You're the one, who's sleeping with him!

by MiraSun

Summary

It started at Survivor Series 2016. Dean in the ring and on the other side was Seth. He loved this guy, even as he stabbed him in the back. But that night, everything changed.

This fic starts at the end of January.
Dean and Seth are a happy couple in a love, but everything is a secret. Nobody knows and both try to keep it like that. Dean is Renee's fake boyfriend and they both travel together and on his free days Dean's meeting with Seth.
Everything's seemed to be perfect till Seth messed up his knee again...

That's where we started!

Notes

I just wanted to write a little One Shot about the idea of Dean comforting Seth after his new injury.
I started to write... and wrote, wrote the beginning and suddenly I realized, this isn't just a one shot, one little tale. This is growing to a story. I have no idea where it's heading to, what will happen and even what I want to tell you. But it grew in my head, what has happened, what could happen.

I don't know what will come, but I hope you like it and we'll see where this is going to lead us.
The feeling of... home

You're the one who's sleeping with him!
Yeah, Dean was glad, that the story with Renee was off the screen before it even got too much of a hook. He liked her very much and he was thankful, that she's willing to cover up his ass. It wasn't that much fun to pretend this relationship for Reality TV, but there was no way that he let everybody know the truth.
Nobody knew the truth. Renee knew a tiny glimpse of what the real story was. He hadn't told it even Roman what was going on since they'd parted again after the Survivor Series.

It was strange to see Roman and Seth together again on screen and at that night. There was jealousy in him, not that he knew much about that feeling, but it stung in his heart to see his friends back together again as he'd never excited. He was on the other side, now, like he was the enemy.
He thought it would be odd to stand in Ring with them head to head. As it happened, it was strange, not because of the situation, but his feelings.
Even if it looked like he had forgotten everything, but he didn't. He'd never forgot his feelings towards Seth and how it hurt him, as he betrayed him, but now…
it was like back then, even in the ring he'd felt that connection again. He felt it as they helped him in the actual Series Match and he felt it again he'd helped them and as they guard him.
It was like… like home!
Home wasn't something Dean could really understand, but he had this feeling around him. The feeling that everything went calm and silent when he was around his friends.

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"You think that there's trouble coming up to you?" Seth asked in the locker room. He rubbed his hair dry with a towel after a shower while Dean was dressing again. After the Match incident he decided it was better not to change in the Smackdown Locker. Seth was alone in this room and welcomed him. It was an odd feeling, being here and talk after a match like back in their shield days. "I think, but's nothing I'm not used to handle with." He answered, shrugging his shoulders and pulling a large Sweater above his head before he returned the question to Seth. "What you think? There'll be a problem since you guys lost? Heard something about that…" Seth smirked his stupid arrogant smirk as the first answer of Dean's question. "Steph was just trying to intimidate us. Same shit, different day. She'll annoy me and Foley, blow sugar up in Owens and Jerichos ass and hide her hubby from me. Nothing I'm not used to either."
Dean looked at the slight smaller man. His eyes so warm, even if he tried to be cold and arrogant. He was never to Dean. Ambrose could always look through his mask. That's why Seth's betrayal had hurt him so much, 'cause he could see, his friend had hid something from him. And it made this moment a little more special to Dean.
"It's good to have you back, brother!" the taller one murmured. He didn't want to say that, but it just escaped his mouth. However in this moment it was like it was before, he felt that he had his brother back, even if they lived on an entire different planet right now with him on Smackdown and Seth on RAW. "It's good to talk to you again, Dean… and… I'm sorry." The last words weren't much more than a whisper. Dean jerked a little and tried not to look puzzled. He'd never believed to hear the actual words from him. Not now, not after the moment he forgave him without an apology. He didn't even believe that Seth would ever apologize. The fact that it was just a whisper, made his words more powerful than any other excuse he'd ever heard. Dean had looked down on the floor and slowly rose his view up to Seth. "I know. It's alright. It was logical that you… choose them."
He answered calmly. He was hurt and disappointed till today, but he understood everything. At that time he was just a drawback, just an anchor who hold Seth down. No one believed he was championship material. He was just an undisciplined wrack of a human being. Mentally unstable and not willingly
to change anything.
He hadn't need an apology, but now that he'd heard the words, it was like balm on his broken heart.
Suddenly Seth started to talk and nothing could hold back his words. "Man, it wasn't okay or logical.
It was a dick move. I was arrogant and stupid and egoistic… and… and after all I felt so lonely at the
top. I missed you every time and then… my knee… and I still had to act that everything was fine,
even when it wasn't and…" He walked towards Dean. Their eyes locked, brown met blue and Seth
stopped talking as fast as he started it before, pressing his lips together. They just looked at each other
depth in the eyes. Seth sighed. "I regretted soon, but I… I couldn't…"
Dean wrapped his hands around Seth's neck and tug him tight. Their foreheads almost touched. He
felt Seths surprised breathe on his cheeks. "Shut up, Seth." He groaned and hold him in the same
position. Seth felt his fingers, felt the pressure, felt a little pain and then… he felt his own tears. "I'm
so sorry." He whispered almost silently.
He didn't know why he did it, but Dean leant forward and pressed his lips against Seths. He kissed
him so Seth couldn't talk anymore, couldn't excuse anymore and couldn't break his heart anymore. It
was just a kneejerky reaction, but then he felt the softness of Seth's lips and how his beard tingle his
beared cheeks. He felt how warm Seth was under his hands and how close they were. He tasted the
sweetness of the male lips, the little leftover of the dietdrink Seth had and how everything fit back
together. Seth's hands found his waist and clung to the fabric of Dean's hoodie. Slowly they opened
their mouths and their tongues touched each other for the first time. It was like little flashes hounded
through Deans spine, small hunches of lightings through his body as their tongues wont stop dancing
their passionate dance. Damn, it was so… right. This feeling was what he needed. He needed Seth
the whole time, even as he tried to convince himself that he didn't. Even when he mocked him,
hunted him, hated him, wanted to kill him all this time he needed Seth.

After a felt eternity, they parted from each other and looked silently in their eyes. Dean loved these
chocolate brown eyes from the beginning. They made Seth special. At first he loved and hated them
and Seth, then he got to know Seth and just loved him like a friend, later like a brother and now… he
loved him, like in love.
"If you apologize once more… I knock your teeth out!" Dean whispered and Seth chuckled.

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"You wanna tell me her name?" Renee asked him curiously. The both of them were alone in the
rental car and traveled together the long way from Canada to their next house show. The whole deal
with Renee Young was just an act. He liked being with her, having her around and talking to her.
She wasn't that complicated and normally didn't ask too much stupid questions. It was a
misunderstanding when the first rumors started that there were dating.
He didn't know why he suggested that she should confirm if someone would ask and he didn't know
why she played this gig with him.
However, after the first yes, they both had their peace. Dean never asked why she was okay with this
lie and she never asked him, why he wanted this. It was just an act, but because of it Renee became
one of his closest friends.
"So? Do I know her? Is it one of the girls?" she asked with a provocative smile. Dean sighed and
shook his head. He shouldn't have said anything, but she caught him of guard. She asked him if he
had fun the weekend and he answered with silence and a smirk.
That was enough for Renee. She understood that something was going on and didn't stop asking.
"Oh really, you don't wanna tell me? I'm your girlfriend, I should know what you're doing when
you're not with me." She demanded her answers. "Renee…" Dean sighed and took a short side view
to her, maybe it was time to confess her a little detail. "I won't tell you HIS name." he answered and
looked back on the road again, knowing which bomb he just dropped on her.
Renee looked startled at him, her mouth wide open in shook. "It's nothing anybody should know. I
don’t want you to call a tattletale, but at the beginning I would just be happy not to tell anyone anything and enjoy what I have." She made a wondered noise. "I didn't know that you're…" she stopped. Dean cracked a bleak laugh. "You didn’t know that I'm gay. You didn't asked and… It's nothing I like telling everybody."

Renee shook her head making an angry sound before she answered. "I'm pretending to be your girlfriend for months and you didn't think it's an important fact you should have told me?" she asked upset. "It would be nice to know things about you, Ambrose."

Dean breathed deep and tried not to show how much he was annoyed of the simple fact that people wanted to know things about him. "Well, I tell you, now, when it became important, because I got a boyfriend!" He shrugged with his shoulders, like it was a normal kind of behavior. But it wasn’t normal, it even didn’t feel normal to him, he just called Seth his boyfriend… boyfriend. That word sounded odd even in his mental voice.

"I mean you know more things about me than the most people!" He felt that she punched him. A small, but weak fist hit his upper arm. "Oh my god, Ambrose. YOU TOLD ME? I asked you the whole ride along and had to tear everything out of you!" She turned sulky away and looked out of the side window.

Silence fell.

After a few miles Dean groaned and rubbed over his face. "Sorry, Renee… but this… I didn't thought of the possibility that I could on one day be together with someone again, so I thought it wasn't important to tell you that I'm into guys." Renee sighed, turning back a little to him. "Not important… Ambrose… sometimes you're a mystery to me."

"Aww, that’s a nice compliment, Young!" he answered. Again she punched his shoulder. "Moron!" She bit her lip and added: "But… you call him your boyfriend already?" she asked. Dean groaned a little louder. "Why can't you just stop asking?" He felt her fingers glide over his arm up to his hand on the steering wheel.

"I'm sorry that I'm so pushy, but I'm happy for you and… I would be happy if you would share it with me." Dean blew out his cheeks. "I guess… I guess I can tell you a little." Renee jumped up and smacked with her hands on her tights. "Alright, go on I'm listening. Did you just met him or… or is it a kind of old love?" She rattled down her questions. "Oh, stop asking, please! I'm going to crush the car in this truck there!" he threatened, but Renee just chuckled. "Okay… okay. I let you do the talk and be calm."

Dean sighed and breathed through. "I know him a little longer and ya, I call him my boyfriend, but… you know with all the traveling." He choked and sighed low. "I never had a long distance relationship… so… I… hm." Renee stroked over his forearm. "You're afraid it won't work out?" She asked. Dean nodded calmly. "Give it a chance, after everything I know about you, long distance could be your thing. When someone gets your heart you trust them full heartedly. Forever. Like with Reigns and Rollins. Even if you can't see them all day, when you meet them again, you switch back to old habits. But if some one gets to close with you, you panic."

Dean thought about her words. Again her fingers stroke over his skin. "We can break up, if you want." Dean shook his head. "No. He knows about you and… you cover up my ass. In this business where every gay man is a just cliché. Do you think they would me let be on this spot I'm now? Do you think, they would let me fight this fine family man? They would tear me and my lunatic ass down. No… let's play this a little longer. It would suck if I've to find another travel buddy."

Renee laughed. "Don't ya already have? I mean you and little Ellsworth seemed to be pretty close so!" Dean took a hand of the wheel and pushed against her shoulder. "Oh woman! Just shut up or I gonna crash the car, my chosen death truck is still there!"
Let's get ready to rumble!

Chapter Summary

Finally they had some days to relax and just be a couple. Finally they had the time to just enjoy, finally everything seemed to be normal if it weren't for the job... and after they parted everything went wrong.

Chapter Notes

So this ist the smutty part.
I'm not really experienced in writing in english. I don't write much slash smut and this is the first I wrote in english, so help me if I've choose the wrong word or explained it to mechanically.

Let's get ready to rumble

"So you managed to fuck everything apart?" Dean asked Seth as he entered their shared hotel room. Seth leaned back against the door with a loud sigh. Since Thursday the both were in San Antonio where the big Royal Rumble weekend was held and the Road to WrestleMania began. The both were dating since their kiss after the Series ppv and again and used the weekend of the shared PPV of SmackDown and RAW to enjoy the time together.

Dean had Seths Laptop opened with the Network Stream of Takeover running. "I had to do something. Since August I'm calling for Hunter and he always refuses to show up. He was even mocking me on social media. I couldn't stand it and had to do something." He explained, pushed away from the door and took the place at the side of Dean, throwing a look at the current match. The Main Event was about to start. "You called for him since December like you just remembered about it after writing your Christmas gift list, but I get it that you lost focus because of this whole Owens and Jericho Angle, I just wanna…" Seth snorted. "Yeah, you just wanted to be a smartass." Seth snuggled up at Dean's side and lay his chin on his shoulder. Silence fell as the theme of the current NXT champion started to play.

"You looked hot as you ripped off your clothes." Dean murmured and Seth knocked his knuckles in his side. "Don't tease me!" he groaned and pushed his face against Dean's neck. "I don't. I noticed how nervous you were, but it was hot. You throwing a tantrum, ripping of your clothes… If I didn't already love you, I would probably fell in love then."

Dean wrapped his arm around Seths back and stroke with lips over his bearded cheek. They leaned against each other and their mouths met for a long enduring kiss. Seth lay back on the bed and suddenly Dean was over him, kissing him, his lips, his cheek, his neck.

Careful but with a certain touch, Dean opened Seth's hoodie. His hands found their ways under the fabric of his shirt. In this moment Seth could forget everything. Every moment of stress, the anger about Hunter or his bitch ass wife Stephanie. He could forget the lost of his spot in the Rumble Match where he could have teared the house down with Dean. He could forget every little bit of rage over the last month and just enjoy how Dean licked and teased his body with kisses.

Dean dragged Seths Shirt over his head and pushed him back again down to the mattress with his
own weight. His lips drew a hot path over Seth's body. The smaller one moaned lowly and clung his hand in Dean's hair. He hold him back, but it didn't hold him back from further kisses on his stone carved body. Dean stroked over the hot skin and led his fingers down to Seth's skin tight jeans. "Do you feel better?" Dean asked with his lips sliding over Seths sun kissed skin.

"What if I would feel better?" Seth returned the question and let go of Dean’s hair. The blonde one looked up to Seth. The face of the brown haired man was a little red and heated. Dean smiled under the kisses he placed on Seth’s happy trail. "I would be happy that I go to calm you down and go to sleep. However if you wouldn't feel better, I'd to try even harder." Dean smirked and led his way deeper down on his lovers body. Seth groaned. "Oh if that's the case then… I'm still very furious. You've to try really hard, so I could feel balanced again." He answered. Dean led his tongue wander again over Seth's carved ribs cage. "I'll don’t need to try. I know exactly what I'm doing here!" Dean promised and crawled down a little bit, with soft small kisses until he reached the button of Seth’s Jeans.

Seth pulled Dean's Shirt up to see the light skin on his back. His fingers pulled and drew and dragged at the cloths. Dean didn't fight against it and helped Seth to get rid of it. But then he attended himself to Seth's crotch. Dean opened the first button and shortly after the second. Seth winced and whimpered under the touch of Dean's fingers. Seth clench his fist around the bed sheet, clung to it, holding his breath just to let a loud moan slip as Dean's lips found the soft shaved skin in his crotch. He shivered under Dean's kisses, as the man roughly undress the stubborn pants. It was too tight around Seth's legs, but it was so hot to peel it off. Shoes and socks found the same way off Seth's body so that the beautiful man was completely naked in front of him.

"Do you still have a need for comfort?" Dean asked breathless. He had kissed every reachable inch of Seth's body, felt his shivers, had tasted his pleasure trail and felt how the dick of his lover slowly rose from his sleep. "God damn, Dean… don’t stop now!" Seth demanded, not answering the question, but it was enough for him.

Dean felt his own cock growing in his pants, but later was enough time to take care of that problem. Now he just wanted to hear Seth's loud moans and whimpers so his boyfriend would just forget his problems. With a smirk he put Seth into his mouth, already hard and as the soft lips of Dean closed around him Seth sighed and moaned at the same time, a distress sound but shortly follow from another moans and groans of lust. Seth's hips roll up and forcing himself deeper into Dean's throat, so that the other male had to push him down the mattress again, to stay in control so he didn’t choke on Seth's member.

Dean was on his knees between the hot and hard tights of Seth, playing with his tongue. He made Seth hum for pleasure.

With a plopping sound he drew back and smiled up to Seth. "You're so hard, babe… still angry?" he asked teasing. Seth growl as Dean left him and threw an angry look down. Dean wrapped his fingers around the hard dick and stroke him in the full. Seth threw his head back, unable to speak a clear word.

"Didn't hear ya, babe. Still angry?" Seth growl again and pushed his hips up again, against Dean's hand. "Fume." He murmured under loud sounds of pleasure. Dean pressed a little harder and rubbed away the drips of precum. "I didn't get that either." He teased further. Seth beat the mattress. "OH FUCK ME! FUCK ME ALREADY!" he yelled out loud and hard, shaking under Deans pleasing touches. Damn, it was so good, but he wanted more, more of Dean.

"That's ma boy!" he patted Seth tight and let off of him to get the lube. Dean threw the bottle next to Seth on the bed and wanted to drag off his own jeans as Seth sat up and wrapped his arms around his middle and tugged him close. Seth's lips met Dean's hard belly and Seth's hands stroked Dean's small waist until his fingers opened the jeans. "I need you, baby. I'll really need you!" Seth whined with his face pressed against Deans muscle hard body, what made Dean moan a little. Seth's hot breath over his body made him shiver. He loved it when Seth was begging, but he didn't want his lover beg too much. He stroked with his hands over Seth's head.
"I'll fill you up, babe… lay back. I'll take care of you." He promised and whimpered a little as Seth put his hands on his butt. Dean helped his shaking boyfriend to undress him and crawled with him on the bed.

He opened the cap of the lube and wet his fingers, kneeled in front of Seth and dragged him into the right position on his lap. "Need ya to get ready… moan for me, babe." Dean talked to Seth and slowly started to massage his backdoor, stroked with a finger around and pushed a little bit in. Seth tensed a bit just to relax again, moaning under Deans touches. Dean softly worked his rhythm to open up Seth for himself. One finger disappear in Seth’s butt. Again sounds of pleasure fill the room as Dean managed to insert another finger. Seth clung to the mattress again, tensing just to relax again and tense around Dean again. "Oh babe…" Seth whimpered. Carefully Dean was searching for the sweet spot of his lover, observed his reactions and then the groans started to get harder, louder and keener. Yeah, that was right. Seth threw his head back, his eyes closed, his full body ready.

A third finger followed. Dean didn’t notice that his own breath got harder and louder. His own dick dripped and jerked with each movement, because Seth's hot body rubbed over him. Damn, it was so hot. "Oh please, Dean… I … I can't take this any longer!" Seth whined under the fingering. Dean stopped and lowered Seth back on the bed. "Yeah, you need me?" he asked, fished for the lube bottle and smoothed his hard dripping dick. "Ya, I need ya, please… oh please!" again Seth begged and pressed his bottom again Dean. "Then I've to give it to you." Dean whispered, leaned over Seth and breathing his words over Seth’s hot sweated body. The taller one tugged Seth in position again and slowly pushed the head of his own against the entrance of his lover.

It fitted perfect as Dean filled Seth up. Loud moans of both man filled the air. Soft movements united the both men. Seth's hips took the same rhythm as Dean’s and both worked together. Seth was wrapped around him and Dean leaned forward, locked lips with his lover under heavy breathing of them both. No words further spoken, the both bodies merged to one unity. Everything grew in his body and Dean felt how he worked Seth's prostate and how that made his lover shiver every time. Seth growl and moaned.

"Fu-uck. I'm coming." Seth shouted and Dean leaned back to gain a little more momentum to bring Seth over the edge. One of his hand closed around Seths fully grown dick which was still dripping. Dean massaged him and felt how Seth stiffed a little around him. "Damn." He cursed and felt his own peak, how everything tightens and Dean moaned. Seth shivered in his arms and then everything seem to shake. Seth came over his hand and everything landed on Seth’s own belly in the same moment as Dean came in Seth. "Fuck!" he growled, enjoying the moment of releasing himself and his lover tightly wrapped around him. Then Dean pulled him out and sunk next to Seth on the mattress. The room filled with hot air, the smell of sex and the echo of lusty moans.

They lay next to each other on the bed. The sheets wrapped around them. The laptop had landed on the floor as they went on each other. Some old network special or something was playing in the background. Seth rubbed with his chin over Dean's shoulder, one arm on Dean's chest, the other under his shoulder. "Did you throw my notebook on the floor?" he asked. His eyes still close and complete relaxed. "I think we did it both as I was taking off your pants. In the heat of the moment, you know, nothing is safe." He brushed with his fingers through Seth's hair. Seth chuckled and placed a kiss the collarbone. "I wish it could be like this all the time." He mumbled against Dean's skin. The blonde one stopped his hand. "Yeah, it would be nice, but I don't think that Steph's gonna take me back nor would she set you free. You’re a fucking pain in the ass, but you bring the money." Dean sighed. Seth’s fingers rubbed again his chin over Dean’s skin. "I don't give up hope." He murmured and closed his eyes. "Wait a minute, I shut down the notebook and we can sleep. Tomorrow is a stressful day… at least for me, because I am still in the Royal Rumble." He teased Seth and pulled his arm away to hurried out of the bed, as Seth tried to punch him. Dean carried a bright smile on his face. After some moments the hotel room went silent and Dean crawled in the bed again and wrapped his arms around Seth. His lips placed a soft kiss on his shoulder. It would be really wonderful if this was nothing special, just another night.
"So you're mad?" Seth asked calmly. He sat in the driver seat of a huge SUV. Dean had opened the door and in the moment where his precious booty had hit the shotgun seat, he started to throw a tantrum. He pounded with his fists on the dashboard, knocked with his elbow against the interior and teared his hair. "Shut up, Rollins!" he hissed to his boyfriend, who just couldn't help and cracked a smile. "You know this is a rental car and YOU rent it? Sooo..." Dean shoot an angry look at Seth. "I KNOW! SHUT UP!" He yelled and threw himself back against the seat, crossed his arms in front of his chest. Seth grinned and started the motor. "We'll go and find you something to eat. You're not you, when you're hungry!" he teased. Dean groaned, turning his head to the other side. "I'm not hungry!" But after a moment he sighed: "Find a Pizza Hut!"

Dean was really mad about his royal rumble performance. He wasn't even close to win, not even a second. He kept silent the whole ride, but Seth saw in the corner of his eye how Dean slowly relaxed. As he turned in the parking spot Dean groaned. "I hate Lesnar!"

Seth nodded. "Can't argue with that!" They both left the car and walked in the fast food restaurant. "To Go? Wanna eat in our room?" Seth asked lowly. Dean stood there for a moment in an uncertain way. "If you're okay with that. I'm pretty done with humanity for today. I just need something to eat and a good night's sleep." Seth rubbed his friends back as they ordered the meal. "You did well today." The smaller one complimented. Dean shrugged his shoulders. "Don't know, don't thinks so. I lost... flew over the rope even before Roman was in the ring." Dean spoke in a low angry voice. He wasn't happy, everything was bullshit in his eyes. Everything! Like always. Yeah, he was still the IC Champ, had fun the last days to knock the people around and yeah, even the rumble was okay. "I missed you. Was awkward talking to Rome. Steph's a bitch for banning you." Seth smiled about Dean's words. "No news to me! But she promised a face off tomorrow, so I was nice and good boy, and stayed at the hotel." Dean turned to him and wrapped his arms around Seth's shoulder with no fear of being caught. "Who's a good boy? Yeah, you are! So a good boy!" he teased him and leaned in for a short kiss. Everything was better with kisses from Seth. "Stop it you idiot." Seth murmured, but enjoyed it for a moment, before he pushed Dean away. They still had the agreement, in which nobody should know what was up with them. It wasn't an easy thing. Even if some of their colleagues had worked it, but Seth and Dean didn't want to become the next fashion police. Dean had nothing against Breezango, but he wasn't just into this kind of showing his sexuality to the people. He wanted to stay Dean Ambrose and not become the gay wrestler who fell in love with his brother.

Dean took the pizza and Seth paid. "So, Lesnar again..." Seth asked. Dean sighed. "Oh, don't start with that. I still hate him. Hate him since Mania. He's so... an ass... I think he hates me, too. That's why he killed me at first. Our Mania Match was the worst match in history, but I showed how stupid he was and that he just can do 2 moves and... I could rage on for HOURS about this nutsack!" Seth smirked as they went back to their car and drove back to the hotel. "At least you had a WrestleMania Match. I was sitting at home and was cleaning my Fridge for the third time in just one month." Dean stroke with his hand over Seth's right knee, soft and careful. "I'm sorry, I started this topic again! This year you'll have a great match, maybe against Hunter. Then you can show him, who does the dog food move the best!" Seth laid his hand over Dean's fingers. "I'm not sure. I have a bad feeling about this. Yeah, Steph wants to talk with me, but we play this game since summer and... I don't know. I've just a bad feeling." He answered, brushed with his thumb over Deans Fingers. "You're just nervous. Everything will be fine and I... I was thinking. If we're still happy around Mania..." Seth froze as Dean started talking holding the hand of his boyfriend tight. "Yeah?" he asked low. Dean chocked and let a little groan slip. "If we're still... together, we might tell Ro what's up? I mean... I would like to tell him. I mean... its weird, him not knowing and pretending you're still just a friend." Seth didn't answer at once. He looked with a straight face on the road. For Dean it was a lifetime of silence till Seth finally opened his mouth. "Well... if you think he's ready." It was a strange answer
for Dean's ears. "I don't know if it's the best moment, but he's our friend and at least he knows that we aren't the ladies men everybody thinks." Seth sighed. "He knows that about you..." Dean pulled his hand back. "You never told him?" Seth shook his head. "No, I don't hawk around with it."
"Telling Roman is hawking? I've got a damn girlfriend or at least I'm pretending to have one!" Dean answered with a little louder. "Yeah and how long do you wanna play that game? Even after telling Rome?" Seth asked. Dean was pretty annoyed that Seth was still focused on the road. Damn, he hated it, when he couldn't read Seth's thoughts through his eyes. "Rome knows I'm gay and he knows Renee is just an act to keep the voices quiet. I just want to tell it Rome, not the whole world... just Roman. I'm feeling like a traitor for not letting him know!" Dean had always a closer relationship with Roman. Seth loved the huge Samoan like a brother, but Dean and him... they always had this kind of bond which he couldn't understand.
"I didn't tell him." He sighed and felt ashamed. "Didn't tell him what?" Dean asked, with an unwell feeling on his neck. "That I'm bi. I thought he would have a problem with it, you know. He's married and so conservative. Sometimes he was so innocent. And after I realized he's cool with it, it felt too late and now... now I'm afraid he'll be mad at me for not telling," Seth confessed and felt stupid. He sighed.
"You knocked him over with a chair and he forgave you!" Dean said, rubbing his hand over Seth's leg. "I think when you need a perfect moment to tell Rome you're bisexual it's when you tell him, you're with me!"

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"Today you weren't a good boy, Seth." Dean teased his boyfriend over his phone. Like every Monday night when he hasn't got a house show Dean sat in his hotel room to watch raw. "Don't talk big, who's the maniac. I just said I would say her Kids hello!"
Like every Monday night they phoned and it felt so good, to hear him again. "Yeah, it really sound like you just want just to say hello, but's okay... it seems like you get what you asked for." Yeah, everything was evolving in fast steps. WrestleMania was close, he was Champ and even if it was just the intercontinental Championship, it was gold around his waist. He got rid of Ellsworth, a thing he had to thank Carmella. Styles lost to Cena and the next step was the Elimination Chamber. Everything had a good pace and he felt good. No Lesnar was in his sight, maybe a little more dancing with Miz and Maryse or maybe a little dance with Ziggler. Who knew with whom he would locked eyes for the next fight? He was ready for everything.
"I give him a chance and then I knock him down, like he knocked me. I've no patience left for this fossil."
Dean heard in Seth's voice his annoyance. He wanted to hug him tight and lock with his lips. "Watch your back, Darling. Its Trips... he's in the business like forever he knows how to play the game and I don't say it, cause it's his stupid theme song." He warned Seth and heard a laugh on the other side of the line.
"You're so a caring boyfriend. Doesn't fit to the lunatic I fell in love with."
"I could stop caring!" Dean answered.
"No, no... i... no... I just thought you would cheer me a little more."
"I'll be your fucking cheerleader at WrestleMania, but today... just watch your steps. I didn't and a stupid turtle knocked me form a ladder of a secure win, so... just don't lose your focus and have eyes in the back of your head!" Dean warned him again. For a moment no one said a word and then Seth sighed. "You don't know how much I love you. I'll call you later again, after the show."
The taller one felt a lump in his throat, he choked and closed his eyes. "I lo... I love you, too. You've to tell me everything in detail."
Seth chuckled. "So that you can fall asleep while I'm speaking?" "Yeah, love your voice... Go... break a leg, Darling! Be waiting for your call."

Dean came out of the shower, rubbing his head. The TV showed a series he didn't know. "Damn,
did I missed it? Was it so late?" He looked at the clock on the night stand. Damn, he really missed it. Fuck, he didn't realized it and now… what has happened? Did Seth get his chance? Damn. He was so a bad boyfriend.

Dean switched off the TV and let him fall on the small mattress. He was tired. The drive to Corpus Christi wasn't that long and today he had no appointment. Just the drive and a little training and dinner with Renee. She was off the road with the girls, so he had just to wait for Seth's call. Damn. He waited over an hour before his phones buzzed. He jumped and took the call.

"Babe?" he asked. It was his number, but he heard nothing on the other side. Just breathing and then Seth suddenly sobbed and Deans head froze. "What's up? What has happened? I didn't… I missed it for reasons and…" – "Shut up, Dean. I… my knee." Seth sobbed again and his voice shook.

"What?" Dean asked speechless. "I was attacked and then my knee buckled and it's not like the last time, but it hurts. I… I'm finally alone and I can't hold my tears anymore. I want you to be here." Dean jumped up. "I can jump in the car and come over. Oh my… I'm so… I'm so…. So… I don’t know."

Dean felt helpless, hearing Seths shaking voice and little sobs. Yeah, normally his boy was a tough son of a gun, but again his knee buckled when finally everything gained momentum. Damn. "No, it's an almost 3 hour drive and they fly me over to Alabama as soon as they can, but I … I just wished that you could be there. I feel so helpless and… and useless."

