” her anger was throw into those words and it hurt Dean to hear it, but she was right. They all were.

“I don’t – ”

“I don’t want you to explain it to me. I already know what you were up to, what you’re up to now.” She looked at the door. Charlie, Dean thought to himself. “And I have to say, I am mad but I am also glad you are here.” She pulled him into hug. Dean didn’t dream of her hugging him like before, like he was protecting him, but that was exactly how it happened and once the shock dissipated, warmth flooded in and he buried his head in her shoulder as his eyes were threatening to spill sorrowful tears.

“Ellen…” and in that weak call of his, were stocked millions of emotions.
She let go of him and looked him in the eyes with a grin on her face. She touched his check graciously and Dean leaned into the touch.

“If you ever disappear again… don’t.” she spoke and Dean agreed silently. He turned around to see Bobby frozen in his wheelchair.

“Bobby.” He leaned down and scopped the old man into a bear like hug. In those moments, it didn’t even occur to him that Bobby might not want to hug him or even see him. Judging by the way the elder locked his arms around him and held tight, he could say despite the awkwardness brought on by the time apart from one another. It all felt like coming home.

“Idjit.” The man murmured and Dean couldn’t remember a time he smiled wider. “Glad to have you back, son.” Dean nodded and released him. He straightened himself.

“How about something to eat? Hamburger sound ok?”

“It sounds awesome.” Dean said and felt his stomach do a backflip and his apetite fight for it, but he still couldn’t bring himself to eat. Not like before. “But I’m not really hungry.”

“Not hungry?” Ellen looked shocked. “Are you sick?” she asked.

“I’m not.” He said grinning. “Anymore. I’m getting better.” They both seemed confused at his answer. He hoped Charlie told them about his addiction, because that was not a talk he wanted to have with his adoptive parents. He glued his eyes to floor waiting for them to catch up or to get even more confused in which case they were going to have the talk. Finally, he heard Ellen take an audible breath.

“You mean to say about the drugs?” Dean nodded ashamed.

“I’m sorry for that too. It was stupid and it got out of hand, but I am trying. To get better. I’m trying to get better, I promise.” Dean tried to assure them he didn’t need a one way ticket to rehab.

“You were stupid. And reckless. Not to mention a complete idiot.” She retorted and Dean agreed wordlessly. “But you did choose the good path. Eventually.” Dean snorted. “Everyone makes wrong choices and you are not alone. You never were.”
“Whenever you need our help, son. We're a phone call away.” Bobby chipped in. “Just like before. Always.” Dean’s heart constricted at hearing those words. He forgot how it felt to be accepted and wanted. And it all started at Cas and continued with Charlie and these moments that resembled pieces of his life being put back together and it felt better than anything in the past few years. It felt like a second chance.

It felt like being brought back to life.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

PHEW so its been a while. sorry for the long wait guys, me and adela are workin on the next chapters now, and hopefully we’ll be able to update regularly, now that schools over! ;p

“What, Gabriel?”

“Is that any way to greet your beloved brother?”

“You are so lucky I can’t punch you through the phone,” he huffed in annoyance. He didn’t recall dreading a phone call so much in his life. With Dean splayed naked on his bed and Castiel ditching him to talk to his idiot of a brother, his frustration grew immensely.

“Oh, Castiel, moy dorogoi brat, why so pissed?” Gabriel countered.

Castiel only sighed, vexed by his brother’s ignorance. After a couple of seconds where none of them talked, Gabriel made a sound of recognition and squealed:

“You were getting’ some, weren’t you?” Once again, Castiel didn’t respond but threw a glance at his deflating boner. “Well, I am sorry to interrupt.”

“Doesn’t sound like it.” Castiel snapped.

“Yeah, ‘cause I’m not.”

“Remind me why I haven’t hung up yet?” said Cas rubbing his nose bridge.

“Fuck if I know, Cassie! I have news though.” He tested with a mischevious air about him.

“Such as?”

“The sky is blue, there are 39% chances that it will rain, I’ve got some new chili-flavored croissants and hey, remember the brunette with the snippy attitude that broke little Cassie’s heart and left? Yeah, she’s back.” Castiel was frozen in place by memories invading his mind and bringing back some of the best days he had and some of his worst. Realizing that he was too quiet even for himself, he straightened up and acted as uncaring as someone possibly could. Because he was. He didn’t care. Or maybe he did, but not about her.

“You know you can just say her name, right?”

“Are you sure? Don’t want you going on a killing spree?”

“Gabriel.” Castiel scolded.
“What?” he heard him screech through the phone. “I didn’t say anything!”

“Mingia.” He huffed, feeling the knowledge settle that she was back. Thousands of questions flooded him as he thought over his next words.

“Why?” he asked.

“What? You have to start making more sense.”

“Why is she back?”

“Who? Meg?” Castiel rolled his eyes so hard they became white. “I don’t know. Maybe she came to take back her long lost lover? Seal the deal? True loves kiss and all that. Maybe she wants you to—”

“Stop it,” Castiel warned. As much as he thought his brother’s words will make him contemplative and reminiscent of the times that had passed, he did not think that anger and sadness would swoop him up in a tornado of tension and distress.

“Why? You should be scouring the city for her. It’s a wonder why you haven’t left already to search for your forbidden love.”

“There was no love.” He responded, finding that the words didn’t hurt anymore. They were the cold truth and he learned that and moved on. His thoughts drifted back to Dean, his light. He was nothing like Meg. He was selfless, righteous and kind, caring about everyone but himself and suffering in utter silence as not to disturb the ones around him. Meg was fierce, selfish and shallow when she wanted to be, putting her needs first and not giving a flying fuck if she needed to step over corpses to take what she wanted. Maybe back then that’s what excited Castiel. She was the prototype of a good killer, one of the best. What she did, who she became, was something Castiel fought back even in his worst years, even at his lowest. His thinks of those moments with pride. He thinks of himself right now with contempt. What caused the turbulence was the unexpected news bound to bring trouble. Was Meg there because she suspected Castiel was alive? Was it something else? Did she want something from him?

“Don’t be so harsh, little brother —”

“What’s it to you, for fuck’s sake?” Castiel screamed in a low voice as to not raise question marks. “It was a long time ago. Now it is done. I do not, nor wish to care about her anymore. I have moved on and so should you,” Castiel explained. “Not that I need to explain myself to you.”

“Of course.” Gabriel mocked.

“I’m serious.”

“I hope so. In truth, she was not good for you.”

“Then why the fuck would you make such a big deal?”

“I want to annoy you?”

“You have succeeded, you asshole,” Cas informed him.

“Glad to hear it. Did your boner go down yet?” he joked, but Castiel could seriously say that yes, it
had shamelessly deflated. When he gave no answer, Gabriel continued. “You silly goose, go get some now.”

“You are still an infuriating fucker.” Castiel said as ‘goodbye’.

“I still don’t give a shit.” He answered, and the line disconnected. He pocketed the phone and braced himself against a wall while trying to work through all his unwanted thoughts. He found it harder than expected. He must’ve lost track of time, being trapped in his own mind, because he was startled by the door to his room opening and revealing a very naked Dean. Despite his gorgeous body, his features were morphed into a concerned expression. Castiel was relieved to see Dean worry about him and at the same time, tensed at the thought of being caught in such a vulnerable pose, with such raw emotions that he didn’t know how to explain himself if Dean were to ask what happened. He started thinking about what he could lie if Dean asked. In a couple of seconds, he created complex stories about a very sick cousin and how said cousin soured his mood. Dean looked him over and asked tenderly:

“Are you ok?”

“Yes.”

His answer was clipped and completely false. He could tell Dean didn’t believe him.

“You don’t look like it,” Dean responded in earnest. “Wanna talk about it?” he encountered. On the tip of Castiel’s tongue was a lie, something different from his actual thoughts. Instead, he shook his head slightly and Dean nodded in understanding. Seeing Dean so unintrusive and caring made some of the weight on his heart disappear. Yet the thoughts concerning Meg and her sudden appearance stayed. He could not tell what would happen and what he’d do if something happened and that drove him insane with worry. He didn’t want to think about her, but Meg showing up could mean the end of his stay and of his cover. The end of his new-made life, the end of his relationship with Dean. The end of everything. The weight brought on by those realizations crushed him bit by bit under Dean’s vigilant sight.

A warm hand snaked through his cold one, lacing their fingers together and giving some of his warmth to Cas, for which he was grateful. Such a little sign of affection eased his concerns, even if just a bit. Dean was trying to help, without prying or demanding to know what was going on. He was offering support and affection, which Castiel let sink into his brain. He closed his eyes, keeping his feelings for Dean in check... Otherwise, he would have probably started to kiss him stupid... Maybe have some floor sex.

“Come,” Dean said as he tugged on Castiel hand and pulled him into his room. He let him sit on the edge of the bed and pushed at his shoulder until Castiel was the one splayed on the bed beneath Dean. He was quick to follow, draping himself over him like a blanket.

“I do not know what is happening, but if I can do something, anything, say the word. However, I can help.” Dean spoke and Castiel nodded dumbly, amazed by how far Dean’s amazing personality went. A chaste kiss was placed on his waiting lips. Castiel thought it the start of something, but when Dean pulled away, he placed his head on his shoulder and wrapped himself around him, like he wanted to protect him. Castiel couldn’t help but be overwhelmed by such pure feelings. It was truly love- what he felt for his submissive. Dean, who was hiding at every point, laid himself bare in trying to help Castiel overcome his sadness. That was more than what he could ask for. That was why Dean took the place of light, even if a little late to fill in his role, he pulled through and proved himself a good person, just like Castiel thought.
He ran a hand through Dean’s hair and he nuzzled his neck in response, tightening his grip around him. If Dean Winchester was not a kitten, then he was an octopus.

***

Despite everything that had happened and the crushing weight on his heart and his mind that was working tirelessly to find some way to keep his situation, his living in check, Castiel loved his life.

He especially loved it when all the good stuff took place. Even better when he had a front seat in watching it all happen. Rare were the moments but deeply appreciated.

“Cas.” A breathy moan pushed his dick to complete hardness. It was a wonder how a mischievous look and some words from Dean could make him burn from the inside. As much as he loved – that’s right, underline and bold that motherfucker – loved his submissive, his Dean, that was one of the few times he was not particularly shy about what he wanted, wracking Castiel until he gave in and satisfied his beloved boy.

Consumed by worries and mundane work, Castiel locked himself in his bureau this time. He asked Dean not to disturb him and granted him access to everything inside the house – be it the food in the fridge, the hygiene tools or the couch – Dean could have it, as long as he kept more or less quiet and away from his workroom. As soon as Castiel had laid out the rules, he knew they were going to be broken, though he did not voice his concerns for fear it might spoil the mood. When Dean became restless enough, he was going to come.

He could’ve counted the scene as something already in action. It was. Dean assured him he’d behave, even though his lie was as clear as day. To be honest, it was refreshing, seeing Dean so full of energy and life, no longer chained by a disgusting addiction or weighted by unwanted expenses. He saw Dean growing and growing by the week, making progress he himself thought impossible. Yet again, his submissive proved him wrong, also showing that Castiel’s faith in him was not misplaced.

Dean was smiling more and opening little by little to him, sometimes speaking up and telling his opinion and stuff about him that Castiel paid attention to and stored safely in his mind. He would wake up early and make breakfast, using his skills in preparing the most delicious and weird combinations. Castiel enjoyed them nonetheless. He restored some of his relations that he had abandoned when under the influence, as Dean had explained. He was still secretive about parts of his life, choosing to share bits and pieces, speaking about Ellen and Bobby and Jo with the kindest smile and keeping everything about his past under wraps. Castiel could not blame his secrecy, for he was not totally honest himself, and hypocrisy didn’t look good on him.

His situation with Al remained a mystery, but his patience was drawing to a close end and his curiosity about the guy could not lessen, even if he tried. Everytime Dean showed up, even if just a bit bruised, Castiel’s heart ached for his inability to help. His fingers itched to call Charlie and ask for back up, he itched for a fight and for Dean to be safe, by his side. Bringing it up made Dean shell up and retreat into his own mind, putting distance between them and doing everything but discussing the matter at hand. Castiel started keeping his concerns to himself… and Charlie, of course.

After Dean expressed his affection in words… more or less, came the matter of the first date, which Castiel still had not figured it out. He needed the perfect first date. A time where it would be comfortable enough for him to ask Dean officially if he wanted to be with him. At first, he imagined an elegant night, with expensive champagne and tuxes and a night of sweet, affectionate love... But
he knew Dean better than that, so he erased the idea. Then he thought of something more casual, a burger place and maybe a walk in the park and as much as he knew Dean would not object, he still couldn’t live with the idea that he couldn’t make their first date more memorable.

Drowned in his thoughts and with the pencil hovering over a lesson plan, he almost did not hear the door to his study open and close gently. A pair of bright green eyes met his and Castiel dropped everything in light of hearing Dean’s request. He did not speak but made his way slowly to Cas.

Curiosity ate at him, but he entered the game and spoke not a word. Dean braced a hand on the back of his leather chair and turned him to face him as he started to lean and come to an eye level with Castiel. Still no word, only mingled breaths. He nudged his legs closer, before sitting himself in his lap, face to face, one leg on each side and his arms locked behind his neck. Castiel looked up into those emerald eyes wondering for Dean’s expectation and unspoken request. He did nothing. Dean started rolling his hips in circular motions, rubbing fabric against fabric in a show of what he desired. Castiel just admired but did not move an inch. Dean started rubbing against him with more intensity, hardening Castiel.

His lips came close to Castiel’s but only hovered there, offering shy and tentative licks and nips, inviting Castiel to take control, set the pace. He did neither but waited for Dean’s frustration to take the reins.

“Come on, Castiel.” Lips brushed over the shell of his ear as Dean’s hands ravaged his hair even more than before. “Give in,” he whispered, like a demon of temptation, asking for Castiel to lose his control and give Dean what he wanted. Castiel closed his eyes in a futile show of resistance. It was bound to break sooner or later.

“You can do whatever.” Dean urged on. “Come on, Cas. Take me.” Dean murmured and it was suddenly too much and not enough as Castiel decided Dean was desperate enough. He groaned loudly before he commanded.

“Off.” Dean was up in a matter of seconds, staying in front of his seat, waiting for instruction. Castiel wanted to spread him on his desk and fuck him raw. He wasn’t about to blow their first time on uncontrollable lust that was actually very controllable. No matter. There were other ways Castiel could entertain the both of them.

“Safeword?”

“Impala,” Dean spoke heartily. “Yours?” Castiel would’ve frozen if the need to play with Dean wouldn’t have been so urgent. Dean took the time to ask Castiel his own safeword, his own escape route. Yet again Dean showed his kindness by caring and taking care of everyone but himself.

“Beehive.” Dean gave a grin and tried to wrap Castiel with another kiss, but he dodged heroically. He pressed a finger on his lips and spoke in a secretive manner. “You will stay still. I don’t want a word from you. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Castiel picked Dean up by his fluid and assisting hips, and pushed him against the desk, lowering his mouth to lick along his throat, pinning him to the desk by, biting his earlobes, running his fingers through his dirty blonde hair.

"I'm going to fuck you, fuck you so hard until you can't talk until you don't remember my name,” he
growled, predatory. He liked watching Dean, leaning over him, liked seeing what he could do to him. But this time, he was slightly taken aback by the suddenly earnest, honest look in his green eyes.

"I'll always remember your name, Cas," he said, and Cas felt like a snowball in hell. Melted, completely, mercilessly. Blessedly.

In one swift moment, their faces were connected again, hungry mouths soaking up the words and confessions left unsaid between them, and amidst all that sweetness, Cas remembered his boner. He nipped at Dean's jaw, grinding against his crotch. Dean moaned, which prompted Cas to push him even more forcefully against the desk.

"Too bad you can't remember the rules just as well. Thought I told you to be silent."

The last word he hissed, and he smiled proudly to himself when he noticed Dean biting his lips, as Cas himself slithered down his chest, trailing sloppy open-mouthed kisses along the way. Slowly - dreadfully slow, if you asked Dean - Cas made his way towards his crotch, where he teasingly rubbed his face against Dean's bulge. Dean mewled, and Cas bit his thigh in response, and continued to do so as he fumbled with his lover's zipper. Cocky asshole's doing it on purpose, Dean thought, and then chuckled to himself, prompting a slightly questioning look from Cas. Heh. Cocky.