Dean felt water in his eyes. "I would be there. Fuck Smackdown, I would be there for you, if you let me." He promised. "I know, but stay there. Stay there, do your job and… I'm good. Really. But could you come tomorrow after your show? Just … can you promise?" Seth's voice was so shaken and so silent, like the voice of a little boy. There was no room for a question. He would fly everywhere just to calm Seth down. He would throw his damn job for this guy. "I'll be there!" Dean promised. Seth sighed "If I'm gonna miss Mania again… I don't know what I'm doing then. I can't do this on my own again. I need you this time." Dean rubbed his face and sighed. His heart ached hearing Seth so weak and fearful. "I'll be there, I promise. Text me where I have to go and I'll be there. I organize my flight. I promise, you don't have to do it on your own, babe! I kidnap you and nurse you as long as you need!" Dean promised again. "I carry you in a fucking backpack to the ring if I've to, okay?" he asked and Seth laughed bleak, but it was a laugh, it was a start."T-Thanks, Darling."

"No, Seth… No. Don't thank me. I'll be there. I'll stand by you. I love you."
this emotionally stuff is not my kind of business

Chapter Summary

They knew each other very well, because of the long time they traveled together as the shield, but now they learnt to know the other one on a different level, the private level. They were dating just for 2 month, everything was fresh and now suddenly it had stopped through the injury of his knee and... it was so different than before, but not in a bad way, more in a way where it would hurt so much not having him around anymore.

Chapter Notes

Alright, again I just started writing.
Like the last time, the ending of the chapter didn't felt like "the end" I'm still searching it. I didn't suppose to write a multichapter story and now... everything took momentum and I don't know what the future will bring.

I hope my english is readable and understandable. I noticed that I've saved some words under a wrong meaning in my head, so sorry for raping your language. But writing in english makes everything more authentic to me.

Have fun!

Dean felt tired. His flight from Corpus Christi took off in the early morning hours. He'd an interjection stop and then the journey went on to Birmingham, Alabama. That was where Seth had his first knee surgery and today he would have his medical exam there. Seth texted him everything he knew in the evening before Seth was going to sleep.

Dean stayed awake at the airport, waiting for his flight, nervous and anxiously.
He couldn't be there for Seth after the first injury. No, can was the wrong word in this case. Dean didn't want to be there for him, even if he felt slight guilty. He was so mad at him at this time. Every time Seth walked in a room with his arrogant smile on his lips, Dean wanted to punch it out of his face and the anger stayed as Seth had left, but cooled over the time.

Till today the little guilty feeling stayed because he'd wished Seth would drop dead.
Now, he wanted to be there for him. Hell, Seth was his boyfriend! It was a wonderful and on the same time a very intimidating thought and it also felt like an unbearable task. He wanted to be supportive and all the things he'd to do, but... what was he supposed to do? He had no experience in this. He felt so helpless. What could he do to make Seth feel better? He didn't know, but Seth wanted him to come to Birmingham, so Dean was on his way.

As he arrived, it was midmorning. He didn't know where to find Seth nor was he ever in this clinic, but he didn't want to text and annoy Seth, if the examination had already begun. So he just went to the counter. "You can't enter, Sir. The visiting hours are from noon to six p.m." the woman answered automatically before Dean got the chance to open his mouth. He nodded and threw a look on his watch. Quarter to eleven. Over an hour to wait.

"Okay, I respect your rules, Miss." Dean started the conversation and searched deep in his brain for
the few manners he'd learned as a kid. "I flew about 4 hours to see my… to see my… ehm… my…" he stopped. He really wanted to say the word boyfriend, but he hesitated, because he didn't know how it would affect everything. "I'm here to see Seth Rollins, could you be so nice and break the rules for me and let me up a little earlier than normal?" he tried to be real and lovely even if he knew that the most of the time when he tried to act like a nice normal man he looks like an arrogant asshole.

The woman at the counter looked annoyed up to him, but as he said the name the look on her face change. "Rollins you said… wait I have a note here, could you tell me your name?" She was looking through a pile of papers. "Ambrose, Dean Ambrose!" he answered careful.

Finally she found the note and nodded. "Alright. You're in our medical record as his cohabitant… why didn't you tell me that in the first? Family is allowed to visit from 8 to 8. So… Rollins." She looked at the note. "His room is in the third floor, the right corridor, Room Number 32. Have a nice day!"

She crumpled the piece of paper and started typing something in the PC. Dean stood there like he was struck by a lightning. What has happened? Cohabitant? He surly had to get up to Seth just to let him explain this?

~

"Cohabitant?" he asked as he opened the door. Seth was lying in bed, with a knee brace on, his arm behind his head, watching TV. He turned his head to Dean and a smile lit up his face, before he said anything he bit his lips with a guilty look and sighed. Dean stood in the doorway waiting. "I asked the doctor, they're not allowed to tell anyone, so…" he answered and that took a little load of Dean's heart.

"Okay, but… you sure… Cohabitant? Like more than boyfriend?" he asked unsure and Seth chuckled.

"Boyfriends have to wait till noon and have to leave at six!" he answered with a smile. "Come here, cohabitant. I need a hug!" Dean threw his backpack on a chair and peeled his jacket off his shoulders before he sunk next to Seth on the bed, wrapping his arms around him. He didn't expect to hold him again so soon and it was hard to be happy. He wouldn't be able to do so if everything would have went as planned.

"I'm so tired, babe." He murmured in the fabric of Seth's hoodie and pressed his face against the crook of Seth's neck, sighed an inhaled the calming smell of his boyfriend. Seth tug his arm under Dean and hold him tight, so he wouldn't fall off the bed. "I'm not. I sleep too much, when I can't walk. Lying around is the worst for my head, cause I always fell asleep!" Dean took a deep breath and closed his eyes. "I would keep you awake, if I wouldn't be beat like a shit bag last night." He mumbled and could finally relax after all the overthinking in the last 24, 36 hours or something. "I saw it. You got kicked pretty bad last night." Seth's hand ran through his hair on the back of his head. "Yeah, I'm currently the only single champ on the roster, so everyone's hunting me… and don't correct me! Cena doesn't count!" Dean complained. He should comfort Seth not the other way around, but it felt too good, whining a little. "Cena has the Wyatts on his trails." Seth pointed out.

"After the Chamber Cena's no longer champ and goes off to do another movie. I'm 100 percent sure about that! It sucks, that he has my title, now… I'm not sorry for him, having to deal with Pinky and Brain trying to conquer the world every evening."

Seth chuckled and Dean felt a kiss on his hair. "Yeah, your title. I thought the IC was your title." He teased him. Dean snorted. "It is… but without the turtle the WWE Championship would be mine and I just took the IC from Miz cause I could and he annoyed Renee!" Again Seth chuckled. "Ah… yeah. You rescued the honor of your girlfriend!" Dean rose his head. "No, Renee doesn't need that. I just… hated that he dragged it in front of the Ring cameras. It's stupid enough to make these little videos for total divas and… this shit." He lowered his voice with every word. He sighed and Seth answered with a smiled growl.

"Deano, if you're gonna asking me again, if I'm okay with Renee, then I'm beating the crap out of
you!" he answered the unspoken question of Dean. The blond guy opened his mouth a little just to shut it again and look away then looking back at Seth. Seth lay his fingers over Dean's lips. "We're not the best advertisement of gay pride, I know. But I don't want to be. I don't want to be a pawn in the liberation of gay rights or gay acceptance or anything. I'm okay with it, for now. I'm just teasing you! I like this… our secret!" Dean smiled tired. Yeah, they weren't a normal gay couple. Both acting straight, being secretive about everything and he even faking a straight relationship. It shouldn't be like that and he wasn't really proud on doing this. It was to save himself and that little bit of private life he still had. He wasn't ashamed for his feelings or his sexuality and if he wasn't on a big screen every week he maybe had come out already… his friends knew. Like Sami at home or Jimmy who was a friend of Seth, too… or Rome. Everyone who was important knew it. But that didn't mean that EVERYBODY has to know it. Like everybody didn't need to know his mother's name or if he had siblings or what has happened to his father.

Seth answered with a smile and then stealing a long soft kiss from Dean. After that he lay his head back and Dean returned with his head to his most favorite place, the crook of Seth's long neck with the hair tingling his nose.

"So… Joe…" he started another work topic. Seth exhaled loudly. "Yeah. Samoa Joe!" "Wasn't that the guy who almost killed Tyson?" Dean asked and closed his eyes again. "Yep!" Seth pronounced the p very hard. "And he almost killed this Nakamura guy?" Seth chuckled. "Not exactly killed, but hurt… yeah, he did hurt Shinsuke!" Dean nodded. "And Balor, too?" Seth sighed. "No, that one is on me!" Again Dean nodded. "Always this stupid Indy guys who hurt people." Dean muttered with a grin. Seth poke Dean with his elbows in the rips. "Shut up, you asshole!" Dean chuckled. "You like mine. So you shut up!" Seth rolled with his eyes and really went silent. He missed this discussions. They were apart just 2 days and he'd already missed it.

The two joked around hours as suddenly the doctors collected Seth for the scheduled examination. Dean stayed behind in Seth's bedroom laying on the bed. He fell asleep suddenly only to awake some hours later with Seth back in his room. A strange wrapping over his knee, sitting on the couch and scrolling through his phone. Dean yawned and sat up. "How long are you back again?" he asked. Seth shrugged his shoulders. "Some time…" was his short cut answer. "Why didn't you wake me up?" Dean asked a little sorrowful. He was here to cheer Seth up, not to occupy his bed. "I tried, but you were out cold and mumble something about didn't sleep this night and something about your mother." Seth looked up and was looked so worn and sad. "I didn't tell you, that I didn't sleep." Dean answered bewildered and Seth's lips curled up a little. "You did… in your sleep. It's alright." Dean got out of the bed. "You wanna hop in?" he asked, but Seth shook his head. "Have a couple more pictures taken today, so that I can leave tomorrow and… ya… I don't know." Dean took his place at the side of Seth. "It'll be good. If not, I rip your leg off and sew a new one on. Whose would you like?" Seth looked a little frightened to Dean. "You can sew?" he asked. With a casual shoulder shrug he answered. "I mostly sewed buttons, but for you I would try sewing on a leg, babe!" Seth laughed and shook his head fierce. "Thanks! Thanks… but no thanks. I go the healing way, not that I don’t trust you, but I don’t trust your sewing talent!" Dean laughed but tried to look hurt. "Ow… Rollins, that hurt, right here, in my heart."

Seth wrapped his arms around Dean's shoulders and leaned in for a kiss. Their lips fused together and a warm feeling rushed through them. Everything was fucked up, like Dean said some days ago, but at least this time he wasn't alone.

~

"Need anything, my beloved crip?" Dean asked in the kitchen and looked over to the living area where Seth was sitting on his sofa. They were at Seth's home in Davenport, it was an early Friday morning and Dean was messing the kitchen while preparing breakfast. "I need my scrambled eggs, ASAP! And I don’t wanna hear stupid ball jokes!" Times like these made him feel like a normal couple. He brought the plates with the breakfast in the living area. "Here my beloved crip. Your
breakfast is served your highness!" Seth took the plate with a long meaningful look as Dean lowered himself on the armchair. "Thanks, Idiot. You don’t have to mother me, you know? I can walk a little," Seth meant. The last time he’d to manage this alone and now, there was some one around him. Not that Dean carried him on his hands, but to get scrambled eggs in the morning and toast, waking up to the smell of fresh cooked coffee which Dean had poured before he was off for his morning run was so much better than a fulltime nurse.

Before the injury they rotated their stays at each other's homes when they were able to see each other. They couldn’t spend all off their off days together, but when they met, they undertook special things. They knew each other very well, because of the long time they traveled together as the shield, but now they learnt to know the other one on a different level, the private level. They were dating just for 2 month, everything was fresh and now suddenly it had stopped through the injury of his knee and… it was so different than before, but not in a bad way, more in a way where it would hurt so much not having him around anymore.

Just three days with just two of them being in Davenport made him miss Dean before he even went off.

"I could stay for the weekend!" Dean purposed as if he had read Seth's mind. The RAW superstar looked up to Dean. "How?" he asked. The house shows of SD were always on Saturday to Monday, sometimes even more. "I thought about telling Shane my mother's sick and… ya know, to get some days off." Dean said with a very guilty look. "You have a mother?" Seth asked with surprise, earning a weird look from Dean. "Yeah, what do you think? I'm hatched from an egg like the gobbly gooker?" Dean returned the question. Seth laughed a little insecure. "That's not what I meant, you dork. You never talked about her, so I thought she'd pass away or something." He explained his thoughts. Dean paused and then he shook his head. "Not that she hadn't tried in my youth, but yeah… now she's alive and very well, except if should stay, then she's not well." What a strange answer. In his youth? But that was a topic they have to discuss on another day. Seth bit his lip and smiled. "Thanks, hun… but no thanks. I don't want you to get into trouble and I can do it on my own… somehow..." Dean nodded with a bleak smile on his lips. Just now Seth realized Dean was just pushing is egg from one side of the plate the other.

"Is everything fine with you?" he asked him and had a feeling of guilt for not asking sooner. Dean shook his head slowly. "NO, no… I just… I was worried about you that..." He sighed. "Okay. I'm being the macho here but hearing you cry on the phone let me feel help- and useless. So I really want to help you but… I still feel ..." Seth interrupted Dean. "Stop it. You're not useless nor helpless. You helped me a lot, okay? But I did it for seven month... I can go 8 weeks and in these 8 weeks I will not be completely alone, because you visit me every time you can. Right?"

Dean was silent and stared on this breakfast. "You're really okay with me leaving you?" he asked. Seth nodded without a hesitation. He had to let Dean go. "Yeah, you've your work... you see, about the crying thing..." Seth swallowed. The man with the brown hair didn't know what he should explain. In this evening everything was too much. It was so a wonderful adventure, the long weekend with Dean in hot Texas. Just them, without anyone bothering. No Rome, no Jimmy, no Hunter, no Renee or someone. Just the two, together. A wonderful weekend of fun and after that he’d made plans for the future and suddenly everything went off in steam. He’d feared a surgery and months on the shelf. Months where he would see Dean just in the TV and be again alone at home. "I was afraid it's 2015 again and I felt cold panic. I couldn't control me any longer as I heard your voice, I realized you'd be there. I understood I hadn't to do it alone again." Seth fought with his breath and fought against tears again, this was pretty emotional right, now. "It's stupid, I cried because I was very sad and at the same time very happy." Dean nodded slowly and rose his sight to lock eyes with Seth.

"I'm sorry, I wasn't there for you the first time." He apologized with much remorse. Seth looked at him with a startled look. "Why? We weren't friends at this time. I betrayed you." It was strange to describe Dean's expression at this moment. It was like he knew it, but felt still felt sorry. It was very strange and very heartwarming. "I was really mad at you. It hurt so much, but as the injury happened
I felt guilty like… like it was my fault. I wished every misery on you. Every time! I wished it every time I thought about you and I thought a lot about you. "Seth placed his plate on the living room table and raised himself moaning, before he limped over to Dean and slipped on his lap, with an arm wrapped around his neck. "You didn't do anything. It wasn't even Kane's fault, just mine and maybe a little the fault of the company for putting me in too much matches." Seth softly stroked with one hand over Dean's bearded cheek and kiss him chaste. "I loved you… and hated you." Dean murmured. Seth smirked pushing his forehead against Dean's like they did over a hundred times before just as brothers.

"Wait a sec! Love? When did you fell in love with me, Mr. Ambrose?" he answered still smirking. The grin returned to Dean's face and his eyes started to sparkle mysteriously. "I don't answer this question without my lawyer. It could get me into trouble." Seth's thump run over Dean's bottom lip. "So before Survivor Series?" he asked with a smile. Dean shrugged his shoulder. "No answer without lawyer!" Seth sighed a thoughtful sigh, lost his smirk in his thoughts. "Before… my comeback?" Dean shook his head his grin fell apart. Seth felt butterflies in his stomach. He didn't know himself how long he loved the tall weirdo. The kiss at the Series changed their style of living, but not how Seth felt. His heart belonged Dean forever. He turned against his brothers with an aching heart, because he felt for Dean more than just brotherhood. His face became serious. "Before my turn?" he asked lowly. Dean choked and swallow, again shrugging with his shoulders, no voices answer. "Before… Shield?" Seth whispered, with a little fear. "Maybe!" Dean whispered and turned his face away, but unable to push Seth from him. Seth kissed him on the cheek running with his fingers through Dean's hair. He felt sorry for pushing these answer out of him. "How could you… all these years?" Seth whispered this question, knowing that he already said too much, but he couldn't stop. Dean's hand ran over his spine. "You know, Seth... I'm a pretty good in keeping a secret. I thought you… weren't interested." Dean still didn't look in his eyes, focusing something far away outside the window. "I'm in love with you since… FCW!" Seth whispered, rubbing his face softly against Dean. "You know, the Iron Man Match? We were so green and at the same time it was pure fire." Seth whispered, tugging himself up against Dean's neck pushing his face against his shoulder. "Wrestling Soulmates, you've called it." Dean answered. "Yeah." Seth whispered. "I didn't knew you were… I didn't want you to feel uncomfortable around me, so I did nothing and just hoped I would lost the feelings." Seth confessed. Dean's hand wrapped around his back. "We're so complicated. You and Rome, you two are the first in the WWE I told about me. Some know from my past, but… that's something different. As I said it, I didn't tell you, because I had the hope you would return my feelings. I never thought it could be possible that you… YOU and I… you know? But we were together so many hours. We traveled together and slept in the same room or even the same bed and everything. I wanted to have no secrets around you. And after telling you that I'm gay… it was too much for me to tell you that I like you more than a brother or a friend or something," Seth sighed. He forced Dean with a strong grip of his hand to look at him. "I'm happy that you finally had the courage to do something. You don't know what it means for me being with you now." Dean's eyes seemed watery, but he didn't look weak or unmanly. "It wasn't courage or guts, Seth. It felt just like… like I had nothing to lose. I lost you already." Dean couldn't speak further since Seth sealed his lips with a hot willing kiss. "You'll never lose me!" Seth mumbled against Dean's lips in the middle of the kiss.
Fighting the distance

Chapter Summary

That was the moment he knew, he told too much and that this blond girl wasn't stupid.

Chapter Notes

Update:
I just worked over this chapter. I don't know if I correct everything or maybe even made it worse, but now I'm feeling better with at least one rereading of it!

Hope you enjoy!

"Are you alright?" Dean rose his sight and looked over to Renee who threw the question at him. "Why're you asking?" he returned in a neutral tone. The blond woman tilted her head to the side. She had a very worried expression on her cute face with the overwhelming big eyes.

Dean and Renee went out for dinner after the SDlive house show in Winnipeg. Just them two to have a quiet time as a "couple", but usually Dean wasn't so quiet when they do their pretend couple things.

"You are so… calm and the whole day you are staring at your phone, even at this moment." She pointed to the phone. "You never stare at your phone!" she explained and put her fork and knife down. Dean furled his eyebrows, but stayed silent. "If you weren't fighting your food with just a fork I would assume I'm having dinner with... don't know. With Rollins or one of the girls who are always knitted to their phone." Renee explained he concerns. Dean twitched a little, sighed and put his phone in the pocket of his jeans. "Better?" the tone of the question was really annoyed.

He was looking at his phone, texting with Seth who flew back to Birmingham today. This move concerned Dean. Did Seth had to get a surgery? Was there a complication with his knee? Did he traveled back because of that? Why couldn't it wait till Wednesday? Many questions were on Dean's mind and he just had to talk to his boyfriend to get through the weekend.

Renee seemed to be sulky.

"Oh Darling!" The woman sighed and reached over the table to touch Dean's free hand. "That's not what I meant. You can look as long as you want on your phone. I'm surprised you do and I see that you have something on your mind. That's why I'm asking if everything's alright!" Dean put his fork down, carefully wrapping his hand around Renee's tiny fingers and wished for a second it were the large paw of Seth he was holding. "I'm just a little worried. Sorry, for being absent with my thoughts." He apologized. Dean tried to smile a little and Renee answered with the same careful smile. "You don't want to talk?" she asked. She tilted her head on the other side. "I mean, I'm your girlfriend and your friend, you can tell me. Everything alright at home?" There was nothing she could do. "If you mean my..." Dean hated that he sometimes had problems calling Seth that word. "If you mean my boyfriend, we're good. He's a little sick, but we're fine." Renee chuckled and kissed Dean's back of his hand. "Isn't this cute? Mr. Ambrose is lost in thoughts about the wellbeing of another human! What's up with him? I hope it's nothing too serious." Dean rolled with his eyes, but couldn't help but smile a little. "No, he'll survive it. It's not an illness. He's hurt and went to the doctor today and I'm waiting for an update."
Just now, Dean noticed how Renee grew stiff. She gasped and that was the moment he knew, he fucked up and told too much. That this blond girl over there wasn't stupid. "Hurt?" she asked silent. "Is it Seth?" this question was just mouthed by her.

Dean pulled his hand back and returned a fearful look. "No!" he answered with a straight look. Renee surveyed Dean. "It is Seth!" this wasn't a question anymore and he couldn't go on and lie to her again... but he had to, he promised to tell nobody. Dean shook his head. "No. He's not!" he said and tried to look serious. Renee laughed bleak. "Oh Ambrose, you're an awful liar!" Dean shook his head. "No, I'm a perfect liar! I lied to you for several month and now shut up!" Renee blushed and put her hands on cheeks. "Oh my God!" she whispered and leaned forward. "Oh God. That's so... oh my God!" She giggled and shook her head, pushing her plate to the side. "Could we stop praising the lord and bury this topic." Dean asked uncomfortable and took a look around. No one was paying attention to them, but Dean still felt uncomfortable. "Ow, you're so serious, Deano. I'm just happy even when I don't understand it... I mean, didn't his Ex-Fiancé leak Pictures of him, because he cheated with a girl?" Renee asked whispering. "Yeah, but could we really bury it. I don't know if Seth want me to talk about his stuff, but you're a smart girl. You proved it some moments ago. Just put one and one together... and don't bother me." Renee chuckled again and leaned back. She shoot again a surveying look over Dean and shook her head. "Shall we take home the rest and pay to leave for the hotel?"

~

"So when did you two start dating?" Dean heard Renee's voice out of the bathroom. When they traveled together they always shared a room. It didn't bother him, having her around and the most of the rooms provided two beds. Even if not and they'd to share a bed, it was okay for him. She didn't need much space and cuddling at night didn't bother him. Now he was sitting on the bed, watching some stupid sitcom on TV. As he heard he question, he rolled with his eyes. "I don't want to talk about it!" he yelled his answer.

Renee reentered the bedroom dressed in a hot pants and a tight shirt. How did she never noticed that this outfit didn't arouse him at all and got the hint that he was gay, but understood in 2 seconds that he was talking about Seth? How? What was wrong in the head of his tiny friend?

"I'm pushy again. Sorry, Darling." She answered and crawled on the bed just to sit on Dean's lap. "You're always a little bit pushy, my dear." He answered trying to look over Renee's shoulder on the TV, but she directed his sight to her face with her hand around his chin.

"Are you afraid I could tell anyone?" Dean yawned it was a long day and in the morning they had to travel to the next show. "No, you didn't tell the truth anyone about us so... I think you're pretty good in staying quite. I don't know why I didn't want to talk about it."

A light kiss on his forehead followed and she shifted her weight to lay next to Dean. "Alright. I can wait, but I want to say again, I'm really happy for you... not that I knew Seth pretty well, but I think he will be a good boyfriend." She comforted him. Dean looked over to her. "You sure? He cheated on his fiancé, not the best advertisement for a man and he stabbed me and Rome in the back." He turned his head towards the TV again.

"So, you're afraid he's just using you?" Renee asked. "NO!" Dean almost shouted and then calmly went on. "I trust him. I don't know why, but I trust him." Renee shrugged her shoulder leaned against Dean with a smile on her face. "You see, that's why I think he'll be a good boyfriend." Dean placed his gigantic hand on her face and pushed her away with a smirk. "Don't comfort me." Renee wrapped her hands around Dean's wrist and tried to stop his movement. "Don't push me, you moron!" she murmured laughing in his hand.

"Whadda ya trying? Fight me off?" he teased grining, shifting his body on the bed so he could grab Renee and wrap her up in a big bear hug as suddenly his phone buzzed.

Dean jerked and turned his head. "Go! Get the call!" Renee tried to encourage him. There was no need to hide it anymore. "It's a just a text!" he answered and Renee rolled with her eyes. "Could you
please look at your phone instead of sitting so awkwardly above me? If it's Seth feel free to call him. I can't take it anymore. You and your thoughtful. I want my cave man back!" Dean rose and looked at the phone. He sat on the edge of the bed.

U Alone?

It was from Seth. Dean sighed and tabbed on the Name and after that he tabbed the call button. The dialing tone made Dean nervous, he felt like he was about to ask for a prom date. "Yep?"
As Dean heard Seth's voice he exhaled loudly, not noticed that he hold his breath till then. "It's me and... erm... I would like to know how you are, but first... I screwed up, babe!"
On the other side of the line was a moment of silence. "What did ya do?" Seth asked tiredly, but tense. "I accidently told Renee about us." Dean confessed as Renee insert herself in the call with a yell. "Actually I just guessed right!"
"Was she that?" Seth asked again in a very tired tone. "Yeah!"Dean answered and lay back on the bed. "I'm not mad, Dean!" Seth answered softly. "Really?" The question shot out of Dean's mouth. "No, you travel with her. It's maybe better she knows the truth. Can I talk to her? After that I tell you everything you wanna know, hun." Seth's voice was calm and soft in this special caring tone he never used in the Ring. It was like this Seth on the phone was another person. Maybe that was the reason why Dean trusted him again.

Dean turned over to Renee. "He asks for you, Lil!" he reached the phone to her. With a wondered look she took it from Dean.

"Yeah?" Dean heard and then she fell silent a little. It was strange only hearing her part of the conversation. She nodded and smiled. "Of course I won't tell anybody, why should I? I'm happy how it worked out... Yah, believe me!"
She sat up and walked up and down the room. "So you've added me? Then call me! I think it would be fun for him. Yeah, see a in a minute." Suddenly she hung up. Dean jerked. "I wanted to talk to him." He protested.

"He facetimes in a second, Darling. Don't shit ya pants!" she smiled and laughed as Dean looked at her startled. "Oh Dean, you're so old school." Renee teased. She handed him his phone as hers started ringing. She crawled over the bed and reached for it, swiping over the screen. "Hey, Seth... I give you your boyfriend." She handed over the phone.

Dean looked on the screen and there was Seth. "Wow..." Dean sighed. Seth laughed. He was sitting again in his clinic bed with the view of the garden in his back. "Don't be so stupid, hun. You know video chat!" Dean furrows. "But with phones?" he asked and again Seth laughed. "It's 2017, we can do everything with phones what your old laptop can do, even watching porn and video chat! How are you, hun?" Dean leaned back against the head rest. Renee cuddled up on him and he casually wrapped an arm around her. "It's alright. How are you? What does the doc has to say?"
Seth's face lit up with a bright smile. "He's pretty sure I could make it to Mania if I'm not being stupid. I'll miss Fastlane what's pretty shit, but not Mania."

"Will you be at RAW tomorrow? I heard that they'll send an injury update?" Renee asked. Seth's sight flashed to her. "No, I'll stay here and begin rehab as soon as possible. They literally forbid me to come, like they were afraid of me, not that I could do much when I'm limping around on my crutches." Dean groaned. "Could you please try not to get killed before Wrestlemania? Revenge is a dish best severed cold." He pleaded and Seth looked back to him. "Shut up, Ambrose. Who's gonna get in the Elimination Chamber next Sunday? Not that the Chamber isn't brutal enough, it's with Wyatt... one day this mental is gonna fuck your head up so bad, that you're gonna kill yourself while trying to fight him." Dean lay a finger on the Seth on the phone screen.

"I survived him before I'll do it on Sunday and I get my title back. Two time champ aaaaand IC Champ... with which belt on should I fuck you first?" he asked his boyfriend who just laughed in response. "Gross, Ambrose, Gross." Renee punched him. "If that really happens I'll come instantly! But don't take it easy, it's gonna be hard, not a birthday party!" Seth ignored Renee and Dean
chuckled. "You have no idea what I call a birthday party, Rollins." Seth laughed, shaking his head. "You're right. I don't now a single shit about your birthday parties and I think I don't wanna know. Like what you did on that morning, when you were hitchhiking with an axe, babe!"
You're a part of it, now!

Chapter Summary

"We're a real wired pack… sounds like the beginning of a real weird joke."
Seth thought out loud and laughed.
"It does… it's so strange. You understand why didn't tell him yet?" Renee asked him.

Chapter Notes

I don't know where I'm heading again. I started with a simple idea of Seth comforting
my little angry dean and then... this just... happened!
Have fun!

"So in the beginning, were you dancing for me?" teased Seth on the phone. Dean leaned his head
against the side window of the car. Ha sat on the shotgun seat while Renee drove them to the hotel.
All he wanted was leave, so they both left immediately after the match, he didn't even shower or
waited till the winner was clear. Dean just took everything of his belongings, packed his fake
girlfriend and left the arena. He wasn't interested in the winner, he was interested in tearing Corbin
apart and hearing Seth's voice, so he called right in the car.
"Naw, I was just nervous and energetic, so I bounced around bouncy ball. I looked forward for this
match and it was hell to wait in this pod." Dean answered with a rough and tired voice. "Like you
back in our shield days." Dean teased back.
"I was never a bouncy ball." He heard a smile in Seth's voice as he answered and it hurt a bit not to
wrap his arms around this lovable idiot. "No, you weren't a bouncy ball alright… you were a
nervous cute puppy that made the whole ring go up and down and me and Rome with it!" again
Dean teased, hold back a laugh. "Dork!" Seth murmured and a little chuckle followed. "But where're
you heading tonight?" A question followed.

"Just the hotel. We have tomorrow a house show in Oakland?" Dean looked over to Renee. She
nodded with a smile on her face. "That's shit for you, to have no off day after such an event. How do
you feel? It looked pretty rough." Seth's voice was little concerned. Dean sighed and closed his eyes.
He just didn't want Seth to worry about him. "It was, but I survive it. It was luck that this shit plastic
glass didn't shatter and cut my entire back as Corbin hit me through it." The Chamber had been a
good match with a shit ending for him. He didn't like Corbin much from the beginning, but now
there was war. "I would have died if that had happened. Can't stand to see you bleeding! Never
watched one of your stupid CZW matches!" Seth answered even more concerned. "Ya, but nothing
happened. Everything's fine." Tried Dean to calm him. Yeah, his back and his legs ached, but he'll
survive that, too. "So, babe… we're reaching the hotel right now. I call you again after a long hot
shower, okay?" Dean change the subject quickly to take the opportunity from Seth to nag more
about dangerous matches. Seth sighed as he knew what Dean was up to, but didn't disagree. "Alright
love, I'm waiting for you. Hear ya!" Seth ended the phone call. Dean exhaled loudly and put away
his phone, relaxing some moments before Renee pulled up on the parking spot and he had to leave
the car.
He felt like a hundred and four years old. It even got worse as he opened the car and tried to unpack his body, reached down with his long legs and stretched his body. Dean groaned. Now he felt like a hundred and forty years. Damn, why were so matches always fun while competing and afterwards it was like hell?