Dean gazed longingly at the way Cas' unconcealable hard-on poked through his own pants. But Cas himself was focused slowly on Dean, and before Dean could even breathe, Cas was forcefully pulling off both his jeans and boxers in one go, causing his cock to bounce free. A shiver ran up Dean's spine at the hungry look in his dom's eyes. He felt his own hands subconsciously, frantically unbuttoning his shirt, but his concentration was all of Cas, and, more specifically, where his mouth was heading. He closed his eyes expectantly, pleadingly, and soon enough he felt soft, wet walls around his length, and he let out a strangled moan. When his eyes snapped open, he knew he'd been too loud again, as Cas gave him one split-second to notice his menacing gaze, before his lips slid off his cock with a wet, obscene "pop".

He was pinned, weighed down, longing to be filled. Away from his view, Cas was wildly opening desk drawers, until finally, victoriously, he felt soft silicone in his grasp. Castiel had remembered the left-overs from past exploits in his study, and he knew exactly what toys he had at his disposal, and also that not any one of them could make Dean scream the way he wanted him to scream.

Well.

Not just one of them.

His chest rumbled with a lecherous chuckle, and Dean felt a shiver run up his spine. Castiel started to slowly grind against his ass and felt a dull sense of pride swell in his chest when he felt Dean struggle to lift his hips to his crotch. Long, sneaky fingers trailed towards Dean’s hole. Pure, hot-headed lust left little room for teasing, and Dean gasped softly when Cas penetrated him. Easing one carefully slicked finger in and out of the tight ring of muscles, Castiel started to become painfully aware of his erection rubbing against his constraining boxers. Trying to shove the feeling away, he focused on Dean, adding a second finger to the mix. He could feel Dean’s arousing pulse through the warm, wet walls of his asshole, and Cas soon had to bend down to smash his hungry lips against Dean’s, swallowing up the obscene noises he was now helplessly making. When he wiggled a third finger in, Cas felt the telltale tremors preceding Dean’s release. With one carefully aimed thrust, Dean grabbed Cas by the shoulders and gasped, driving his nails in the dom’s skin as he came.
But the dark-haired man wasn’t about to offer his sub any moment of respite. Instead, he gave Dean’s ass one last squeeze before reaching for his secret “weapons”…

Dean’s eyes widened and then lit up along with his mischievous smirk. Before he could even finish licking his lips, Cas had unceremoniously flipped him over on his belly.

“Raise your ass,” Cas commanded breathily.

His sub did as he was told, moaning in anticipation when he felt the other man’s thumb sensuously circling his hole.

“Cas- Oh!”

His name broke off with a gasp, and Dean had to muffle his unspoken curses, overwhelmed by the sudden, intrusive feeling of a strange, vibrating object. His hole engulfed the dildo eagerly as he breathed hard, getting himself used to the pleasurable sensation.

“Oh, Dean. Darling. Look at you.”

Cas gently grabbed his chin, slightly turning his head, just enough for him to take a look at himself. His legs spread wide and his ass cheeks parted, he saw the soft pink silicone, which was thicker than he first thought, held by Cas, and Dean groaned as the erotic image seared itself into his mind. Cas could see him clenching hard, and smiled.

He started inching the toy deeper, hugging Dean’s back as he slowly and steadily breached him. He ground into him, rubbing his balls with his free hand, and for a few blessed moments, Dean forgot himself, and his life, and his troubles, and took comfort in the one universal truth that he could remember: Cas’ name.

He started saying it like a chant, stuttering and breaking from the pressure of the toy moving back and forth in his ass, and from the enjoyable tremors, it sent through his body.

“Cas, Cas, Cas, Ca- Cas…”

He heard his dom’s breath hitch. His own moans were on the brink of turning into screams…

“Cas, I… I ain’t gonna last… Ah!”

…and that’s when Cas decided to suddenly jerk the toy out of him.

“Hey, what the hell?” Dean demanded, but then bit his tongue when he felt the familiar pressure of Cas’ hand pushing his head against the desk.

The dom had to resist the urge to chuckle at how cute Dean looked with his cheeks smushed against the wooden surface. Instead, he donned a chastising expression and, giving him a hearty spank, he lowered his head so that it rested next to his ear:

“Now, now. Is that any way to speak to your master?”

Dean shuddered beneath him.

“No, sir. Sorry, sir”
Cas’ hips were now practically flush with his naked ass, and his mind was flooded with desire. This was it, he thought. It had to be it.

But all his thoughts were muffled by his own strangled moan when he felt a hand starting to slowly massage his balls, and another hovering above his stretched hole.

“You are really testing my patience today, Dean…” Cas growled.

Dean’s legs were quivering now, and he could barely concentrate on standing up, what with Cas’ hands running along his shaft. When he reached the tip, he rubbed a thumb over his slit, slathering precum all over his palm, and then using it as lube as he started jerking Dean’s dick more aggressively. After a couple of long, quick pumps, he slowed his motions down, continuing to tease the sub’s rigid cock. Every twist of the wrist on each upstroke made it very difficult for Dean to keep silent. He couldn’t abstain from groaning when Cas very suddenly jammed three fingers in him, though.

“Goddamn!” Dean cursed.

“Tsk, tsk. What did I say?’’

His eyebrows pulled into a tight frown, salty tears threatening to roll out of his traitorous eyes, the sub did all he could to stay silent when a fourth finger penetrated him so forcefully, he could already feel his ass hurting the next morning.

But as he felt Cas grinding against him, he realized. Maybe he just would never learn. Maybe he was doomed to be a bad sub, because his dom being so close yet so frustratingly clothed, made him want to break any and all rules previously set:

“Cas, I want you!”

And that’s when he stopped. Cas stilled next to Dean, and the sub only had time to grumble out a weak “Not again!’’ before the dark-haired man pulled out of him once more.

“You’ve been a really bad sub, Dean… Not listening to me… Making all these sounds when I told you to shut! Up!’’

The spank was the only sound left in the room, besides Dean’s restless breathing.

“Fine. If you won’t shut that pretty mouth of yours yourself, then I will shut it for you.”

Dean tried to suppress the sudden chill that overcame him once Cas was no longer next to him by being incredibly annoyed that Cas was no longer next to him. Soon enough, though, he returned, and he returned with reinforcements.

Dean gasped as the intrusive ball was shoved in his mouth, running his tongue over the cold object while Cas secured the leather bindings at the back of his head. Now Dean was reduced to a horny, slobbery mess, and he couldn’t have been more satisfied with himself. Now, with that out of the way…

The dom lined up the anal beads against Dean’s wet entrance, excitement curling his lips into a smirk.
Any protests or moans of encouragement Dean might have had when Cas forced the first bead inside of him never made it past his tongue. Dean choked a bit on his own drool, scrunching his face as he concentrated on the feeling: a quick stretch and burn that turned into a little sweet ache. He couldn’t help but clench around it, trying to figure its texture, and his breath skipped a beat every time Cas twitched the string.

Cas himself didn’t say anything, eyes between his sub’s spread legs, on the stretch of muscle forced wide to take in another bead. Dean’s eyes widened again.

His thighs trembled at the next. Without Cas’ assistance, he felt it start to slip free, his body trying to force it out, but then Cas stopped it with a fingertip, pushed it easily back in. It shouldn’t have been as hot as it was, Cas’ hand on his thigh, keeping his legs spread wide, the way the beads shifted inside him, making it impossible not to squirm.

Dean pinched one of his nipples, hard, feeling his blunt nails bite into his skin, and when Cas shoved a hand under him, lifting his ass higher, shoved a finger inside him, there’s a rush of heat that left him struggling to breathe. The air was cooler for a split second, sending shivers racing down his spine, and then the heat came roaring back.

“You’re going to be loose after this,” Cas said, licking his lips like he was picturing it.

The dom curved his fingers deeper, making the beads rub up inside Dean, touch places not really meant to be touched.

“I’m going to fuck you until your ass is gaping open,” Cas growled roughly, and Dean moaned in response.

Another push, more stretch, more pressure, and a moan fell from his lips. He almost said stop, it’s too much, too fucking full and wrong… But he didn’t.

He groaned as one of Cas’ hands pulled out of him and started massaging his abused nipple, while the other dragged down his belly, down to where Dean could feel slick precum still stringing thick from the tip of his cock like he’d already come. Dean felt the fingertips graze near the head of his dick, sucks in a breath and holds it as they wrapped tight around his dick, jerking when Cas’ thumb swiped across the head, his sharp cry muffled by the ball gag.

“You lost one, didn’t you,” Cas said, letting go after a few more lazy strokes. Another quick tug made Dean’s thighs tense, his muscles clamping down, but it was too late, the next bead was already slipping free, tearing another groan from his throat.

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“Should I put them back in?” Cas asked, and Dean could feel everything shifting as he wined the string around his finger. “Or do you want a dick in you, too?” He tugged again, makes Dean struggle to hold the rest of the beads in. “You love having a cock up your ass, don’t you, Dean. I don’t even need to ask if anyone’s ever told you that you’re a complete slut.”

Dean sucked in a hissing breath, kept losing bits and pieces of it in tiny gasps when Cas tugged and twisted and just wouldn’t fucking stop. He wouldn’t…”

He wouldn’t try something like fucking me with these things still up my ass, right? Dean thinks. But the ball gag weighed heavy on his tongue, and he simply moaned.
Cas seemed to have guessed what he was thinking about, though, because the next thing Dean knew, he lowered himself down again, and whispered in his ear.

“Do you think you can take that much?”

The desk creaks under their collective weight, and Dean closes his eyes, avoiding his dom’s piercing look.

“Do you want that much?” Cas continued, and let the bead slip free, then pushed it back in again once, a second time, like he was thinking about fucking Dean with it. A thumb pressed just behind Dean’s balls, pushed harder and harder until he was gasping for air like a dying man. “Like being shoved full until you feel like you’re going to burst?”

It’s easy for Cas to thrust the vibrator from earlier back in, but there’s pressure where there shouldn’t be. Dean couldn’t even think about meeting his thrusts with his hips, just barely able to hold on and take it with that last bead scraping the thin line of pain.

“Such a fucking tight fit,” Cas hissed. “I just want to fucking cram my fingers right back in there.”

And Dean moaned for him to do it, go ahead, why the fuck not — he was stretched to fucking gaping now, what’s one more thrill when Cas was hissing filthy words like that at him. He had time to suck in one surprised breath right before his vision went white, orgasm hitting like a sucker punch and knocking the air from his lungs.

His whole body trembling, waves of pleasure overcame him, like long-lasting flashes of heat. Cas smiled down at him and started to take off the ball gag. Dean gasped, taking long breaths of air. Cas pulled the dildo out of him, and the anal beads soon followed, falling out with a wet plop. After a few moments of silence, when the couple simply rejoiced in being next to one another, Dean made the painstaking effort or turning on his back again, keeping Cas flush to him by hooking his legs on his back. Cas was looking at him confused, but not pushing him away, which Dean thought was already a good sign.

“Don’t think I’ll let you off without an orgasm after what you did to me back there,” Dean managed, taking off Cas’ pants in one swift motion, but before he could give his underwear the same treatment, Cas was already trying to block him, hands on his shoulders.

“No, Dean, we talked about this, I don’t—“

“Yeah, yeah, whatever, I’m not talking about you shoving your dick in me if that’s what scares you so much,” Dean cut him off lazily. “Just… Trust me, okay?”

He said that so honestly. Like Cas hadn’t trusted him from the moment they met.

But instead of telling him that, the dom simply nodded.

Dean took that as enough encouragement and pulled Cas’ underwear down. Then he leaned on his back against the desk, lining up Cas’ dick above his own, then stretching his legs up and squeezing his thighs together.

Cas moaned shamelessly, the heat of Dean’s sweaty thighs overwhelming him. His dick pulsed at the sensation of Dean squeezing them a bit more, and he looked down at his sub, frowning.
“Stop that,” he said, knowing he was not going to last long.

“Or what? You’ll — Oh!”

Dean was cut off by Cas, who leaned down over him, pinning Dean’s knees to his chest, thrusting vigorously between his thighs. Dean’s heavily abused dick twitched every time Cas’ length rubbed against it, every violent pump of the dark-haired man’s hips sending a thrill up his spine. Their moans intermingled with the wet, obscene sounds of the sub’s thighs, and if they hadn’t been so occupied they probably would have been ashamed.

After a few minutes, Cas’ rhythm turned more and more erratic, and Dean helplessly clutched at his master’s shoulders, feeling himself reaching his climax, as well. Finally, Cas let out a strangled “Dean!”, before blessedly reaching his release alongside Dean himself, both men launching strings of sticky cum of the green-eyed man’s chest.

They embraced, their bodies sticking to each other because of sweat and cum, but they didn’t mind. Their chests panting in unison heads resting on the other's shoulders, they were happy to just be in each other’s company, eyes closed, little smiles gracing their tired faces.

“Was that too much?” Cas broke the silence while Dean’s head lingered on his shoulder. He looked seconds away from falling asleep which was unacceptable seeing as he was covered in cum and dehydrated as hell. Dean grunted a negative response but didn’t move beyond his eyelids.

“Don’t fall asleep just yet. I need to take care of you.” Castiel announced and Dean made the exact same sound as before.

“You always take care of me.”

“You deserve it,” Castiel responded. Dean shook his head and denied it. “Yes, you do.” He pushed. “You were so good. Made me so happy.” He stroked his back lightly. “Make me so happy.”

“Thank you but I…” Castiel cradled Dean’s face in both his hands and kissed him as if to remind him of the goodness in him, of everything that made Dean, well, Dean. He sighed deeply into the kiss.

“Perfect,” Cas confirmed and jumped off the desk, while Dean laid on his back like a puppet whose strings were cut. “I’ll be back shortly. I’ll bring your juice and a towel.”

“You and your fucking juices,” Dean mumbled and brought a hand over his face. Castiel chuckled and ran off to the kitchen to retrieve the liquid. He smiled to himself all along because for the first time in weeks any lingering thought of Meg did not interrupt his peace of mind.

***

As amazing as their scene was and as tired as Dean looked afterward Castiel thought he’d be done playing for the rest of their session, which brought on mixed feelings. Disappointment that they wouldn’t get to enjoy his beautiful submissive in unforgettable positions and gratefulness for getting to spend more and more time with Dean in other ways.

You can obviously understand why it came off as a surprise when Dean woke up energized and ready to comply under Castiel’s tender hands. On the other hand, Castiel denied Dean’s advances in favor of doing some housework and cooking, thrilled at the thought of Dean wearing a grey apron
that fitted his bare chest snuggly and his similarly colored sweats. He looked like he’d fallen out of a
porno and Castiel didn’t mind it a bit. Dean showed his cooking skills once more and prepared a
meal that left Castiel surprised and proud of his amazing submissive. Another proof that Dean was
giving himself way too little credit. They were working to change that though and Castiel could
surely say they were succeeding.

They kept things away from the sexual side and more on the domestic, friendly side. Talking and
working together to have an amazing time even if the actions they were performing were far from
complicated and could really be described as just shy of lazy. Still, everything felt calm and loving.
Dean was the one that gave Castiel a home, that helped Castiel think of the apartment as a home by
staying there 3 out of seven nights a week.

Usually, the night before Dean had to go back to Al were a bit soured by the knowledge they were
both aware of but chose not to discuss. That night though found Castiel researching ways of
improving his teaching so his students would be more interested and give more attention to what he
would be presenting. Dean was seated on a pillow and the foot of the couch and watching TV
holding a bottle of water like it was his protector. He was so absorbed in his computer that he did not
notice Dean moving until he sat down beside Castiel slowly, tentatively.

“Is something wrong?” Dean shook his head. “Then why did you leave your spot without
permission. I thought I specifically told you to stay – ”

“Let’s go out.” Dean blurted, his eyes shiny and hopeful. Castiel considered it a great idea but the
time was not in their favor. Castiel still had not found a good enough plan for his date with Dean and
with Meg still out and about his paranoia was sending immediate alarm signs.

“We will. I just need to figure out some things.”

“Now.” Dean clarified.

“Now?” Dean nodded, proudly. It was true that suggesting something like this was out of Dean
character, but where would they go, what would they do, how long will they stay? That was only the
tip of the iceberg of questions swimming in Castiel’s mind.