How could he constantly forget the pain?

Damnit. "Do you think you'll get up in the room alone or shall I look if the hotel has a wheel chair for you?" Renee asked teasing, like she always teased him after he almost killed himself in stupid kind of ways. "You're not as funny as you think!" Dean muttered in response and Renee laughed a little. But all this teasing aside, she helped him. She handed him his back pack and pulled is small case for him. While Dean was concentrating hard on moving forward.

As they arrived at their hotel room door, Renee rummaged around in her pants pockets. "I don't know where my keycard is, Dean... could you open the door?" she asked sweetly and stepping aside to let the man reach for the door. Dean rolled with his eyes, muttered an annoyed "Women". He pulled the keycard from his purse and opened the door with it. A little beep told him he could open it. Dean pushed the door open, shuffled in the room.

"Hey!" He hadn't raised his view, so the all of a sudden word, scared the living shit out of Dean for a minute before he was ready for a fight. His body shook, then he went into fighting position and slowly realized who was there sitting on the bed. "For Fucks sake… Seth?" he asked overwhelmed. The man with the deer brown eyes bid his lower lip and smiled a shy smile. "Surprise?"

"Seth?" Dean repeated the name in question form, threw his back down, stumbled forward Seth and kneed on the mattress. Gingerly the tall man placed his hands on the bearded cheeks of Seth and leaned into a long intensive kiss. He missed this idiot so much. They hadn't the opportunity to see each other, since Seth was under the week in Birmingham for several appointments.

This kiss felt so good, Dean's hands on his face felt so good. Seth could easily forget how much he carved for these.

"I never thought I would say that but… you two are pretty cute!" Renee closed the door as Dean pulled away from Seth slipping of the bed. Seth never thought that he would see Dean blush like that. Everything what came to his mind, he swallow and turned his attention to the blond woman. "Yeah, if you could stop calling us cute, that would be great." He meant and Dean leaned against the wall, obviously confused. "Why are you here? Why are you in my room… I thought… we wouldn't see us some weeks and… hey… is that why we have a two bedroom?" he turned to Renee who had sneaked by him and was sitting on the second bed. She shrugged her shoulders. "I tried to get another room here, but they're fully booked." She answered. Dean pushed away from the wall and tugged her in a long almost hard hug. "Thanks girl!" he murmured in her ear and pushed her hard towards his body. "Awh… you don't have to kill me!" she groaned.

The next thing, after another long kiss of Seth, what Dean needed was a long hot bath against his aching back. "Normally I'm not the bathing kind of guy!" he murmured as he was sliding into the hot water. He was a little too tall for the tube, so one leg was hanging over the edge of the tube while the other foot was place on the faucet.

It was a huge bathroom compared to normal standard. Seth had brought chair form the bed room and accompanied Dean. He rested his knee on the bowl. "You are more the shower guy, I know that. But hot water is the best for relaxing." Seth meant and his eyes were running over the man in the water. His man. "You liked the chamber?" Seth started a little small talk. He desperate needed to hear from Dean how he felt and what he was thinking. Normally he love to stay in silence with him, but in this moment he just wanted to hear his raspy voice. "It was my first, but it felt better than the others looked on the footage. A little roomier and they placed something over the steal on the sides. It was still hard and hurting, but no edges to cut you. I would have won this shit if it weren't for Corbin." Dean told his thoughts. He had close his eyes and just enjoyed the water. With one hand he brushed his damp hair back.

"I don't wanna disagree, hun… but everything is because of others, isn't it? You always would have
won if it weren't for Ellsworth, for Brock or now Corbin." Seth spoke out a thought. Dean turned his head to him. "I don't know if I would have won the rumble without Lesnar in it, but sure as hell I would have won my TLC Match against AJ without the turtle and… yeah, maybe it's a cocky allegation that I would've won today, but I would have beat everybody easily except for Wyatt… he's a bastard, but a hard bastard. He likes this shit almost as much as I do." Dean closed his eyes again and laid his head back. "But Corbin lost his freaking mind as I eliminated him. I played with the rules, he didn't… stupid fucktard!" He sighed. "But don't hold my words up to me. You could have been Universal Champ if it weren't for Jericho. In a way, we share the same miserable fate. You even more! Without Jericho you were champ and without Joe you weren't hurt." Seth shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe, but if it weren't for me, Finn would be Champ!"

Dean furrowed his brow. "Why do you think about Finn? That's this Irish guy with the 28 ab muscles?" Seth chuckled. "Yeah, he is this abs guy and he's also in treatment where I am… and Darren Young is too. I just… thought about it. Life isn't a straight route and… I don't know… we always step on each other's toes and start a new fight. It's strange, don't ya think?" Seth philosophized.

Again Dean turned his head to look at his boyfriend. He loved it when he was overthinking everything. For the fans and his colleagues he was the man or the architect. For Dean he would always be the thinker. "I'm starting fight since birth. What do you mean with this statement? We shouldn't fight anymore? We should be nicer to everybody?" a smile crawled on his lips. Seth sighed.

"Maybe… I was wondering if I would be here in this position if I hadn't had this little egoistic episode and if I would feel better right now." Dean shook his head. "It doesn't matter, Seth. You were always a little egoistic and I love that about you… as long as you're not stabbing me in the back I can live with it, even if you offend people with it. I offend people my whole life. We make a living with offending people. That's how our work works. Stop thinking about it. The nice people always loose in the end in some kind of ways!" he murmured and laid his head back.

"Sometimes I think we ARE the nice people." Seth sighed and Dean laughed. "Maybe that's why we lose all the time!"

"GUYS! DINNERS READY!" Renee opened the door. She was away getting the take-out food for them. Dean sat up. "Great all this thinking made me hungry." He pushed himself up and wrapped a towel around him. Seth fought himself up in the upright position and wrapped his arms around wet Dean. "Thanks for having me, Renee." She shook her head. "I'm happy to help you. Dean would never admit that he misses you, but as he told me you weren't seeing each other on his off days I noticed that it annoyed him much." She told Seth her thoughts, crossing her legs and leaning back. "I have him around me so many hours. He's just unbearable when his grumpy so I wanted to cheer him up. I'm really happy it worked out today. Can you imagine how he would have been if he lost and didn't see you today?" Renee asked Seth and he shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm happy to be here. There was a slight chance for Dean to win the title and I wanted to be there. The last time… he won it from me and I couldn't be happy for him. I was so… so desperately selfish and I kept hurting him." Seth sighed again and rubbed with his hands over his face. He felt Renee's warm hands on his forearm. Her small fingers stroke over arm. She was an astonishing good looking
woman, a woman he could fall for, with wonderful formed lips and awake eyes and she was so smart. "Why did you push him away in the first place?" she asked the real questions. Seth choked. "I would love to say, that I protected him, but… Hunter said I have to leave him behind and I did. I didn't know about his feelings and I thought that he would never like me. I knew he were preferring men, but I couldn't believe he could prefer me. So I thought if my heart has to hurt, at least I could earn something and … I would never do this again. I promise!" Renee shifted her chair closer to Seth and interlaced their fingers. "I believe you and more importantly, Dean believes you. But beware, I'm maybe a small girl, but I can make your life a living hell if you cross him." She threatened with a smile. Seth surveyed her and squeezed her hand. "I won't do anything. Not on purpose." He assured Renee and hoped that he could keep his word forever. Not that he planned on betraying Dean, he would never ever do it again, but it's hard to plan in this business und what would happen if Dean turned on him. Seth brushed his hair back and let Renee's hand go.

"So after we talked the topic of Dean and me, we should move to something that preys on my mind." Seth started and crossed his arms behind his head. "Why are you playing this dating game with Dean? You aren't gay, are you?" Renee went pale, she smiled and shook her head immediately. "No, but that would make sense, wouldn't it?" she returned and rubbed her arms, shaking her head again. "No, it's a little complicated. I'm a little… now, you see? Dean gives me security. The other guys won't hit on me and less of the fans, too. I feel good when he's around and I don't have to worry when he's there." She resumed. Seth frowned. "I don't understand what you're telling me." Renee sighed loudly and brushed through her short blond hair. "It's as hard for me to commit. I'm feeling so hypocrite right now because I was so critical towards Dean for not telling me that he's gay." Seth raised his eyebrows. "Renee, you're speaking in riddles."

Renee laughed, but it was a bleak sound. "I'm not straight nor gay. I'm nothing. I'm asexual." "You mean, you're not interested in sex?" he asked and she shrugged her shoulders. "It's not that I haven't tried, but I don't feel the wish for. Like you and Dean, you see each other and I feel the tension. I don't feel that, but I love him in a platonic kind of way. For him it's a cover, but for me too." Seth brushed through his curls, his mouth slight opened. He exhaled loudly with a 'heh' sound. "We're a real wired pack. A gay, a bisexual and an asexual… sounds like the beginning of a real weird joke." Seth thought out loud and laughed. "It does… it's so strange. You understand why didn't tell him yet?" She chuckled but still there was a little glimpse of insecurity in her voice. "A little, but you know that he won't be mad at you. There is nothing to be mad about. You help each other." Seth tried to comfort her. She brushed with her fingers through her hair. "Yeah, but… I don't know if I can bear one more time somebody telling me that a beautiful girl like me shouldn't be afraid of a little sex." Seth raised his brows and threw a questionable look at her. "Do you really think Dean would say shit like that? I mean its Dean." Seth asked her and she sighed. Her body flipped back against the backrest of the armchair. "I know, but normally guys like him say shit like that." The blonde women complained. Renee knew how dump that sounded. There were no men like Dean Ambrose. "Oh gawd… did I really compare other men to Dean?" she asked and Seth nodded with a smile. "Yeah, ya did!" She shook her head. "But don't pressure yourself, Renee. He'll understand it. He's probably the most broad-minded guy I'll ever met… maybe not as our beloved Jimmy Jacobs, but almost. Take your time."

She let slip a long tired moan. "I think you're right. Thanks for listening. You're a good guy, Seth and I'm happy having you here." The man with the chocolate brown eyes smiled. He opened his arms and hint with a nod to Renee. She stand up and slipped on Seth's lap for a hug. "You know, Renee, when I got the things straight then you're know a part of our very strange relationship and I'll won't let you leave us!" he whispered in her ear. She brushed with her hands over his neck and placed a soft kiss on his forehead. "We've got a deal, Rollins. Let's share!"
"Ground control to Major Rollins? I asked you something." a soft voice with a strong Irish accent made his way in Seth thoughts. Seth threw a surprised look over to the guy who talked to him. The guy in the other bed was Finn Balor.

I worked on this chapter a little longer, but when I saw the picture of Finn and Seth together at the doctors, I knew I had to write something. I really love the chapter even if I don't know it was the right decision to bring another one in this story how knows about the two that isn't Rome. But I still love the chapter.

Have fun!

How is my favorite cripple?

Seth was texting a lot. The whole day is phone was constantly buzzing since Dean hadn't much to do in Anaheim before SmackDown live went on air.

I'm fine. Like the last time you asked five minutes ago. What are you doing?

Seth had to leave Dean on Monday morning. He returned with the next flight to Birmingham, while Dean and Renee left for the house show to California. After the talk with Renee on the hallway. They sneaked back in the hotel room where Dean was sleeping. He didn't even wake up as Seth crawled in the bed. Renee took the other bed. Seth snuggled up to Dean pushed his leg between his knees to be nearer to him.

Again, the time with his boyfriend was much too short. To leave him hurt even more this time, not knowing when the next opportunity was to see him again. Every week was now reserved for Doc Wilk and on the weekends Dean had to work. So the only possibility to stay in touch was the phone and texts.

"Ground control to Major Rollins? I asked you something." a soft voice with a strong Irish accent made his way in Seth thoughts. Seth threw a surprised look over to the guy who talked to him. The guy in the other bed was Finn Balor.

"Sorry, I was lost in thoughts. What did you say?" Seth asked apologetically. Finn chuckled. In the blue eyes of the Irish was a mischievous sparkle. Finn was so a nice guy, it should be illegal. Even to him Finn was polite and lovely, even after Seth had the major fault for his injury. And till now he never said a harsh word or seemed to be distant.

"I just noticed that you were texting a lot and asked if you got a new girlfriend." Repeated Finn with a soft smile on his lips, which almost were covered under a dark brown beard. Seth blushed immediately. Was it so obvious? Not that it was a complete new relationship, but in the last weeks everything had change so much, that it felt like something new. It was a new feeling that Seth couldn't explain what was different, but it was and it wasn't bad. He never felt closer to Dean.

"Ehm… yeah. I got a new relationship. How did you know?" He tried to sound casual like there was no big deal about it and no secret. Finns eyes wandered a short moment over Seth. He surveyed him
closely. "You smiled. Not like the last time as I saw your smile. That was an arrogant and pretty cocky smile. I wanted to knock your teeth out. This smile now, it was so charming. Is she cute?"

Yeah, SHE was cute and SHE was actually a dude called Dean Ambrose. Did Finn know Dean? Did they meet? Finn was called up in the Draft, so they never worked on the same show, but Dean had a different life. A life before WWE… Was Finn a part of that? Seth didn't know.

Seth nodded again lost in thoughts. "I think my opinion is a little affected. I would call my SO cute."

Suddenly his phone buzzed again and his smile returned. There was just one possible person who texts him in the moment. Seth looked at the message.

_Not much. Chilling with Renee. I saw your pic with that abs guy. Do I have to become jealous?_

Seth was startled. How did Dean know the picture? Yeah, he took a pic with Finn a while ago. The doc pictured them both in their beds with thumbs up. "Everything alright?" Finn asked. Seth shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. Got a strange text from… from my SO. What did you do with the picture of us?" Finn laughed out loud. "She saw it? I posted it on twitter. Just twitter, was thinking of uploading it to Insta, too. Is she following me?"

Seth shrugged with his shoulders. That was a very interesting question. "Not that I knew. My SO normally isn't into social media. Wait a sec…” the started typing.

Where did you see it? Finn said he posted it on twitter!

"No social media? What kind of girl are you dating?" That on the other hand, was an easy question as he had discussed it very often with Dean. "Someone who doesn't want to share every little bit of their personality with the world and a little old school." Finn laughed, he nodded again with this mischievous smile. "Okay, sounds interesting … oh… Greetings from me." Finn added the last sentence as Seths phone buzzed again. Seth didn't smile, he grinned a very wide grin.

"I'll send them." He murmured as he read the message

_Renee showed me. You two would make a great couple. I'll kill him if he ever comes to close to you!

Seth laughed up and shook his head over the threat. He never thought that Dean was a jealous person. Alright it was a joke, but Seth believed that in every playful sentence was an ounce of truth. I like it when you're jealous. Finn's not my kind of guy, you are. He sends my 'girlfriend' regards. Don't know what to tell him. I said SO and he assumes girl.

Seth didn't know why he typed it down and sent it across the county to his boyfriend. Dean could not help him, but he wanted to share this with him. He wanted to know his thoughts. He was far away and he would probably tell him, he shouldn't talk about it with other people. Seth really didn't want to talk about it, but he also didn't want to bite Finn away. It was nice to chat a little.

You fucked girls! Everybody knows you fucked girls. You know why. So it's no surprise he thinks you still fuck girls. Just tell him it's fresh and you don't want to make a big deal about it. You know how I think about telling people everything.

Seth's fingers wandered through his hair. "A friend showed the pic." He finally explained where Dean saw the picture and thought about Dean's words. "A friend… aha… does this friend know about you and her?" Finn asked curiously.

Seth understood why the Irish didn't keep his mouth shut. It was awkward to lay next to a guy you know and didn't say a word. The most people love to talk about their new relationship. But he and Dean weren't like the most people. "Yeah, but she's the only one. We like to keep it private, it's very complicated and hard to explain." Seth felt a little better. He wasn't too harsh, but did finally say that I didn't want to talk about it.

The Irish man nodded and lost his bright smile, but not his friendly expression. "I know what you mean with keep it private. I was in Japan I adapted their behavior. Allowed is what you like, you don't talk about it open and just accept that there's a part of the life that's just not your business. In Japan wives don't accompany their men for business dinner. You maybe talk about your life partner and even admit that you're gay, but that's okay as long as you don't show it too freely. Not the best kind of life, I know. It's just a closed topic and I'm okay if you don't want to talk about it. I just…"
you smiled so happy and I thought you want to share it. I got to curious."

Seth listened to Finns words and nodded thoughtful "Yeah, I'm just careful, because of the last time and this... I really like... I really like my... SO and we try to enjoy the privacy a little longer." Finn smiled and swept with his hand through his hair. "Alright. I won't ask anymore just one last thing... it's someone from the business, isn't it? It wouldn't make you so anxious if it were just a random girl, am I right?"

Seth knew he shouldn't say more. He sighed and the incredible Irish guy had his eyes fixed on him. Then Seth nodded. "Yeah someone from the business. Even Rome doesn't know a word so... you have to shut up!" Finn taunted that he locked his lips and threw the imaginary key away. "To whom should I talk? You're the first form the WWE I run into for months. I'm happy that I could start training and can soon return to the performance center." Finn lay his head back and looked up to the ceiling.

"You wanna hang around with me after this?"

Seth threw again a look over to him. He hadn't expected this question from Finn. It felt like the conversation was over, but then... why not?

"I'll stay here for some days. You wanna watch SmackDown in my room? Checking out the competition?" Seth proposed. He could walk without crutches, but he didn't felt like going out and drinking beer out in a pub. "Sounds interesting. Checking out your bro, Ambrose. He'd a match on Sunday, didn't he? I bring beer and popcorn and you the accommodation!" Finn answered in return. He seemed pretty happy. Seth felt how his heart began to race. Just the mention of his name, made Seth nervous. "It wasn't the best night for Dean, but you'll see it tonight. I'm pretty sure that Dean will raise hell." Did he blush as he mentioned Dean? How stupid was that? But Finn didn't say anything, he chuckled and shrugged his shoulder. "Did he ever not raise hell?"

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"Come in!" Seth yelled as he heard the certain knocking on the door. He had put his feet up on the little sofa table, the knee brace was down. He tried to stand up as Finn opened the door and entered. "Don't stand up, Seth." Finn insisted. Seth looked up to Finn. He carried a six pack beer and two bags of chips. "O-okay. I guess I'm would not be that helpful. I mean, I'm not the fastest man alive at the moment." Seth returned with a soft smile. Finn just answered with an also soft smile and pushed the door close. "I saw how you got up out of the bed earlier... my grandmother is faster than you." Finn joked what Seth replied with a snort.

"Yeah, make fun of the cripple ... that's not very nice. I thought you were the babyface." He mocked his visitor. Finn dropped down on the couch next to Seth. "You're not a babyface either... so shut up or I'll drink the beer alone, douche!" They both laughed. Finn was an easy guy to chat with, he was so casual and straightforward, a little crazy with his Balor body paint. Like Seth he went through the Indys, but not the American territories, he went to Japan. Seth switched the channel from an old tattoo show to the network were SmackDown was broadcasted. There was still another program running. Finn opened himself a beer bottle and reached a closed one over to Seth.

"The Chamber Match was awesome. I know it's stupid to say, but one day I wanna lead my Balor self in such a match." Seth took the bottle and twisted the cap of the bottle. "Honestly, Finn? You're sick as fuck. If I can avoid it, I won't participate in a Chamber. That's stuff for Dean, even if I would appreciate when he didn't like shit like that so much. I did some weird things myself in the past, but Deano really loved it every crazy shit."

Finn shrugged his shoulders. He smiled, he always smiled. How could he be so open and friendly and... cute? This smile was so cute even with his lumberjack beard. "Sick as fuck seems like an appropriate description of myself, but not as sick as this Bray Guy." Finn smirked, his view straight on the TV. Seth followed his look. Yeah, Bray was nuts and dangerous. They had a troublesome past and sure before Orton joined him, they weren't really successful, but at the moment Bray's Star had risen. "It's hard to be as sick as Bray. You have to try really hard to reach his level." Seth
muttered his words a little trapped in his memories. They both watched the Show and in the moment when Dean first appeared on the screen, Seth's heart jumped.

The second time Dean appeared was a little more emotional. "Oh, turtle looks concerned." Seth murmured. Finn looked over with a curious look. "Turtle?" Seth chuckled and stroked a lose hair strand back behind his ear. "That's how Dean calls him. I think he stole it from one of the commentators or so…" "That's mean, call him a turtle just for his looks…" Finn answered in his nice guy voice. "It's Ellsworth's own fault. Didn't you see it?" Finn shook his head. "I don't always watch SmackDown." The Irish man confessed. Seth also hadn't always the chance to watch it, but since the Series Pay Per View Dean told him every little detail of the Show, like Seth did it with RAW. They talked so much and that Seth knew every little detail what has happened.

"Dean hat a WWE Title Match against Styles. TLC, it was really Deans Match and he dominated Styles. I said he likes sick shit, even if TLC isn't really sick. As everything was almost over and Dean was on the ladder to take down the title the turtle came down to the ring and pushed the ladder over, threw Dean through a pile of tables. The reason behind that he had a Championship Match the SmackDown after and thought it's easier to win against Styles. Dean helped him in every match and… yeah, that was the day the turtle died for Dean." Seth told the story. Finn listened and shook his head with a wide smile. "It's so typical… I was waiting for Jericho to do exact the same thing to Owens since they play best friends." Finn answered. Yeah, Seth thought the same thing and then everything fell for Jericho apart this week. Seth didn't felt much pity for him. He opened his mouth and shut it again. He didn't want to talk about Jericho at the moment. The next match was Deans. Ellsworth was in the ring and then Deans music started… but Dean was missing. Seth sat up, grit his teeth, clenched his fist and hold his breath. That wasn't normal. Dean would never wait so long, he wouldn't stalk Ellsworth and tease him.

"That's not normal." Seth muttered. Finn flashed a look at him and then looked back to the TV. The smile on his face vanished and he furrowed his brow. The moment became oddly long and then there was Corbin WITH Dean, tugging the lunatic at his shirt. Dean was stumbling and crawling on hands and legs. Seth's eyes widened. It wasn't a good scene and it concerned how easy it looks for Corbin to drag Dean with him, but on the other hand there was a thought, that flashed through Seth's head and he shouldn't think that, but it was so hot seeing Dean on his all fours.

"Did you say that's hot?"
Seth looked to Finn who shot a startled look at Seth. "What?" the brown haired man breathed and Finn furrowed his brow again. "You said 'so hot!', didn't you?" Finn repeated and Seth felt that his face went hot. He probably flushed tomato red. "No…" he whispered in great fear. It was just a thought, did he really say it out loud.

"OMG!" Finn murmured looking back on the TV. Dean was fighting back and now they both were brawling. Seth fixed his look on the TV again. Just to see Baron throwing Dean on an equipment table where suddenly sparks were striking. "Fuck, Deano!" Seth whispered and fell back against the backrest of the sofa. He felt like the blood vanished from his face again and how his heart pounded against his chest as on the TV some Ref tried to help Dean. It looked so worrying seeing him on the broken table.

Silence fell for a very long moment were the only sounds in the room were the babble of the Commentators.
What just happened? Was Dean hurt? Did he say something that inappropriate loud? Was Dean hurt? Does Finn know what's up? Was Dean hurt?
Oh fuck, Seth couldn't handle this right now. He teared his hair and stared into nothing in front of him. Finns hand slid over his shoulder, the other male reached over to him and this soft touch made Seth realize that he'd started to shake. Seth struggled to breath.

"It's Dean, isn't it? The one you're dating?" Finn whispered the question. Seth shook even more after this question. He just wanted to scream out loud. Yeah, he was dating Dean. He loves him more than
everything in the world. But... why in the blue hell did everybody guess that? Renee guessed it and now Finn, too? Alright this was a special situation, not much people were watching with him Deans matches since they started dating.

Seth fought with his words. "Don't tell anybody!" Seth demanded with a hard voice and was surprised that he could sound like that in this moment. In the Moment where he was just afraid what had happened to Dean. He thought only a whisper would leave his mouth.

"I won't... I... just... I didn't expect that you were... like... like me!" Now Finn was the one who whispered. Seth let his hands sink in his lap and looked over to Finn. "What?" How often did he repeated this word tonight? It started to annoy himself. He felt like an unruly smarky crowd. Finn slipped on the couch nearer to Seth.

"I thought that there weren't much in the locker like me. It's like we aren't welcome or it's a big mistake to be like us. I... I'm gay? I don't tell anybody here yet, so... only my friends know." Finns confession was spoken lowly and Seth knew how hard it was to talk out loud what should be so easy. He felt how it was still hard for him to breathe. He opened his mouth, took a hard deep breath. His voice trembled as he answered Finn. "Dean's gay, too. I'm just... I'm bi. He only told Rome and me... I couldn't even tell Rome about me."

It's so awkward talking about that. In this moment he was shortly away from freaking out over Dean.

"Did you see the sparks?" Seth exhaled and raised his hands again to lay them over his eyes. Finn just wrapped his arm around Seth and pulled him into a long and tight hug.

"I'm sure he's okay. You should text him and then he'll tell you everything is fine." It felt good to be held by the Irish. He was so heart warm and nice. Why didn't they get along in the first place? Seth sighed and let his hands sink again, he leaned his head against Finns should. After that short moment he freed himself and reached for his phone in his pocket.

I kill you when you're dead. You and Corbin! Text me as soon as possible!

Seth looked on his phone, read the words he just send to Anaheim and put it on his side on the couch. "Thanks, Finn." Seth sighed tired. The happy man just smiled his beautiful smile and shrugged his shoulder. "Not for that." Seth stroke over his head. "I won't tell anybody about you, too. Except when you're single and they want to date you." The man with the chocolate brown eyes joked, but it felt strange and now was Finns time to blush under his dark brown beard. "Oh please, don't play cupid. Not that I don't trust in your abilities, but I think dating fellow wrestlers here is so much more stressful than back in japan." Finn laughed with a red cheeks and Seth listened up.

"So you've dated colleagues before?" Finn nodded slowly. "Yeah, like I said... back in Japan. We broke up before I moved to the USA." Finn just implied a little. Seth was curious who Finn was dating, but it felt not right to ask this.

"I really love Dean." Seth started. He didn't know why he talked about it. "It's strange. Not just the secret part or that we have this long distance relationship. Sometimes I'm wishing we were on the same brand, it would make so much easier, but then... could we play it cool in front of the people, could we just be brothers? What would be if I stood against him in the ring... could I do this? I just... What would happen if someone like Steph found out about us? Damn..." Seth sighed and his heart throbbed against his chest.

Then suddenly Seth's phone buzzed again.

I'm alive. My back aches horrible and Dan sent me to the hospital. But I'm fine, don't worry. You'll stay the only crip in this relationship!

"Dean's sometimes such a douche!" Seth murmured and Finn looked over his shoulder to read the text, but it took a load off his mind reading this."He calls you crip?" Seth nodded with a questioning look on his face "Since the injury, yeah." A little chuckle escaped Finn. "What a sunshine... but it's like I said... he's okay. Come on, let's focus on the show. AJs such an iconic wrestler, I would hate to miss this match even when he acts like an asshole at the moment!" Finn proposed, rubbed with one hand over Seth's back. "Just a sec... I answer him." Seth looked on his phone and typed.
I just freaked out a little. Text me, when you're back in the hotel. Love you.
He looked up to Finn with a smirk. "If I wouldn't know it better, I would guess you had something with Styles."
Finn shook his head. "No, not AJ!" he got a little bit loud and Seth smiled his teasing smile. "How you said that implied that there's someone around you are interested in." Finn exhaled loud and flashed a slight angry look at Seth, before he smiled. "I'm thinking about knocking your teeth out right, now. Just the story with Dean is holding me back." Finn shook his head and Seth poked the shoulder of the other man. "But I'm right, didn't I?" Finn pushed him and he laughed. "There's someone around, but like you I don't talk about it." Seth nodded directly and lay his hand on Finn's shoulder now. He went serious again. "I don't wanna know, but if you wanna talk now or in the future, I'm happy to lend you an ear." Seth promised honestly. Finn flashed a smile over and nodded. "Thanks, the same is for you. I'm don't tell anybody about you, but when you need to talk to someone... you know where to find me."
how I like my rehab

Chapter Summary

"Can I convince you to stop gaming today?" Dean muttered in his pillow. "Wouldn't count on that." Seth answered lost in the game. "Really? There isn't any chance of getting your attention?" Dean asked with a smirk.

Chapter Notes

Again I try myself with a little smut. I'm not sure if it's good, but I think I learn with every chapter a little more what I want and how I've to write it.

So, have fun!

"What is the fuss with his game?" the raspy voice of his boyfriend asked. The Therapy of his leg went well, so that he'd could do his physical therapy at home in Davenport and had just to fly over for Birmingham on single occasions.

And that meant he could finally be together with his boyfriend and be alone with him. They laid in bed together. He had brought his TV with his PlayStation in his living room, so he could game in his bed. For Honor was out and he loved the game already.

It was late morning and both were still in bed. Dean brought breakfast and then they just stayed under the blanket on the soft orthopedic mattress. "It's funny. I love the multiplayer fights." Seth answered his eyes focused on the TV with the perfect graphic. Dean shook his head. "I just don't get it. Not Madden and not this." Dean murmured and cuddled up in the blanket. Seth leaned his back against the headrest while his boyfriend was still laying down. He wasn't even paying attention to the game. "You lost affiliation to gaming somewhere in the nineties, hun!" Seth murmured in return. Dean chuckled. "I think I was never affiliated to gaming. Arcades weren't fun without money."

Silence fell as Seth was concentration on not being virtually slayed by some random bots or other gamers. Dean just closed his eyes and enjoy the feeling of the hot body next to him. He felt how Seth's body sometimes shifted, he heard the breathing and the angry mutter or loud rant. Dean couldn't help himself, it made him smile. It was so normal. Dean never thought he would appreciate normality… but what was normality?

"Can I convince you to stop gaming today?" Dean muttered in his pillow. "Wouldn't count on that." Seth answered in the game. "Really? There isn't any chance of getting your attention?" Dean asked with a smirk. Seth was fighting with his Knight and just shook his head. But Dean had some ideas to bewitch his boyfriend. He pushed himself up on the forearms and looked up to Seth. His tongue slit over his lips and then he pushed his mouth against Seth's arm. The brown haired man directed his look to his boyfriend who smiled up to him. "Whadda ya up to?" Seth asked smiling and Dean just shrugged his shoulders. "Don't know... distracting you a little?" He answered with a playful smirk. "Nice try," Seth stretched his tongue out and looked back to the TV. Now Dean fought himself up in sitting position next to Seth. His eyes wandered over the body of him. Damn. Dean loved the slight brown tone of Seth's Body and how his skin always looked like soft satin. Again he licked over his lips, with one hand he brushed away Seth's tousled hair and placed his
mouth on Seth's neck. The taste of his skin was something that Dean missed the most and what haunted him in his dreams. His tongue slit over Seth's neck and again a kiss followed. "Dean." Seth whispered. It was a mix between annoyance and lust. His hand wandered further over Seth's back to the other shoulder and more kisses followed accompanied by Dean's tongue which drew a line between the kisses. Every time he sucked a little part of Seth's skin between his lips, Seth moaned his name. Damn, he missed being Seth so close. He missed tasting his skin and hearing his lusty voice. "Still more interested in the game?" Dean hissed on his way to Seth's ear, which he also sucked between his teeth and nibbled. "Damn!" Seth cursed and put away his controller and with the same movement he turned to Dean and pushed him against the headrest of the bed. Seth closed Deans mouth with his and a willingly kiss followed. Dean shivered under the kiss as Seth bit his lower lip. The man with the chocolate brown eyes pulled back. "I love you. I hate you, but I love you even more!"

Dean stroked over Seth's hair and nibbled on his lip. "Do you love me more than your stupid game?" Seth seemed to overthink the question. "Maybe a little." Dean groaned. "Just A LITTLE?" The question was a little upset. Seth smirked in return and shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe you can change my mind. You got me distracted." Dean grumble lowly. His hands reached for Seth's neck and tugged him closer. He sealed his lips with a kiss and let his hands swept over Seth's chests. He felt his muscles under his fingers and felt the heat of his boyfriend's body. Everything made him desire more, wishing to feel every bit of his body. Seth's fingers clung the fabric of Dean's pants. The kiss seemed was endless and after they parted both were breathless. "Lay down." Dean whispered and pushed Seth careful down on the mattress. He pushed away the blanket to straddle over Seth's lap. He leaned over and started to explore Seth's upper body with his lips. The hot and sweet skin of Seth tasted sinful good. Seth's let one of his hands wander through Dean's hair. He didn't want to push him or force his way further down, but he had the urgent need to feel him and his lips everywhere. Seth moaned under the soft kisses as Dean led his way and tried to kiss every bit of the torso and enjoy how the stone carved muscles moved under his lips. Seth made him weak and all he wanted was to have more of him. "Come here!" Seth demanded and dragged Dean closer towards him. Seth sat up and leaned against the headrest of his bed and tugged Dean nearer, his lap on eye level. He licked over his lips and looked up to Dean. His light blue eyes locked with his. Seth could see that Dean wanted it. Seth pushed his hands under the waistband of the old gray sweatpants. He felt the round butt cheeks of Dean's pant and pushed down the pants in the back. Damn he loved how this booty felt in his hands and how the muscles tensed under his touch. His lover sighed and close his eyes, waiting for Seth. Now Seth pushed his lips against Dean's belly. He loved his steely abs. Like Dean he let his tongue wander over this hot skin. Dean's voice chased shivers over Seth's back and Deans hand were placed carefully on his shoulders. "I love you." Seth muttered between his soft kisses and let his lips slut down to the waistband which was still placed over Deans grown erection. This foreplay hadn't left Seth cold, he felt his own member grown in his pants. Finally Seth pulled the pants down fully. Dean's hands grabbed his shoulder tighter and he sighed, ready what would follow. Seth looked up. His beautiful brown eyes seemed almost black and his eyelashes formed a dark wreath around his eyes. Deans looked down with half lid eyes. "You're so beautiful." He murmured and a loud moan escaped his mouth as Seth lips wrapped around his cock. The warmth of Seth's mouth was wonderful and he couldn't resist. Seth's hands wandered back to Dean's butt and ruled the rhythm of Dean's slight movements. "Fuck, Seth... oh fuck!" Dean was always swearing when Seth gave him a head. I was a part of Dean being Dean and Seth liked this way of dirty talk. Precum was already dripping from Dean. Seth tasted it on his tongue. The grip of his hand become tighter around Dean's ass and Seth speeded up. The sounds of Dean grew and encouraged Seth for more, as he was suddenly held back by Dean. "Oh Heavens, stop!" he yelled helpless and a grabbed his shoulders hard. He pushed Seth back, so he had to let go of Dean's dick.
"What?" he asked, licked over his lips and tasted Dean on them. "I can't go any longer, but I want you... are you ready?" Dean asked yearning. "Ready for what?" Seth returned and brushed with his fingers over Deans behind. The little problem in the bedroom was his knee. He couldn't bend it which made sexy time a little harder, but it seemed that Dean had a different thought. He grabbed Seth hand and directed his fingers straight to his back entrance. "Ready for me?" he asked breathless. Normally Dean wasn't very fond with anal sex and Seth would never force him too. He loved it to have Dean deep inside himself and he would never insist on getting a return. But it seemed that Dean wanted him desperately and he would love to feel his boyfriend around him. "Sure, when you are."

Dean didn't answer. He lifted himself up a little and reached over to the nightstand where they kept the lube. Seth took it from him and Dean leaned in for a willing kiss. Seth fingers found their way between Deans butt cheeks what causes him to heavily moan in the passionate kiss they both shared. It was a hard work to open up the bottle and wet his finger while having Dean sitting on him. In the end he was successful and brushed with his fingers over Dean's entrance. He felt that his boyfriend was a little strung up, so he tried not overwhelm him. With a soft touch he stroked over Deans butt hole. He sighed and moaned. They parted the kiss, but Dean stayed leaned forward, his chin on Seths shoulder. He felt the hot breath of him in his ear and hair. Fuck, it was so hot to feel Dean like this. "Relax, hun." Seth whispered and pushed with one finger against Dean. Again he moaned this time a little louder. Slowly Seth pushed deeper and explored Dean. Every movement made him moan louder and made him move a little. Seth's free hand was placed on Dean's belly. "You're so hot." Seth had to say that. Dean was hot and his own erection was dripping since they started without even been touched. Fuck he needs composure not to cum already in his pants.

Seth tried to put another finger into his boyfriend, when his lusty moans became desperate groans. "Oh please...Damn." Dean whined. "More foreplay and I cum without you in me."

Seth swallowed. "But it hurt you, when I don't..." - "Oh, shut up! I can take it. Come on!" he demanded in an urgent tone. Dean was always the rougher guy of them. But still Seth hesitated a moment. Dean forced him in a long kiss, took his breath and groaned against his lips. "If I can't sit or walk strange, it's my problem. I need you!"

Seth didn't need more to hear. If he wanted so, he'll give it to him. Seth pulled his sweatpants down and felt how his dick sprung literally out of his prison and pushed against Deans well rounded back. He was already dripping wet by his own, but nonetheless he wet his fully erected dick with lube, fast and impatient.

"Alright..." Seth sighed and shifted his weight a little. Dean was on edge, but as the head of Seth's dick pushed against him, he moaned desperately. "Damn... please... I don't like to beg..." he plead. "Shut up or yell my name!" Seth groaned as he moved Deans hips down, so he could slowly dig deeper. "Ow..." this sound escaped their mouth simultaneously. This was so rarely that Seth almost forgot how Dean felt and how he liked it, having him in this position. "Fuck." He whispered as he was in Dean with his full length. Dean raised a little and moved by himself, controlled the rhythm and the speed. He felt how Seth left him and when he slit back in. "Oh, damn... Damn... you're so big!" he groaned and moved faster. Seth smirked under Dean and let him do his pace. It was wonderful having him, laying under the big guy. His hands stroke over the back and wandered further over Deans long muscular legs. "Oh shut up, Dean!" he repeated, licked over his lips where he could still taste his boyfriend.

The room was filled with their moans, curses and other sounds of lust. Their last sexy time felt like it was an eternity ago and now they were again fused together. "Fuck, babe... I go faster. I need it!" he winced and followed the words. He felt so stretched and filled, but it was so fabulous being with him. Suddenly Seth wrapped his hand around Dean's member. "I'm ready, hun... I'm ready... are you?" he moaned and stroke Deans dripping wet cock. "Cum with me... please!"

Dean just groaned, threw his head behind. "Oh, Damn SETH!" he yelled. Everything tightened. "FUCK SETH!" he yelled again. It was so good, it was just fantastic. "DEAN, OH DEAN!
PLEASE!” Seth yelled under him. And as he heard Seth's voice he felt his body stiffen and then
losing it. He came in Seth's Hand and all the jeez landed on the beautiful abs of Seth. But he felt how
wet he became inside, cause Seth had lost it in the same moment.
Sorry seems to be the hardest word

Chapter Summary

"Do you think it's a smart idea having this interview? You've got at target on your back!" Seth looked up to Roman. He raised one eyebrow and didn't even try to hide his smirk. "Do you think, it's smart to boogie with Strowman?" Seth returned the question. Rome rolled his dark, almost black eyes and shrugged his shoulders. "Seems we both aren't very smart man..."

Chapter Notes

Wasn't the interview of Seth pure gold? Wasn't it what we all been waiting for. I was happy as I heard Seth is giving an interview, I though you... new things to write about and then this happen and I just had to write about it. It's pure emotion! And if you're wondering which song Seth is listening to, its: "A deathless song" from Parkway Drive which really hit me the day after the interview and I HAD to use it.

So... ähm... have fun, I guess. ♥

"Do you think it's a smart idea having this interview? You've got at target on your back!" Seth looked up to Roman. He raised one eyebrow and didn't even try to hide his smirk. "Do you think, it's smart to boogie with Strowman?" Seth returned the question. Rome rolled his dark, almost black eyes and shrugged his shoulders. "Seems we both aren't very smart man, but I can't forget it and be the good boy and smile for everyone. I want to beat the living crap out of him!" Roman told Seth. They both shared a locker and Seth was glad to see Ro again. Glad to speak his friend face to face since they were friends again. "I face this so called monster before, it's not that easy to beat anything out of him. I'm concerned, Rome." A gesture of Roman followed where he seem to throw any concerns over his shoulders. "Yeah, I know, but I can't put my tail between my legs and hide in a corner. I like you can't forget about Hunter." Roman thought out loud. "Like Dean can't let go Baron." Seth muttered. Rome threw a strange look over to Seth who shrugged his shoulders as he noticed it. "I'm just saying. Not because he's not here, he doesn't do the same stupid things like us."

Seth was sitting on a bench, his leg in a knee brace rested up on the bench. Finally Roman sat on the bench towards Seth. "You know, sometimes I think it would be easier for if you two jackasses didn't spoil me to be as stupid as you two are." Rome answered with a soft smile on his lips. He sighed and shook his head. Seth couldn't help himself, but he smiled two. "You're not an Angel, Reigns! Don't try to blame it on Deano and me." Rome acted startled. "I really were an angel before I met you two. A perfect angel with perfect hair, innocent to the core." Seth laughed up. "Yeah and today you're just AND. You're not an angel, you are everything but innocent... uh... and your hair Rome..." Seth sucked the air through his teeth. "I'm sorry, bro... your hair is turning gray." Now his startled look was real he shook his head. "Shut up, Rollins. It's far away from turning gray, asshole." How upset Roman seemed to be. It was funny and it was nice to joke around with him, but Seth missed Dean in this moment. He missed how it was in the early days as they sat together and joked
and Dean was telling the weirdest stories ever, how a guy chased him through the city and he lost his holy sandwich or how he hugged a trashcan after he went on a roller-coaster after he'd too much burrito rolls, what was in Deans language nothing less than a huge ass joint.

Seth loved these stories and how Dean told them, with the full use of his body and his sparkling blue eyes. He could be so enthusiastic. Seth sighed a little louder. Again there was this look of Rome. "What are you looking at?" he asked his Samoan friend. "At you, you seem so… thoughtful. You never were thoughtful since you return from your stupid fucking ego trip more like an angry teenager. Today you're… almost mature!" Rome stated and Seth shoot him a worried look. "Mature? Please stop insulting me." Rome laughed and shook his head. "You can't always be the lone playboy, there'll be a time when you have to grow up." Roman reminded him again, like he always does and talked with him his big brother talk. "Oh Ro… just because you've happy and having a family, that doesn't mean it's something for me. I tried the marry stuff and got cold feet."

Suddenly his heart was in the cold grip of a feeling. Seth didn't want to build a family. The only family he needed was Dean as his lover and Rome as his brother. "Rome?" Seth whispered and his brother looked up. "I know it's stupid, but… could you leave me some moments alone? I would go, but…" Roman nodded instantly. "It's alright, Seth. I was about to get up, get a drink before this obsolete contract signing. What your back, brother." Rome got up and patted Seth's foot before he left the room.

What was this cold grip? Why did he shiver? It felt like a moment of panic. Seth fiddled his headphone out of his pants pocket and connected them with his mobile phone. The music started instantly. He lay back on the bench.

What was this feeling? Fear? The fear that he could be happy? Was this the reason he sabotaged his engagement?

*Let me beat in your heart, Be your drum of war and love*

Never hit him a line like that. It was like a stab in his heart.

*Let me hide in your arms, Be my cage, my key, my lock*

How often did he listen to this song? It wasn't an old album, but it was out for several month and since it was out he'd listen to it for long time.

*Let our bones collide, Until the light falls like anvils from our eyes, When our dreams ignite, Disappear in their fire*

It took his breath how this song stir up his thoughts and emotions.

*Be my open sky, Fill these wild eyes*

Seth laid his arm over his eyes and fought against long hard sobs. He wasn't sad, not really. He shouldn't be. But he couldn't say what this song just triggered. He thought of Dean and how he needed him. He needed him and Rome before today, he needed them even when he pushed him away. He tried to exchange their love and trust with fame and glory, but what did he have almost 2 years after his big win… nothing. A broken knee… and two friends one of them become his boyfriend. He lost them and got them back. Seth blinked his tears away. No, no crying. He's a grown man… no cry today. He didn't cry as he missed the first Mania. He didn't cry as Roman won his championship and Dean wrapped his arms happily around him, something he would never experience… he didn't cry as Dean won his championship from him, in a moment where he couldn't be as proud as he wanted to be. Even as they went spilt ways… he still loved Dean and Rome. He never said I'm sorry. Not really, not where he should have done this.
Dean was somewhere different. Normally he wouldn't watch RAW. He was at a house show and got no time for that, but it was Seth's interview and he knew that Seths wanted to address that he'll probably miss Mania again, but he still wanted to see him. He was in the locker room with Renee's table which was showing him a live stream of RAW. Seth limped in the ring and it was a little heartbreaking to see Seth. Alright he oversold his injury a little with the crutch. Dean knew he didn't need this, but the knee brace was real, the problem with stepping up the stairs was real. The unwell feeling not being master of his own body was real. "He's a poor little puppy." Renee was sitting on his lap, the tablet was placed on the table in front of them. Dean snuggled his face against her shoulder and sighed. "Yeah, my puppy." Dean muttered. Normally he wouldn't call Seth puppy. Seth was more like bambi or an utterly cute otter, but yeah, right know he was a very poor puppy.

Dean heard the words he spoke and how he explained and fight with his feelings. It was sad, but… that wasn't the Seth from before the injury. This wasn't the Seth he left on Saturday. The Seth on Saturday was still fed with anger for Hunter.

Silence fell.

You know, maybe…
A longer pause followed

Maybe I deserved this.

Dean was struck by a lightning. "What?" he whispered upset. The arm around Renee's back grabbed a little tighter and the blond woman moaned unpleasant and pushed his hand away. What does Seth mean?

And then words followed which reached Deans head and his mind, which reached his heart and which stole the air out of his lungs. Seth didn't say it loud, you hint it, but it was enough for him. "You don't deserve this babe!" Dean whispered with dry eyes. He couldn't cry, but something inside him did. The poor boy whose heart broke as Seth beat with a steal chair on Rome and him. The poor boy that didn't understand why Rome just got 2 chair shots and himself over a dozen. The boy that still lives in fear of betrayal of his love. That little lovesick boy that never heard something like regret for Seths decisions. Yeah, he'd said he was sorry, but no regrets or remorse… till today.

Today this little boy inside Dean didn't cry because of pain, it did cry because of love. "He must go to WrestleMania!" he whispered.

Other people were maybe hurt to hear that Seth "had nothing else to lose". But Dean understood what he said. He'd lost Dean and he'd lost Rome because of his choices. But he got both back even if Dean was lost to another brand, but he'd got them back and wouldn't lose them again… Seth had nothing to lose anymore. He lost his friends, lost his championship, lost his chances, lost his mentor, lost his security and lost again his WrestleMania moment… he got nothing to lose, just to proof.

Renee just looked at him how Dean had broken for a minute. She just looked and waited for Dean to fix him. The blond one looked up to his friend. "He isn't even in the room and manages to break my heart. I… don't know… I hate him, but…"

Renee sighed and wrapped her arms around his neck. She pressed her face against the crook of his neck. "You love him way more than anyone ever could understand and today… he'd apologized." She muttered in his ear. Damn, this girl was way too smart. "Yeah, I hate him so much, that he can make me feel like this." His whispered again, he couldn't admit this with his full voice.

~

"No, I couldn't warn you, hun." Seth murmured in his phone. Dean was on the other end. Seth sat again save in Rome's Locker while his friend was outside and let this monster Strowman get in his
head. Stupid Rome. Seth should've been there for him as he was for Dean. He shook his head. "Oh honey, I didn't plan any of my words." He sighed und brushed a streak behind his ear. "No, it... it poured out of my mouth but I mean it like that. I deserve this cause I forgot what's important and that's you and Rome and fucking everybody up who doesn't respect us."

Dean sighed on the other end.

"To whom are you talking?" Seth flipped around, almost fell due to his knee and looked in the dead tired face of Roman. Seth swallowed, how much did his friend hear. "Erm... Dean..." Seth answered shortly. He didn't want to lie to his friend anymore. Alright he didn't ever tell him everything about Dean and everything else, but he should know to who he was talking. "Yeah, wait a sec... Rome is back." Told Dean as he questioned what's happening.

"You call Dean Honey?" Roman asked with a doubtful look. "I call him honey, he calls me babe... we're weird!" He shoot the answer out. The look of Rome chanced to a long survey and then the tall Samoan shook his head. " Weird like a fuck nut." A Sight followed. "DID YOU HEAR ME AMBROSE, WEIRD LIKE A FUCK NUT!" He yelled so Dean on the other side of the country heard him without the phone.

"Good save, babe!" Dean pronounced the nickname extra meaningful. "Talk with him and I'll call you from the hotel." His boyfriend said goodbye and hung up before Seth could return anything. Dean didn't mean THE talk. That was reserved for WrestleMania, but he was right, they had to let Rome in to their secret. Renee knew and even Finn knew, alright both tells had happened accidently, but it was wrong that Rome weren't a part of this, but it was a conversation he wanted to have with Dean together.

Seth put away his phone. Roman still was standing in the room. Beat up, tired, sweaty. Braun wasn't a normal giant. He was smaller than Big Show, but twice as insane as the huge superstar. Braun was an animal.

Seth opened his mouth, but Rome shook his head and stepped up to Seth wrapping his massive arms wordless around his friend and pressing him to his chest. They hadn't the time to talk after his interview so Seth felt it was the reaction to the still not vocal told Apology. Damn it felt so good hugging this big Samoan again. "You're stupid, Rollins... but... damn Seth. You didn't deserve this." He murmured to Seth. The slight smaller one shook his head, but didn't free him from the bearhug. He clanged his hand in the fabric of Rome's Shirt and hold him tight. "I did. I was stupid... all the time, even after my injury. I was a complete asshole as Hunter interfered in our match and gave me a pedigree and after that... it wasn't better and damn. At the Series I realized what you mean to me, you two!" Alright Dean meant something different to him than Ro, but the big one was still his brother, now his only brother because the other one became his boyfriend.

Rome sighed and let Seth slip a little out of his arms, to look into his eyes. The both had brown eyes, but Romans were a little darker than Seths chocolate brown ones. "Alright, you were stupid, but little brothers make mistakes... just... don't repeat them, okay?" Romans voice was soft, but concerned. Oh my... Seth shook his head. "In the matter of the fact, I don't know how he feels today, but that time he loved you. Dean loved you. He didn't tell me, but I saw and... You almost killed him. Please..." Seth freed him and patted against Rome's chest. It startled him that Ro knew about Dean's feelings, but didn't noticed his. Nobody did, just himself. It was locked away deep in his soul and maybe, just maybe they were the reason he'd always was more angry and hurting against Dean than Roman, but he couldn't admit that. Not in this moment, not when he didn't even come out of the closet to his brother.

But Seth had to assure him. "I won't hurt him again with purpose. Come on Rome... sit down. You got a turnbuckle in your ugly face. I would have vomit over the whole red ring carpet if that had happen to me!" He pushed his friend on the bench and tried to end this conversation at this point. Rome sank on the bench, laid down and closed his eyes. "It was more the chest than my very handsome face... jealous fuzzy head!" He answered and breathed deeply. "But yeah, I was not far away from showing my dinner to the world. As soon as I was behind the curtain I ripped my
protector off, lost it somewhere... damn... " Seth smiled a little. He lowered himself next to Roman. "This shit you wear is as useless as our shield gear." Roman lay his hand over his eyes and nodded. "Useless but fancy. Galina loves it." This was a typical conversation. "I think I understand women pretty well and Galina likes you more with less cloths especially in the bedroom." Roman kicked him against his good leg. "Don't talk about my woman like that. You're almost like Ambrose..."
Seth smiled to himself. Yeah, almost like and deeply in love with Ambrose. He lost years of being together with his both special people and Hunter would learn to fear his new self. The self that isn't controlled.
Then we wait

Chapter Summary

No, the Dean then and the Dean now were to different persons. But Seth was okay with it. He was happy that Dean was here. He could've fled home to Vegas and have his peace. Instead he was again in beautiful boring Davenport, Iowa, where he just had is injured boyfriend who was bombarded him with questions.

Chapter Notes

I think I finally found the point where I want to head with my story. I don't know how I get there, but finally it stopped feeling like a very over extented one shot.
I hope you like the little filler chapter, but I thought it was time to answer some question nobody was asking...

Have fun!

"Sometimes I really start to think, that you aren't very smart!" Seth spoke his thoughts out loud. Every Wednesday their ritual was the same. Dean arrived after a long trip, rung the bell of Seth's house and when Seth opened the door for him, he greeted his boyfriend with a long passionate kiss. Every time Dean used his whole body to press Seth careful against the wall in the hallway. Seth lived in the thrill of anticipation every moment he was separated from Dean.

But sadly today was a little different. The long missed kiss came, but Dean wasn't as forceful as he used to be. His answered were cut short and he was very moody. Seth brought him to the couch and in his mind he was cursing Baron for his actions. Again Dean found some one who wasn't intimidated by his madness.
"Believe it or not, sometimes I'm asking myself the exact same thing." Dean answered toneless. He was laying on the couch. His shoes on the floor, his arms crossed over his heart.
He told Seth via text that he hadn't suffer severe injuries, just a sore ribcage through the pressure. The breathing must be hard, but Dean got lucky. Who knows what Baron could have done to him, if nobody would have helped?
"You knew Baron would sneak up on you, didn’t you."
Corbin did it before, he waited for the perfect moment and made Dean suffer. Dean snorted and rolled his eyes, not answering verbally. "I was worried, Dean." Seth went on with a softer voice. There was no plan behind, he just wanted to express his feelings, but Dean blocked totally. "You're always worried, Seth." The man murmured and turned his body away, facing against the backrest of the couch. Seth let some fingers wander through his hair. "Do you wanna sleep?" He asked softly again. The only answer he got was an annoyed loud sight. That was enough. He understood that Dean needed space and wasn't as chatty as last week.
"Alright. I'll give you space, hun." Seth promised and stood up, to walk over to the kitchen. Maybe Dean wasn't hungry, but he was. He waited for him, because that was the only thing he could do. Wait and sometimes train and then he had to wait a little longer. And now he had to wait for Dean to calm down, so why not eat something. He didn't have to starve just because Dean was moody and
cranky. So Seth leaned against the counter and made some sandwiches for himself and got lost in his thoughts.

Last week, the beautiful week after his strange interview. Dean had knocked him very heavily against the floor wall with this kiss. A kiss that went through his whole body and brought him goosebumps. "You annoying bitch! I wanted to kiss you like that since Monday." Dean murmured against Seth's lips and finally retreated so Seth was able to inhale air again. "Don't call me bitch." He whispered and brushed through Dean's hair. "I call you how I want, babe." He smiled and gave the entrance door a hard kick to close it. Normally this kind of ruthless behavior towards his proverty Seth would have made angry, but in this moment he was just happy having Dean again in his arms. "I talked to Ro, not about us... or... me... but he was strange." Seth began and Dean looked a little surprised. "Strange? Isn't Rome always kinda strange?" Dean asked with a surprised smile on his lips. Seth shook his head. "No, actually you are still the strange one of us three! But what I wanted to say is, he's very worried about you and that I could hurt you again like... he knows something and as we spoke... how should I say it?.... He knew that you had feelings for me... I mean... before the … chair thing."

Dean let go of Seth and took a step back. "He did?" He asked startled. "I didn't tell him." Dean stated after a thoughtful moment. "Yeah, I was... surprised. I didn't know and... And if I would've known it, maybe..." The blonde one laughed out loud. "Oh please, stop the what-if game. You were a bastard to me... to us when you turned your back, but that's the past. Not that I'm okay with the way you behaved but I'm grown, I can handle it. But never... never do this in public and not prepare me. I was almost sobbing my life away in Renee's arms and I was a simple mess the rest of the evening." Dean demanded. Seth answered with a smiling nod. Yeah, never this feel train again. He also didn't need that again, but it was nice that Dean confessed him, about his feelings. Some time ago he would have denied that he had something like emotions. "But you never sob Dean!" He answered and the blond boy from Ohio rolled his eyes. "Narrative freedom! I tell the stories my way."

No, the Dean then and the Dean now were to different persons. But Seth was okay with it. He was happy that Dean was here. He could've flew home to Vegas and have his peace. Instead he was again in beautiful boring Davenport, Iowa, where he just had is injured boyfriend who was bombarded him with questions. It was okay that he needed time, but Seth thought it was also okay for himself being worried about Dean's wellbeing. "When do you have physics today?" Seth turned around to Dean. He was now sitting at the kitchen counter and looked damn tired. How long was Seth staring holes into his sandwich and Dean was surveying him? "Tonight at six. Tomorrow I've two appointments and again just one on Friday." Dean nodded and laid his head down on his crossed arm. "Shall I drive you?" He asked. Seth shook his head. He could've driven by himself. Doc Wilk allowed it if he was wearing the knee brace, but there was something different why he wasn't accepting Deans offer. "You do know, that my family is chauffeuring me." Dean sighed. "Oh, this chapter again." He murmured with his face down. Seth furrowed. "What do you mean?"

"I can't drive with you, because your go... your family would maybe have a clue what's up with us." Dean seemed to be angry at him. Was it his bad mood? Or was it really the fact, that Seth threated him like a dirty secret. Yeah, maybe it wasn't good to be that secretive. He brushed over his own hair. Dean shouldn't get the feeling, that Seth wasn't fully committed in this relationship. He was, he was just... afraid. "It's not that easy for me, baby!" Seth whispered and lay his hand on Dean's. "It's never easy for you. You've always afraid something bites you in your ass. I understand it, but... I want to spend time with you and I don't want to hide every single time when somebody comes around." Dean raised his head a little so he could look Seth in his eyes. The man with the brown hair
sighed. His boyfriend was right. Seth always tensed a little when the phone was ringing or someone was at the door. He was always kind of gasping and he didn't like that feeling either. In Vegas everything at Dean's home he could relax.

"I never told my family that I'm into boys, too... for the protocol, I think my brother got it out sometime ago. I never dated boys like you did. It was a fun thing on the road I explored a little, but I never thought..." Dean's eyes stayed fixed on him. "You never thought you would end up with me instead of a busty woman." Seth nodded a little ashamed. There was nothing where he should be ashamed of, but he couldn't do anything against this feeling. "How did you come out to your mother? You did, didn't you?" Seth asked. He didn't knew why he wanted to know, but the question just slipped.

He learned something about Dean. He was never a family man like Seth was. Seth had no clue what happened to Dean's father. He was dead or maybe in jail, but for Dean this guy just didn't exist. He had a strange and troubled relationship with his mother, but he was still in contact with her. Just a few calls over the year, but it wouldn't wonder him if Dean never said a word to her about what he's interested in the bed room.

Dean stayed silent for a moment and Seth thought he wouldn't answer. "I said: Hey Mom, I'm home... by the way, that's my boyfriend, Sami!" Dean repeated after thinking. Seth just stared at him with a dropped jaw. What? Just like... that? "How did she respond?" He asked. Dean cracked a smile. "Use condoms or AIDS is going to kill you." Seth mouth stayed opened. "I think she was on a trip that day, but it's not like that's a bad advice."

Seth struggle a little, cause his knees felt week. He leaned against the counter and looked at Dean. "You were dating Sami?" He asked and Dean finally rose completely. "Yeah, back in the day, when we traveled together. Today I think we weren't more than good fucking buddies, but I still love him kindaway." He answered and Seth shook his head. "You fucked, Sami?" He asked and Dean nodded a little annoyed. "Yeah?" - "Zayn?"