“I don’t think it’s a good time. It’s late.”

“Come on, Cas.” Dean pleaded. “Stop working so damn hard, man. Let me show you a good time.
Have a bit of fun.” He spoke as he ran his hands over Castiel’s chest in a sensual way.

“If you want to scene, you need to be more direct and maybe- ”

“I want to take you out.”

“Dean.”

“Please. It’s late but I promise you’ll have a good time and we won’t stay later than midnight.”
Before Castiel could answer Dean jumped off the couch and ran away. “I’m going to get dressed.
Keep it casual.” Castiel dropped his head defeated and set the laptop on the coffee table. He pushed
down his excitement at going out with Dean and the little jumps his heart made just when he thought
about the concept because he needed to be alert and careful. Hopefully Megan did not know Dean or
his relation to Cas and hopefully, she’ll never get to know. If Castiel could hide Dean from her and
his old life, he’d do that. He’d keep him safe. Because he had to. Because he loved him.
Half an hour later found them in Castiel’s car with Dean in the copilot’s seat giving directions. It took awhile to convince Dean that was an actual car arguing about how they look like freaking robots and are exactly good for one drive.

“Why did you even buy it?”

“Because it is a nice car and more environmentally safe than the usual,” Castiel responded with humor. Seeing Dean so worked up about the fact that the kind of car Cas was driving was the cutest thing he’d ever seen.

“Whatever, man. I’m telling you this is not a real car.”

“I know.” Castiel deadpanned. “It’s a transformer, but don’t freak out because then the eject seat will be activated.” He chuckled under his breath.

“Freaking robots. Not normal.” He mumbled trying to his grin.

“Is that so?” Dean stood his ground, jaw locked and eyes at the road. “What kind of car do you drive then?” Dean smiled so brightly it was almost blinding then as his mind worked the smile turned sadder until it faded into upturned corners.

“Impala 67.” Castiel whistled...

“Muscle car.”

“My baby,” Dean confirmed. “Damn awesome.”

“Why don’t you drive?”

“I almost crashed once.” Castiel looked at Dean sharply.

“When I first started taking them – the drugs – I thought ‘no big deal’, but after I crashed into a tree, I realized I couldn’t do it. So I let her in Bobby’s garage, haven’t seen her in years.”

“Why don’t you go now?”

“Still can’t feel like I can do much – definitely not driving so I am laying low. Maybe at some point in this life, I will..” he drifted off. “I don’t know.”

Castiel didn’t have anything to voice and he just nodded empathically and so they feel into an amiable silence.

Turns out that the place Dean had chosen was a bar or a club or some sort of weird mix. The parking lot was almost full and so they drove in circles looking for somewhere decent they could leave their car. Getting out of the car, Castiel turned to look at the place in all its glory and the truth was that if it weren’t for the sea of people going in and out, the loud music and the colorful, almost blinding lights, he could call the place cozy. Red letters shone “The Roadhouse” confidently and Castiel found himself rather intrigued with the place, wanting to see the inside for himself.

Dean jumped out of the car, smiling from ear to ear. It was a good look on him. He came over to Castiel side and took him by the hand, leading him to the entrance. By the door, there was a poster
that read “Dance night.” And Dean pointed to it with an excited “Hell yeah”. Castiel couldn’t help but grin. Seeing Dean so full of life and genuinely happy made something warm twist inside his gut. He wanted Dean like that always. Once they were inside, Dean led him to the center of the dance floor, swimming through hot bodies grinding against each other, feeling the rhythm of their music and expressing it by the languid movements and blissed out faces.

Dean turned his head to look at Cas while still navigating the crowd. His face was superbly colored by lights that changed minutely. Dean gave him a grin and turned around watching his way. He never let go of Castiel’s hand and he found out that he liked it – holding hands. It fit perfectly and so Castiel held tighter for fear of losing Dean. He knew he’d do anything not to.

Dean turned around bodily and that’s when Castiel registered how close they were, almost nose to nose, breathing into each other, flush against one another, yet remaining separated. Dean started swaying to the rhythm and that’s when Castiel realized that he was like fish out of the water, not knowing what to do or how to move, but at the same time, he couldn’t just stay still. It would’ve looked creepier than dancing at that point.

Dean was moving his hips slowly and smiling at Castiel’s awkwardness.

“Follow my lead.” His hands were running through Castiel’s hair and caressing his scalp and if that wasn’t already hot enough paired with Dean’s little movements, Castiel didn’t know what was. “I’ll teach you.” Castiel was comfortable enough to let Dean take the reins and follow his example closely. At first, he tried the same hip movements, but they seemed forced and mechanic and it was getting frustrating with Castiel not understanding how to have the same languid actions as Dean.

Dean’s hands found their way to his hips guiding them gently from a side to another, mirroring the move with his own body.

“You’re thinking too much.” Dean mouthed. He came close once again and their mouths were millimeters apart. Castiel’s ragged breaths were the only thing he registered before Dean spoke again:

“You’re getting better at this,” Dean stated as he broke the kiss. He was right, Castiel was moving all by himself on the beat, swaying his hips, his whole body in a seductive manner just like Dean showed him.

“I have a great teacher.” Dean grinned and winked at him.

“You ain’t seen nothing yet.” He spoke as he turned around and pressed his back to Castiel’s chest and ground against him slowly yet roughly. He searched for Castiel hands and placed them on the sides of his torso and left them there free to touch, while his own hands went back and slid over Cas’ ass, grabbing at it and squeezing. Castiel groaned, his dick demanding release of this horrible and yet awesome situation he was in. Dean’s head lolled on his shoulder and Castiel watched him carefully. He had his eyes closed, his lips parted and his tongue poking out slightly, while beads of sweat rolled
down his forehead. It was a sight to behold and Castiel caught himself chanting the same words over and over again: DeanDeanDeanDeanDean and fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck.

Castiel latched his lips over Dean’s neck, his pulse point exactly and started kissing and sucking. Dean moved of his hands from his ass to the back of his neck, holding on for dear life if the scrape of his nails were anything to go by. They stayed like that for some time, Castiel kissing every inch of bare skin he had access to and Dean moaning and leading their dance moves that never went further than grinding and swaying and yet made Castiel’s pants incredibly tight and his dick incredibly angry.

“Castiel.” Dean breathed. He was never going to get tired of hearing his submissive say his name, especially in situations like these.

“Dean.” He called. Dean’s hands left him immediately and he turned around Dean caught his hand again and led out of the dance floor and to the bathrooms where he pushed Castiel against the wall harshly and attacked his mouth with all he had. Castiel groaned and brought their groins together trying to get as much friction as he could, but it was still not enough. Castiel was about to shove his hand down Dean’s jeans and make him beg for release just as his cock was when the door to the bathroom opened and a blonde girl entered. Her apron made it obvious that she was working at the respective local and Castiel unglued his mouth from Dean, making him whine at the loss of contact.

When Dean realized Castiel’s stillness he raised his head as to realize what he was looking at. He turned around to see the girl and as she saw his face, her demeanor changed completely. From shock to utter anger she looked pointedly at Dean.

“Dean Winchester!”

“Jo.” Dean greeted. “Hi.” Castiel remained still, observing their interaction. So that was the Jo that filled the role of a little feisty sister ever since Dean had met her.

“Bathroom sex?” she asked, tapping her foot and putting her hands on her hips, demanding explanations immediately.

“And a burger?” Dean supplied, innocently.

“You are a fucking idiot.” She grunted and approached him slowly. Cas was afraid of what was about to happen but refrained from interfering. She looked at him for a couple of seconds, before hitting him over the head.

“Ouch.”

“Asshole.” she murmured

“Did Ellen teach you that?” Dean snarked.

“And much more.” She responded. “But you’ll see for yourself once I tell her you came by and had the audacity…”

“Jo,” Dean warned. Castiel saw the both of them tense. Jo seemed in the middle of making a threat and no matter what it was all about Castiel had to be en guard to escape. He could use the element of surprise which meant quick hit, she’d lose her balance and they could get out. If they could swarm the crowd fast enough maybe they could get to the car before Ellen could be announced. Despite
Dean’s description of them, Jo seemed rough and feisty which made Castiel’s muscles taut, ready for attack.

“to not even say hi.” She finished. “Don’t even tell me you were planning to leave without saying goodbye.” Dean shook his head earnestly. Castiel was confused by their encounter seeing how they were becoming friendly all of a sudden and the threat seemed to be a joke. His muscles relaxed slightly.

“I wasn’t.”

“Sure.” She said, unconvinced. “I’m going to print ‘wanted’ signs with you.”

“Oh come, I was going to say hi. I just got a bit caught up.” He explained, smiling at Cas.

“Moron.”

“Love you too.”

“Cut it out, you idiot.” She pointed a finger at him. “Come to see Bobby and Ellen when you’re done with whatever you are doing here.” She said as she left the bathroom, faking disgust. Dean sighed and slumped back against the wall. After it was just the two of them Castiel burst out laughing at what just happened.

“What are you laughing at?” Dean asked humorlessly.

“I guess my first impression didn’t go so well.”

“Your what?”

“I’m meeting the family apparently.” Castiel chuckled. “You did not tell me this was your aunt’s bar.”

“I did not. It doesn’t matter.” Dean huffed.

“Of course it matters. She’s your aunt. You told me she’s like a mother to you. They’re your family. Were you honestly going to pass through here like a ghost without saluting anyone, without telling me where we actually were?” Dean curled in on himself even more. “I don’t mind. Meeting them, I mean. If that is what you want.”

“It’s not.” Dean cut in coldly. Castiel would’ve been offended if Dean’s pose and expression didn’t say the exact opposite. It could’ve been dangerous for Castiel to make so many acquaintances but Dean’s family could not be avoided. If Dean wanted to reveal this part of his life, he would be sure to support him and be there.

“Somehow I do not believe you,” Castiel stated and Dean chuckled humourlessly.

“Your problem, buddy.” Castiel could only come close to Dean and affirm his position by demonstrating his complete acceptance of the situation. He intertwined their fingers slowly taking the time to make Dean feel how perfect they were together. He could see Dean suppressing a shiver.

“You don’t have to be scared.”

“I’m not.” Dean cut in.
“You don’t have to lie either. I’m glad you brought me here. I do not wish to leave and I am not opposed to meeting your family, Dean. You seem to want that. Some kind of peace and closure. Even if you don’t realize it. I am here for you. I want to do that for you. I want to know every single part of your life and experience it with you. From what you have told me, they seem like amazing people and from the little I have seen, they care.” Dean did not look at him but bowed his head.

“I didn’t mean to trap you.”

“You didn’t.”

“But I did. Taking you here, it was not a cool thing to do.”

“It was the coolest.” Dean snorted. “Did you not have fun tonight?”

“I did. Because of you.”

“Want to continue the fun? Then let’s see aunt Ellen. I must admit I am quite intrigued by her character.”

“Dude.”

“What?”

“Cut the fancy.” Dean deadpanned.

“My apologies.”

“You’re doing it again.” Castiel was defeated and Dean laughed heartily. “Thank you.” He said when the laughter died down. “For everything. You are something else.”

“I could say the same for you,” Castiel answered and Dean gave him a chaste kiss that filled him with warmth and pride.

The night found no end. It found no sadness or bitterness. In Castiel’s heart, it was only contempt and happiness for everything he came to share with his beautiful submissive. The Harvelles were kind people with their fair share of tragedy and sadness, yet they didn’t let it drive their day. Bobby Singer was the picture of a hero, being stuck in a wheelchair and fighting every single day and living life just like before. Dean’s respect was not misplaced for the family he got was not something to waste. It was something to cherish. Castiel was warmly welcomed even if the questions were many Castiel responded in truth and made sure to be the spitting image of someone Dean needed, someone that was good for him.

They were the good side of humanity, the normal people that fought and stuck together. As they convinced Castiel he was always welcomed in their home, he found himself being grateful for getting to meet such wonderful people. Dean was embarrassed at first but soon took his place in the picture with ease as they fell into comfortable conversation. Stories were traded and warmth filled Ellen’s office as the homey mood took everyone by surprise. Dean, for one, seemed relaxed and enjoying himself completely. He referred to Castiel as only a friend, which set some alarm bells, but he put a pin in it and chucked it as something to discuss later.

That was exactly how the middle of the night caught them walking through the park and eating ice cream not caring about the already freezing atmosphere.
“What did ya get?”

“Chocolate and mint,” Castiel responded, licking like his life depended on it.

“Dude, no. The best is the cookies one.”

“I don’t know about that.” Castiel pursed his lips in thought. “Maybe I should try it.”

“Maybe. But I took the last one so.” Dean chuckled.

“We’ll share.”

“Share my ass. I don’t share.” Dean snorted playfully.

“Is that so?” Castiel raised an eyebrow. Dean nodded confidently. “That is not nice.” He paused. “But I do understand. If I had something I really liked…” he snaked his arm around Dean’s middle and brought him closer as to nuzzle his cheek with his nose. “I wouldn’t want to share it either.” Dean blushed and ducked his head. “Don’t shy away, my love.” Castiel cooed and Dean turned a redder shade.

“Cas, you are a sap.” Dean declared.

“That I am. For you, always.” Dean chuckled and Castiel got to see those beautiful laugh lines that formed on his face.

“What are we?” Dean asked confusion and anxiety on his face. Castiel only huffed a laugh.

“I was going to ask the same question.” He explained and let his hand drop from around Dean’s waist.

“Great.” He said going back to his ice cream. After a few moments, Castiel could not stand the heavy silence so he asked:

“What do you want us to be?”

“I don’t know. I thought we had established it but here we are, more confused than ever.” He answered, looking down. Castiel could see the lie and could see that Dean knew what he wanted but something was stopping him from voicing his wishes.

“Please, stop hiding from me.” He stopped and cupped Dean’s face gently, the ice cream in their hands forgotten. Dean stared at him wide-eyed and questioning. “Even if our desires are not the same I’d like to know what you are thinking. Beating around the bush won’t take us anywhere. Please.”

“I want you,” Dean whispered.

“So you keep saying. But you are unclear and I need to understand where we stand, Dean. So I can give you what you want.”

“What about you, huh?” Dean stepped away angrily. “What about what you want? Why can’t you tell me what you want? Why do I have to be the one that makes decisions? If it were after you, what would we be?” Dean asked and Castiel was struck dumb at his reaction, but he could understand it.
He took a deep breath, convinced that baring his soul was the right thing to do.

“I wish for us to be together. I believe I have made my intentions clear towards you. As you said ‘I want you.’, every part of you. I found myself wanting to be near you all the time and dreading the days when I cannot see you.”

“Cas,” Dean whispered. He probably did not expect Castiel to actually tell him what he wanted.

“I want you as my submissive and my friend. But I want you as my lover the most. If it were after me, you would be by my side everyday and I would wake up next to you every morning and share the same bed every night. If it were after me you’d be mine.” Dean looked at him with his brow furrowed, processing what Castiel has said.

“I am yours, Cas.” He smashed his lips onto Castiel’s and kissed them like he’d die if he didn’t. Castiel welcomed him with open arms locking them behind Dean and bringing him as close as humanly possible. He realized he let the ice cream fall and then he also realized he did not give a shit. “All yours. I’m yours.” Dean repeated bringing their foreheads together. Castiel smiled, words being way out of his reach by now, the concept of talking completely foreign.

He was Deans and Dean was his and there was nothing more he wished for.

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He was woken up by chaste kisses on his lips. He sighed into the kiss, bringing Dean even closer. The sensation was the first thing that he registered and honestly, it was not a bad way to be woken up, especially when opening his eyes he encountered a very smiley Dean whose bright green eyes shone as he stared at Castiel.

“Hello, Dean.”

“Hi.” He whispered, kissing him again. “Boyfriend.” Castiel frowned at the new word and Dean immediately looked for some kind of explanation.

“Sorry. I was just testing it out. If you don’t like it…”

“Of course I like it,” Castiel assured and Dean’s smile spread over his face slowly but surely until Castiel found himself mirroring his expression. “Boyfriend.” Dean laughed and jumped out of bed. “Come on.” He patted Castiel’s leg through the sheets. “Let’s have breakfast before I go.” Castiel buried himself in the sheets. “I’ll make pancakes.” Castiel raised only one corner of the pillow as to watch Dean with one eye.

“Tempting.”

“Your favorite.” He said, licking his lips and swaying his ass as he left the room.

Castiel spend their delicious breakfast complimenting Dean, making doe eyes at him and regretting that he had to go, dreading that he had to leave.

One hour later they were by the door, Dean adjusting his leather jacket.

“Be careful.”
“I will,” Dean assured.

“And call or text for anything, anytime.”

“Yep.”

“Promise?”

“Yes, mom, I promise.” Dean rolled his eyes but smiled kindly. He knew exactly how much Castiel cared and what a trip of anxiety was for him to let Dean go to him.

“I am serious.”

“I know. Thank you.” Dean gave him a peck on the lips and turned to open the door. Castiel’s whole attention was concentrated on Dean. That is why Castiel was startled by a dark figure at the end of the hall. When the person came out of the shadows, he saw the brown curls that framed a face that spoke of nothing but trouble. Brown eyes were fixated on him and the malice in her smile evident. Thankfully Dean was with his back at her and did not register the silent encounter.

“Is something wrong?” Dean asked as his hand was reaching for Cas. He couldn’t let her see Dean or know him or know how much he mattered. Castiel ducked graciously out of his hand’s grip.

“Thank you for you for coming over. I will see you.” Castiel spoke distantly.

“Cas…” Dean’s confused eyes and broken voice hit him like a slap but with Meg so close he couldn’t risk it. She’d go for him and he did not want that. So close to having everything taken from him, he couldn’t stand by. His mind went to work on escape plans and scenarios and nothing was in his favor.

“You can go now,” Castiel said as he closed the door rapidly. He watched on the peephole as Meg was no longer on the hall and how Dean went the elevator, his expression like a wall, emotionless.

His heart ached as he dialed Gabe’s number. Hurt him to save him, he told himself. What he did to Dean was not right, but he’d explain everything and Dean would understand and forgive him. He had to because Castiel was only trying to keep safe.

***

Castiel looked down a shadowy flight of stairs. The end was unknown and the fear was just beyond the surface waiting for some kind of trigger to start it all. Start the fall, the endless descend into darkness.

“Cas!” screaming filled his ears like sirens. He heard it again. And again. He yelled right back for that voice, trying to register where it was coming from, to register whose voice it was, who was calling for him. Castiel closed his eyes and pushed away from the feeling that he was about to topple on the stairs. He took a deep breath and listened. Three identical screams followed at an interval of thirty seconds. They seemed almost mechanical. Castiel couldn’t put together his context, couldn’t understand where he was and what he was doing. Loud steps were heard from the stairs. Someone was coming up.

Castiel backed up a few paces. He stared in utter confusion. Fear didn’t even show anymore but curiosity at who could it be.
Coming out of the shadow in a hurry was a boy, a man. He ran tirelessly, breathing hard and speaking low in the gut as if for himself. When the figure was fully out of the darkness and his face was clear to Castiel he recognized him immediately. Dean.

“Dean.” He called. He spared no time and ran into Castiel’s opened arms. He was barely holding himself upright. His bright green eyes were slowly turning grey as he was mouthing constantly into his shoulder. Castiel caressed his back lovingly, everything settling when he was able to bring him even the littlest bit of comfort.

“What is it?” Dean’s eyes were shedding tears and his lips were trembling, holding in words he seemed afraid to speak.

“She’s coming.” He murmured as he fisted Castiel’s shirt tightly.

“Who’s coming?” Dean shook his head but did not answer.

“Dean. Who is coming?” He only shook his head harder. Castiel held his wrists in his and stroked them, trying to calm him down but Dean was having none of it.

“She’s trying to kill me.” He continued. “Don’t let her kill me.” He was choking on new tears and a fear that was only matched by Castiel’s. “Please, Castiel, please.” Castiel found himself unable to think it through. How they could escape. A gunshot sliced through the air announcing her coming closer. Dean was left quiet but his tears were rolling down his red cheeks. Castiel was at a loss, for the first time, not knowing what to do. He kept holding Dean close as there was nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide. They were trapped.

“I’m sorry.” Dean was gritting his teeth against the tears, the pain, the terror he must have been feeling. Castiel didn’t even realize he himself was on the verge of tears, Dean’s face blurring slightly at the edges.

“You have nothing to be sorry for.” Castiel chastised. “I love you.” Dean nodded.

“She coming. Cas.” His words were cut by slight chokes and intakes of air while he tried and failed to suppress his fear. “Cas, look at me.” Dean smiles sadly as he cupped his face and stroked it gently.

“Dean. I’m sorry.” Another gunshot followed by loud clicks of heels.

“I love you.” Dean had told him. Castiel gave way to bitter tears brought on by a sorrowful situation. A situation that he caused. It was all because of him.

“No, Dean. No. You’re not leaving me.” Castiel couldn’t let it happen. He had to keep Dean safe. If that meant him dying over it then so be it. “Nothing is going to happen to you. I promise you, Dean.” Dean was looking everywhere but at Cas and for some reason it didn’t give Castiel any closure. He shook Dean slightly. “I’ll keep you safe. You don’t have to be scared. Don’t be scared. Nothing is going to hurt.” Castiel’s words were cut off by the last shot. When the obnoxious sound was over, he found his ears were still ringing. That was the moment Dean met his eyes. He was smiling. Then he looked down and Castiel followed his line of sight to where a crimson liquid was forming a stain that was getting bigger and bigger by the second.

“No.” Castiel looked desperately at Dean, whose knees gave out, collapsing on the hard floor, Castiel going down with him. It was all happening so slow, every moment hurting worse than the
last. It was agony and terror that ruled his heart now. “Dean.” He was screaming. His yells were filling up the room. Dean was everything he could see and his own voice was everything he could hear.

“Don’t. Please, Dean. Stay with me. Stay with me, ok? Please!” His grip was iron on Dean’s being.

“It’s ok.” Dean mouthed.

“No. Dean, please. I’m sorry. I’m sorry, Dean. You hear me? Oh, god.” He was holding on for dear life, shaking Dean, trying to keep him awake, keep him from going away, from leaving him. Minutes had passed, maybe hours where Castiel kept his forehead glued to Dean’s and prayed that he was fine.

“It’s going to be ok.” He repeated over and over again. He almost believed it, but the spell was broken when Dean did not respond anymore when he did not move an inch when his chest was not rising anymore. Castiel felt it all at once – terror, hopelessness, sadness, utter and overwhelming crushing pain.

“Wanna play, lover? Let’s go.” He heard a feminine voice call to him. He raised his head defeated with anger in his eyes.

“Meg.”

He woke with a start. His mouth was dry and his heart kept beating at an ungodly rate. He felt his ears ring from the memory of that screeching sound. Residual fear settled low in the stomach as he looked around the room, debating if it was worth it to get a glass of water. He rubbed a hand over his sweat-damp face. He reached for the lamp on his side table. Propped on the lamp’s table was a sketch pad that had a few words scribbled on it carelessly.

“Miss me? Sweet dreams, lover. –M”.

Chapter 15
Chapter by adela_19

Chapter Summary

shits hitting the fan lmao
the darker tags apply especially to this chapter. we’re merciless writers oops
we still love ur feedback tho
wink wink
(translation: pls giv is feedback)

The chilly air bit into his skin, dragging his bones through a cold terror. It was fine though. He liked it like that. He particularly enjoyed it when his fingers were starting to become numb and he felt like they didn’t belong to him anymore, like they vanished. He liked moving them slowly and then cracking them hard and fast just to try and see if he felt the pain. This time he did. Only a bit, but it was certainly there under the layer of numbness. It was there.

It was Friday. For the first time in what felt like forever, he felt shitty on a Friday. The day when he was supposed to go to Cas’ and feel good or, at least, decent was the day he dreaded the most. It wasn’t a comfort or a reassurance that good still existed in this world. It was a reminder that shitty things could get shittier even when you are trying your damn hardest to make it fucking work. God damn it! What the fuck did he think was going to happen? That he and Cas would get together and stay together, live the white picket fence life and all? Children’s fairytale.

The inter-phone was answered on the second ring and Dean went into the building trying to settle his breathing and calm down his heart. His heart that was threatening to jump out of his chest. He reached the door faster than expected and he ringed the doorbell just as the door opened revealing a sleep deprived Castiel with ravaged clothes and dark circles under his eyes, the size of a fist. Castiel greeted him with a heavy sigh. Dean nodded along and entered only when Castiel stepped aside. Castiel closed the door quietly as Dean toed his shoes off. He turned around just to see Cas slide past him. Dean stared in confusion. Moments in which his body acted on its own and grabbed Castiel’s hand and pulled him back as he tripped and slammed directly into Dean and into the searing kiss Dean was waiting for. The reason for this was for Dean to see Castiel’s reaction, to initiate him into a conversation about his weirder than usual behaviour. Castiel kissed back for a couple seconds, but then as if he remembered something he pulled back.

“What?” Dean asked, trying to look completely unbothered by Castiel pulling away and keeping his distance, like Dean was tainted, like Dean was not what Castiel wanted anymore. It was a possibility. One that Dean didn’t want to explore.
“Nothing.” Castiel’s smile was strained, lightless. “You’re cold. Come inside. Get warm.”

“Castiel?” he responded with a grunt as he took Dean’s shoes and placed them on the rug. “Is something wrong?” Dean asked tentatively.

“No.”

“Are you sure?” Castiel nodded, but his eyes spoke of concern and for the first time he could see that the sympathy the benevolence, the love was gone or disappearing every second now.

“Come inside.”

“Are you sure?” Dean punctuated the words.

Castiel’s lies were transparent to Dean and he getting more and more bothered as the heavy weight on his chest grew more and more.

“You need to warm up.”

“Fuck the warmth, Cas!” Dean snapped and drew back. “What is going on? You’re not yourself!” As Castiel opened his mouth, Dean lifted a finger to silence him.” And don’t sell me that crap that everything’s fine and we’re all just dandy. I can see something is bothering you and I would love if you told me what was happening. Tell me what is going on. Please.”

Castiel rubbed his face aggressively.

“If this is a mood, I get it. I want to help. I will help if you let me. If it’s something to do with that life of yours that you never talk about, if it’s about work or family or anything, I am going to help in every way I can. If it is about me, I still need to know.”

Castiel raised his eyes to meet Dean’s. He looked like someone replaced his heart with a stone. He looked ready to reveal nothing.

“Please, Cas.” Dean stepped closer. “You’re killing me here. It started the last time I was here. When I was leaving. I did something or I said something and you completely shut down. I cannot remember, but please. If there’s anyway I can fix it, i…”

“Dean. Stop it.” Castiel commanded and turned his back to Dean. “There is nothing happening. I need you to stop worrying about something that is only in your head.”

“I don’t think…” Dean wanted to call bullshit one more time but he didn’t get to finish his thoughts.

“I think I made myself pretty clear, Dean. There is nothing to worry about. Now get warmed up. We’re wasting time.”

“What? What time? You’re not making any sense.” Dean reached for Castiel’s hand but as he tried
to intertwine their fingers together, but Castiel made a step forward for the kitchen leaving Dean behind, alone. Dean, being the most stubborn human on the planet followed him and kept pressing. Maybe that was his problem. He didn’t know when to keep pushing and when to stop and give him space.

“Slow down, please. Cas.”

“Dean, for the last time, everything’s fine.” Castiel threw another long sigh in Dean’s way.

“It doesn’t look like that. You seem,” he stopped for a second to search his words, “troubled. “

“I am always troubled. Is it now, the first time you see it? Did it not occur to you in the last few months that I have problems, a life, that does not concern you at fucking all? I do. Shocker.”

“I am sorry.” Dean did not know what to do. He was at a loss. He didn’t know if he was supposed to do something or say something. Would getting closer send Cas into a fit? He felt himself pretty low, but it was because of his own pushing, Why didn’t he just let it go? If he were into Cas’ shoes he would want to be alone. On that account, he turned around slowly and made for the door. He did not even get to exit the kitchen as cold fingers grasped his shoulder and pulled him back, slamming him against the nearest wall. He closed his eyes as he felt his back hit the cold surface. It was not as painful as it was shocking. He didn’t get to gather his surroundings as Castiel closed the space between them with a passionate, angry kiss. The repressed aggression was thick in the air and his anonymous frustration was felt in every single way he moved, from the way his mouth latched onto Dean’s to the way his hands scrambled to get the jacket slide off his shoulders. His desperation was intoxicating and Dean found it easy to step back and let Cas take control of him. He willed himself to do something, to make his hands work or his mouth, to try and give back as good as he got. To not disappoint.

They parted for air and Dean tried to get a few coherent words out, but he was incapable.

“Cas, please.” Castiel looked into his eyes and the usual care and concern that he saw, that made him feel safe and love and maybe somewhat a person, were gone. They were gone. He did not know what could’ve changed Castiel’s behaviour in such a short time, but he was not completely on board with it. His mind detached itself from the moment of action as sick twisted ideas took root in his head. What if Castiel was always like this? Cold and distant and rough. What if he was just a bad judge of character? What if even Cas, who was the most selfless person he had ever encountered was sick of Dean and of his crap? What if…? No, it couldn’t be. Could it?

Castiel’s hands came up to his neck as he bit Dean’s bottom lip. Dean found himself moaning and moving his hips in a slow roll as his dick started to harden. Castiel slipped a leg between his and drove Dean insane with both lust and concern. He was mad with unanswered questions and repetitive worries.

Castiel stepped back a bit, his eyes never leaving Dean’s.

“Castiel…” Dean didn’t know what he wanted to say. His silence appeared to persist as Castiel pun his around, his cheek rubbing against the wall. Castiel was behind him, doing God-knows-what. Suddenly he felt a pair of hands treading his back muscles. He could hear soft whispers coming from Castiel and as much as he strained himself to hear, he could not make anything out of it. Dean was surprised to feel his hands reach his ass so fast. They traveled to his front and undid his belt softly. Even though Dean’s dick was as hard as ever he did not know how to feel about. His prior lust was diminished by a sense of fear and a need to stay on alert. His belt was undid swiftly as Castiel bit into the side of his neck sucking angry, red marks into his skin.

“What is it, Dean?” The question had too many answers and before Dean could pick one out of the
thousand thoughts roaming his mind, Castiel continued to talk. “Are you enjoying yourself? This?”

Dean kept his mouth shut but nodded as Castiel’s hand slid over his backside to his ass, squeezing it harder and harder until Dean railed with unexpected emotion banged his head against the wall. Castiel took it as a sign to continue his ministrations.

“You would let me do anything to you?” Cas whispered against Dean’s ear. His teeth were grinding and his eyes turned to darker shade, the blackness enveloping the bright blue.

Dean searched for his beloved in that aggressive sight, but found that no one was home. “I’m asking you. Dean. Would you? Let me do anything I please with you?” He stopped kissing or biting or moving. He just watched Dean. They were just close. Close to one another. As they should be, yet Dean was completely lost by Castiel sudden change of character. He was at a loss for words. He didn’t know what the correct answer was, what he should say, what kind of feelings he should display for his lover. He was the first one to defend weird mood caused by frustration, fear or tiredness. He did not know what to say.

“Dean. I want your answer, not your silence.” Castiel seized Dean with the cold sight of a stormy winter.

“Cas…” his eyes were stinging. Fuck. “I…”

“You would, wouldn’t you? I could use just the same as all the others do and you would be fine with it.” Castiel said shrugging and stepping away from him. His absence was felt immediately by Dean who wished for Castiel to approach him again, to not leave him alone. Which showed exactly how pathetic Dean was.

“Is that what this is about? About people using me?”

“No.”

“Then what?” Dean balled his hands into fists. He was done with the bull. He was meet with silence, which served for nothing but spiking his anger at the situation, at Cas. No. not at Castiel. At himself.

“What?”

“You are letting them! That is the problem! Why are you submitting yourself to this? I just can’t get it!”

“What?”

“You! I don’t get you! Enduring all this crap? For what? You could easily get out! Just leave!”

“You know I can’t do that,” Dean responded calmly as his insides stormed into a tornado of heartbeat and pure hurt. He deserved it though. No need to get all railed up just because Castiel spoke the truth.