Dean was like Seth had hit him in the face. "NO! You idiot! Callihan!" Was the forceful answer and suddenly everything made sense for Seth? These name changes would someday made him go nuts. "Oh SOLOMON!" He answered louder than planned. Dean rolled with his eyes. "This stupid name... yeah. Solomon Sami I meant. How could you even think I was with Zayn?" Dean asked almost offended. Seth shrugged his shoulders. "That was the reason I was so unwilling to believe you. I don't even know if he's gay. I know there are women out there which would do anything for him, but...you don't seem like the kind of man who is... in... someone... like him." The brown haired man explained and earned the first honest smirk of Dean for the day. "You mean, I'm not looking like a man that's into hipster? So I have to report you something, Darling. Look in the mirror, you are a hipster, too. But I love you with all of your flaws." The lunatic answered which caused Seth for a moment of silence. With wide open mouth he stared at his boyfriend.

"I'm not a hipster!" Seth whispered. Dean started to laugh. "You almost jack off over good coffee, you make pictures of your fancy food and if it weren't for your damn smoking hot butt, I would have trashed all of your skinny jeans on the first day we started traveling together! You are so much of a hipster I'm waiting for the day you start eating vegan and teaching me lectures about it and how bad non-sustainable things are." He teased him further, even mocking Seth's voice. Seth shook his head. "Sometimes you're pretty mean, asshole." He replied what caused Dean to shrug his shoulders again. "That's not new to me, but you still love me, so I'm getting away with it."

And it was true. These jokes and mocks were just the proof of Dean that he liked him. The day he took off the kid gloves and started to threat Seth as an equal, was the day Seth realized how Dean works. He wasn't used to show affection. Hard words and dirty jokes were his affection, but he stood at Seth's side whenever he needed him.

"So... you and Sol... I mean Sami. I'm interested, would you tell me more?" Seth asked carefully. Dean let his head sink again on the counter, but he didn't close his eyes. He looked up to the man with the chocolate eyes. "What is there to tell? Today I don't even know if we're a couple."
Seth took a chair and sat across Dean at his counter. "Why?" a simple and short question. His hand was running over Dean's forearm with a concerned look down on his man. He wanted to secure him and show that he cared for him and his life before they knew. "It started years ago back in Europe. We were traveling alone for weeks all over the countries. That one night, we stayed for some days in Amsterdam and cherished the goods of the city. We shared a single room and ended in bed high and boozed. I don't know who started it, but we made out." Dean began the story time and exhaled loudly. "That time I was already sure that I was gay to the bone. I tested myself with other guys before, I just had never dated someone… We went that night the whole way. Not just kissing and the next day… again without the dope or the booze. That's how it started and how it went on." The blonde one seemed to collect his memories. "We were wild and young. Nothing scared us, when we had the chance we… had fun. I had also fun with other men, too that time. We never went to a fancy restaurant like a couple, never holding hands or… anything what… you know? What we do. I never called him my boyfriend or something like that. I never confessed him my love. I didn't need to. It ended forever as I went down to Florida." It wasn't a sad story tho, but how Dean told it, with the pauses and the look on his eyes, it seemed sad to Seth. "That's kinda… sad!" Seth sighed and felt stupid for saying that. "What's sad?" Dean asked instantly. 'Your look is sad and how you sound!' Seth thought and leaned forward to press his lips against Dean's forehead, feeling his hair under his lips. "Everything. How you tell it and that you seem so unsure of the facts."

Dean sighed. "I wasn't sad that time. It was great. I was free and at the same time I had always someone at my side who I trusted without any doubt or regrets. I didn't need a relationship that time, I just needed Sam. What maybe makes me sad is, that I missed him always and not just as a friend. I missed… him in my presence." Dean confessed. "Even today?" Seth asked and there was Dean's smile again. It returned as he looked up and the blue eyes met Seth's. "No, it just faded after a time." Seth kissed again Dean's forehead.

"It seemed like we both never dated boys!" Seth stated. Dean laughed a short little laugh. "Yeah." A little pause was made before Dean went on. "So you just fooled around?" he asked and sat up, straightened his back and looked up to Seth, who nodded. Normally this was a real strange moment for this conversation. Both sitting in the kitchen with untouched sandwiches on the other counter. But Dean opened up to him, so he could tell a little bit about his past, too.

"Yeah. I started it as I started wrestling. You know, when I spend the nights away from home. I was like you pretty sure about me and what I liked, but I didn't want to test me out with the boys at my school." Dean smiled and brushed with his hands over Seth's masculine hairy forearms. "Soooo…" he started the sentence and Seth knew what he was going to ask. "… who popped your cherry?" Dean asked with an annoying smile. Seth didn't want to react this way, but he blushed, then swallowing the lump in his throat. He knew what was coming, but hearing the actual question opened really weird book of his past.

"Uhm…" he started and closed his mouth again before he found the courage again to go on "You know, sometimes I think this business is the perfect spot for adventurous and open minded people." He started his explanation. Dean wiped with his hand the words away. "I told you my story, so now I wanna know yours!" he demanded. Seth rolled his eyes. "Just let me talk and you can't compare the story of dating Solomon with my male virginity!"

Dean shook his head. "Oh I think I can. My first man… I can't even remember his name, but Sami is important to me and talking about this… it's a secret. The kind you are running around the name of your first seems pretty similar to me… so… is it really that bad? Or is it a huge secret?"

Seth sighed. "A secret… kinda secret, more like… everybody's guessing it, but we never confirmed."

Dean raised his eyebrow. "Oh… wait, let me… is it this Marek Guy!"

Now it was Seth turn to look offended. "NO! He's just my best friend… how could you… hello?" he pushed out the question and again swallowed. "Marek is happily married with a woman and kids and… NO! Not Marek!" again a loud denial, but he couldn't back off anymore. He had to say
something to shut Dean up who was looking at him pretty curious.
Another long sight from Seth. "Uhm… it was Jimmy… Jacobs." Like there were more possible
Jimmy with whom Seth could have slept with in his past. Seth whispered the name.
Dean looked at him with a slight open mouth. He exhaled in a little surprised way. "That’s...
awkward."
"Is it?" Seth asked pretty unsure about what Dean meant with awkward. "Yeah… kind of. Jacobs,
the dork, deflowered your little butt is… for me it's weird and… awkward and… strange." Dean
confessed.
The whole time Seth knew Dean, the blonde one called Jimmy always by his chosen surname Jacobs
and sometimes added dork to it. For Dean Ambrose Jimmy was always Jacobs, the dork.
But that wasn't a point he was thinking about now. The kind he meant it was strange was upsetting
him. It drove Seth nuts for a minute that Dean didn't explained on the spot why that was. "WHY
DEAN!" he yelled at his boyfriend, not knowing why it made him angry. Did Dean judged his taste?
Was Jimmy a bad first time?
"Because…” Dean licked over his lips and smiled "That means, we shared him!"

Seth knew that Dean had met his longtime friend before. They had pretty cruel matches in CZW and
he knew Jimmy was very open to other people. Yeah, he and Jimmy had fun and games for years
whenever it fitted. Even when his friend traded his spandex for the business suit he was wearing
backstage for the WWE. He always knew that Jimmy went from flower to flower and didn't care of
things as gender or sexuality. He was just having fun and Seth was part of it. He never thought that
Dean could go with this kind of behavior… what was a pretty stupid idea knowing how Dean was.
Yeah, he was gay, but he wasn't a man for a relationship and just changed for Seth, so it was obvious
that Jimmy and Dean had fooled when they got the chance.
"We didn't do him at the same time, did we?" Seth asked and Dean shrugged his shoulders. "I don't
know, but… is it important?" he returned. Seth thought about it for a minute. "You're right. Better
not think about it further!"
The both fell silent for a minute as Seth suddenly started to smirk like a maniac. "What's up?" Dean
asked skeptical. Seth threw a strange look at Dean. "What did you call him in bed? Did you call him
dork when he was going down on you?" He asked with a bright smile and did the impossible
thing… making Dean be lost of words.
But with a moment of reaction time Dean started a hell bend manic laughter. He almost fell off the
chair and just could hold on the counter to stay where he was. "Never ask a girl about her dirty talk!"
He yelled laughing at Seth who was joining the laughter.
Seth was glad to hear his boyfriend laugh, after the tense moments before. Damn, it was good they
could joke about something like that. It was strange to know they "shared" a friend, but it was also a
little bit funny. Better joking about it than being jealous.
It was even much better laughing with Dean than seeing him angry and silent laying on the couch,
but Seth didn't forget how this conversation started. "You know, Dean… I will one day say it to my
mother. And it should happen sooner than later, but at the moment it feels like it's a little too much."
Seth explained and interlaced his fingers with Deans. "I mean with Renee who knows about us and
Finn, and now we're planning on involving Rome…” – "Wait a sec… Finn knows? Finn, the abs
guy?" Dean questioned and Seth hesitated. Didn't he tell that Dean? How could he forget to tell it?
"Yeah, he… he found out one day as we were watching Smackdown together." Dean backed off a
bit, not standing up or losing the touch of their fingers.
"The abs guy knows you are bi or we're a couple?" Dean asked upset and with much force in his
voice, so Seth jerked a little. "Both!" just a whispered answer.
"What if he tells anybody? One of his friends or… what? WHAT SETH? HOW COULD YOU?"
Dean's voice got louder. "He won't tell anyone! He has a secret, too. He knows how to handle it. I
trust him. I don't know why, but I trust him. Finn's good people!" Seth assured it his always
suspicious boyfriend who furrowed his brows. "Sure?" he asked and Seth nodded. "Yeah, pretty
sure! You know, he's gay, too. And he didn't want to make a big fuzz about it. If he's telling
anything about us, we tell this… but he won't… believe me. He won't!" Dean smile added another nod to this. This was on Seth.
He still was a little angry, that his boyfriend seemed just to forget to tell him, but… alright. He had to trust him, because he didn't know anything about Finn.
"But with that in mind, hun… can we wait a little before we throw my big coming out party for my family. Just Rome and… we wait a little for the others?" Seth almost plead. Dean was the one with the pretend relationship, how could he deny it?
"Just Rome and then we wait!"
Turn back time?

Chapter Summary

"Shut up, Ambrose!" he murmured, but he also smiled at his boyfriend. When did this become so easy and normal? Seth didn't even bother of changing his clothes. He just slipped out of his shoes and crawled into Dean's arms. When did this weird moment after the series PPV become this loving relationship?

Chapter Notes

I'm getting a bit excited! Next week is the wrestlemania week and I tried to put up this chapter before that. So it's not revise or anything, maybe I'm gonna do it later, but I wanted to put it up as soon as it's ready.
I'm so happy for the WM weekend 'cause I planed a little bit. I don't know how fast the chapters will come, 'cause in April starts Camp NaNo where I write another fanfic (sorry, not ambrollins and not english), but I try to sneak in some Ambrollins.
I won't abadon this! I love it way, too much!

Have fun with this!

"Sometimes I really start to think, that you aren't very smart!" Dean smiled his cocky smile as Seth arrived Monday night at home, after his surprise appearance at RAW. Dean stayed for the weekend. The doctors didn't want to see him doing anything for Smackdown after the attack of Corbin. Normally Dean would have pushed his head through, but this time he stayed "at home" like he was ordered. Yeah, technically he wasn't at home, but he'd seen more of Seth's house than his own private walls the last weeks.
Seth limped to his bed, where Dean was laying. "Shut up, Ambrose!" he murmured, but he also smiled at his boyfriend. When did this become so easy and normal? Seth didn't even bother of changing his clothes. He just slipped out of his shoes and crawled into Dean's arms. When did this weird moment after the series PPV become this loving relationship?

~

"What did you tell Renee?" Seth whispered. He opened the door of his hotel room as he heard a familiar knock. He didn't share a room with Dean for years, but he would always recognize the way Dean was knocking on the door. Dean sneaked into the hotel room. "That I met up with an old friend. So it isn't a lie!" he answered. They stood together in the little hallway of the hotel room awkwardly. Seth felt how his hands shook. It was some hours ago as Dean suddenly kissed him and started this rollercoaster ride. At first he'd apologized and then Dean kissed him, to let him go after an eternity. He wanted to say something, ask something or at least understand something, but that was the moment Roman entered the room and Seth just wanted to kill him. Dean pushed away with a cocky smirk, packing his things. "What are you doing here, Ambrose?" Ro asked his friend and Dean's smile turned from cocky the apologetic. "Hiding from my Smackdown colleagues. But I'm ready… I'm leaving you two, now!"
he said and vanished out of the room without any look for Seth. And now there was Dean again and an urgent need grew in Seth to return the kiss. "That's good!" he answered on Dean, crossing his arms in front of his chest, to prevent him of doing.

"Yeah, I'm leaving again, but thanks that you gave me the chance to apologize." Dean went on further, pacing on the spot unsure what to do know. "Apologize?" The question sounded so weak. "Yeah, I shouldn't have done it. I mean… kissing you. I knew you're not into it, but… everything overwhelmed me. So let us…" and then he interrupted Dean.

Seth almost jumped to him, wrapping his hands around Dean's neck and now he was sealing the lips of the taller man. Apologize! He couldn't let Dean feel guilty for the first happy moment he felt for months. Forgotten was the hunt for Owens or god damn Jericho. Forgotten was everything that ever bother him. There was no need for an apology. No need for bad feelings.

Dean broke their kiss, pushed Seth away starring in the fearful eyes of his friend. "What…" he wasn't able to say more, just this startled word. Not even a whole question, just what. Seth still hold on Dean's neck. "Don't be sorry." He answered desperate. "Not because of me, Dean. If ya think you forced you on me and I'm throwing a tantrum… I'm just… I don't know." Seth had problems to find the right words. He didn't want to throw a tantrum. He wanted to throw this man into his bed and bang his brain out. He wanted to be the whole night… hell… he wanted to be his whole life together with his dork and he just was here to apologize for the first good thing that happened to him in 2016? And it was fucking November!

"You're not? I mean… I kissed you!" It was hard to surprise Dean and even harder to shook him so much, that he lost his cocky attitude and behaved like a normal person. In this situations he morphed into an insecure teenager boy like in this moment. "And I kissed you back and now… what's the problem, Dean?"

Dean's hand were placed on Seth's chest and Seth felt how his hand were shaking. Damn, it wasn't normal seeing his friend in such a way. Dean was a hard guy, who didn't give a fuck about anything. He didn't even seem to care if he hurts the feelings of friends, but now he was just over run from everything. "I didn't overstep a line?" he asked fearful. Seth chuckled. "You did, but that was good… more than good, better than… Do you have to leave tonight?" Seth had to bring up these question. He didn't know when he would see Dean again. Smackdown was a different world, now with the brand split. "You know, Renee's kinda wait for me. Not like an overly attached girlfriend, but when I stay away the whole night…" Dean sighed and it broke his heart a little. "I want to talk to you, Dean. Please, just a little… an hour or so?" The hands of the taller man wandered over to Seth's biceps. "Honestly, Seth… What do you want to talk about? You know I call tell very interesting stories, but answering questions isn't my best division."

They still were standing in the hallway and hadn't moved an inch. Seth didn't want him to leave and if that meant they would stay here on this spot the whole night, then so it shall be. "I've one important question. Do you regret kissing me earlier?" Dean locked eyes with Seth. How often did he stare in those jolly smirking blue eyes? At this moment there was no smirk to see in them. "No." he whispered. Seth answered with soft, but very meaningful word. "Me not either!"

~

This night felt so far away, today. Just 3 short month, but they had so much time together recently, that it felt like 3 years. It wasn't easy in the beginning. Dean had his house in Vegas while Seth was miles apart in Davenport. They phoned on their off days, just chatting again. They never phoned, even during their time as shield. Why should they phone that time? They were apart for just 3 days before they collide again on the road.

"What's your next date?"

Seth asked. He was lying on his couch, his tiny dog Kevin on his chest sleeping. "Honestly? I don't know. Friday somewhere in the US. Renee is managing everything. She clearly has the better hand in choosing accommodation." Dean answered in a soft voice. In the background
Seth heard the voices of some moderators, maybe news anchors. "I remember some of the trash cans you chose when we were on the road. I understand why she's deciding," Dean growled. "You guys wanted cheap hotel. We never slept cheaper than that."

Seth chuckled. "We never slept, that's right. Because you chose trash cans Dean. I was afraid waking up with one missing kidney or got bitten by an unknown insect." He loved to tease Dean. It was just fair. How often had Dean teased him especially in the ring? Hundred times or even more. He had to admit, that it was hilarious funny even when he couldn't laugh about it. As Dean became champ and the blonde one did everything to annoy him, he was on a high, but he couldn't laugh. He couldn't show his that time enemy how funny he was and how on point his jokes were. When he had shown him that, then Seth had had to admit that he still liked him even. It was a complicated time and Seth didn't want to think about that.

"When you're whining like that, Rollins, about my type of living..." A little pause followed before he went on. "Can I assume you don't want to spend some time in Vegas?"

This was a question Seth didn't see coming. He was shocked and couldn't lay a finger on why. As Dean asked Seth jerked up. Kevin rose his head a little sleepy head, growling a little and laying back. "W-what?" he stuttered. Seth felt Goosebumps on his forearm and couldn't help but shiver.

"I asked if ya wanna stay for your off days here." Dean repeated calmly.

Alright, alright, nothing to panic about. Seth inhaled deep and tried to calm down. He was at Dean's before. "Why you asking?" Seth returned. On the other end on the line was a sight. "Because I would be happy to spend some time with you. Show you Vegas... don't know... It's alright if you're not interested. I won't be mad, it was just a suggestion." He didn't sound angry or disappointed, but there was a strange tone in his voice.

"I'm just surprised, Dean. Honestly..." Seth paused and sat up, shoving Kevin from him. "I don't know why, but I don't know if I should come over..." The little dog looked up and with a cute little angry look at his owner. He left and laid down at the end of the couch like in a protest.

"Alright, I don't understand why you think that Seth. I won't kill you." Dean answered. Seth knew this, he knew, but something made him fear the time alone with Dean. There wasn't a logic thought, just the feeling of fear.

What if Dean was fed up with him after just one day? What if he just wanted to be alone for the sex just to throw him away afterwards? And why was this the worst fear? Why wasn't he up a little joy with a friend like he had been in his Indy years?

"I really don't know, Dean. It feels like we're way to fast." Seth responded. Silence fell. He heard Dean's breath through the phone, so the call wasn't interrupted. It felt like an eternity till Dean answered. "I'm not trying to go fast, Seth. In the old days the people called it dating, but dating in WWE on different brands is hard. You can sleep in my guest room. Believe it or not, but I have an extra room for guest. You've never ever to hear my snoring except you wish to."

"Ugh... dating?" Seth asked distracted. "So with going out to dinner or the movies?" It was hard to tell if Dean was chuckling or coughing about this question without seeing him. "If you wish. You know I'm not the movies guy, but you forced me in the cinema before... it's cozy and dark. I like that." Seth bit his lip. "There's this movie from the Potter fandom..." he started. "Didn't ya tell me, you've already seen it?" Dean returned. Seth swallowed the lump in his throat. "Yeah, but I want to see it again, but nobody wants to accompany me."

A little pause followed before Dean answered. "Alright, then I'll go with you, but don't judge me for feasting on Nachos with cheese. It's the only way I'll survive this." Seth shook his head. "It's a pretty good movie. You'll like this!" Dean sighed. "You said that about the other movies, too. But it was just a bunch of stupid kids and the only character I liked died. The chick was alright and Oldman strangely kinda hot, but he also died so..." Seth interrupted him. "Stop whining. Or I'll change my mind and stay at home." Dean paused. "Harry Potter was great!" Seth laughed out loud and brushed with his hand over his head. "Good boy. I'll check when I can make it to Vegas, okay?"
Seth snuggled up with Dean and pushes his face against the crook of Dean's neck. "Thank you." He whispered, after he returned out of his memories. Dean opened up his eyes, he was already falling asleep till Seth began to speak. "For what?" he asked. "I was the whole day here and didn't do anything except emptying your fridge!" Seth chuckled. "For being you, for always being you." He murmured against the hot skin of Dean, closing his eyes and just enjoying how Dean's arms were wrapped up.

"Oh… you're welcome, but I really didn't do anything special." Dean defended. Seth smiled, but it broke a little his heart. How couldn't Dean see how important he had become? When something was messed up, he called him. When he'd to cheer for something, he called him. And when everything sucked he knew it wouldn't matter anymore the moment when Dean stepped in the room. "You are special and now shut up! I need to sleep!"
"Let the thrill begin!"

Chapter Summary

"How you just think, it is okay for him being him. When you can live with that, then why couldn't you live with me?" Renee ran with a hand through her hair. "I'm very thankful. You and Seth were the first people not asking stupid questions!"

Chapter Notes

I'm really sorry that you'll had to wait so long for a new chapter. I had only little time, but I could tell you something. This isn't the only chapter I've written.

And boy, wasn't Wrestlemania and the weeks after an emotional chaos? Be sure, I'll tried to cover every little thing that happend.

So I hope you like the new chapter and I try to stay on track this time!

Have fun!

"We'll see us in Orlando!" that were the last words he'd heard from Seth as they departed a weekend before. Dean went for the last series of house shows before the biggest thrill ride of the summer or whatever they called WrestleMania this year. They had phoned during these days, but he become nervous the closer the reunion with Seth was.

*It's not about revenge! It's about redemption!* He had closely observed the contract signing of his boyfriend. Very closely. Seth felt terrible after what he had done to him and Rome. Maybe because he opened his arms for Seth and forgave what their past was, Seth had the feeling he had to do something to buy himself free from his guilt.

From Dean's point of view Seth didn't need to. Dean had his little revenge in the month as he won the WWE Championship. He took it from Seth just moments after he had won it back after his comeback. This little feature alone what was very pleasing for Dean. But the following weeks, where he teased Seth in every second he was able to and when he left for SmackDown with the title, this scenario had calmed him. Yeah, he was done and could forgive Seth, be happy with him and just forget the dark parts of their past. But maybe Seth couldn't and that was the reason Dean didn't stop him from this unsanctioned match. It was the exact same thing he would have done, what Dean would have needed, so he just hoped that everything was fine afterwards and if not… if the worst case would happen, that he would took Seth bring him home and be there for him. Even if that would mean, that he had to live in this shoebox called Davenport.

But that were sounds of the future. First they had to survive the Axxess week in tropical Orlando. Renee suggested to rent a suit with two bedrooms for the whole time. Maybe the people would be wondering about the fact that Seth's and Dean's friendship was bound again to share rooms for a whole week, but it was a lot better and secure than sneaking almost a week up into another room. At first Dean wasn't as jolly about this idea as the others, but he had to admit, that the last times when he, Seth and Rome were on some kind of the same page around WrestleMania the party with the others always ended up at one of their rooms, so why not having this time room to party? And at the
end of the night he could slip in the bed next to Seth while Renee had her own room and wasn't bothered by them.

With this thoughts in mind, he was driving the rental from the airport. "You heard something from Seth, yet?" Renee on the shotgun seat next to him asked. She wore huge sunglasses and enjoyed the warm sunlight. "Not today. He got our suit yesterday, but today we hadn't phoned yet. I think he's waiting or gaming or… don't know… checking out the ladies at the pool. Things, he does when I'm not around." Dean murmured looking at the road. "Do you really think he's checking out girls when he's not with you?" she asked unsure. Dean shrugged his shoulders. "Don't know and I don't care if he's doing it. As long as he don't nail them. If he does I'll castrate him with a rusty knife." Dean could see in the corner of his eye how Renee suddenly shivered. "The spooky thing is… I really believe you could do something like that." Dean smirked, shot a look over his shoulder to her. "I like that I have this brutal reputation. I think he believes me, too." He thought it would made Renee chuckle, but she looks concerned and a little sight followed. "Don't get in jail if he proofs to be an asshole, okay?" she demanded and suddenly this joke became way too serious even for Dean. "I won't, darling, I won't!" It was a promise, because there was really something between Renee and him. He loved her like the sister he never had and she shouldn't worry. His girl went silent and looked at her hands while the drive continued. Silence didn't disturb Dean, so he didn't try to break it. He gave Renee the space she probably needed.

They reached the hotel and received their keycards at the counter.

They entered the room. Seth wasn't there, but he left a note on the living room table. It was a huge ass suit in Dean Standards. Balcony, wide windows allowing a lot of sun flow in the room. The sofa seemed perfect for couch surfing. A happy smirked reached his face and he didn't even saw the other rooms. The message said, that Seth was on his way for the last medical checkups for his Match against Hunter and that'll be back in some hours. It maybe was an unsanctioned match, but that didn't mean, that Seth didn't try to get the medical help he needed to survive this match. "Dean?" he heard Renee clearing her throat before saying his name. He turned around and let his jacket slip of his shoulders. "What?" the blond woman stand in the door of one bedroom and looked kind of miserable. "I've to tell you something, but… I don't know where to start." She explained. Dean furrowed and shrugged his shoulders. "Why don't you just start at the beginning and go on till the end. Shall I sit down?" he pointed at the couch. Renee inhaled deeply and nodded. "Yeah, better sit down." She whispered. She didn't even become angry at him for his stupid joke answer. What was really up with her?

Dean let himself collapse on the couch and looked at Rene who hunched up on the armchair. "I'll never told you the reason I was okay with his fake relationship and today I'll suddenly saw everything clear. I'm sorry I waited so long to explain myself." Dean shrugged his shoulders. "It's your thing. I don't need to know everything about you, Renee. You don't have to tell me if you're feeling unwell with it." He answered, but Renee shook her head. "No, I really wanted to tell you, but I didn't find the right time. Now, I think there'll never be the right time so…" Dean interrupted her. "Just say it. You're worse than Seth saying I love you the first time." Renee shot a serious look at him.

Again she took a deep breath. "I'm asexual." She confessed with one short sentence. THAT was unexpected for Dean.

He was laying on the couch just staring at Renee. Suddenly his eyebrows shot up. "Like… don't like sex?" he asked. Renee wiggled her head from one side to another. "More like don't want or need. I've a worse sex drive than a panda bear." She answered. Dean chuckled. "That time in Austria you told me about the pandas in their zoo and that they were constantly getting it on!" Renee rolled her eyes. "I tell ya so many thing and then you're remembering just this?" she asked upset. Finally there was his Renee again. "I'm trying to pouring my heart out of in front of you and you're joking!"
Asshole!" Again Dean chuckled. "You said sex. Never use the word sex in a serious conversation with me." Renee again rolled her eyes. "You're as grown as a teacup pig!"

He sat up. "But ya still love me tho!" he stated with a sweet grin on his face.

Silence and again Renee sighed, just an inch away from crying. Dean noticed and the smile fell off of his face. In a second he was up and sat next to Renee on the armrest, wrapping his arms around the little woman and tugging her in. "Okay, I'm serious again. So you aren't into sex?" Renee leant in and inhaled his sent. She cherished those moments with him, when he was just him and being a gently warm man.

She didn't want to sleep with him and she wasn't jealous on Seth or anything they had. As long as he would hug her and give her the feeling that everything was okay then everything would be okay for her.

"Yeah, but it's so much more. It's not that I didn't try it out. It was okay, it's not that it hurts or anything, but… I'm not feeling a need to do something. I like being hugged and being close to someone, but this sex thing… it's a little gross to me. This liquids everywhere and this tongue thing and the faces..." Dean poked her softly in the side. "Hey, stop killing it for me, my dear! I like this so called gross stuff." she chuckled. "Sorry, didn't know that you're so sensitive."

Dean let her l little room. She leant back and looked up to him. "You're not mad at me for not telling you?" The blond man shook his head. "Why? Like I said: It's your business what you want in your bedroom or what you not want in this case." She swallowed. "But I was so obsessed with you being gay?" Again he shrugged his shoulders. "You weren't obsessed just nosy. Look at the things Jacobs is digging out sometimes on the web and we talk again about obsession." She stood up and placed a kiss on his bearded cheek. She wrapped her arms around him and Dean returned that hug. "Thank you, so much for being… for being just you!" she started sobbing. Dean felt how the fabric over his shoulder become wet. "Why are you crying?" he asked fearful. "I didn't know why I was so afraid of telling you? I don't know how I deserve you!" she sobbed the words. Dean pulled her on his lap wrapping his arms again around her, giving her all the time she needed. Slowly she calmed down. Deserve him. What a strange sentence. Like they were a real couple. He thought about it and they were something like a couple. Friends, but with so much more. How often did they sleep in the same bed, snuggled up, always hugging and sometimes kissing? It weren't the kind of kisses he shared with Seth, but he loved Renee so much more as just a friend. Weird thing.

Dean rubbed her back. "And what made you to confess me?" he asked. Renee's beautiful pale skin blushed. "Your deep trust to Seth. How you just think, it is okay for him being him. When you can live with that, then why couldn't you live with me?" She ran with a hand through her hair. "I'm very thankful. You and Seth were the first people not asking stupid questions about it or even worse, saying I just need a good fuck to find my sexuality again." Dean couldn't laugh about that. He still rubbed her back. "I heard such shit too. It's against the bible or that it's a disease or choice. That's not how this shit works. But we have a serious problem darling, you told Seth before me? Do I have to be jealous?" Renee shook her head with a slight smile. "No. He asked and… I couldn't lie. Not to him, not after I pushed myself in your business."

Dean stroked her back and stayed with her like that for some moments, as the door lock clicked and someone entered. Dean didn't need to look who it was. He heard a step, a pause and sight. He knew it was Seth. Who else could it be? "Mind if I join?" Seth's voice hit his heart. He spoke in a happy tone, so everything seemed to be okay. "Not at all." Renee murmured, while Dean stayed silent. Seth needed some moments, but then Dean felt his arm around his back. He rose his hand and placed it on Seth's shoulder to tug him close.

Renee's arm was around his waist and he felt the hot breath of Seth in his hair. Slowly Dean moved his head to lock eyes with his boyfriend. Just a silent second as they looked at each other and like always Dean could lose himself in the chocolate brown eyes which were warm like a summer breeze. The both fused together in a long hot kiss, just enjoying to be together again. It wasn't a long
break, but the more time they spent as a unit the harder it was to be apart. They still had their arms around Renee as she hemmed. "Could you stop smacking in my ear, please?"