“Why the hell not? Why let them touch you? Why let them feel you and see you?” Castiel broke off. For the first time since he entered the apartment Castiel didn’t seem completely careless towards Dean. He seemed genuinely bothered. Angry. It was not a light display on his heavy features. His frown was deep and his eyes were squinted to hide the darkness that was taking over. He believed Cas understood. He came to see he was far from understanding or accepting Dean. This was Cas showing his true feelings on the matter of Dean and everything he was made of which was, basically, nothing.
“I believe I have told you my story before.”

“You did. It doesn’t explain why I need to understand your decisions at the time being. It doesn’t explain why you don’t fight for yourself and it sure as fuck doesn’t answer why the hell you keep coming back to me if you know you’re not going to leave the others.”

“Is this jealousy, Cas? Are you jealous?”

“No.” Dean smiled to himself, otherwise he might have cried. He had to keep it together.

“Then what’s really bothering you?” Dean asked, stowing his aggression to the minimum.

“I think you enjoy it,” Castiel concluded, looking Dean straight in the eyes. It felt like a bullet ripping his heart apart. Now the quiver of his lip was evident and hurt in eyes enormous.

“You think I enjoy it?” He asked still keeping a his shy smile. “You think I get off on being used? Being abused?” Tears welled up in his eyes. “You think I have some fancy for being roughed up, punished and pushed around? Is that how you see me?” Dean sighed with no hope for Castiel trying to adjust his words or his means. He turned on his heels and sprinted out of the apartment, praying that Castiel wouldn’t follow him. Surprisingly, he didn’t.

When the first tear fell he brushed it away, when the second one did, he started cursing. By the third tear he didn’t give a shit anymore. Let them fucking flow! He didn’t care a bit. If even a selfless soul as Castiel could perceive him as tainted and too whored out to leave then so it must have been. It was all crushed and broken. His soul, his heart, his mind, they were useless to him and they always were and they always will be for no other matter than the simple uselessness of his character and of the life he led.

Worst of all was that he almost believed he was capable of fixing himself.

The air was chilly. Actually, it was fucking frosty. Maybe that’s why he was numb with cold. He shrugged his shoulders and kept walking. He didn’t give a shit where he was headed and beside checking out for stoplights his eyes were glues to his feet, the pavement. He was ashamed. That was the feeling that was ripping him apart: shame. And regret. But mostly shame. He believed himself lucky for the first time in what felt like forever, really. He allowed himself hope and happiness and he forgot to watch his back, so now he crashed hard and fast and running from all his “rules” seemed like a pretty fucking stupid idea. Even for Castiel. Especially for Cas. Handsome man like that, should’ve known not get to close. Told himself not get involved. Fucking told himself not to get fucking attached! But he didn’t listen to his conscious and now his heart felt like it was missing, along with a lung and maybe one of his kidneys, but that might just be the healthy fast-food he kept shoving down his throat. Oh, well.

The place in his chest where your heart is supposed to be felt empty but there was also an ache, like every single beat of his heart brought a fresh wave of suffering and a new rush of doubts and insults. He knew it would get to this.

He hugged himself tighter against the wind that kept blowing in his face and sped up his pace.

He didn’t know jack shit. He liked Castiel and was almost certain the feeling was reciprocated and he’d hoped for a long future together. Hoped to get fucking better and become someone and settle everything, for himself and for Castiel, who made him want to treat himself and the ones around him better. No more fucking stories about tragic childhood and abuse and motherfuking excuses to give up. Everyone had ups and downs. Why did he have to let himself be the one defined by the bad and not by the good?
Because there was no good in him. Right.

He rubbed his hands together, trying to warm them up. His breath was shaped by puffs of white and he kept blowing them out acting like he was blowing actual smoke, like he was smoking. It was childish but it was something to do and for a few seconds it actually worked, for a few seconds he didn’t think about anything and it was liberating to say the least. A couple of seconds unburdened, untroubled by problems he himself had created. He didn’t need to be so involved, he also didn’t need to be so upset about them to try to fix them. There was nothing to fix and thinking about them over and over again was a sure path to a lonely conclusion. Castiel was done with him.

I think you enjoy it. He shook his head. He didn’t need to rehear that. Hurt enough the first time. Al was a loose canon that he could either try to escape from, but that plan’s success rate was under sea level, or keep enduring because, really, he deserved everything he got.

You can always change.

You will always be nothing.

You are my brother, Dean. I will always care about you.

Trashy whore like you. No wonder no one gives a shit.

You are good. There is good in you. There is a light.

You are good for nothing.

Dean closed his eyes and clenched his teeth. This time it was not the numbing cold that he was fighting off, but his own emotions. Rage but also sadness, an upsetting, bone-deep kind of frustration that sneaked its way under his skin making him jumpy and tired, at the same damned time. Even as bits and pieces of his life came back to him in flashes. The old, ugly carpet that Sammy used to lay his truck collection on, his blue Batman shirt from when he was only a little kid, the way he ran for dad whenever he used to come from work and John caught him and swung him around like he weighed nothing, the way his mom used to sing to him when he was sick, the way he and Sam dressed up as Batman and Superman for Halloween, how Dean used to cook mac and cheese for Sam and how he went from hating it to not getting enough, the last time he saw their dad, how Sam made top of his class and shared with Dean his dreams of getting a scholar ship and going to Stanford, how they celebrated Bobby’s 60th birthday with a pack of beer and dried chicken, how Dean met Charlie, his first John and the sick feeling that settled in his stomach and stayed there for a long fucking time, the first time he met Al, the first time he kissed Cas, when he got up the strength to stand up to Al, Cas’ warmth next to him, his hands on his back, Al’s scream, Charlie’s smile, Crowley’s way of gesturing way too much when he got annoyed, Charlie chugging a bottle of beer, Castiel attempting to cook risotto, Al smashing his glass against the wall, the shards flying everywhere, him trying to get cover, Cas kissing his temple lovingly.

He entered a dark alley and slid against the wall, holding his head in hands. Too many memories, too many feelings, too many bad. They had to stop. He was thinking too much, he needed to rest. He was rocking back and forth and his breathing was quickening by second.

No, no time for a fucking panic attack.

He was swarmed by his memories, cramped up in his own head by thoughts he tried so hard to suppress. How the fuck was he supposed to stop? What did he have to do so they could all stop, so it would all stop? He banged his head against the wall. It hurt, but the flashes didn’t stop, they slowed
down a bit, but didn’t stop. Maybe that was it. Physical pain was the way to control it, to make it all go away. He did it again. Harder this time. More pain. Same result. One more time. Pain pulsed at the back of his head, his eyes remained closed, his teeth clenched. Again. More pain. Slower flashes. Distant chattering buzzing in his ears. Again. And again. And again.

“Stop it. Dean? Can you hear me? Stop. You are hurting yourself.” An all too familiar voice made way through the loud buzzing in his mind, through the loud thoughts. Warm hands braced his head on either sides. Cas. His only response was a soft whimper. “It’s alright. It’s over. It’s done.” Dean willed himself to relax, his muscles to unwind. The blindfold hadn’t been removed. He was still in dark. As is Castiel senses his thought, he took the blindfold off and stroked Dean’s cheek carefully, so gentle.

Dean opened his eyes slowly and was momentarily blinded by the light embracing Castiel’s figure. His features spoke of nothing but concern and mindfulness. Even like that, covered in semen and sweat, he could’ve stayed like that forever. He remembered faintly chastising himself for his caring thoughts but ultimately letting them rule his judgement.

“You almost bit your lip off.” Castiel smiled and stroked Dean’s sides. “I am so so proud of you. You are truly amazing. Such a good boy for me, Dean. Always good.” Dean blushed and looked away, trying not to contradict Cas. Castiel sighed and pushed Dean’s chin so he could watch him.

“You still don’t believe me.” It wasn’t a question. Dean didn’t need to respond, yet Castiel understood him perfectly. “You will. Soon. I’ll make you see it. Believe it.”

“Castiel…” Dean wanted to say something. He didn’t know what but it felt like he should.

“Don’t. Just trust me.” Castiel got and sprang into the bathroom. Dean followed his movements, but quickly looked another way when Castiel came back. He was holding a wet towel and its purposes were served when he started cleaning Dean with long, gentle sweeps. Dean just stared at him longly trying to enjoy those split seconds that Castiel’s fingers made contact with his skin. It felt selfish to still desire Castiel’s touch after hours and hours of play. For god’s sake, Castiel just finished fucking him with deft ass fingers over and over again, pairing it up with a vibrator that did its fucking job and consumed Dean from inside out.

“Don’t sleep just yet.” Castiel murmured against the shell of his ear and bit it rather playfully, probably to see Dean’s reaction. Dean, like a fucking idiot, curled up against him, whining low in his gut. As soon as he realised the closeness he allowed himself to be in with his fucking dominant he rolled away and onto his side, his back to Castiel, ashamed of what he did. He thought about some excuse, but they were all bullshit, nothing that got even close to “Hey, I like you so fucking much I want you to glue your perfect ass hands to me and stay like that forever.” Castiel followed him and stuck to his back, sneaking his arm around his torso.

“No hiding away. We talked about it. It is normal for you to seek closeness. Especially when your dominant is so hot.” Castiel grinned and Dean snorted, only to try and cover it with his laugh. “You did good, Dean. Whatever you need or want. Just let me know.” Dean started into those eyes and he could tell he meant it.

“Thank you.” Dean turned back to him fully. He grunted as he felt his control slip away. “Thanks.”

“For what?” Castiel wondered.

“For being you mostly. And because you are not a fuckwad.” Dean looked down at Castiel’s shaped abdomen and reached out, unaware of himself, to trace the lines of it. His body shook as he laughed wholeheartedly.

“I’ll never tire of your colourful vocabulary. Truly beautiful.” Castiel responded, nodding his head
slowly. Dean was ready to refute, but he didn’t get the chance as Castiel jumped off and went out the room.

“I think liquids are in order.” He called as he went away.

Dean plopped back onto the bed, grinning like an idiot.
The cold brought him back. He was a bit disappointed. He pinned his feelings on his inability to get home without collapsing and not on the thought of losing one of the few good things he had left.

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Entering the house of the one person he couldn’t seem to escape, never was more dreadful. It was irritating that Dean had to do it. And for what? What was the thing that kept him going, he could not remember? What was the hope that kept him from withering completely in a ditch was foreign to him? What was the light that accompanied him made of? It was absent now and it didn’t seem like it would come back for some time now. Hollowness characterised him. That and a death wish.

I think you enjoy it.

It was a matter of minutes before Al’s roughness got to him and his insensitive words poured salt on his opened wound sparking a kind of rage rarely seen inside him, but one that consumed with every breath taken and every word spoken.

“You want to hurt me?” Dean challenged. “You want to kill me?” he stepped closer, ignoring his right mind that warned him to stay away, stay put, he inched closer. He was tired. Tired of people taking him as a joke, of using and discarding him like trash, starting with his own father and ending up with Cas. He was tired. “What do you want from me?” he screamed. Al looked utterly shocked by his behaviour. Fucking good.

“Michael.” He called.

“Fucking stop it, ok? Stop it.”

I’m asking you. Dean. Would you? Let me do anything I please with you?
Dean kept screaming. “Why do you do this to me? Why does it bring you pleasure to hurt me? I am miserable. I am hurting. I am in pain. Isn’t that enough?” he felt the first tear trickle down his heated cheek. “How can you be this fucked up? How? What did I ever do to you? How can you be this screwed up?” he gritted his teeth against the sinking feeling in his stomach.

“Michael.”

“No!” Dean screamed as he hugged himself and backed away. “Don’t touch me!” Al ignored his warning and stepped closer. He felt himself breaking. His heart shattering and there was nothing he could do about it. He couldn’t stop it. He felt like he was about to explode, like he couldn’t hold himself together anymore. It was too much for him. All the pain and the shame and utter hopelessness was for what?! For what?!

“Is this you going through a mental breakdown, Michael?” Al smiled. “Did I succeed?” he laughed.

“Stop!” Dean yelled. “Why are you laughing at me?! I am dying and you’re laughing at me!” His lips were trembling, he was shivering all over. “You did this to me.” Dean said defeated. “Why?” he whispered. He felt his voice grow weaker and his mind go blank on himself.
“You did this to yourself. So don’t blame me ‘cause it wasn’t as much me as it was you, hurting
yourself.” He explained simply as he kept creeping closer. Dean shook his head in utter disbelief.
“But I…” he suddenly pressed himself flush to Dean’s chest as he took hold of his arms. “…am not
done with you yet. Dean.”

Dean stared in shock. It was not possible. How did he know his real name? He had never told him
his name. He was Michael here, not Dean. It was not Dean that let strangers use him and reward his
body with money, it was not Dean that stepped over every single bit of morality just get by and it
was not Dean that was trying to escape Al. It was Michael.

Right?

Why let them touch you? Why let them feel you and see you?

“That’s right. You thought me a fool? Thought I didn’t know who came into my house for the last
two fucking years. I know you, Dean. I know everything.” Al chuckled. “Let’s see who the real fool
is. You think this is dying? Wait ‘till you see what I have for you.” Dean trashed in Al’s grip with no
success.

“Let me go.” He demanded.

“Never.” The cold voice sent shivers up his spine as he was thrown on his back with a force that left
no chance of him regaining balance. During his fall, just before he hit the ground he registered a
sharp pain on the right side of his head. Ending up on the ground, disorientated he realised it was
smashing his head into glass table that rendered his senses useless.

He shook his head, trying to get his wits together, but Al was right there, in his face, straddling his
lap and pinning his hands above his head as he bit into his neck roughly sending jolts of pain through
his entire body.

“Stop.” He mouthed. He kept repeating it like a mad man, but never getting his voice to work. He
twisted and turned and kicked but never managed to free himself of the weight on his body, the deft
fingers on his wrists that felt like snakes getting poison into him, making him react less and less and
disconnect more with the situation. Everything was closing in.

“I love it when you fight.” He murmured. “Go ahead. Try and escape. I’ll catch you again. And
again.” Dean shook his head in earnest and he kept shaking it, closing his eyes and opening them,
seeing bits of the scene, of his face, of that petrifying smile. So he kept trashing, hoping he could get
some leverage. It did not work and panic overwhelmed him as his voice that got stuck in his throat
got out in inhuman screams.

“Stop it. Stop! No!”

“Oh, there it was. I thought the cat got your tongue.” Al beamed as his hands left Dean’s wrists and
curled around his head, his thumbs digging into his cheeks and squeezing. “You are so easy to break
and so fun to play with. I could crush you. Just. Like. This.” His head was raised by Al as he
brought him up to his own mouth and laid a kiss on his uninviting lips. Then with a force that
surpassed Dean’s imagination his head was pushed back into hard wooden floor. A sickening crack
slashed through the room as he made contact with the ground. The action was repeated a total of
three times. By the second time his head was swimming and his vision blurring. By the third time he
was struggling to keep his eyes open.

“Now that you’re comfortable…” Al trailed off and one of his hands went back and held his wrists
together. As much as rage and fright filled him from head to toe, it did not pass the barriers of his
being. As he was breaking on the inside, he was still on the outside. Like he was dead.

Al ground his crotch against Dean’s in rocky motions. As big as the storm inside his mind had
gotten, his mouth was held closed by an invisible force. He fought with himself to speak. His chest constricted and his heart sped up that it almost seemed as if it were going to spring free from his chest. He watched the ceiling as he was moved by Al, as his hands touched skin that Dean thought forbidden and locked away by consent.

Then one of Al’s hands came to his jeans and unbuckled his belt and unbutton his pants, tugging them down mercilessly, shamelessly, roughly, like Dean did not matter. Truth was, he didn’t matter. The fact that he was repulsed and sickened, so sick he was not able to move, didn’t matter. His mind was screaming at him to stop, to get away. But It didn’t stop. It kept going. The movement. The blinding light. The broken beat of his dying heart was there. He just wanted to be left alone. Away. He wanted to be away from all of this. All this pain, this hurt he was feeling. It crushed him from the inside out.

His jeans came around his ankles and Al raised himself off of him. Dean wanted to believe it was over, wanted to give way to hope that maybe what he was fearing wasn’t going to happen. That he wasn’t going to get hit again and abused, that his consent wasn’t going to be taken away from him. Al turned him on his stomach harshly like a doll. Like he was not real. Dean felt new tears come out of his still eyes. He felt himself breaking again when cold hands traveled over his back and stopped at his ass, pressing and pressing onto his back side. He felt new, incomprehensible pain when a body draped over him and nudged at his entrance. And when it finally slipped in, he felt nothing but an agonising burn. When it started moving, pushing and pulling over and over again, he could only register the cold and utter darkness.