Both parted sudden and Seth blushed. Renee slit from Deans lap. She smiled at the both men and wrapped one arm again around Seth to greet him. "Hey. You better?" Seth shook his head. "I can walk, I've my brace and... the doc still thinks I'm stupid, but... yeah, I'll survive it." She rubbed over his chest. "I hope so. I'll give you two some space, which is my room?" Seth nodded to the door in her back. "I slept there tonight, but I didn't unpack much of my things. You can chose every room you want darling." Renee brushed over his forearm. "I take the other room. At the moment I just wish for a bed. A nap and I feel alive again." Dean smiled. "Sleep well, Mini." He kissed her on the forehead and followed her as she collected her bags and vanished in the room.

Seth did the same. "What I didn’t tell her. My bathroom has a Jacuzzi." He whispered. "Uh, that is information we should keep a secret." Dean looked up with a grin, he tugged Seth close und sealed his lips with another long kiss. They parted and both smiled. "So you like Jacuzzis?" Seth asked. Dean rolled with his eyes. "Who doesn't?"

About 20 minutes later, Seth and Dean sat in the hot tube. The bathroom belonging to the bedroom of now Dean and Seth was huge. It had a roomy shower and this wide bathtub with view over the city of Orlando. Seth leaned against Dean, his head on the shoulder of his boyfriend and his eyes closed. The hot water was bubbling, one hand stroked over Dean's tight under water. Dean's arm was wrapped around his shoulders and his fingers brushed through his damp hair. "We should throw a party tomorrow, what do you think? You call your gaming boys, I... do my best not being an asshole? Renee can bring her girls. Party and drink, have a good time before we rock Mania?" Seth shifted his weight to lean in closer. "You really wanna party? Who are you? Not my boyfriend who enjoys a cold beer in private more than a huge ass party!" Dean shrugged his shoulders. "I just thought you would like it and I'll survived it, when I can have your drunk ass after that." He chuckled and kissed Seth on the temple. Seth's hand wandered up Deans tight and brushed with the tips of his fingers over the skin. "You don't have to get me drunk." He whispered and Seth felt how Dean shivered under his touch even in the hot water. Seth smiled and heard a sight. "I know…"

Dean sighed and his hand brushed over Seth's shoulders. "But maybe I want to fuck the drunk you." He whispered, kissing Seth's cheek and nipping at Seth's earlap. Now Seth shivered, silent moaning, closing his eyes. "Maybe I want you to fuck me right now!" He murmured and turned his face to Dean. He conquered the mouth of his boyfriend and again they fused together. They shifted in the bathtub, kissing and moaning. The water swapped from side to side, the bubbles crawling over their bodies.

As they parted after the kiss, Seth sat astraddle on Dean's leg, wrapping his arms around the neck of him. He pushed his mouth against Dean's while his boyfriend just sat there, trying not to move too much. Dean felt how Seth's cock slowly woke up. The brown haired man moved and he pushed his member against Dean's. Oh damn, this was so hot. Seth moving on his lap, his lips kissing him, the hot water wash around their bodies. Dean's hands wandered over the tights of Seth, stroking him, feeling him. He pushed his hips up a little to get more friction, to feel more of Seth and how their brushed together. Seth groaned in the kiss, pushed away to exhale loudly with his head bend back. Damn, did he knew how beautiful he looked like that? The wet hair in his neck, the brown skin, the dark lusty eyes. His red lips, his bend neck. Dean wanted to sink his teeth in Seth's throat. His boyfriend looked down on him, his dark eyes framed by his dark eye lashes. His lips parted, he sighed. Dean's fingers moved on his own, reaching for Seth's behind, finding the soft spot. Again Seth threw his head back, as Dean started to massage his backdoor. There was no lube, but Seth would tell him if he was too rough. Seth moaned, grabbed his shoulders tight as Dean went on with small soft touches. Little pushes in, just a little glimpse of what could happen soon. Soft, cautious. Seth shifted his weight, leaned against Dean's front, just to let himself fall back a little and pushing himself against Dean's fingers which should slowly wide him enough for him. "Damn,
Dean! Not so slow!" he groaned, throwing his head back, shaking his wet hair. "I don't wanna hurt ya, babe." Dean moaned under Seth's willing motions. "But I can't wait anymore!" Seth winced with just one finger in his entrance. He wanted to feel Dean now. Feeling him and the hot water, his dick, his hands and how he moved in him. "I need ya." Seth groaned.

"Alright, babe!" Dean pulled away from Seth, grabbed his round hard ass with both hands. Seth helped to lift him, but the water did the most work. He was hoovering a little above the fully erected cock of Dean. Waiting a moment and then lowering. Dean's hands were his guides as Dean's hard dick pushed against it slight open back. It was always a little overwhelming. He was too impatient and getting it on with Dean without much prep. He felt how it got pushed inside him, how he widened and closed around him. The water was a little help and smoothed the movement. So was Dean desperate attempt to be gentle. Seth didn't notice how loud he was, as they melt together. His voice was harsh and lusty, but Dean was also loud and rusty. Damn. He had tried so much till today, but every time he did something with Seth it felt completely new and different and better than everytime before. The motions were slowly at the beginning. Seth had to find the speed that suited him, without spilling too much water out of the tube. Dean was under him, unable to help him much with the movements, cause of the slippery grounds under him. But it was like heaven for the blond man. Seth moving on his lap, wrapped close around him, leaning back, so that Dean was always hitting his sweet spot. He felt so helpless under Seth and in the same time like in total control. His hands on Seth's hips holding his boyfriend, while they were a great unity. "Oh, slower… I'm cumming, Seth." Dean whined under him. Seth smiled down. It was perfect, feeling him like that. Having him inside him, feeling the hard trusts against his prostate which completely took the ability from him to speak. He just moaned, gasped and whined, felt how his the tension grew in his stomach. Dean pleaded for a slower pace, but he couldn't do that. He needed it just like that, even if that would mean, that Dean would going to cum every moment. He just couldn't stop. "Please, I can't…" Dean yelled. "I can't any longer!" he was loud, pinching him with the tight grip on his hips. Seth would be damned, but he had to go on. "Just… cum, babe!" he allowed it and moved himself, push through his back, to feel every inch of Dean. Some desperate moans later, he felt Dean's hips moving under him in a fast clipped way. Seth yelled as he felt the wetness of Dean inside him. His lover tried to be steady for him after his orgasm, but his legs and even his head got wobbly. Gasping for air. Seth stayed on top of Dean, stopping his movements and looking down. Dean's eyes were watery as he locked eyes with Seth.

"Sorry, I didn't have you." Dean whispered breathless. Seth shook his head and wrapped his arms around him. "This was so worthy, my dear… I didn't need to reach the last step." He kissed Dean, and got a sloppy return. "You sure?" Dean whispered.

Seth was about to confirm as Dean wrapped his hand around his hard dick. Dean was still in him, he felt that there wasn't much left of Dean, but he still felt him. But with this simple touch Seth's whole body become tense. "Sure!" Seth pushed out breathless. He was so sensitive and as Dean began to stroke his hard cock, rusty moans escaped his lips. Fuck, this and the little remain of Dean, he felt inside him really got him. He closed his eyes and leaned his forehead against Dean's. The blonde man felt the hot breath of his lover in his face. He kept his eyes open and saw the wonderful sexy face of Seth. The redness of his cheeks because of the excitement, his parted lips, his hot moans. He was so wonderful that he would like to keep him like that forever. "Oh, Dean." Seth suddenly gasped and Seth's lap jerk forward into Dean's hand. He groaned and within a second Seth went over the cliff and released himself in the water which was still bubbling around the lovers. Dean smiled up to his lover as Seth opened his eyes. "Oh, you are very fond of yourself, aren't you?" Seth asked with a raspy voice. Dean shrugged his shoulders. "I'm fonder of you!" Dean smiled and pulled Seth closer for a long loving kiss.
"I was just thinking about you and that even if you were okay with it… I only want you!" Dean chuckled and let his hands sink a little. He held Seth's shoulders to keep him close. "You're so soppy, babe!" Dean teased him, leaned his head to the side to give Seth more space for his kisses.

Chapter Notes

I'm SO slow! I'm so sorry for being so slow, but I don't know, times running like hell! Hope you like this little troubling chapter!

"So, you three are living here?" Jimmy asked. He sat next to Seth on the couch. The music was loud, but they still could talk to each other. This wasn't a real party, they just sat together with their friends. Jimmy, formerly known as a real crazy sick fuck wrestler, now was a writer in WWE. He and Seth were pretty good friends for about 10 years. The only friend he knew longer was Marek Brave, the guy who ran their wrestling school while Seth was on run with WWE.

Sami Zayn, Cesaro and Sheamus were guys from the RAW roster who had gathered in the living room of their Suite. Like always Sami was talking with his hands, telling some story and almost flying away with all these waving of his hands.

But there were also Kassius Ohno who come over from NXT and brought a weird kid with him. Aleister Black. The strange dude from the Netherlands was pretty clam and just looking at everyone who was talking. Sometimes he sneaked out on the balcony to have a quick smoke. Renee was sitting on the armrest of the armchair where Kassius was sitting and Sasha and Bayley stood by them.

Seth had texted Finn also inviting him, but he told Seth he couldn't make it even if he was in Orlando. Xavier, Kofi and Big E wanted to come over some time later. Seth had no idea who from SD would come or if Renee or Dean even had invited someone.

"It's a huge Suite Jimmy, so why are you wondering?" Seth concentrated on the chat again and asked his friend. Jimmy sipped at his green drink. Seth had no idea what he was drinking. "Why I'm wondering... Don't know! I thought since you're earning enough you would never room share with him again?" Seth shook his head. "It was not that bad and you see how much room we got here? It's not like back in the days where we're three guys and just two beds!" the brown haired man fought back. He didn't knew if Jimmy would buy it. He always complaint to Jimmy about his buddies and how it had been a challenge for Seth to sleep in the same bed with Dean sometimes. He never told it was about the feelings he had and just wished to touch Dean, but Jimmy was way too smart. This guy was the only one who noticed at first how Seth was knitted. Jimmy probably had guessed it three seconds after Seth fell in love with Dean that Seth was in love, but his friend never asked. At the beginning they were parted. Jimmy still in ROH and they didn't had a lot of time to speak and then as Jimmy found his place in WWE, Seth's feeling were kind calmed. Not that he ever stopped loving Dean, but he had filed them.

"Oh Darling! The look on your face tells me that you have your reasons, but I'm not asking… just
wondering." Seth sighed. Jimmy and his damn antenna. "Jay..." he murmured. His friend leant over and cuddled his head in Seth's lap. "I love when you sigh my name. We could use your nice roomy bedroom for a little throwback Thursday." Jimmy licked his lips, changing the topic. Seth scratched the back of his head and felt a little weird. "No, we couldn't." Jimmy cocked a brow. "Why not?" The dark eyes framed by the same dark lashes dried his mouth. It was tempting, but he wasn't the same guy some years ago and the huge difference was that he really loved Dean. He left just for some hours, he just couldn't betray him like that.

"I didn't tell ya, but I'm in a relationship at the moment." He whispered. Jimmy sat up and looked startled. "Since when did that prevent you?" Jimmy asked provocative. Seth rolled his eyes and felt a little anger in his chest. Jimmy was sometimes to direct and honest. "Since this is a serious thing for me and I don't want to fuck it up." Jimmy furrowed his brow. "This girl must be a real treasure... but... okay. Do I know her?"

Seth rubbed his face. "Why does everybody keep asking me?" he sighed. It wasn't everybody, but every time a conversation reached his new relationship, everybody wanted to know the name. Couldn't they just accept that he didn't want to tell anything? "Jimmy, I love you, but I just want to enjoy what I have. Alright? I tell you, when it's time." Yeah, he owed it to him to be honest, but he wanted to get the confession with Roman off the table before he went to his old friend. It was a different thing with JJ. Theoretically it should made it easier to confess that he dated Dean, but in reality it was more complicated. Jimmy had his adventures with both guys, and knew both guys for years. Seth couldn't tell what feared him, but what if Jimmy told him things he didn't want to hear and the thought that they shared the same guy wasn't calming.

The door opened. Seth turned his head. They didn't close it completely, so that their guests could enter when they arrived without someone letting them in.

Dean dragged himself in the room. His view scanned the room, he smiled at Seth, but then focused on Kassius on the armchair. "Are you touching my girl, Ohno?" he asked and the way he talked, Seth heard that Dean was a little drunk. What did he do? He had a signing session at Wrestlemania Axxess, how did Dean manage to drink while he was shaking hands and signing pictures? Renee seemed a bit confused, but not Kassius. He was used to strange people talking smack. "You should have not let her alone. And for the record, I'm not touching." The tall one answered. Dean snorted. "I can't drag her everywhere I'll go! Come here, babe!" he took Renee's hand and pulled her up. And when everybody was thinking Dean would do something with the girl he just throw himself on the lap of Kassius Ohno. The big man grunted and laughed. Like Renee. "Oh that was what you were up to! Come here!" KO tugged Dean into a tight hug. "Yey, I always wondered how your beard tastes!" Dean was cupping Ohno's cheek, but hesitated. "Oh, before we make out. I think your girlfriend is looking for you."

That surprised the taller man, but he smiled. "Okay, then you'll have to stand up! Come on!" he shoved Dean from his lap he ended up stumbling a little, catching his balance again as Kassius left the room.

The momentum shifted and everybody finally found into their conversations back. He didn't know when Dean came over but suddenly Dean was behind him, leaned forward and blew over his sensitive skin behind his ear. Jimmy was focusing on Sami who entertained mostly the whole room. Seth turned his body, so he could look over to him, secretly mouthing 'I love you!' Dean smiled down mouthing 'Me too!'. "How was the signing?" he asked, Dean leaning forward and leaned onto the couch. "Was okay. Everything's well up here?" Seth smiled and mouthed 'since you're here!' Dean chuckled. "Are you drunk?" Seth asked loud and again a silent giggle escaped Dean's mouth. "Yeah. Someone gifted me Vodka and I was drinking it the whole time with orange juice... I'm sooo happy right now!"

Seth really loved the drunken Dean, he was even more of a jerk, but at the same time so happy. "I noticed." Seth looked around and still no one was looking at them. Dean rubbed over Seths forearm. "I wanna show you something!" Dean whispered. Seth chuckled. "Do you have a surprise for me?"
Dean nodded, his tongue between his teeth. He pointed in his crotch. 'My big fat cock' Dean mouthed. Seth was almost cracking a loud laugh, but could contain himself. 'I know it already.' Now Dean was laughing and shook his head. "Just come with me." Dean whispered again. What could go wrong? They lived here, so it wasn't strange for him vanishing a moment with his friend. Without a word the two rose form their seats and vanished in their bedroom.

Jimmy shot a look at them, but said nothing.

The door was closed silently. Dean wrapped his arms around Seth's neck and kissed him. Seth's hands found Dean's hips and returned the kiss. He tasted the vodka on Dean's lips, a little sour. He could melt under the kisses of Dean. He opened his mouth and let the tongue of his boyfriend enter. Dean hummed a little in the kiss. Seth pushed Dean to move him and pressed him against the wall. Dean was still humming and enjoying. Then they parted. Seth locked eyes with Dean and felt the butterflies. "I was thinking about kissing you, since I sat down for the first autograph." Dean whispered and fondled the neck of Seth. Seth smiled slightly and pushed his lips against Dean's neck. He started to lick and kiss the sensitive skin and his hands crawled under the shirt which Dean was wearing. "Jimmy suggested to fool around a little." Seth murmured, brushing his lips over Dean's skin. "I was just thinking about you and that even if you were okay with it… I only want you!" Dean chuckled and let his hands sink a little. He held Seth's shoulders to keep him close. "You're so soppy, babe!" Dean teased him, leaned his head to the side to give Seth more space for his kisses.

"What are you two doing here?"

They didn't hear the door, but the rough voice of their friend brought them back in the reality. They both turned their heads. Everything was really slow and realized too late what just had happened.

Roman walked in. "Jimmy said you both were here and..." Rome didn't finish the sentence. He couldn't, there was Dean pressed against the wall right next to the door. Seth kissed his neck and stroked Dean's upper body, exposing his abs.

Roman pushed the door close and crossed his arms in front of his chest. "What has happened?" he asked in a low voice, but with an angry tone. Seth pulled back from Dean, stepping back and watching fearful to his friend. Dean was a little more relaxed. He pulled down his shirt and sighed. "We wanted to tell you everything." Seth stated like it would explain everything, but it didn't. "Tell me what exactly?" Rome asked allegedly calm, but his voice shook a little. He was pretty angry. Again Dean sighed and decided it was better to rip the patch down with one hard movement. "Seth and I date since survivor series!" he murmured, crossed his arms and leaned against the wall, looking over to Roman. The Samoan shifted his views towards Dean and back to Seth. "Not directly at the Series… some weeks after, Dean!" Seth stepped in and Roman shook his head. "You've waited almost five months to tell me? I understand that Seth seems to be a coward, but Dean… YOU? How often did we see us? How often did we phone? I... I can't believe you both lied to me, after all we've been through!" Seth's mouth fell opened. Roman was really pissed and aggressive. Did he call him a coward? Dean rolled his eyes. "Come on, Ro! We haven't lied to you!" he tried to defend them. "Oh come on, Dean! I'm pretty sure you did! Where have you been as Corbin hurt you and I tried to reach you? Not at home apparently! Oh my... where did you sleep at the rumble weekend? Not in the same hotel as Renee, I bet! Oh and... You both were on the same time on vacation... Fuck, you flew together! I can't believe it. And this suit? It's so you two can secretly fuck each other while you still pretending to be with Renee? Why does she play this game? It's not my business, I never asked why you two did this, but at the moment I really think you're even more nuts than I thought you be, Ambrose! Fuck!" He started calm and even in the end Roman didn't yell at them, but his voice was sharp like a knife and cut them with every word.

"Could we please calm down a bit?" Seth asked. Romans look flashed to him. "I am calm, even if I wanted to rip your head of Rollins! I told you about Dean's feelings. I told you, and you looked bleak in my eyes and didn't say anything. I was so full of sorrow because of this whole Hunter – Thing, but these weeks must have been the best in your life. Sitting at home, preparing for your
comeback and having your boyfriend around every time he could sneak off. Oh… FUCK! But why am I surprised? You never had the guts to tell me you are bisexual! Your little friend told me about a year ago as you missed Mania.” Seth took a step back and really felt hurt about the anger Rome shot at him. Dean pushed away from the wall. "Bro, please calm down. This thing is not easy for guys like us!” Dean tried to pat Roman on the shoulders, but the Samoan grabbed his wrists and pushed him against the wall. "It's not easy for me, too. When the only reason you lied to me was, cause everything's not easy than fuck you! I was your friend! He betrayed you. That's not a problem, but me being straight and having no idea how hard it is for you, that is?” Roman was still pretty silent, but his words were spoken in harsh anger. He pushed Dean a little harder against the wall and stepped back. Seth wrapped an arm around chest of his boyfriend and hold him back, so he wouldn't go after Roman.

"You can't compare that, Rome!” Seth started and still was really hurt by Roman's word, but he didn't want to lose his friendship. "Don't call me that. I'm not your friend at the moment, neither am I his. Go, Fuck yourself!” Roman spit these words out. "Shut up, Roman! Shut up and listen!” Seth voice changed, it became harder and his friend really stopped on the point. His dark eyes still in anger. "We're still friends. Don't say we are not, just you're fucking mad at us. I understand that you're mad at me, but… it's actually really not easy. We're afraid that they'll bury us, if we're coming out or even worse… that the LGBT-Community use us as an example and we vanish. Seth and Dean vanish and we're just the two dudes who fell in love with each other in this industry. I was afraid, that you… you're mad at me, for not trusting you enough!”

Roman bit his lip as he heard Seth's sad pleads. He shook his head and looked at Dean. The blond one had his view turned away, he was still hold back by Seth. His fingers buried in Seth's biceps. "I am really disappointed! And at the moment… I don't need this drama in my life. I don't need your drama. I've a fucking match against the fucking undertaker… After that I can maybe think about you… till then… better don't cross my path!” The Samoan warned and opened the door. The living room was silent and everybody was staring at the door. Roman looked around the people, snorted and left the hotel room. Dean freed his arm from Seth.

"I need a smoke!” he hissed. He didn't look back at Seth, left the bedroom and walked over to the balcony. Outside was a very startled Aleister Black who hadn't talked to Dean the whole evening and suddenly this guy scrounged a smoke from him. The unsocial guy shared his cigs with Dean, while Seth stood in the doorway and fought with his breath. He felt panic rise in his guts. Did the people in this room understood what they were fighting about? Did they hear the words said?

"I'll come again!” Seth murmured and turned towards the room door and fled. He wasn't sure where he was heading, but after some moments he found himself in the stairwell.

Seth sat there for some minutes as he heard steps approaching from upstairs. Then a gothic girl sat next to him, who really wasn't familiar to him. "Hey, here you are! Jimmy and I were looking for you.” She crossed her legs and leant back against the stairs. "The blond girl is calming your friend and Kas is telling the story about that one time they didn't not let him enter Australia and he was filmed for TV… so technically everything seems fine.” Seth looked over to her. Why was she talking to him? He didn't know her or did he? Her face was friendly, her eyes with dark eyelinder framed. Was she… Ohno's girlfriend? This retired maniac wrestler? "I don't care!” he murmured and buried his face behind his hands. How had this gone wrong? How had they managed it to fuck it up moments before really confessing to Rome? HOW? They'd just waited for him and then… they became horny again and just… fuck.

"You're all really stressed out, aren't you? Wrestlemania really means pressure, didn't it?” the strange woman asked after some moments. Seth nodded. "Yeah, it's not just a walk in the park like… the Indies. More people, more money and on Mania… bigger risks, more meaningful decisions.” The Goth nodded. "JJ told me, that you'll some kind fight against your own conscience?” Seth looked at her. Her eyes dark and real pale skin. Make up hid some traces of age. He remembered that Kassius told her he was with this women called Daffney. She was famous for her time in WCW and TNA and a real strange woman. "Kind of. I betrayed my friends for money and opportunities. It bit my ass
and I finally stand up against my boss, the one who tempted me and fight for redemption." He explained and didn’t even know why he talked to her. She smiled at him. "With a broken knee?"
Seth nodded. "Yeah, not broken broken, but hurt!" Daffney rubbed over his shoulder. "Be careful. I can understand that you cannot back down, but watch yourself. There are many people upstairs who care about you and I think you owe them to be careful." Seth swallowed. "I owe them even more!"
Daffney stood up, wrapped her fingers around his wrist and tried to pull him up. "Then you really have to come back to the party and save them from Kas old boring story! You can solve the problem with your other friend on another day, when you all calmed down a bit!"
a little throwback

Chapter Summary

"As soon as Rome told me that Dean was into you, I was hoping he'll succeed one day. Could you tell me a little?" she asked with an open smile. Seth sighed, she was rooting for them and it was heartwarming and maybe she could help them bringing Roman down.

Chapter Notes

I uploaded the last chapter after Payback and now I realized HOW far I'm behind. It's almost a month and even if I didn't want to stress me over time, I really need you to get theses wrestlemania chapters.

I really hope you like it, I hope you understand what I'm trying to say, sometimes I don't noticed I use the wrong words, so sorry for rape your really nice language.

Have fun with this little side chapter. the next one is the real Wrestlemania shit!

"Do you think he has calmed till today?" Seth asked. He spoke out the question loud in the room since Dean was in their bedroom and dressing up. Dean was normally faster than Seth, but not when it was about suits. Seth was in front of the mirror in the living room area tying his tie. "Why you asking me? You're his friend, too!" Dean yelled back. That was technically right, but on the other hand were Dean and Roman always closer. They stayed together as Seth betrayed them. After the roster split and after Seth finally got his conscience back, he was again around Roman, but it was not quite like the time as they founded the shield.

"You know him better, hun! I would say he'll catch himself someday, but what if it was too much. What if…" – "Why are you yelling?" Dean asked as he approached Seth who was still fighting with the tie. Seth jerked back. "I thought you were still in the bed room." Dean shook his head and looked over the shoulder of Seth in the mirror. He was not wearing a tie or something, but hell, he brushed his hair and even worked with some product. Strange to see him like that, even if Seth had to admit that Dean looked smoking hot. "For your concern, I don't know how Rome took it. I think he'll get over it. I mean, it's not like there could be jealousy involved in it. I think as a huge family man with this whole massive tribe where everybody loves every one without and exceptions, it's hard for him to understand our situation." Dean explained his thoughts. He already said that last night, but Seth still felt like he couldn't breathe right when he was thinking about it. In the future he was on RAW together with Rome, even if it wasn't necessary that they would be always around each other, it was so reliving having him back as a friend. Yeah, he still got Jimmy and Cesaro who loved Seth as a brother, even with his strange friendship with Sheamus. And then there was Finn and with Finn would come Sami and he wasn't allowed to forget the girls, Bayley and Sasha. Seth got a bunch of friends in the Locker Room, but no one was like Roman.

He never asked strange and too private questions, he really cared, but gave him as much space as he needed. "Did Ro say that he knew I was bi?" Seth suddenly asked Dean. This question was in his mind since the argument. Your little friend told me after Mania. he heard in his mind again. Had that
been real? "I think. He always know more than you think. He never makes any fuzz about anything… like… everything! He hears things, but does not talk about them." Dean shrugged his shoulders. Seth turned around and fiddled with Dean's collar. He had to look his friend in the eyes for this question. "You didn't tell him?" It was okay if it happened in that time. It would hurt him that Dean didn't confess earlier, but it had to be okay. But Dean shook his head and looked straight in Seth's eyes. "No, why should I? I think we've to think on another person. Someone smaller with dark hair, dark eyes and a much darker soul!" Seth furrowed his brow. "You mean Jimmy?" Dean nodded. "Yep, Jacobs our beloved moron. He maybe didn't know that you're so secretive about it and just did a stupid joke."

Seth sighed. Jimmy had been a little strange last night. Maybe it was time to tell him too, but Seth was afraid. How would he take the news? "I really hope everything will be okay!" he murmured and Dean wrapped his arms around his shoulders, tugging him tight and instead of answering a meaningless sentence he sealed Seth's lips with a kiss.

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"You're here without your girlfriend?" Cesaro asked Seth. This question started to annoy Seth a little. Not that he was hearing it constantly, but often enough to feel bad for denying Dean. Even if Dean was here tonight with Renee as loving couple. No, he wasn't jealous, but why was it so a problem. He would love to do a date of three with Renee, who was becoming an important part in their life. "No girlfriend! Who is telling everybody I've a girl, I broke up with the last girl before my return." Cesaro shrugged his shoulders. "There is a rumor backstage that you're again in a relationship." The swiss superman told him. Cesaro was a real good soul and always honest about things. He'd been always. "So this rumor is bullshit?" And because of this honesty Seth couldn't deny it. "I'm here all on my own today, Cesaro. That does not mean, I'm not in a relationship … okay?" The tall man smiled and patted Seths back. "Understood. I'm not asking anymore."

Not everybody was as cool as Cesaro, but the swiss knew Seth very well. They traveled together for a long time and worked out in CrossFit boxes all over the country. Cesaro was a funny and very cultured person, he would never have a problem with him being with another man. It didn't care him enough. As long as Seth wasn't groping him, everything would be fine for the guy. Cesaro was also a friend of Jimmy and in ROH everybody knew that Jimmy slept with everything he could get his hands on. "Thanks, buddy! I really appreciate it." Seth answered. Cesaro suddenly wrapped his arms around Seth and hugged him. Just a short second. Afterwards Cesaro smiled apologetic. "Sorry, I missed you man! When you're not hungover tomorrow we should go grab a coffee. I love Sheamus, he's became a great friend, but I miss my coffee buddy!" the swiss confessed and Seth chuckled. "Let's do it even if I'm hungover. I really need a good coffee since… for ages!" Seth almost revealed Dean, he was about to say, that Dean wasn't a coffee fanatic like him… Shit. He was so used to talk about him in his secure environment.

But then he saw Roman and his wife Galina. He would have loved to talked more to Cesaro, but the ceremony was about to begin and he really wanted to catch a word with his friend before. It was okay for him, if Roman was mad at him, he should take his time as long as he didn't want to end their friendship or he was mad at Dean, too. Seth knew he was the problem and that Dean probably would have opened up to Rome earlier. The Samoan really had to understand this. "Oh, Cesaro… have a good time, I call tomorrow, but now I've to talk with Rome!" he told his friend and just went off.

He wiggled through the people and headed directly to the Samoan. As he was near enough he yelled. "Hey, Rome!" The big man stopped and turned around. The look in his eyes went dark, he turned his head to his wife. "Wait a sec, Darling. I'll go get us drinks." He murmured and headed away. Seth wanted to follow, but the small fingers of Galina reached for his wrist, what hold him back. "Please, wait." She said and he turned to her. "I know what happened and… I'm pretty sure you want to talk to him, but Roman is still angry." Seth sighed. "I'm sorry, Galina!" She shook her
head and smiled up to the taller male. "Don't be. It went wrong, but he'll calm down and then he'll understand it. I'm happy for you two, you know?" She looked over her shoulders and then she dragged Seth with her in an area with less people. "As soon as Rome told me that Dean was into you, I was hoping he'll succeed one day. Could you tell me a little?" she asked with an open smile. Seth sighed, she was rooting for them and it was heartwarming and maybe she could help them bringing Roman down.

"It was after Survivor Series. You know, where Dean took our site for some moments…" Seth started the story:

Seth was pretty nervous as his plane landed in Vegas. He did made a short stop at home after RAW, packed his suitcase again, just to leave early to arrive shortly after Dean who just came home after SmackDown. Seth had been many times in Las Vegas before, sometimes stopping by, but today he really was nervous. It meant so much, it was like a four day date. Shit! Everything had to end well. He didn't want to lose Dean even if Seth was really confused about what he felt for the blond man. No, that was a lie.

Seth always loved Dean, even if they had the worst fights, even as Seth beat him up with the chair the become Hunters favorite pet. Damn, Hunter. Damn, Authority! Seth started to shake. He wasn't cold, but afraid.

"Hey, babe!" Seth turned around as he heard Dean. The lunatic always called him babe, but it was never so reliving hearing this word as today. Both men stood a moment across each other before Seth broke his shock and wrapped his arms around Dean. Yeah, this had to work out! He really needed it to work out, because he needed Dean.