It was not the act that terrified him it was its meaning and his response. He wanted to get up and fight and push through everything and everyone and make it through to the end of the rainbow, the pot of gold – happiness and contempt. In his head he fought a bit, struggled and screamed and teared the walls of his own mind apart, only to find an unsettling darkness that chilled him and embraced and lulled him into an awakened sleep, a state of cold and unresisting nothingness.

Air was too heavy, light was too bright, skin was too dirty and he was hopeless against everything he wanted to stay away from, but in which he ended up being swallowed by - the greed and the cruelty, the shamelessness and the unworthiness. Between jumbled words and incoherent phrases he was stuck in a damning loop that was made of one single word that ravaged him inside and out with the power of the heaviest weights on his chest: broken.

What that what he was meant to be? Was that what defined him? What that what he was supposed to become?
Probably not, but that was what ultimately happened.

He tried to run and it didn’t work, he tried to stay and it hurt, he tried to hide and it destroyed. No more hiding. No more running. What was happening was the consequence of his hand and his only and what remained of him is what he allowed himself.

Between slick sounds and loud grunts his soul shattered yet again, broken pieces getting smaller, and his brain stopped as he wished for his heart stop beating and for him to disappear in a cloud of smoke like he was never there.

His mind did not allow him to move, so he didn’t. He stood there and took it like a good bitch. Like he was nothing, just a dirty, used-up body. He was only a shell and nothing more. Cas was right. He should’ve taken the out. He shouldn’t have been here and shouldn’t have done this to himself. He shouldn’t have, yet he did and it hurt like all hell and then some.

*I think you enjoy it.*
And he felt that – the shame, despair were all replaced by a terrifying and unsettling nothingness.

That was it. That was the end. He broke. Again and again. And it felt like hell and it felt like nothing.

There really was no escape.

He should’ve known better than to hope.
Chapter Notes

a new chapter after sooo looong guys
well I mean I hope you enjoy it and sincerely apologize for the long wait
don't hesitate to tell me what you think about the story and where's it going

There were many things Castiel had under control. From his life and the way he led it, to his past and the way he buried it to the interpersonal relations he managed to achieve and so on. The one constant was Castiel's control over the situation, whatever that may turn out to be, he always found a way to have that control or take control. Dean was a wild card, from the beginning, and, to be honest, Castiel felt no need to control him, only to protect him and cherish him for as long as he got him. With Dean broken and away, Castiel’s ache became close to unbearable. The only thing that was giving Castiel any kind of peace was the knowledge that Dean’s strength was nothing to mess with. He was fierce without Castiel backing him up and, until he would solve his problems, Dean had to be on his own. Hoping that Dean would understand and forgive him later, he went to work.

M.

Meg.

How the fuck did she find him? What did she want? What was that note about? Was it for the sole purpose of screwing with him or did it have a deeper meaning? How did she get in and, even more, how did she manage to find him? Was he being watched by her at all times? Was he watched right then and there? Was she working alone? Did she have help? If so, then who else knew about him? What was her endgame? Too many questions, too little time, no fucking answer. He had to act quick. But do what? What could he do? Where could he start? For the first time he felt himself at a loss. It didn’t feel all that good. From all the courses his actions could take, his brain seemed to settle on the idea of hidden microphones or, even better, video cameras somewhere in the apartment.

He did exactly what was expected. He turned it all upside down, searching every corner, end for end. The drawers, the cupboards, the shelves, all the books, the flower pots, picking at the dirt until he assured himself it was clear. He continued with the tableaus hanging around the house, in the hallway and in his bedroom, checking the underside of his bed, the nightstand and the little marron lamp standing on it, accompanied by an old copy of “Slaughterhouse V”. He went to the closet, to look in there too and came back empty-handed, but he checked the carpet and anything that could’ve been hidden in the loose strays or under it. He examined the lamp after. He’s already done that. Hasn’t he? He couldn’t remember clearly. Maybe he only passed it by. He had no idea. The more he thought about it the more confused he got. Too many ideas swarming up in his head, panic settling in and so his breathing quickened. Fuck! He forgot how it felt. He hoped he wouldn’t be reminded how helpless he could become in an instant. Blinded by the image of a perfect life, he neglected himself by disregarding any possibility of coming right back to do this, right back to this bullshit that he tried to escape. His phone rang, waking him from his reverie.

“Hello?”
“Cassie, little bro! Let’s have a drink!” Gabriel’s tone was so relaxed, so careless. Castiel wished he could go back a day and remain like that – happy, unbothered. He willed himself to speak, deny politely, no more questions or information. At least not over the fucking phone. His silence must have stretched because he was brought back by Gabriel’s excited voice. “Come on, bro! Don’t leave me hanging. Just say yes. You’re in for a treat.”

Castiel sighted, but kept his silence for a reason, unclear even to himself.


“I’m fine, Gabriel. I’m just a bit busy.” He groaned as he got up from the floor and threw another look around the room.

“Busy? The fuck are you doing? Christmas is like a fucking week away dude. If there’s no fucking Christmas shopping involved, your excuse is in-fucking-valid.”

“Yes.” Castiel sighted. “A lot of shopping involved. Anything that will get you and your drinking hobby off my back. I’ll go to the fucking end of the world for some fucking Christmas decorations.” Castiel hanged his head expectantly. A moment of silence. Doubt on Gabriel’s side.

“Fine.” He heard an exasperated sound in the end. “I’ll leave you and your fucking reindeers settle it between yourselves.” And the line went dead. The search continued and the confusion sprang up and worrying. What if Meg got whiff of Dean? No, that wasn’t possible. That couldn’t be. He can’t keep Dean away and also protect him. Impossible. Maybe he didn’t think everything through. Maybe he needed to stop analyzing thousands of things at the same time. One by one. Easier. Doable. Until he got in the game again, because, fuck, he had to be in the game again.

When the doorbell rang, Castiel couldn’t have been happier. He opened the door discreetly and signed for Gabriel to get inside. Gabriel threw his hands up in a gesture of mocking surrender and stepped inside.

“What’s going on?” Castiel just sighed heavily and shook his head as he tried to formulate his thoughts and not make them sound like he was ready to be accepted into a psychiatric ward. He made for the kitchen and turned the sink on at the highest pressure.

“Oh, the sink trick. Neat.” Gabriel clicked his teeth, leaning on the kitchen counter.

“Something happened.” Castiel started.

“Obviously.” Gabe interrupted but was shut up by one of Castiel’s cold stares.

“Meg’s back. Left me a note and everything.” He explained as he got out the little piece of paper from his back pocket and handed it for Gabriel to see.

“Little bro.” Gabriel sighted as he went over the writing. “The bitch is back.” Castiel nodded. “Are you sure though?” Castiel raised his eyebrows slowly and his silent question was received. What do you mean?

“Where did you find this? Are sure it’s not just a stupid joke? Maybe some neighbor has a crush?”

“Not that I know of. The M. It’s too much of a coincidence. I found it on my bedside table. Right after having a fucking dream about her.”

“Freaky.”
“No shit. Please tell me more.”

“Hey, no need to get defensive.” Gabriel handed back the note. “Did you check the house, are there any listening devices or cameras hidden?”

“I started doing just that. I don’t know. I didn’t find anything, but I can’t be too sure. It’s too fucking big, this fucking apartment. I can never be too sure. I check places, I forget to check others, I go back and forth. I’m chasing my own tail. I’m out of the loop, Gabriel. I never wanted to get back to this. Now, I’m so fucking out of it.”

“You’re just rusty. The Cassie I know is just locked up for a bit. He’ll come out eventually, take over, save the day. I know you and you’re just shaken up. But not to worry.” Gabriel gripped Castiel’s shoulder tightly and squeezed it reassuringly. “Because you have me to cover your ass. We’re gonna get through this. If anything, we settle it with her once and for all.” He said and turned around on his heels to walk away.

“Wait. What does that even mean? Where are you going?”

“It means I’m gonna go find out what’s Meg’s deal and report back to base. I get the information, you make the plan, we both execute it. But we need yo know what we’re dealing with.”

“Just like old times.” Castiel’s smile was nostalgic.

“Damn right.” Gabriel grinned and turned to the door.

“I thought you could help me scour the apartment, while we’re at it.”

“Do I look like the fucking cleaning lady to you? Get you someone else!”

“Like who?” Castiel called, exasperated.

“I don’t know. The redhead. Charlie. Give her a ring.” Castiel called for Gabriel again, but it had already crossed into a playful argument.

“I’m supposed to be fucking dead, Cassie. Give me some damn space.” Gabriel shouted before shutting the door.

Calling Charlie over proved way easier than he thought and inventing the cleaning excuse didn’t make him feel near as guilty as he thought it would. Charlie, bless her, was as excited as ever and agreed happily to come over for a “cleaning party”. Castiel was glad for a little help. He made a mental list, assigning each of them to a different room and sometimes making them work together in one room so he would be able to make sure none of his “weapons of assurance”, stacked carefully in fake-bottom drawers or in closets, were discovered, along with his past. The past that suddenly started bleeding into the present.

In all that shitstorm that was closing in on him, Charlie managed to make it better. Just amazing what well-placed smiles and squishy hugs could do.

“I got gloves and some more cleaning supplies.” She said excitedly, showing off her bag full of “instruments”. Castiel only smiled and for a moment it was genuine. Charlie’s enthusiasm was rubbing off on him and if it weren’t a life or death situation, he wouldn’t really mind.

“I appreciate your eagerness, but we got work to do.” He took a sober nature, but let his lips shape into a smile as he distributed the tasks. Charlie never stopped grinning and trying to take on more of the household to clean. It was truly refreshing, her company.
“We need to get going if we’re going to finish this. Keep in mind, if you find any kind of microphone or video camera, recording device, you bring them down and place them on the kitchen counter. If we get to finish half of this god-damned house by one, I could even attempt making us some hot chocolate.”

“Consider it done. But maybe you should call Dean for that hot chocolate business.” She looked at him expectantly, but instead of laughing it away, Castiel stared off into space, remembering the harsh words he had thrown at his lover and sending one more prayer that all this will be forgiven, that they will find their way back to each other. They had to.

“By the way, where’s Dean? It’s Monday. He should be here.” Charlie’s brow raised and Castiel knew what were the words that would follow so he tried shortening the conversation and keeping the lies out, mostly.

“Dean is… I don’t know, to be fair. We had an argument and he just left.”

“Excuse me?” Charlie looked shocked.

“No need.” Castiel tried to lighten the scene, but Charlie’s squinty eyes told him that was not a matter to dismiss and Castiel couldn’t admit more. Fuck the whole world, he just wanted Dean with him anytime, all the time, everywhere. “We will fix it, don’t worry.”

“But that’s the thing, I do worry, Cas. A lot. About Dean and, now, about you too. I don’t want anything to happen to you.”

“I worry about you too,” Castiel said hoping that his eyes could only approach the amount of sincerity Charlie had just displayed. Charlie hugged him tight and all Castiel could do was squeeze back and shoo the bad thoughts away. Nothing was going to happen to Dean, much less to Charlie. He’d make sure of it. They parted and Charlie offered a shy smile before jumping upstairs to start with the bathroom there, after which followed Castiel’s office and bedroom, where they would both be cleaning.

Half an hour passed and Castiel only managed to check the bottom kitchen drawers and nothing turned up. One hour, left side of the kitchen cupboards. One hour and a half, the whole upper side of the kitchens’ cabinets. Two hours, the kitchen sink and installations. Two hours and a half, finishing the fucking kitchen.

“Cas. I’m done with the bathroom. Come up here, would you? Your office is next.” He didn’t respond but sprinted upstairs to meet Charlie. She didn’t find anything and, bonus, the bathroom smelled like lavender. The office turned up nothing as well, just a lot of anxiety on Castiel’s part whenever Charlie got a bit too close to the fake drawer that contained his guns. She suspected nothing of his behavior. Great to see he could still manage his freaking emotions. Something told him, that the heartless mask was going to be essential.

“Is this a freaking dancing cupcake?” Charlie squealed as he turned it on and left it on the shelf to dance and sing, repeating it’s ten-second cycle over and over again. Charlie just danced along. “This is so cool.”

“Gabe gave it to me when he opened his shop. It serves as a reminder. Not as a mini party starter.” Castiel smile was small and nostalgic but it was there nonetheless. Charlie stopped it and put it back.

“Reminder for what?”

“A new start. The belief that we can be better and start anew. That the past doesn’t define us, but
what we choose to do with that experience in the future.” Castiel had no idea why he answered so openly, so truthfully, but he felt good for saying it. It was real.

“Cas, that’s beautiful. Did you manage to do that?” Castiel lifted his head from the sock-drawer he was currently inspecting. “Start over? Move on?” she added.

“To be completely honest, I don’t know.” He sighed heavily. “I like to think I succeeded. For a while, at least. But what I did, what I chose... Right now, it looks like there’s no escape. Thinking one day everything is fine and the way it should be and then the next day when everything goes to hell, you wonder if this is how it’s supposed to be.”

“I know what you’re saying.” Charlie snorted. “The things I did will haunt me forever. I know that wherever I’ll go, they’ll always haunt me. I’m scared too. That I will never stop being afraid, that this isn’t just some stage, but the way things are supposed to be. For me. Like that’s what I deserve.”

Charlie looked over to him. Her eyes glinted with unshed tears as the setting sunlight sneaked through the curtains to embrace her form. She was beautiful. Undeserving of the evils that roamed the earth.

“I don’t think so. It was a misfortune, what happened to you and your parents. No child should have to go through that.”

“I’m not complaining.” She shook her head. “I’m not the only one that’s running away from something.” She looked pointedly at him like she dared him to tell her his story. And for a second, he debated sharing it all with her. He restrained himself in time. He snorted loudly and stuck his nose back in the sock drawer.

Maybe his secret, the life he used to lead wouldn’t be frowned upon by his friends. He chastised himself once more. What was wrong with him and this sudden longing to disclose everything? He couldn’t and he, sure as fuck, wasn’t supposed to. Would he ever get to tell anyone about his time in the mafia? Will he ever get to share stories with someone other that his brother? Would anyone understand him, even if he told his story?” He crammed his socks back together and moved onto the second drawer. So far, nothing, which is a good sign.

“Cas?” Charlie snapped him out of his thoughts. She was holding the colt and starring at the gun like a foreign object. “Does this have to do with those bad choices of yours?” she asked, her voice slightly shaken. She was struggling to keep herself in check.

“Put it down.” Was the first, single thing that Castiel could vocalize. He needed to wait Charlie’s reaction out and see what her first feelings concerning a gun were. She turned her attention to the drawer holding a hunting knife and something that resembled a butcher’s knife, the ammunition stacked neatly in a corner along with his father’s ring. “Put it down.” He repeated. She looked at him, but her eyes spoke of no feelings. That was the last thing he needed. He didn’t want Charlie to change her behavior towards him now. As much as he dreaded the thought, Charlie’s become a great part of his life there, a part he didn’t want to let go. He wrecked his brain for a story to cover up the fact that he had several guns and knives in a fake fucking bottom of a fucking drawer. But then again, did he really have to lie? Charlie would understand, right? He didn’t want to make up other lies. The ones he had told her were enough. How much could his life change if Charlie knew about him. If his white picket fence life was bound to crumble, it wouldn’t be because of Charlie.

“I have to admit it. It’s a good handgun. Fully loaded and ready to use.” She turned the gun on all its sides and reached no conclusion. She didn’t seem scarred. Maybe a bit surprised, but totally detached. You could almost say the gun was a toy, the way Charlie was looking it over. “What is all this, Castiel?” she asked as she lowered the handgun. The colt stood in her hand and to Castiel it seemed ready to strike.
“Weapons.” Castiel sighted as he lowered himself on the bed, defeated.

“I can fucking see that, Cas. Why so many?” she stared at all of them, making an inventory in her own mind. “I mean I get being safe and all, but this. It’s…” she raised her eyes and met Castiel’s’. Her glare was glacial and Castiel felt frozen in place. He felt ashamed. He wanted to tell her, but he also wanted his carefully crafted image as an innocent professor to stay intact. “What is going on? I realized there was something you’re not telling me and I let it go because it’s not my business. But these. Why do you have them? How do you use them?” she ran a hand over tired featured, massaging her brow. “Do you hurt people with these?” No. Castiel kept looking at her. “Are you a serial killer?” No. Her voice was small and her eyes were pointed to her shoes now. She seemed unable to make eye contact, which worried Castiel a great deal.

“Are you going to kill me?” Fuck no. He crossed the room in three steps, reaching Charlie and putting a hand over the one of hers, the one that was holding the gun.

“No.” he whispered, as he slowly slipped the colt from Charlie’s tiny hand. He caught her fingers and intertwined them with his. “Look at me.” He asked. She looked up.

“I’m not going to hurt you. I want to do quite the opposite, Charlie, but I need you to trust me. Can you trust me?” It was a lot to ask, but if she said yes things would be way easier. After debating quietly, she nodded her head. The motion was brief, but priceless to Castiel. There it went:

“I’m not a serial killer. I did hurt people with those weapons. The ones that stood in my way. The thought of it doesn’t bring me joy, but sorrow. What I am, precisely, is a former mafia member. Those guns served for my protection. They still are. But you are in no danger here, Charlie. Those weapons are to be used in situations that require them, otherwise, they serve only as a part from my bloody past.” She breathed in deep. Castiel was genuinely curious in her response.

“It’s not as bad as I imagined.” She responded. “But still, I looked you up and there was nothing about the mafia in there.”

“You looked me up?” Castiel raised one eyebrow.

“Don’t look at me like that.” Charlie pointed his finger at him. Her voice had more volume and her face got its crimson color back. “New, mysterious dude came out of nowhere. Had to make sure you were not a serial killer. Looks like I wasn’t so throughout.”

“How did you check me up?”

“Hacked the human resources database. It wasn’t that big of a deal.”

“Just a normal day, I imagine.” She shrugged her shoulders, grinning.

“I’m guessing not a lot of people know.”

“No one knows.” Castiel turned to her. He took the colt and stacked it away. “I wish for it to remain like that.”

“Dude, totally. Your secret’s safe with me.” Castiel turned one mouth corner up in an awkward smile. “Plus, I want to know about it. I mean it’s fine if you don’t want to share. I just, if you wanted to. I would want to hear.”

“I think a hot chocolate break is in order.” Castiel announced and beckoned for Charlie to follow him to the kitchen.
Moments later, they were in the kitchen. Castiel was gathering up his ingredients and utensils and Charlie was sitting on the counter, swinging her legs like a child and asking every question that she could come up with. Castiel responded to all of them, more or less. None of them dug too deep for Castiel to put a stop in.

“So what are we actually looking for? Is someone onto you?”

“What?” Castiel expressed his confusion.

“Come on. I’m not dumb. The freaking cleaning party cover-up is weak. Whose giving you trouble?”

“It appears my past has caught up to me. I have reasons to suspect one acquaintance from my past has tracked me down. I do not know the reason. We parted on good terms, mostly, and her showing up now doesn’t make any kind of sense.” Charlie gasped.

“So it’s a she.”

“Yes. Meg. She left me a note. She broke into my house. What is to say she didn’t stop to put some tracking system around?”

“So far we found nothing. That’s a good sign.”

“Of course. We just need to keep looking a bit more.” He said while stirring the milk and adding, little by little, the cocoa powder.

“We will. Don’t worry. We’ll get through this.” We. Castiel looked at her suddenly as if burned.

“We?” he voiced his concerns. Charlie watched his reaction for a bit, then she dropped her head in her palms and then, looked right back at Castiel.

“We.” She confirmed. “I’m not letting you get through this alone. Anything I can do to help, I will.” Her sincerity was overwhelming and refreshing. Maybe having her as a friend was just what he needed. It certainly looked like it right then.

“Thank you.” He whispered, covering his blush with a loud cough and a sudden quickening of the stirring. Charlie just smiled warmly. Then she dipped one finger in Castiel’s composition and tasted the chocolate.

“It is not sanitary. Do not do it again.” He pointed his spoon at her and she raised her hands in playfull surrender. A few minutes of silence passed, before their conversation started up again.

“So do you have any idea why Meg came back? Or how she found you?” Charlie asked and Castiel shook his head.

“That’s what I want to find out. If this is all a game or if it leads up to something more serious.”

“Do you think she’d scare you just for a game.”

“I’m not scared.” Castiel opposed. “I’m worried. Her coming back means the possibility of my domesticity ending, which I do not wish.”

“Of course.” Charlie accepted.

“Who knows who else knows about the fact that we’re not dead. I don’t like that my life is threatened, I don’t enjoy frustration or annoyance.” Castiel continued blabbing. He was voicing his
concerns more for himself, but he had to admit that having an audience, someone to talk to, someone that could offer a fresh outlook on the situation wasn’t bothering him. As Castiel started enumerating the made-up reasons why Meg paid him a visit, Charlie rose from her chair and sprang into the living room. Castiel watched her, surprised, beginning to wonder if he had said something wrong. Thankfully she came back quickly, her laptop clutched to her chest. She set it on the table and took a seat.

“Meg?” she asked as her fingers skittered away on the keyboard.

“Megan Masters.” Castiel responded, setting a mug of fresh, hot chocolate in front of her. She thanked him and went back to her screen. After a couple of minutes, the typing ceased.

“There is no one by this name, that matches your description. At least not in Lawrence. A more detailed search should take a bit longer, but I got it.” Charlie sighted. “As for now, nothing is turning up with this name. No ID, no birth certificate, no driver’s license, therefore no possible parking ticket. Anythings else that could lead to any kind of file on her? Maybe I could get into the Lawrence Police Department files?” she mumbled to herself as her typing speed increased.

“I..” he started.

“Come on.” Charlie encouraged. “What’s the deal with this Meg? What’s your connection?”

“Megan and I go way back. Back to the time I was just getting started being a handler under my father. Gabriel was the same as me, just as confused, but more hopeful. He was expecting more than me from this, I was forced into it. I never wanted my life to be like that. I had to do it, so I did. The best I could. Meg was younger than me at that time, but not to say less experienced. She met Gabriel first, which led quickly to our acquaintance. She offered to help me train and I accepted. We got to spend a lot of time together and we got to know each other. She wasn’t that open, but I was willing to find out about her. Her personality intrigued me and I felt like I needed to know more. She was cunning and beautiful in her own twisted way. One thing led to another and our relationship evolved. It was nothing of the romantic sort. It fixated more on the sexual part of our relationship, which didn’t bother me at all. I quite enjoyed it. Our relationship never developed past that. I liked it that way. After one year, we were sent into the field. My mission involved a quite shady drug exchange and Meg’s was the weaponry kind. I was never told the details of the encounter, but I know something went wrong. The last time I saw her, was at a training session and she was unusually tense, quiet, frustrated. She refused to talk to me and I let her go. I figured I should give her space, we would talk later. Later wasn’t in our cards. I haven’t heard from her since. That is exactly why I do not understand why she contacted me just now, what game is she playing, why is she playing it, to begin with.”

“We’re gonna’ find out.” There again – we. Castiel’s anxiety was oppressed for a bit. He smiled and sipped his chocolate. Charlie went back to her research and drink her chocolate bit by bit, never taking her eyes off the screen.

“Let’s get back to it.” Castiel tried to animate Charlie. As absorbed by her operations as she was, she did not hesitate to jump from her chair, grab the rags and to race Cas up the stairs. Their cleaning system continued as before, they were unbothered, yet concentrated and so the cleaning and checking were done in less than three hours. Way faster than any of them anticipated, so Charlie’s pajamas became useless. That is not to say Castiel didn’t proposition an actual freaking sleepover. Charlie squealed and jumped, hugging him tightly. He got out some sodas, as Charlie continued her research on Meg. Castiel sincerely hoped it would bring something up, make their jobs easier. Gabriel was in the wind. A part of Castiel’s hope relied upon Gabriel’s possible findings.

When night took over their surroundings and Gabriel was a no show, Castiel’s brain kept buzzing
with its own reflections and possible turns of events. Well, no matter, he chastised himself again and again, he’s going to come through.

“Cas.” Charlie startled him from his intense floor scrubbing. “There is no one watching you. No microphones or secret cameras. Your place is safe.” She concluded.

“I know.” Truth was, his new found anxiety was the only thing that made him spend close to an hour cleaning the damn spotless floor.

“Then get up.” Charlie continued.

“What if it’s something else? What if it’s all bound to go to shit?” Castiel finally voiced his concerns. “Gabriel has nothing apparently and we are fucking polishing the fucking floor!” he put the sponge down and got up.

“Technically you are scrubbing. I just wanted to see how long you kept that up.” Castiel threw an unamused glance in her direction. “Castiel.” She caught his arm, stopping from wherever the hell he wanted to go. “Calm down a bit. You’re not making any progress like this. It’s a good sign we didn’t find anything. It is. So why don’t we take it slow until Gabe shows up?”

“What if he doesn’t? I need to take matters into my own hands. I need to solve this. Me.”

“Woah, there tiger. Put a pin it for later. You’re upset, scared. I get it, but we can’t jump into something we don’t know.”

“I’m not scared, Charlie. I am annoyed. I do not enjoy people getting into my business. I need to do something about it. I can’t allow this to ruin everything I’ve built. Not everything…” the rage and silent frustration stowed away the last few days were building up and threatening to explode.

“Cas.” Charlie pleaded, sensing his anger.

“No. This cannot go on. I won’t let it.” He started walking again, but Charlie ran in front of him, cutting his path again.

“I’ll help you, Cas.” She smiled shyly. “But now we need to think, not to make rash decisions, to be smart, so we won’t be sorry later.” She seemed so genuine, so opened to help Castiel even if his first solution to the problem was to terminate the threat completely. He willed his heart to stop and his urge to scream subsided.

“Look I’ll order us some pizza, while we wait for Gabe to show up, I’ll keep researching and when we know more, a more prudent plan will be in order.” Even waiting to make a plan, seemed like a plan, like something to do so Castiel settled. He was, as usual, silenced by order and clear planification so he took a deep breath and let it go. Charlie made the order for a pizza with extra meat and – which turned quickly into an order for two pizzas, one with extra meat and no mushrooms and one with “whatever resembles healthy”, as Charlie put it.

“Dude.” Charlie called exasperated, her little form sticking out of the fridge. She looked so disappointed. “I get it that you’re somewhat a health freak.” She said gesturing at him chaotically. “But no beer, really?” Castiel shrugged.

“I’m not a fan. I drink occasionally, and even then I’d rather drink whisky.” He explained.

“Well, I’m making it an occasion.” Charlie objected. “And the beer didn’t magically appear.” She turned to him, faking shock. “That’s strange.” Castiel threw his hands in the air defeated by Charlie’s sass to keep up the conversation. He tossed some cash on the counter, grabbed his jacket and winked
at Charlie, before continuing to fake grumpiness and exit his apartment. He faintly heard Charlie thank him, but, to be fair, he could’ve gone for a beer himself, so why the hell not? He finally felt hunger hit him and as he walked the partially empty streets he realized how underfed he was.

The shop wasn’t crowded save for some drunks and a mother with a weeping child in her arms. He passed them and picked the first box of beers that he saw. He wasn’t an expert and the range he had to choose from was not wide so he settled for the first thing. He hoped it would be decent. The cashier was a kid that seemed so bored with life he could have had a seizure.

With the beers safely bought, he made his way back. His mind was jumping from thought to damned thought. From Dean, who he’d hurt to protect, to Megan, who had a lot of explaining to do, to Charlie, who was an useful ally and amazing friend, to Gabe, who was fuck knows where, doing fuck knows what. Lost inside his mind he felt a body clash into his, with a surprising force. He was taken aback and as he wanted to excuse himself, the other person pushed him harshly into a poorly-lighted gang between two blocks. He was pinned by an arm to his throat, pushing into his windpipe brutally.

“Megan.” He encountered.

“Hi, Castiel. How’s life treating ya?” she purred as her manicured hand closed around his throat. Her force grew consistently since the last time they trained, which was to be expected, of course.

“Until you showed up, fine.” He spat. He could get out of her trap, one quick move, one distraction.

“Don’t be rude.” She pouted. “Is that how you treat your best friend?”

“You’re inquiries weren’t of the peaceful sort either.” He snared.

“Now don’t get so butthurt, Castiel!” she laughed. “Aren’t you happy to see me? Didn’t you miss me?” Castiel didn’t respond, but stood still.

“Didn’t you?” she came closer.”’Cause I sure did.” She closed the space between them gradually. Thei mouths were so close that he could feel her breath on his upper lip. “A lot.” She kissed him, almost timidly, at first. Like she was testing the waters. When Castiel started kissing back, she plunged her tongue inside his mouth and he sneaked a hand around her torso and used one of his legs to make her lose her balance as he pushed her back using her hair as leverage to throw her off him and onto the ground. She acted surprised at first and then burst out laughing as Castiel was on top of her, knees on either side, tightening around her body, keeping her in place.

“I see you haven’t lost your touch.” She smiled authentically.

“Meg?”

“Clarence.” She responded. It was her. His childhood friend, his best friend, Meg. Who played him, who toyed with him. She was looking at him with hooded eyes, using her elbows to support herself. Castiel pushed her back down on the ground with a growl.

“How dare you defy me, Megan? What game is it you think you’re playing with me?” he hissed. All his frustration came back to him in one swoop firing his aggressive response.

“Defy you?” she snorted. “If you would get your head out of your ass for a second, you would see that I am trying to help you.” She answered with the same kind of vexation he felt. “Get off now!” she pushed at his shoulders stoutly. He got up and fixated his eyes on her.

“Help me?! You call getting into my” his voice started echoing off the walls. That was when he
realized he was shouting and turned his voice into a low shrill “into my damn house, leaving fucking love notes, helping?” he got the piece of paper from his pocket and fluttered it. “How is that helping?”

“I was trying to tell you-“

“No.” Castiel cut her off.

“No. Not here.” He exited the gang. Meg simply followed him, no contradiction, no comment. He unlocked the door to his home tentatively. He let Meg in, locking door behind her. She looked around briefly and as she started walking inside, he called after her.

“Shoes, Megan.”

“Fuck off.” She respected his wish though and took her black high heeled boots off. In the kitchen, Charlie was still plastered to her laptop, typing vigorously. The pizza was on the table in front of her. Always something that fucked his day. Castiel sighted. Charlie lifted her head, ready to say something, but snapped her mouth shut when she saw their guest.

“Charlie, this is Megan.” Castiel introduced them, aware of the awkwardness the situation brought upon him, but there was no time to deal with social codes. Charlie nodded, not sure what she should say, if she should say something. Castiel signaled that she was free to talk if she wished to.

“Well, hello.” Meg winked at Charlie. “I see you’ve got your own tech.” She sounded condescending. Castiel threw a hard, cold stare. “Can’t do it yourself anymore?”

“Take a seat.” He pulled a chair, letting the legs screech on the floor. She did.

”By the way, you should call Gabriel back. You’ve found me. Or rather, I found you.” She smiled.

“How did you-“

“Clarence, the web is flimsy here, sure, but everyone that wants to hear, knows he’s looking for me, that you are looking for me. For a dead person, you are a bit too active. You’re cover is going to shit.”

“Have you come to patronize me? Is this the help you are offering?” his fists were clenched.

“Put the claws away. I did not come here to fight you. I came to fight beside you.”

“There is no fight.” Castiel contradicted. He hoped there wouldn’t be, at least. For the first time, her eyes showed compassion and Castiel wanted to hear what she had to say. It was hard to believe only a few days ago he was surrounded only by Dean and his warmth, feeling like he finally succeeded, like the normal life could’ve been checked off his bucket list. Now, everything seemed to be crumbling around him.

“I doubt it.” She seemed doubtful, yet solicitous. Castiel sat down.

“Talk.” He commanded.

“He knows you’re here. Alistair knows.” She said, looking down. Castiel was not impressed and, at the same time, terrified. Maybe a part of him knew it would come to this, but the immense dread that washed over him at the sound of his name was unimaginable. “He’s coming for you.”
“How do you know this?” Castiel asked. Maybe she was wrong.