"I told Renee, I have a boyfriend… not to predict here something, but… it kinda fell out of my mouth!" At home at Dean's they sat in the living room together. They brought lunch form the airport and now they just enjoyed an undisturbed moments. "So you didn't out yourself to her? I really don't understand what you two are doing, you know?" Dean shrugged his shoulders. "Me neither, but it made everything easier. I don't have to fight off women and have to explain why. She does that and on the other hand, she never made a move on me. I'm really okay with how this works. I love her in a platonic way." Seth nodded, but couldn't deny he was a little jealous. What was if Dean discovered he was bi and Renee was into him and… how could he keep up with a beautiful blond woman where Dean didn't had to hide anything?

"I mean, I've slept in the same bed as she and again… I'm pretty sure I'm all gay!" Dean joked, but it was like he had read Seth's thoughts. "So Renee knows you're gay and that she thinks you've a boyfriend, too," Seth repeated and sighed. "Is it that? Do you… do you want to date me? I'm honestly not…" Dean kicked Seth's leg. "Stop overthinking, Rollins. I like you and if we could do more than just kissing I would be thrilled, but babe… I'm not looking for a relationship. I'm not relationship material."

Seth didn't knew if he was relieved or dead sad. No relationship material? But on the other hand, he wasn't it either and had a lot of problems in the past with his girls. He sighed. "Just fun and games?" he asked. Dean stood up. "I invited you to spend time… if we someday fuck each other, why not but… I really want to spend time with you." He leaned forward, crossed his arms and put them on the backrest of his sofa. Seth looked up in the blue eyes of Dean and felt butterflies in his stomach.

"Just time and maybe kissing?" Dean didn't answer that he sealed Seth's lips with a long kiss, intense and playful.

Not long after this conversation, everything had change. On the day in of the tribute show he and Seth were already a couple. How?

It was more like an accident. He had snuggled up to Dean one night, they were in Davenport. He felt the heartbeat of Dean and heard his calm breathing. He hadn't thought long about it, he just kissed the chest of the male and whispered: "I love you, Dean!"

Dean wasn't asleep and suddenly sat up. Seth jerked back and looked fearful at him. The blond man
swallowed and his lips twitched. The lights were out, but in the reflection of the street lamps he saw a fight on Dean's face. "You do?" he asked after a felt eternity. Who could he lie to by now? Seth nodded. "Yeah." Dean turned his face and shook his head. "I... I don't know if..." he stumbled and shook again his head. "It's okay if you're not feeling the same. I thought you're asleep." Seth tried to comfort Dean, but again another head shake followed. "That's not it... I'm afraid, Seth." The brown haired mail furled a brow. "What?" What did Dean wanted him to say? Was he? Was he feeling something for him? Dean looked at him and he saw the light of the street in the beautiful pale face. "I'm not... experienced in... I fooled around my whole life, but I was never... I'm not relationship material, Seth." The slight younger male shook his head. "That's not important, Dean. Me neither and... I'd never a relationship with a man, so we both start over new, as long... as long as you love me... what could go wrong." Dean turned his head to the side. "You sound like a stupid love song..." Seth crawled up to Dean and lay his hands on the cheeks of the other male. "Give us a chance. It won't change anything. We still spend time together and... kiss..." he whispered with his lips hovering over Deans. "And maybe fuck? I mean... not that I really need it, but..." Dean couldn't go on, as Seth kiss him.

It was so... strange, that he was really embarrassed to tell this story in short to Galina. One day, they just were formally friends and on the next day, they slowly slid into a relationship. It was like a really bad written love story. It was full of tropes and cliché, but he never realized how much work it could be to maintain a relationship that nobody was allowed to know about.

Galina smiled at Seth. "That's so cute." Seth had censored the talk about sex, but mostly recaptured the conversation he'd with Dean. "You think?" Seth asked. "Is it not a little stupid? I mean, a quick talk at night. Doesn't it have to be ... be a little more romantic?" Seth tried to explain his thoughts and Galina laughed. "Romantic? How old are you, Seth? That's not how this world works. How something begins is not important, you talked and got your things straight. It's better than be afraid for months or years before got enough courage to finally confess. You cut it short... at least in the end ya did." Seth sighed and shook his head. "You mean, it's more important to stay together than how we got together!" She smiled and nodded. "Exactly Mr. Rollins! Exactly. Now go on and give Roman some time. He'll be happy for you in the future. I promise!" She kissed Seth on the cheek before she turned towards the direction Roman disappeared. Seth stayed back, alone and a little unwell. Shit, he was looking forward to the end of the day when he finally could be in bed wrapped up in Dean's arms.
Emotional rollercoaster

Chapter Summary

This whole weekend was a challenge for his brain and this tiny thing in his head that had to keep up with his emotions. Fuck, his own match had been okay. Shit, he was happy for himself, but still there was a much bigger stone on his heart when he thought about Seth's match against Hunter.

Chapter Notes

We are finally on the last chapters about wrestlemania. The next will be the shake up, but now we have the biggest stage and the biggest emotional mountain to climb. I hope you like it.

The ultimate thrill ride. Dean finally remember the slogan of this year's WrestleMania, maybe cause there was a huge rollercoaster build up in the stadium. Sadly for Dean it wasn't a real rollercoaster, however he himself has had an emotional rollercoaster so far.

This whole weekend was a challenge for his brain and this tiny thing in his head that had to keep up with his emotions. Fuck, his own match had been okay. He really wanted to tear Corbin apart, but all he got was a one on one. He retained the stupid tinfoil of a belt. Dean had every respect for the IC Championship, but he wasn't attached to it as some other of his colleagues and sometimes it really annoyed him, to carry this weight everywhere he was going.

Corbin thought it would hurt him if he would take it away. The reality was, Dean would be thankful if he could just gave it away. But he wouldn't give it to this stupid kid who thought he could scare him with a forklift. Eat that, Corbin! Dean thought as he flipped and reversed the hold. He took Corbin from his legs and retained his unwanted championship.

Shit, he was happy for himself, but still there was a much bigger stone on his heart when he thought about Seth's match against Hunter. Damn! They didn't share their lockers, since the stadium had enough space to provide everyone with an own changing facility. But Dean stayed the most of the time in Seth's locker, to comfort him and distract his boyfriend. "You're really gonna wear THIS in the ring?" Dean asked with high raised eyebrows. Seth seem to be insecure because of this question.

"Yeah? They sewed it for me!" Dean's view shot up and down over Seth's body. "The designer do hate you!" Seth's mouth fell open. "Why?" he asked and looked down on himself. He was wearing gold tights with a golden vest. It was pretty shiny, but that what it was supposed. He was the golden boy who turned on Hunter to slay him. To get his revenge and to proof his friends and to proof Dean he would never turn on him again.

And Dean thought it was ugly?

"I mean, the white ranger suit was… I mean… pretty gay, but this? Are you the golden power ranger now? Or are you a golden dragon? What are these… sheds on the side? Or are you a dragon slayer who wears the skin of his enemies?" Dean philosophized. Seth snored and pushed Dean away.

"What do you know about Styling?" Seth answered angry. "If I ever need help with Jeans and Tanktops I'm gonna asked you, till then… shut up!" his boyfriend returned and crossed the arms over his chest. Dean chuckled. "Please tell me you're gonna wear this just today! I'm begging you! This
hurts my eyes!" Again Seth pushed him. "If you don't stop teasing me, I'm gonna hurt you. Did you understand that?" But he started to chuckle, too. Dean rolled with his eyes. "Do you really think you're intimidating me in this lady gaga suit?" Dean jumped back as Seth wanted grab him. Dean stumbled over the bench behind him and fell flat on his ass. Surprised he looked up to Seth who started to laugh hysterical. "I said that I'll hurt you!" the brown haired man giggled and hold on hand in front of Dean to help him up. The other male pushed his hand away. "Stop giggling, power ranger!" as he stood up. Seth couldn't hold his laugh and Dean wasn't really angry. It was good to hear Seth laugh in this moment.

"Call me what you want in the end you still do everything to get my ass." Seth answered cocky and wrapped his arms around Dean, as the blond man was on his own two feet again. "Thanks!" Seth whispered and Dean shrugged his shoulders. "Don't thank me. Kill this bastard and I'll be here for you. If he breaks your leg, I'll be here for you. I'll carry you home if you need me to. Just… end this chapter. Not for me, for you!" Dean whispered and Seth nodded, twitched his lips and brushed his cheek against Dean's. "I don't know how I could make it, but when I win… I win because of you!"

Dean still had the words in his ear as he was watching the match. He went in the catering area where some people were gathered. He couldn't do this on his own. His heart beat like hell every time Seth landed on his bad knee or Hunter was attacking. Normally he was a pretty chilled guy, but not this time. He was glad, Renee was with him, so he could cling on her, every time he was close to running out and saving Seth. Renee stayed quiet and laid her hands on his wrists. His arms were wrapped around her. "You're surviving it or do I have to call the meds?" she whispered the one time Dean pushed his face in her hair. Dean sighed. "I hope he'll survive it. I'm fine." Technically that was incorrect. He wasn't fine, he felt more than miserable. Seth had to win. Seth just had to win. Loosing wasn't an option anymore. If he loses he would be the failure Hunter called him, but Dean knew Seth wasn't a failure, he never had been. Even as he switched the sides and betrayed his friends, he wasn't a failure. It was what Seth thought he had to do to be on top. That the top wasn't the best place to be, you'll have to learn the hard way. Dean found himself in the same spot later and even if it was just for the fun and to see Seth suffer, he didn't liked it either. Yeah, hunting a belt was nice, winning it was even better, but holding it with a big target on the back, dragging it along, presenting a company… urgh… no, that wasn't his world.

Dean turned away. "I can't take this anymore!" he murmured and walked away. "Wait! Where're you going?" Renee yelled, following him. Dean shook his head. "He's killing himself out there and… I can't grab popcorn and just watch it." Renee clung to his wrist. "But you can't go out there and help him, too. He has to do it on his own. It's his match and you…" she come closer and whispered "…and for them you aren't his friend! It won't help when you show up out there!" Dean groaned. She was right, but what should he do? Renee pulled his arm to pull him closer. "Just… don't do something stupid, Dean!" she demanded and he eyed her. He didn't want that. He couldn't be around these people and just being… just being an old friend of Seth instead of something more closely.

He opened his mouth as suddenly a yelp went through the crowd outside in the arena. Renee and Dean looked at each other before they started to run to the next TV screen, just to see a recap of Steph going through a table. Then it follows. Seth got the upper hand and Hunter was distracted. "Fuck!" Dean yelled and with a pedigree everything found an end.

It was over!
He saw Seth leaning on the ropes, mouthing "Thank you!" to the crowd. Dean stumbled back. Seth had done it.
"I… I'll… You find me in the locker!" Dean murmured, turning again away from Renee and this time she let him go.

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Seth felt numb as he limped through the curtain. Every single bone in his body was aching. Not that this was something new to him, wrestling was hurtful, but his heart… he didn't know what to feel anymore. He did it, but what was there left? What was he supposed to do?

As he looked up, several frown faces were turned to him. Everybody seem to have the same question on their mind. Now, what would he do with his win? Perhaps just… going on.

Going on… he just had to take one step at a time.

The way to his locker took him ages and as he opened the door, there was Dean. He looked up to him with concerned look on his blue eyes. Relief was flooding his chest and suddenly Seth start to sob. Dean jump on his feet, killing the distances with a few large steps, wrapping his arms around his lover. "God damn it…" he murmered in Seth's ear as the brown haired man pushed his face against Dean's shirt and sob. Fuck, it broke Dean's heart.

"I-I… I lo-love yu-you!" Seth stuttered between the sobs. Dean hold him tight, rubbing over Seth's back. "I love you, too, babe. Everything's fine!" he whispered in the ear. Seth shook his head, but didn't say a word, but after some moments he managed to stop crying. Tears were still in his eyes, but his diaphragm at least wasn't boogie in his stomach anymore. "Thanks!" he whispered. Dean shrugged his shoulders. "I was just worried you could fall down and then I would have to bend down to lift you up, so… don't thank me. I was just lazy." Dean joked around, but Seth saw his eyes were watery as well.

Seth dragged Dean closer and kiss him passionately. He had to. No more word, no more crying, not even joking. He wanted to taste Dean's lips, because he knew that everything was better with Dean kissing him. The hands of his lover run over his body, down on the sides to find a place on his lower back. He parted his lips tasting Seth and inhaled his scent.

"God, why are you two always making out?" Roman's voice let both men jerk away from each other. Seth stumbled in reaction of this sudden movement and Dean again was wrapping his arms around him to prevent a fall. "God damn it Rome. You scared the living shit outta me!" Dean murmured shooting an angry look at his friend. "You here to rage again? If you are, we don't have time for that." Seth pushed his elbow in the side of Dean. "Don't be such a monkey ass!" he murmured. Dean shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not here… I'm not fine with you not telling me everything. I'm still angry, but… sorry Seth! I'm really sorry for being an asshole." Seth looked at Dean and again back to Roman. "For just being an asshole at the party or… sorry for every time you had been an asshole?" he asked and the look on Romans face was as angry as Dean's. "You don't have to talk big, monkey crap! You maybe got your redemption but that doesn't make you an innocent school girl, Rollins. You were the bigger asshole for over a year!" he returned and Seth chuckled. Dean's arm around his waist, pulled him closer to his boyfriend. "You're right! I'm sorry we didn't tell you earlier… it's… the time flies by and I was so afraid that you would… react the way you did because I never told you the truth!" Roman raised his hand and waved Seth off. "Should we sit down a moment?" he asked. "I've… my match is some way later and if we could just talk before I have to get out there…" Roman swallowed. Both men noticed how the meaning of this match weight on the Samoan. Even Dean couldn't be angry anymore. He nodded and all three settled down.

"I'm not mad at you Seth, just because you're bi! You know that, don't you?" Roman asked seriously concerned. Seth shrugged his shoulders. "Many of my old friends were shocked when I told it… and that time I was still dating woman and just having fun with men." The man from Iowa confessed. Dean noticed a hurt look on Roman's face. "But I'm not most of the people. It wasn't a topic as Dean came out. I love him no matter what may come and I love you, too. I always did! When I call someone my brother then I mean it that way, Seth." Seth looked down and then he raised his look again to see Dean. The blond male sat next to him holding his hand. Seth freed his hand and hold his fist between the two men. "Brothers, again?" Roman smirked and bumped his fist into Seth's. Both looked to Dean. His view flipped between Seth and Roman. "I can't be Seth's brother. Its… it's a redneck thing to fuck siblings!" Both men rolled their eyes and shook their heads over. "Sometimes
you're such a douche!” Seth murmured. Dean bumped his fist against the others. "Sometimes you two have no sense of humor.” Dean murmured. Roman shook his head. "Or you are telling real bad jokes!"

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"Damnit!” Roman crawled into his locker room. He didn't expect anyone to be here, not after this match. Not after defeating the Undertaker. Fuck, why did he do this? Why couldn't he stop? Why did the man look so desperate at him? Like he wished for an end.
"Ro!” Dean's voices jelled and a strong arm wrapped around his back to support him. He raised his look tiredly. His friend, his brother. Roman smiled defeated. He maybe won the match, but it did not feel this way, even if he had proof his point. He was a force to recon with. "Bring him over here, before you two crash down!” Roman turned his head and saw Seth sitting on a chair with his bad knee on another chair. Again he smiled.

Roman was glad he had talked to them before his match. He didn't know if they were here if he wouldn’t. But even if they had board their problems for the moment it was better like it was now. "You did great out there!” Seth told him as he crashed on a chair next to his friend. "I don't feel like that. I don't know what I feel like, but not like it was great!” he confessed.

Dean was still standing and looked down on them. Seth wrapped an arm around Rome's shoulders and pulled him close. "Man… you did beat the Undertaker. Did you see how he did leave his hat behind?” Dean asked. Seth looked up. "You're not helping, Dean!” he whispered and his lover shrugged with his shoulder.

Seth grabbed a water bottle and pushed it in Rome's hand. "Here have drink. You'll need it. And don’t listen to our beloved moron!” Roman chuckled bleak and closed his eyes. He just enjoyed the consolation that Seth was giving him. "I don't regret it, Seth. But… I never knew that this… that this could be as emotional challenging as a match against you two!”

"You basically beat the living shit outta him. Destroyed him in his ring on WrestleMania…” Seth looked up to Dean. "Still not helpful!” Seth pronounced every word hard. Roman laughed a little. Dean's words were pretty rough, but Seth who tried his best to keep Roman calm was funny. "Could we just leave? Just vanished without anyone seeing us? It's hard to survive Deans comforting, but to see anyone of the other guys... that would be too much!” Roman asked. Seth nodded.

"What do you have against my comfort?” Dean asked and Roman chuckled again. "Nothing, it's the best comfort you can get when you prefer to get hugged by barb wire!”
WrestleMania was gone. It felt like months of their life just had passed in the blink of an eye. Dean brought Seth home with him to Vegas, Dean's favorite city in the world and where he choose live. The last months Seth's had his monthly therapy sessions so he had to be in Iowa, but now he was free and both were happy to use the opportunity to enjoy the hard hot climate of Nevada. Seth's cloths tumbled in the dryer, while he was wearing one of Dean's old Sweatpants and a hockey Jersey. Both laying snug up on Dean's bed. The TV was running with just some late night show. It was a late Wednesday. Both flew over from Orlando today and were pretty tired by now.

"We should marry." Dean murmured, his head was resting on Seth's chest. He felt the hot breath of his boyfriend through the silk of the shirt. "What?" Seth asked in thoughts. He must have misheard something. "It's just a random thought, but... I think we should marry." Dean's view was locked on the flat screen TV across the bed. "Marry? Did you say marry... like... marriage?" That couldn't be right. Sometimes you got a word wrong twice, so he had to ask again. He must have misheard that there was no way that Dean... "Yeah! With rings and such things!" Seth sat up quickly, jerking Dean away from him. "Are you nuts?" Seth almost yelled at him. "You're kidding, aren't you?" Dean turned to Seth and shook his head. "I am pretty insane, yeah... but I'm not kidding, babe!" Seth stared at him with a wide opened mouth. He didn't want to scream at him, but it felt like a pretty bad joke.

It was years ago, but they talked about the marriage topic before this night. Seth was engaged that time to Leighla. It didn't work out well in the end, but on that day he talked with Dean everything on his future was set on marriage. Dean wanted to know if Seth was really happy with this decision and the thought of being with one girl forever. And no, Seth wasn't. Seth loved Leighla, but there were still the feelings for Dean and even more... he doubted the concept of marriage, in particular marring someone that early. But Leighla wished for it and his mom, who's pretty happy being married to his stepfather, wished to see him be happy, too so... he just did it. What could possibly go wrong? Dean confessed, that he really thought marriage is a bad thing. Before you're bound to someone you'd the chance to leave at any level... but after that you've signed a damn contract to love someone forever. He couldn't guarantee that he'll love someone till noon? How could he promise someone an eternity? In the end, there's still the possibility of a divorce! Seth said that time... there wasn't even a divorce for him. He cheated on Leighla and ended that topic forever... till now. Till Mr. I can't guarantee an eternity asked him.

"Explain your thoughts!" Seth demanded in shock with a shaky voice. He couldn't fight him off, not
with this certain look in his eyes. Dean seemed so serious and not hurt by the way Seth had reacted that far. "I mean, not a real marriage, even if it's legal in this state, but..." Dean breathed through and shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know where I'll be next week and where you'll end up and... I really love you, Seth! I'm afraid of the day I'll have to leave you again. After all these months I should be used to, but..." Dean fought with his words. Seth crawled up to Dean and wrapped his hands around his neck. "Oh babe..." he couldn't say more. He understood the problem of his lover. As they parted often and lived this long distant relationship, everything was normal. The conflict and afraid around Seth's injury let them grew together. He could just imagine how this was for Dean who had admitted that he hadn't a real relationship before this. Seth could really understand his wish to be sure of something in this world and even with an unofficial wedding vow he would feel better.

Dean's hands found his waist and clung to the jersey. "Sorry, it's a stupid idea, I know." Dean withdraw, but Seth pressed his foreheads together. "No, not stupid... you've just surprised me, I... I thought you hate marriage!" Seth confessed, even when he already convinced himself that he would go along with it, if his boyfriend wished for. Dean shrugged his shoulders again. "Yeah, I do... but we won't marry for real, do we?" he asked with an insecure smile. "We never do things for real... but I wish I had something to hold on to, when we're apart again. You're the first person I've let so close to me..." Dean shook his head and looked in his lap. Seth sighed. It hurt him to see Dean like this. There was nothing wrong in his wishes. "I've a ring..." Seth started and sighed again. "My stepfather gave it to me after graduating. It was a family ring a present for the eldest son from the father. He gave it to me, even when I wasn't the eldest and even with me not being his real son, but... that was the reason. He talked to Brendon and my brother was okay with it. I got the ring to show me, that he won't love me less." Seth choked and coughed. Since that day he carried this small dark ring in his purse. He wasn't the type of guy who wears a ring, but he wanted this present to be close to him every day. The words became hard to say and his eyes suddenly were glaze. "It meant the world to me and now giving it to you... It would mean even more," Dean shook his head. "No, it's your father's ring! You can't give it to me! It would hurt him, seeing it on my finger." Seth wrapped his fingers around Dean's chin. "Shut up! He would be happy! This ring is for the person we love. He showed me his love and I show you mine! Take it!

Dean drew back and again was shaking his head. Seth let him go and looked up, as he raised from the bed. "I... um... wait a sec, please!" Dean stuttered. He turned and left the room. Seth had no idea what Dean was up to? Some moments went by and Dean appeared back in the doorway. He had a little box in his hands. He cleared his throat and walked back to the bed. Dean kept a little distance and played with the box in his hands, before he finally gave it to Seth. The man with the brown hair opened it. "It's the wedding ring of my mother!" Dean said and the box almost slipped through Seth's hand. "Oh, WHAT?" Seth yelled accidently. Dean's view slowly raised from his hands to Seth's face. "I was a teenager when we fell short one month and she went to a pawnshop. She got some money and brought us around. I sold pot at this time on the school yard to help, but... that's not how I got the ring... erm..." Again Dean harrumphed. "I stole it. I broke in the pawnshop and got it back for her. As I talked to her, before she knew I had it... she told me she felt better without it. My father was... whatever!" Dean again shook his head.

Seth surveyed the ring closely. No gems, just a solid small ring in gold. "I kept it, maybe to remind me of how bad some marriages could end... or that love is just a dream." he swallowed and went on with a shaky voice. "But maybe I kept it for you. To give it a better meaning." He blinked rapidly and looked away.

Seth laughed unsure. "When did we become that cheesy?" he asked. Dean answered with a dry laugh and shrugged shoulders. "I've to beat up a baby otter to feel manly again!" Seth wrapped his arms around Dean's shoulders. "I dare you! I'll beat up you if you lay a finger on an animal!" Dean laughed even more. "So... to top my stupid marriage idea even more..." Dean turned his head to look out of the corner of his eye to Seth. "Should we do it, now?"

"Right now? Where on earth..." he started and looked outside the window. They were in Las Vegas. There were enough wedding chapels which were open 24/7. Seth swallowed. "Sweatpants wedding?" he asked. Dean replied with a chuckle. "Sweatpants wedding!"
"That's the ugliest wedding photo I'd ever seen!" Roman answered. He held the mobile of Seth in his hand surveying it closely.

Dean and Seth stood in front of a real cheesy wallpaper. Dean halfway behind Seth, his face brushed against Seth's cheek. Seth's eyes half closed directed to the ground. They were not smiling like newlyweds, but both had a soft curl on their lips. Dean's arm was wrapped around Seth, the hand reaching down to his chest, their fingers interlaces. Dean was wearing Seth's ring on the ring finger, while Seth wore Dean's ring on his pinky. Both dressed in Jerseys and Sweatpants, but you could feel the love through this picture. Seth felt butterflies in his stomach every time he saw that picture.

"You wrote, that you just pretended to marry, didn't you?" Roman asked as he gave Seth his phone back. They sat together in Romans Locker. RAW was about to begin. "I got the text at night and was so surprised I yelled and woke up my whole family. They thought something had happened… I'm just curious why you two did that?" Roman went on and leaned back, his head resting against the wall.

Seth raised his hand and scratched the back of his neck, feeling the leather band on which he bead his wedding ring. "Actually…" he started. Roman gasped and his eyes grew wide. "No way!"

Seth swallowed and shrugged his shoulders. "We really just wanted to pretend. We didn't even had a license, but the official said that there's a little loophole, since Dean was an inhabitant of Las Vegas, we could get the license retroactive when we tell your case in the Marriage Bureau seven days after." Roman was silent. Seth's voice went quiet. "We did it… we got that license a day after." Normally Roman was a real quiet guy, but he jumped up and teared his hair. "No way!" A shoulder punch followed. "You married without your families?" another punch followed. Seth drew back and pushed Rome away. "That hurts you donkey ass! Stop it. Yes, we are married. Official married by Marilyn Monroe with Elvis as witness!" Roman leaned against the wall and sighed loud. "I… I don't know what to say!"

Silence fell. You could hear the sounds of the arena and suddenly the theme music of Cena started. Both looked to the little screen almost every Locker had to view the segments in the Ring. "Cena on RAW? You're maybe not anymore the most hated star on the roster." Seth murmured, while Rome rolled his eyes. "Wake up, Seth… Cena's hot with his engagement and I just retired the Undertaker, but… is that really Cena?" Both looked closely and then Seth laughed up, shaking his head. "No, that's Miz! That moron!"

For a moment they looked at the screen, before Roman punched Seth against the shoulder again. "You fucknut! Marring without your family and friends. Still a coward." Seth jerked back, rubbing his shoulder. "Asshole! It was spontaneous and… just because we had a Vegas wedding didn't mean we will never have a normal wedding with suits and fitting rings. It was just… I don't know. We needed it, it's not like something will change." Roman raised a finger in threat. "If not, Galina will force you!" but then the Samoan smiled. "So you are you gonna move together?" Seth sighed and shook his head. "It's some kind of living with two households? I have stuff at his house, Dean got an assload of his cloths in my closet… but… technically I think we will still not living together." Roman shook his head and let him sink on the bench again. "After I wasn't furious anymore about our silence, I really thought that it would be great for Dean, that you probably calm him a little bit and preventing him from his weird shit, but now… I think he got you dragged deep in his insane world. Fuck… You are married? To Dean?" Rome sighed and shook his head again. "Who else knows?" Seth wrapped his hand around his ring. "Renee got the same text as you and I think Dean tells her about the real wedding thing tomorrow at SD!"

But then, they both froze. They heard the sound as Miz and Maryse Promo got interrupted. Both men turned their heads to the screen and saw what their ears had told them. It was Dean's theme!
"What?" Seth whispered breathless and stared at the TV. "Dean's on RAW?" Roman asked and the only answer which Seth had was a startled shrug of his shoulder. His husband… his fucking husband (!) did not mention it before. "I'll kill him!" Seth sighed and jumped up. Roman followed his movements. "What do you have in mind?" Seth turned around. "I'll kill him! I kill Dean, because I asked Angle for time on the show so I could quit and leave to Smackdown… and now my husband is on the show and… I'll kill him, so that I have a reason to change the brands!" Seth's leg got weak and he stumbled against the wall, he was angry at the same time as he was happy and felt sick. He was pretty sure McMahon wanted to see him leave, hell she would do everything to make him leave, but he can't leave… not anymore! Not with the slight chance of being on the road again with Dean. Angle was his last chance, but at first… "I'll have to go to gorilla!" Seth pushed away from the wall opened the door and started to run.

It was a split second as he arrived behind the curtain that lead the way outside to the audience. Dean walked in with a proud cocky smile. Brushed throw his hair and winked at Seth. His eyes were filled with love, but his face was a mask. There were other people around, so Dean stayed the playful idiot and did not change into the playful married husband of Seth. "Hey babe, did I surprise you?" he asked in an arrogant tone and Seth stomp towards Dean. He wanted to wrap his arms around his neck, pushing his lips on Dean's. But he couldn't!

So he did the next best thing. Seth clenched his fist and ram it into the face of his lover. That was a real stunner for the lunatic. He stumbled back, covering his face with his hand and falling in to the arms of some backstage hands. Rome wrapped his arm around the middle of Seth and held him back so there wouldn't be any more blows. Seth almost didn't notice, that Rome drew him back. He looked on Dean, saw the ring on his finger and as he lowered his hands he saw the light blue eyes of him. This was his husband. He married that guy and he loved him and… fuck… Seth really had to stay on RAW just for being near Dean.

Dean smirked. "I thought you would like it. They called me this morning… It seemed I'm back!" Seth rose his finger in threat. "I hope you're right and I really hope that Angle let me stay… if not… If not you know what happens!" Dean shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not afraid of you, Rollins!"

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"It's strange that we constantly end up sitting in an ER." Dean leaned back with eyes closed, his head resting against the wall. Seths head was resting against his shoulder. "You and Roman are so boring. Cracked rips is so old school!" he murmured brushing his cheek against Dean. The blond man smiled down on his lover. Maybe it wasn't the smartest idea, sitting so close and familiar next to each other. After everything went well for both with Dean's sudden change to RAW and Seth last minute stay wish, it went worse for Rome. Braun attacked Roman to proof how hard this gigantic idiot was. That he had a real chance to proof his balls last week as Lesnar invited him for a grapple. He seemed not to understand this. Dean was so annoyed by this orangutan, but he wasn't allowed to interfere. Seth forbid it and later as they visited Roman he did as well. Now he and Seth were waiting for Roman. Their friend probably would miss one or two weeks, but at least he was okay. "Oh, you call me boring? You injured the same knee!" Dean snorted and closed his eyes again. He was real tired. Seth chuckled. "You're just jealous, because I can wear this sexy knee brace."