“Are there any other Krushnic brothers? His whole gang is looking after you since it spread out that you were seen at a bar. At first it was thought that you were in Chicago, then the rumors died down again and everyone was convinced that Alistair was insane, blinded by rage and frustration. He wanted to be the one to kill the both of you. Gabriel’s shop though. That put you back on the map. That and your club roaming. Everyone came with their own interpretation, some people said you were in Europe and some, in Hawaii. If you asked me, they were making too big of a deal. Then the researchers started tracing your steps.”

“Can’t be. The one that helped with our new identities was the best I could find.”

“Your guy might be ratting you out right now. We can’t know for sure.”

“How did you find me and the others didn’t?”

“I know you, Clarence. And I might’ve given a tip that you were in New York, so all eyes are there. You still have some time.”

“Why does anyone care?” Castiel palmed the table. The surface was cold to his overheated hands. What was he supposed to do? What could he do? His brain was creating and dumping plan after plan, until he realized that he didn’t know what he was planning for. Did he need a plan to disappear again? Did he need a plan to get to Alistair first? What the fuck did he need?

“Castiel, you were the wisest and youngest mobster out there. You have admirers, just like you have enemies. Alistair happens to be one tough son of a bitch. He’s getting folks to hate you. You were feared and respected and so he’s success rate stays at a minimum. Some people don’t want to believe you are alive. They were much happier when you were presumed dead.” Castiel snorted.

“I bet the Mikhailov brothers were tearing up at the news of my fake death.”

“Not as much as Krasnoff, I assure you.”

“That fucker.” Castiel smiled.

“Those people want you back in your grave as soon as possible. So their respect might subside for their need to survive. We need to be careful.”

“We?” this conversation kept occurring. Why did people just assume they were in? There was nothing to be in, to begin with.

“I see you got your little team, without knowing you were the haunt of the town. I don’t know how Gabriel missed it. So. I’m part of it.”


“Abandoning you?” she answered, pain bleeding into her voice. “I never abandoned you. I was taken away from you. You think I wanted to leave you, to leave us? I didn’t. Mother, the old bitch, assigned me a job that kept me far away, kept me occupied. Job after job after relocation and a lot of shit. All this time hearing how the great Castiel Krushnic was ascending and I was helpless. I was not there for you. You and your brother never looked for me either, is that right? Castiel, I liked you. Your carelessness regarding me made me realize the ice you were holding in place of your heart.”
“You never made yourself clear on your feelings. You never showed interest, Megan. I—”

“Show interest? Is this a fucking romcom to you?”

“Meg—”

“No. Not the time. Nor the place.” She threw a glance at Charlie who was breathless between them, watching them like television. He shut up. “I am doing this, because I know what you went through. You got a chance at a normal life, something you always wanted. I couldn’t let you go oblivious, without a heads-up at least. If you want me, I’ll stay beside you.” Castiel was the one to remain wordless. Meg’s sincerity threw him off. His instincts assured him of her truthfulness, so he ignored his mind. One time, at least.

“I- Thank you.” Meg shrugged her shoulders.

“I got a few days to spare.” Castiel snorted and she smiled warmly.

A loud knock shattered the ambiance. Castiel opened the door to reveal Gabriel. He entered confidently but stopped in the middle of the living room as Meg raised to meet him.

“You sneaky bitch.” He greeted as he smiled.

“You idiotic freak.” She threw her arms around him. Castiel was watching the weird exchange with confusion and his expression was mirror by Charlie, who giggled quietly.

“And I would’ve thought you were grown-ups.” Gabriel mocked him but settled for taking the pizza matter into his own hands.

“So no one knows Meg’s here and I couldn’t find her, but here she is.”

“Thank you so much.” Castiel mocked before hitting him over the head. “Jackass.”

“What was that for?”

“Payback for the help.” Castiel smiled. Gabriel threw him the middle finger and turned back to his pizza, which lead to everyone getting a slice of his own. They ate in silence. Once the dinner was done, Charlie and Castiel started cleaning up the boxes and plates.

They relocated in the living room after that and Meg filled Gabriel in on their so-called fight.

“Alistair is the matter. The root of all the problems. If we could locate him… Charlie did you find anything?” Gabriel inquired.

“It’s like he’s a ghost. Nothing on this name. He must be using another one?”

“Why don’t we start slow? Ask the prostitute where he meets with him.” Meg suggested. They were all speechless.

“What?” Charlie asked, confused and irritated.

“The whore Clarence fucks, is fucking Alistair also.”

“If you mean Dean, I swear to fuck,” Charlie said breathlessly.
“Dean Winchester, yes. That’s him.” They were all staring at her in shock. Castiel was dumbfounded. Was Dean…? Castile never thought. A connection so simple, yet impossible for Castiel to see. How did he miss it? His thoughts were taking a dark turn. He didn’t like it. He was appalled by the thought of those bloody, dirty hands touching his sweet boy, his Dean. No way, no way did he let his light into such dark corners. No way he neglected his boy. The scene he had caused, Dean’s teary eyes flashed into his eyes. Not Dean.

“Al…” Charlie whispered, covering her mouth immediately. “I let him…” Charlie was too gobsmacked to finish her sentences. Her glassy eyes announced what he didn’t want to recognize: Dean was with Alistair for five whole years and no one helped him, no one saved him. Not even Castiel. The one that was supposed to make it better.

No. He had let Dean down. He did not deserve his light for he let it broke under his sight. Being so close to Dean, to his dreams, he neglected him without realizing it. Even their fight – he was supposed to protect him. He was supposed to be protecting Dean, not breaking him.

“Clarence.” Meg put a hand on his shoulder.

“I did this” Castiel whispered. He got up from the couch and sped into his bedroom. He needed just one. One gun. One knife. One item of weaponry and Alistair was already dead. He was spreading out his choices on his bed when the door to his bedroom opened and Meg entered.

“Castiel.” She called. He didn’t answer. M200. M419. Masterson. Elling 9mm. So many choices. He picked up The Colt still and stuffed it inside the back of his jeans. The gloves were stuffed into one of his back pockets. He took off his shirt and replaced it with a black Henley.

“Cas. What’s going on? Where are you going? No one down there will talk.”

“I’m going after Dean.”

“I’m coming with you. Then we hit Alistair’s place.”

“No. I have to save Dean.”

“Save him? Clarence, he’s been fucking with Alistair for so long, I don’t think he wants your saving. I mean, he’s a prostitute. That’s his job.”

“Dean is not a prostitute. He’s not doing this for pleasure. I kicked him out to protect him and all I did was expose him more, put him in danger.”

“Collateral damage always happens. We deal with it. Since when do you care about civilians?”

“He’s not just a civilian. He’s my light.” Castiel hissed in frustration. “I need to save him. I can’t let him… fuck.” He slammed his fist into the door. Meg was stunned. Damn right. As much as Megan wished it, their connection did not have the same weight as when they were kids. It was distant and blurry. Him being here with her, felt all kinds of wrong. Dean was the one he wanted beside him. At any point in time and place, he wanted Dean with him. The expected realization hit him with a new wave of guilt for endangering Dean as well as pretending all of Dean and not even giving him the courtesy to know the real Castiel. He cursed at himself and opened the door. He got his phone out and texted Crowley for Alistair’s address that was listed in his registration documents. His phone beeped seconds later. Crowley texted him the information followed by another text that said “Own me;)” Castiel rolled his eyes and pocketed his phone.

Faint voices were coming from down below. Castiel, followed by Meg, made their way downstairs. Charlie was talking on the phone, biting her fingers in earnest.
“Yes. I’m sure he is at home. Probably fell asleep. I will check on him. Don’t worry.” Charlie was assuring someone. She ended the call after she said her goodbyes.

“That was Ellen.” He informed them. “Dean was supposed to go to karaoke night. He never showed up.” The worry in Charlie’s face was worrying itself. She dialed another number and after a minute or so she ended it. “Dean’s not answering.”

“Ok, there are a couple of places he might be.” Charlie started. In less than half an hour, the plan was made and all four of them were leaving Castiel’s place. Gabriel and Meg rode in Gabriel’s SUV, while Charlie and Castiel climbed in Charlie’s yellow car. They were to start with Alistair’s place, or the address texted by Crowley. In case the fucker was there, Gabe, Castiel and Megan had guns and they would open fire however they caught him and Charlie was on Dean alert, she had to locate Dean and get him out, in case the other three were too caught up in committing yet another murderous act.

In the event of a no show for either Alistair and Dean, Meg and Gabriel had to stay behind and scour the place for anything that would actually lead them to him, while Cas and Charlie were to hit up Dean’s apartment.

When they reached the address everyone got out of their cars quietly and threw glances around. Due to the late hour, the streets were mostly empty.

Everyone was perspiring anxiety, even if it was on different levels, the thought of fighting Alistair again threw, at least, Castiel for a spin. He was angered and frustrated, but most of all disappointed in himself, but that was a guilt trip for another day.

Charlie ran to the door and kneeled to pick the lock as soon as the elevator doors let them through. The door did not resist but gave way to Charlie’s skilled hands. The three of them entered rapidly, but quietly, guns in sight, ready to shoot. A two-minute search turned up nothing. No Dean, no Alistair. Charlie was already walking out the door and Castiel was on her heels. He stopped for a second and checked in with Gabe who nodded confidently. They got it.

Charlie’s driving proved to be even more erratic in moments of high stress. They were lucky the streets were more or less deserted, or maybe the drivers were the ones lucky. They made it to Dean’s in less than ten minutes and Charlie led the way to Dean’s apartment and used her spare key to enter. No sign of Dean there either. Castiel observed the place in the little time he was allowed inside. A part of the bedroom and the living seemed new, compared to the rest of the house. A framed photo on one of the cracked walls presented a golden haired boy that was hugged tightly by a woman with her hair the same color. They were both smiling for the camera as the little boy touched the woman’s cheek lovingly.

“That’s Dean and his mom.”

“They’re beautiful.”

“They are,” Charlie confirmed. “Dean is not here.” She concluded. Castiel shook his head as he tried to take in Dean’s place and the comfort of it, the warmth but also the sadness of it.

“The bedroom, the living room, they seem…”

“Dean started remaking the place. He felt it was time to change.” Charlie shrugged. “So he started low, wanted to work up to bigger things. I guess you inspired him.” Castiel felt like screaming and punching. Charlie must have seen his look full of hopelessness. She approached him. “He admires you, Castiel. Everytime he speaks of you, he smiles in this way that makes your heart melt. If I didn’t
know better, I’d say he’s in love. He chose a good person to be in love with.”

“I screwed up. I sent him away.”

“He’ll understand.”

“Maybe, but he won’t ever look at me the same way.”

“Maybe not, maybe it will be better. You give yourself too little credit. So does Dean.” Castiel smiled.

“I love him.” He whispered. Charlie cupped his cheek.

“We need to find him.” They locked the door and went back to the car. Castiel was ready to get in but Charlie pulled him out and told him to follow.

“Why aren’t we going to the club?” Castiel asked.

“I need to check one more place first. I have a hunch.” When they entered the abandoned building, Castiel started questioning Charlie.

“Why would he be here?”

“Not here – here. On the roof.”

“Why?”

“Our place. That’s where we hide.”

“From who?”

“The world basically.” Charlie smiled nostalgically.

When they reached the roof, they were breathless. The figure hunched over itself at the edge of the roof though told Castiel that this was it. They reached him.

“Dean.” He called. The figure turned. It was Dean. Dean, teary-eyed and pale. Charlie was the first one to move from their frozen spots.

“What happened?” she asked. Dean whimpered and got up, his back still turned at them.

“Nothing. What are you doing here?” his voice was shaky. He seemed so fragile. Castiel wanted nothing but to carry Dean to safety. He realized he might not be allowed to do that anymore, to touch Dean, comfort him. He couldn’t stand the thought.

“We came looking for you. We were worried.” Charlie responded. “You didn’t make karaoke night and Ellen was worried.” Dean snorted.

“It slipped my mind. I’ll call her and apologize.” Dean answered. His words appeared as if he wished for them to leave. Tough luck. They were not going anywhere.

“Dean,” Castiel called, but he didn’t move, didn’t seem to acknowledge Castiel. Charlie got behind him and laid a hand on his shoulder, turning him to face her and, at the same time, Castiel. Dean was so small, hunched over himself, even when trying to stand tall. His eyes were glassy as he restrained his tears. What happened, my light? Castiel wanted to ask. Who wanted to break you? Flashes of their fight appeared before Castiel eyes. Was he the one that caused this?
Castiel approached them silently. When Charlie saw what he was doing, she moved away, letting him stand in front of Dean. He looked down, not meeting Cas’ eyes for the life of him.

“Please, Dean. What’s wrong?” Castiel spoke softly, willing Dean to open up to him.

“You care?” Dean’s gruff voice hit him. How could Dean ever believe Castiel didn’t care? He supposed he had himself to blame for losing the trust of his beloved.

“Always.” Dean closed his eyes and breathed through his mouth. The tremors were shaking his whole body, making him rock back and forth slightly. Castiel palmed his cheek tentatively. When Dean didn’t pull away, his heart felt a bit lighter. His other hand found Dean’s face and as he felt Dean’s head looking down, he forced him to meet Castiel’s eyes. Dean shook his head, but he needed to see how sorry Castiel was for hurting him, he needed to know and understand.

He finally caught Dean’s eyes and the impact was shocking. Those beautiful vibrant eyes were dulled, almost lifeless. Dean watched him, his lips starting to tremble. Before Castiel could voice his apologies, he saw one single tear stain on Dean’s cheek.

“I’m so sorry,” Dean whispered. He took another lungful of air. “I’m sorry, Cas.”

“There’s nothing to be sorry for, Dean.” Dean shook his head.

“There is so much” he breathed “I am sorry for.” His eyes closed briefly only to give way to more tears. Castiel felt his heart break more and more with every tear. “I’m sorry.”

“Dean. Please.” he was cut off.

“You were right, Cas.” He said as more tears flooded his eyes.

“What? No.”

“I am sorry. For everything I did.” Dean continued. “I couldn’t fight it – him. I tried. I didn’t want it.” Dean was shaking his head frantically, his sight becoming unfocused.

“Dean. What is it? What are you talking about?”

“You have to know this,” Dean said more convinced than ever. His hands found Castiel’s face. “I am so so sorry, Castiel. I let you down.”

“You didn’t let me down, Dean. You could never.” Castiel negated as Dean started nodding.

“I did. I did. I’m sorry. I couldn’t – couldn’t fight. I was helpless. Fuck! It was all my fault and I’m sorry. Cas. Castiel. I’m sorry it ended like this.”

“Nothing ended. Nothing is ending, Dean.”

“You don’t need me around. Not after what I’ve done.” Dean was close to sobbing and Castiel was becoming certain it didn’t have as much to do with him, as he’d imagined.

“I’ll always need you, Dean. You don’t even know how much I need you. I need you with me, Dean. I need you too much to let you go.”

“Cas.” Dean looked hopeless. So felt Castiel, his own sight becoming blurry.

“I am the one who needs to be sorry. I am the one who wronged you.”
“You didn’t. You just saw the truth. No one could blame you for that.” Dean’s voice retreated to a whisper. He looked powerless, filled with despair.

“I was trying to turn you away. To protect you. It turns out I have done more bad than good. I am sorry. The words I have said to you were rash and untruthful. Please forgive me.” Dean nodded.

“I am sorry, Cas. I really am. I wish I could take it all back, but I can’t. I have to live with this. I don’t know if I can.”

“We’ll do it together. Whatever it is.” Dean took his hands away and sped past Castiel. Dean’s little whimpers transformed into sobs.

“How can you look at me? Both of you! I can’t - I can’t look at myself. It’s too hard. I tried. So hard.” Dean was running his hands through his hair desperately. “It hurt. It still does – worse. Fuck.” He screamed. “I didn’t want it. I didn’t want it.” He repeated. “I said ‘no’. I am not his.” he said, more to himself. Castiel tried to approach, steady him. His mind looked for ways to settle him, calm him down. Dean’s hands stopped going through his hair and remained on the back of his neck. His head was bowed and his murmuring subsided. Castiel advanced towards him with Charlie beside him. She was teary-eyed from watching their exchange too.

“Whatever you did, whatever happened, we’ll fix it,” Cas spoke as they went after him. “You are not alone. We love you, Dean. I love you.” Castiel reached him and unhooked his hands from the back of the head. “Dean?”

When Dean lifted his head to answer, crimson liquid started dripping from his nose and Dean collapsed in Castiel’s arms, dead to the world.

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