Dean didn't notice how he was fiddling with his ring. The feeling of something around his finger was new and he wondered if he someday wouldn't think about it anymore. "Hey, what are you two doing here?" Both men sat up in shock. Finn was standing in the hall way. "Abs Guy! We're waiting for Roman!" Finn shot a surprised look at Dean. The Irish opened his mouth, laughed and sank down on a chair across the men. "How did you call me?" he asked. Dean shrugged with his shoulders. "He always calls you the abs guy." Seth answered. Dean patted on his own stomach. "Cause you've these astonishing abs which invites you to lick whipped cream off." Seth cleared his throat. "You're not allowed to think about licking his abs." Finn laughed. "Don't worry, he's not exactly my type. But thanks Dean! I appreciate it! It's hard work to keep them!" Dean shook his head and looked to Seth.
"He's so nice, I wanna puke him right in the face!" He turned to Finn. "No offence, but... I like my friends..." Seth laughed. "Yeah, you like your friends dark and edgy, even if that's lie! Don't listen to him, Finn. He's just a douche!" Finn rubbed over his head and his view switched between both men. He really wished something like that for himself. "I never asked... is everything alright with your shoulder? Why are you here?" Seth asked and the other male bit his lip. "Not the shoulder. The head. Jinder knocked me pretty bad and then I bumped head first on the canvers. I was maybe out for some secs... I didn't confessed it to the doc, but they still wanted to be sure I'm fine." He explained. Dean pointed at him. "You see? He does it right. First shoulder and the next time head. That's not boring." The lunatic said to his friend. The other male was a little confused and looked over to Seth. "Excuse me?" It seemed like he didn't get an insider joke. Seth shook his head. "Forget it, just a discussion between him and me. It seemed like we're training to become the weirdest married couple in the WWE, which will get a real hard task with Miz and Maryse and who knows when Cena and Bella join us." Finn smiled at first, but then he froze and surveyed both. "Married?" He asked and suddenly his voice was a whisper. Seth looked at Dean and then back to Finn. Did it happen again? Did he again tell a secret to Finn accidentally? "Erm..." Seth couldn't talk and just let hear this strange sound, while Dean shook his head. "Yeah since last week... Thanks babe!" He raised his hand and showed the little dark looking ring. "His is way too small so he wears it around the neck." He nodded to Seth who showed the leather band around his neck. "I promised you I'll bring it to the jeweler, but I don't want to give it out of my hands for so long." Finn smiled, but it was an unpleasant look. "You're kidding me. You're married? For real?" Dean threw a questioning look over to his new husband. He swallowed. Seth's hand stroked over Deans tight. "No kidding. It was... don't know... he lives in Vegas and after Mania we just...did it." Finn closed his mouth. For a moment he just stared at them. "I... cool. I think that's pretty cool, but you still stay under the radar, don't you?" He asked. Seth nodded and Dean shrugged his shoulders. "Yeah, it's better not to throw a big coming out party. I mean according to the official reading I'm still in a relationship with Renee." Finn sighed. "If anybody ever had a complicated thing... then you two! Fuck, I don't want to swap with you!" Dean chuckled and shrugged his shoulders. "It's alright. Normal is too easy, I like to game life on hard mode." Seth rolled his eyes. "You never gamed anything!" He murmured. "You're not only a married couple, you know? You both are an old married couple." Finn smirked. "Oh shut up! Or I'll draft you to Smackdown!" Dean threatened. "Oh please! I would love it there and you can't me draft! And this year they don't even call it a draft!" Suddenly the way Finn smiled and the tone of his voice changed. "You want swap to Smackdown? Why? The party left SD when I left them?" Proclaimed Dean overzealous. Finn furled an eyebrow. "I don't think that we party the same way, Dean. I really don't so, but... party is not what I'm looking for." Seth swallowed, but didn't say anything. There was suddenly a thought, but it wasn't his move to make. He wasn't so familiar with Finn to talk about his private life. "So... you got what you wished for!" Finn stated. It was awkward to have to stay around for so long for two people he didn't even know very well. Seth shot a questioning look at Finn. "I mean, in February?" Seth nodded. "Yeah, I said sometimes I wish we were at the same show... but Steph would kill herself before she would allow it... seems I was right, except for the point that Trips send her through the table and... yeah!" Seth shrugged his shoulders. "So you talked about us?" Dean asked with a wide grin on his face. "Yeah, I talked about us, hon, because I love you! And you talk about the people you love!" Dean laughed. "Is that so?" He looked over to Finn. "So do you talk about the man you love?" He asked. Seth and Finn froze. "I'm not in love with someone!" Dean laughed up and poke his elbow in Seth's side. "I'm not an expert in human nature, Finnie, but the way you look at us... I'm pretty sure you're in love! Maybe not happy, but there's one." Seth sighed. "Could you just shut up? If Finn doesn't want to talk about it, then it's okay. Sometimes you're sensible like a sledgehammer, darling!" Dean looked at his boyfriend. "Sorry, I didn't want him to tell me who it is, I just..." - "It's Shinsuke!" Finn murmured and both men looked at him, both a little surprised and at the same time unsure how to react. "I mean since I know your secret it just fair to tell you mine." Dean rubbed over his head and rumbled his own hair. "I'm sorry, I didn't..." Finn shook his head with a sad smile. "I didn't force me." Seth just said nothing trying to put the piece together. "Does he
know?” Dean asked and again a helpless laughed left Finn's mouth. "Yeah, he does!"
And then Seth understood. "He's the one you broke up with?” Finn nodded without being able to say a word. "You had him and then let him go?” Dean asked. "That's sometimes not that easy!” Seth said and Finn nodded again. "Yeah, Seth's right. I left Japan without knowing he would follow. I couldn't do this long distance thing and thought it would be better. It was okay, but then he followed me and... and..." Now Finn shook his head. "Why didn't you..." - "He's still mad at me for breaking up! He followed because he accomplished everything and not to be with me, maybe a little because of me, but... It's not an easy task. Like you I'm someone who always lives the complicated life!” Finn rubbed over his head and sighed. A smile was on his face, but it was not a happy one. "If you really love him, you shouldn't give up, but... I understand that he isn't ready to forgive you. What happens if there's a cross road again, would you again decide against him? If you don't know the answer yet, you should wait till you really know before you approach him again. I'm pretty sure he's asking himself the same thing... would he leave me again.” Seth spoke out his thought. A question he had asked himself a dozen of times. Would he do the same mistake he did before? He wouldn't, he really proofed, he wouldn't and if Finn would finally get his answer he was sure the Irish could be happy again.

Chapter End Notes

Alright, I wanted you to read the new chapter first, before I explain. I started this story as an OS to cope with my fangirl feelings and now every time on screen happens something I use this fan fiction to write my own little fandom a little further. As Dean suddenly got this ring on his finger I was... filled with a need to explain it here and this chapter... yeah... the reality made me do it! I hope you like my idea.
"We should visit my mother!" Dean proposed last week and shocked Seth with this idea. Not that Seth wasn't curious about his mother-in-law, but Dean seemed not to be interested in getting his mother and Seth to know each other. He never said a precise word about her. He didn't even know her name.

Seth was nervous like hell as he sat next to Dean on the shotgun seat of their small rental car. "How's your mother?" He asked his husband. Dean just shrugged his shoulders. "Okay, I think. Just told here we'd be here today, but we didn't do an awful lot of phoning." He answered with his view fixed straight on the road. Seth never had heard Dean chat with his mom on the phone till this morning. They were still in bed, slept late and as they realized that breakfast time had passed and that they should checkout soon. Dean had picked his phone and rang his mom. His voice went soft and he talked slower. "We'll be there... dunno... prox an hour, mom... Yeah... just an hour." He smiled softly. "No, no, no... We'll go out for lunch! I don't want you to cook. Your cooking is awful." Seth turned his head. He would never be allowed to talk to his mom like that, even if he would try, his mother would scold him like a little toddler. But not Dean's mother, Seth heard a giggle on the other end of the line.

"Do I have anything to know about her?" Seth asked. Again Dean answered with shrugging his shoulders. "Don't piss yourself, it's just my mother. Just … I don't know... don't overthink it." How could Dean be like that? Just his mother. It was his goddamn mother! Wasn't she an important woman in his life?

When they would met his parents he would have awful a lot to say. That his mother was the best cook in the world, but she expected help in the kitchen even if she would say she didn't need it. That
his stepdad was a great man, but you would have to shut up when football was running on TV. That both tend to ask very embarrassing questions not to make fun, but to getting to know the person and many many more little advice. Dean was just like: What could possibly go wrong? And Seth was afraid that everything would go wrong and that she would hate him in the end.

The apartment of Dean's mother was in an old gray building with approximately 8 floors. She lived in the 4th floor and for her luck the building had an elevator. Dean had keys for the doors and let them in. "Mom! It's me!" He yelled. Seth forced himself to breath normally. He was nervous like the day he went to prom with his high school girlfriend and he had to pick her up at home. Damn, his heart was racing. "Puppy!" A light, but slight shaky voice answered. "I'm in the kitchen! I made coffee for you!" Dean let his jacket slip from his shoulders and hang it over a stand in the floor. "That's nice, mom! Seth loves coffee!" he yelled and turned to Seth. He took the jacket of his husband and his hands run careful over his shoulders. "So what are you waiting for? Come in!" "Are you always yelling at each other?" Seth whispered. Dean chuckled. "Yeah, it's basically our normal way to talk!" Dean answered. He placed a shy kiss on Seth's cheek before he took his hand and guided Seth in the kitchen.

The kitchen was bright and bigger than Seth imagined, but it only had a small table with two chairs. There was a woman in her fifties sitting, gray hair, happy blue eyes with a cheap pair of glasses. Her smile was the smile of Dean, the short gray hair was as curled as Dean's was. "Hey you two!" She said and stood up. She didn't seem very fit, a little shaky on her legs like her voice. Dean said nothing but wrapped his arms around her. She was tiny, perhaps on the same height as Renee was. She almost vanished under Dean's arms. He was so careful with her, opened his arms and brushed with one hand through her hair and a slight smile on his lips. Then he looked up to Seth, and reached out with his hand to his hubby. "That's Seth, mom. I... don't know... if you remember."

The tiny woman followed his hand and smiled. She waved him to come closer. "Yeah, yeah... the boy you're dating... I'm not mental darling! Come here Seth, let me hug you!" The older woman said and Seth stepped forward. Dating? Did Dean told her before? He shoot a questioning look at his lover.

The arms of Dean's mother were wrapped around his midsection, she grabbed him tight. It was a real hug, full of love. Seth was so touched by the pure kindness of Dean's mother that he stroked her back softly while hugging.

"You look very good, my dear. So huge and strong. I hope my boy isn't as moody to you as he is to me, sometimes." As soon as they parted she started talking and wiggled back to her chair. Dean rolled his eyes. "Mom, please! Could you stop it or I trip you over!" he threatened, his mother giggled. Dean turned to Seth. "Sit down, babe... I'll take the counter!" he told him. "Stop organizing the seating and pour your boyfriend some coffee, puppy!" His mother interfered and again Dean rolled his eyes. "Stop calling me, puppy. I'm thirty! I'm a little too old for this nickname." He murmured. "I can call you mutt instead." She returned. Dean looked over his shoulder. "Oh please, please call me that. Everything is better than puppy." He almost pleaded and again this slight giggle was heard from his mother. "I'll think about it."

Seth didn't know what to do, so he just sat down. He followed with widened eyes how Dean walked through the room. He took two cups out of the cupboard and poured coffee in. He put one cup in front of Seth and then hopped like announced on the counter.

"So Puppy, how are you?" Dean groaned annoyed "I haven't heard from you for weeks." Dean sipped from his cup. "I'm fine. Had some cracked rips, but it was okay after a week. And the good news is we didn't had to amputate Seth's leg, so everything is fine." He told his mother. "You wanted to amputate my leg?" Seth asked surprised. Dean's mother giggled. She had the exactly the same humor as Dean. "Yeah, I think he said something like that. Don't know why, was your knee hurt bad?" Dean groaned. "It's always broken so I thought you should get a new one!" he defended himself. Seth smiled and nodded. "This time, it was not that bad. A ligament was torn, but okay. This
time I was just out for some weeks, the last time… months!" Dean's mother smiled softly at him. "I think Dean told me about it in the past… but, I'm sorry, I can't remember it very well. You're fine, now?"

Dean sighed: "Nice that you ask him, but not me if everything's alright. I'm just your son with a badly hurt ribcage!" Now Dean's mother rolled her eyes.

Seth loved how they two behaved and noticed that it wasn't so different from how they talked with each other. She was a very lovely woman, a little weird, but the good kind of weird. "Not everything's fine, but it's okay. I can wrestle again." He answered honestly. "He's still my beloved crip!" Dean murmured. Seth and Dean locked eyes for a moment. He loved this idiot more than anyone on this earth. "Don't call him that, that's not nice. Some people might been hurt by your words." Dean's mother scolded her son. Seth couldn't but crack over how she didn't mind Dean being rude to her but got angry the moment he was rude to him. "Some people, but not him... he knows me... for the record he's obliged to love me." He answered a little louder. Obliged was the right word. They had said the classic wedding vows. On the good and the bad days. At the moment this was a good day for Seth.

In his thoughts he raised his hand to the ring on the leather band around his neck. Dean's ring… no Dean's mothers ring. He looked over to his husband. Dean sipped again from his coffee cup and Seth did it like him. The warm bitter drink was what he needed. They skipped the breakfast and he needed this coffee to survive the rest of the day.

But then Dean jumped down from the counter and put his coffee where he sat. "Mom?" he questioned like he wanted to be sure she was listening to him. She raised her view and looked at her son. "Yeah?" Dean stood a little lost in the kitchen. He rubbed his neck and kneeled before his mother. "I brought Seth around not just for you to get him to know." He started and Seth almost hold his breath. "I mean, you both should get to know each other, but not just because he's my boyfriend." Dean took the hand from his mother in his hands. He looked up, the blond curls fell in his eyes like always and he was so insecure. Seth smiled at him, but he didn't want to spoil anything with a stupid sentence. His mother looked a little confused between Dean and Seth. "What's up, Dean? Why you're so… strange?" she seemed a little scared. Dean bit his lip and pushed is lips on the fingers of his mother. "Everything's alright, but… it's strange to tell. Mom… Seth and I got married."

The older woman raised her eyebrows in surprise. Again her look flipped to Seth and again back to Dean. She smiled and shook her head. "You did this before, puppy... you're kidding me!" she answered doubting. The smile was fragile, but she was sure of the fact that this wasn't real. Dean sighed. "No, Mom. I know what I said in the past, but we really got married. Honestly." Dean turned his hands, so that his left hand with the ring on his finger was on top. "It's real." He whispered. His mother swallowed and stroked with her free hand over his bearded cheek. "Oh boy..." it was a sight full of love and her eyes went wet "When?"

"On the fifth!" Seth answered with a raspy voice. Fifth of April was their wedding date. They would always have their anniversary around WrestleMania or even on the day itself, so the biggest day in the wrestling world would be even more important for both.

Again she sighed and tears ran over her cheek. "Was it a big ceremony? Were your friends there and his family?" she asked and it hurt Seth that she thought they would have cast her out. Dean shook his head. "No, mom. We were on our own. It was spontaneous. Seth and I... we went out at home to a small chapel and just went there in sweatpants." He explained his mother. "I've a photo on my mobile. You wanna see, Mrs. Ambrose?" Seth asked and earned a shocked look. "Misses? I'm your mother-in-law! Seth, please call me Mary! But I really wanna see this picture. You married without your family?" Mary Ambrose. That was her name. His heart melted. He pushed his phone over the table with the opened picture. "My family doesn't know about us… I mean, they even don't know about me. I'm a bit afraid to tell them and so…” She pulled the phone closer and looked with all the love she had on the electronic device, but as Seth confessed she raised her head and looked at Seth. "You… ow… You don't have to be afraid. As a mother I can say… I don't care what my baby prefers as long as he's happy and you seem to be such a nice man. And Dean can behave himself, I
sweat to god!" Dean chuckled and his mother pushed him a little. "Thanks, but... It's a little different with me than it is with Dean. You see, Mrs... Mary. I'm bisexual, but I never dated boys I just... you know." She grind. "Yeah, fun stuff." She interrupted and Seth felt that he blushed. "Yeah and I was engaged before, but I screwed it. Like I manage to screw everything. I'm just afraid that my family will not understand it." Now, said the words out loud it felt bad that he didn't trust his family to be open minded. "You'll know when the time is right to be honest. I'm still pretty sure nothing will change." Seth bit his lip to hold his emotions in control. "Thanks."

It was so a comforting situation. "You are not wearing a ring, Seth." She observed. He raised his hand to the leather band and smiled. "I've one, but... it's too small and..." he couldn't speak on, so he pulled the band over his head and handed it to Dean's mother. While they talked Dean sat down on the floor, crossed leg. He was closely observing the reaction of his mother. She let the leather run through her hand and looked down on the ring. Her face seemed a little confused, but then suddenly she recognized it. "My wedding ring!" it was shocked whisper. Her look rushed over to Dean who pressed his lips together. "It's my ring, Dean... where the hell... my ring. I pawned it years ago for... to get you to this school trip!" her lower lip shook and her eyes went glazed again. Dean swallowed. "I know, mom. I broke in the pawn shop that night and stole it... with some other shit, so they won't think it was just because of the ring." He confessed.

"DEAN AMBROSE, YOU DID WHAT EXACTLY?" she raised her voice loud and in shock. "I had not enough money from dealing with shit, so I had to steal it. You boyfriend did worse than me!" he defended himself and suddenly her mouth twitched. Dean hurt her and he knew it. Seth saw it in his eyes, but he couldn't apologize. He stole the ring for her and he did the other stuff for money. Now he was an honest man. "You kept it all these years?" she asked silently and Dean nodded. "It's your ring. How could I sell it? But you said you wouldn't want it back, it would remind you of so many things that hurt you!" And then she started to cry.

This was too much for Seth. He felt uncomfortable. "I did so many mistakes in my life. I was so often wrong, but you..." she wrapped her arms around Dean and pulled him into a long tight hug "But you still turned out great." She murmured against his shoulders.

Seth stood up and left the room to give them both the space they need. It broke his heart, hearing Dean's mother cry or yell at him for stealing something and then the hurtful look on her face. Seth still didn't know what happened in Dean's past, but Dean still loved his mother and she didn't know why.

After the situation calmed. Dean went looking for Seth, to find him on the small balcony of the apartment. The rest of the day was not as emotional as it started. She told the latest news she heard from the neighbors she still was in contact with. Like that the girl who was madly in love with Dean, but he refused because it was a girl, got her second kid. Dean and Seth told the latest story from work, because Mary wasn't a wrestling fan, she said she couldn't stand the violence and didn't want to see her son fight against others. But she cracked a laugh about every joke Seth recapped out of memory.

They ordered lunch and enjoyed it in the living room where Seth and Dean sat on an enormous couch and snuggled up a little. It was nice family time to enjoy.

As they left for the airport Dean went quite. Seth drove the car back and noticed how the look on his face changed. He just answered one worded. You okay? – Yes! ; Should we have dinner before the flight? – No! ; We have to do grocery shopping tomorrow! – Okay!

Seth knew it was useless to force him to talk, but the waiting was horrible. He didn't even know if Dean would ever be ready to tell him what was up or if he just would find better mood and cheer up again.

But then the plane was in the air and the signs above their heads went out, Dean suddenly murmured: "Now, you know..." Seth was startled. "Know what?" Dean shifted his weight in the seat and leant his head back. "That my mom's a little... slow." He said 'slow' like it was something bad. It was the word you use to describe a retard without using the word so nobody would be offended. "Confused maybe and weak on her legs, but... you could explain me what's up so I
understand it better." Dean shook his head. Sighed tiredly and Seth thought he would never explain what happened in his past, but then he speaking.

"My dad passed away, when I was a baby. Perhaps 12 to 18 months old. He was... young. I didn't know him." Seth's mouth fell open. "I didn't knew that..." Dean looked up. "That we had more in common?" Dean finished the sentence. He shook his head and closed his eyes. "I think he died of cancer. Mom told me, but we didn't talk much about him and he's a complete stranger to me. I'm not sad, you know?" Seth nodded. "I know, I'm not sad about not knowing my real father either." Dean's hand brushed softly over Seth tight. "Yeah, but I think your replacement was a much better deal than I got." He answered with a lump in his throat. "My mom lost the house they bought. That's when we moved into public housing. She got a job at the factory and sometimes at night she worked as a waitress. I understand why my mom looked for someone who supported her. This guy was okay... at first. Till grow up and saw what he did." Dean turned his face away, but Seth saw in the dimmed light of the plane how Dean's glazed eyes. "He beat her up, when he was drunk or angry or bored. Later I understood that he made his money with drugs. He even wanted to cook meth, but that's where it was too much for mom. Another beating for her, but he never tried it again at least at our home." Dean chuckled bleak and shook his head. "Mom drank a lot and I'm pretty sure she did some of his goods. She's not innocent, but neither was I. But she kept her job all the time." Seth wrapped one arm around Dean's shoulders and started to fondle his neck. "You don't need to tell me everything!" but Dean shook his head. "I have to. You're my... I think you're the love of my life and... I was not okay with the dude, but at first we had something like armistice, but I grew up and became more... I became me... And he hated my cocky answers and the arrogant looks. I even started to deal at school, but not his stuff. I didn't want to owe him something. I wanted money so that mom and I could get rid of him, but she stayed. I swore myself I would leave everything in the moment I got the chance to. I quit school without a degree as soon as I had the opportunity to wrestle and... left. I lived everywhere, sometimes with Sami, sometimes in the park, sometimes with some guys I fucked and I promised myself never to come back. I was away three years and then there was this call. I was with Sami that time." Dean suppressed a sob, lowered his face and hid it behind his hands for a moment. Seth's fingers found his hair and wind his curls around a finger. "A hospital called." Dean choked under some sobs. "They were searching for relatives for days. My mom... she was brought in almost dead. He almost killed her. He beat her up like hell. Nobody does know why, she... as she woke up, she couldn't tell. She was in coma for some weeks with severe head fractures and possible brain damage because he choked her till she was out. A broken hip, broken rips... She was a mess. I was lucky the insurance form her job payed for everything. I wouldn't have... when I think about that..." A silent sob and Seth knew what Dean wanted to tell him. He wouldn't have been able to pay for the care she needed and would have ended his career and to earn the money to pay the bills.

"You were at least a little lucky in the circumstances." Dean sighed. "Not just in that. I... I found this bastard and... and I showed him what I learnt in the ring. I thought the cops would find me or his friends, but... no one ever searched for me. I was lucky there, too." Dean lowered his hands. His eyes were wet, but no tear was shed. "I went back to her, in our old apartment. Some neighbors and colleagues helped, even Sami... I never told her that we... but she loved him like her own kid. She was there for him, when... his shit hit the fan." Dean shook his head and leaned it against Seth's shoulder. He closed his eyes and sighed. "As the WWE contacted me and gave me a tryout I thought about refusing. The money as good, but I had to look after mom and there was Sami, but they both convinced me to... to go, so I went." Seth tried to swallow his lump. He felt it grow. He had so much luck in his life. "You went and met me. No wonder you were such a bastard at first." On Dean's face there was a small smile. "As soon as I made enough money I bought her the apartment you saw today and I pay a nurse who looks after her, but there are still a lot of friends and... and Sami even visits her when he's in Ohio."

Seth rubbed over his face. "She's a lovely woman and now, she's part of my family, too... you know? Thanks for telling me. It explains a lot." Dean looked up, but still with his head on Seth's shoulder. "She told me that I have to keep you. She loves you, not because of your looks... but the
looks you throw at me when I didn't see them. She said that." Seth smiled and placed a kiss on his forehead. "I just love you, Dean and I will not allow you to get rid of me." Dean wrapped an arm around Seth and brushed his face against Seth's shoulder. "You're a cheesy asshole!" he murmured and Seth chuckled. "I'm your asshole!"
Rocking RAW

Chapter Summary

"What were you thinking out there?" Seth yelled at his husband. Dean smiled his cocky smile at him. "I was just looking for a little competition and I'm doing it way better than Braun Strowman!" He explained still with his wide smile on his face that you either want to kiss, but mostly you want to punch away.

Chapter Notes

Happy 4th of July!
I was falling behind with my updates. My notebook started to get a little anorectic. He refused to charge and I thought maybe it's better to send him to wallhalla! He fought hard and had a little crack on the side where the charger was. Perhaps some wire is broken.
Long story short, I bought a new one which took me some weeks so I couldn't revise my chapters.
That's why we constantly falling behind.
But have fun any way!

"What were you thinking out there?" Seth yelled at his husband. Dean smiled his cocky smile at him. "I was just looking for a little competition and I'm doing it way better than Braun Strowman!" He explained still with his wide smile on his face that you either want to kiss, but mostly you want to punch away. Seth pulled his lover in the locker room as soon as they left the ring, where he now pushed him back against the wall in anger. "Yeah, but putting me in a match with Finn and Miz? I don't want your title. It's your championship, not mine!" Dean rolled with his eyes and his smile faded a little. "I said it in the ring, babe! I don't think that Lesnar will defend his title in the near future and sure as hell not against you. You're fantastic, but you know who decides the shots around here? I'm pretty sure they may allow you on RAW, but sure as hell not as contender for Lesnar." Seth grid his teeth, but Dean was right. Steph was still missing on RAW and he didn't know how the boss daughter would react when she would see him. A sigh followed, because sure as hell she didn't like him as IC Champ either. "But your..." Dean interrupted Seth. "Don't whine. I would love to give the belt over to you. You're a better champ than me and... oh please, I would love to fight you again." Dean's eyes start to glow and Seth felt a warm wave in his stomach as he thought about squaring off against his lover. "And with fight you mean, you would love to grope me in front of all these people. Damn, honey! They're not supposed to know and when we're almost fucking in front of them, I'm sure as hell someone would notice!" Seth answered, but he couldn't deny that it would be a real temptation. He always loved to fight against Dean. It had been always hard, but fun. They never gifted anything to the other and just pushed the limit. His husband smirked at him. "I would love to fuck you in the middle of the arena, babe, you know that. But I really want a good fight. I really need a fight. They ignored me for months. I was good enough to fill up their matches and have a little Pre-Show Match at WrestleMania. Everybody is hating on me for not defending my championship at Payback which also is a thing you could hold up against Mr. Lesnar, but no one
does it." Dean sighed in anger. He started calm, but now he seemed to be furious. "But I'm the lazy donkey ass, right? No one cared enough about me to give me a contender, but I'm the lazy guy!"

Seth combed with one hand through Dean's hair and placed the hand in the neck of him. He tugged him a little closer. "Please calm down, hun." He asked and looked into the light blue eyes. His lips softly brushed over the cheek of him. In a fast movement Dean turned his head away. "You're not lazy. Do you hear me?" Seth asked and repeated in a whisper. "You are not lazy, darling! You never were and guys like Miz are telling this to make you angry. He told you that so would make a mistake." Dean looked up with a sad look on his face. One hand of Seth was still in his neck and with one finger of the other hand he was running over Dean's lips. The blonde male sighed and closed his eyes. He was still angry. This was a topic which really grid his gears. But Seth was right. Miz would do anything to get his dirty Hollywood hands again on the IC Championship to play himself important. "Did you hear me?" Seth's voice brought him back to the reality. Dean opened his eyes and locked them with Seth's brown ones. He could lose himself in his eyes. "I did hear ya, but still… I… No… it's okay, because I manage it myself." Seth smiled. "And you managed it good, but don't be mad at me when I beat you and steal your belt." Dean's facial expression changed a bit. Before he seemed a bit frustrated, but with awitch of his mouth he was cocky again. "Don't be mad at me, when I push you on the mat and make you scream, babe." He whispered these words. Seth laughed with a raspy voice. "You wish! There's only one place I will scream for you and you know it's not between the ropes, darling!" Seth answered. The hold in Dean's neck got tighter and he pushed his lover close. Dean smiled at him. "We'll see, but before that you'll have to fight with Miz and our friend with his stone carved abs!" Seth laughed a little. "I was surprised you knew his name in the ring and didn't call him abs guy in front of the fans."

Dean's hand brushed over Seth's shirt and he wrapped his arms around his husband's back. He brushed with his cheek over Seth's shoulder. "You're just jealous that I never appreciate your abs the way I do it with Finn's." Dean murmured against Seth's neck. The brown haired man nodded. "That's right. I really start to get jealous." He answered in joke. "I should be jealous! So often you both tagged the last couple of weeks." If someone would ask for Seth's honest opinion, he would admit that he would love to see Dean jealous. His boyfriend and now husband always seemed to be so… so carefree. Like there were no history of Seth being unfaithful. He would love to see a little jealousy in him. Jealousy wasn't perfect, but it also proofs love. "I would never…" Seth started to defend himself. Dean wrapped his hands around Seth's neck. "Oh shut up! I trust you, dumbass. And Finn's a very cool guy, so don't shit ya!" His lips hovered a moment over Seth's lips and sighed. "I would love to tease you a little further, but… I've got things to do and people to annoy. People I'm not married to." Dean smirked. Seth furrowed his brows. "You've planned more than putting up matches?" Dean's smirk grew wider, but he didn't answer. His husband sighed and placed a shy kiss on Dean's lip. "Alright, you won't tell me. Then leave me! I've got an important match today." He pushed Dean away softly and turned around. Seth started to let his shoulders roll and began his warm up routine. Dean stumbled some steps back and surveyed his lover a little longer, his back turned to him. He loved this brown haired guy and loved to tease him. This would be the coup of the millennium. He took his jacket and one of his bags, put it in the other corner of the room where it was well hidden and turned away.

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"You could have helped me!" Seth murmured. His head was buried in Dean's lap. Eyes tight closed, back hurting like hell. The Triple Threat Match was perfect. Even with Miz trying to avoid the fight. He sneaked out, but a coward like him wouldn't win a match against two perfect athletes like Finn and Seth. However Miz did win, because not everything went how it was so supposed. Samoa Joe crashed into Seth. It was amazing how a man with his looks could sneak up and just break up a real hot and fair match. After that attack the door was open for Bray Wyatt. For their luck he had not fixed his wacky eyes on Seth, but on Finn. What did the smart mouth say that pushed himself into
the focus of Wyatt? His Demon thing? Dean didn't mind. That was Finn's business and even with Seth seemed to be his friend, he wasn't Dean's friend. Dean just cared about Seth. That was why he was nursing his husband backstage after the match. Seth was laying on a bench while Dean sat next to him. He brushed through the brown hair of his lover. "I couldn't. You had to win it on your own." Dean answered calmly. Seth sure knew this fact, but he didn't knew how Dean ran up and down behind the stage and almost freaked out as Joe ran over his lover. He wanted to, but… he just couldn't. Why should he interfere? Why should Dean help Seth? Yeah, they're friends for the people but Seth was the most dangerous guy in the locker room, because Seth knew his weaknesses more than any other guy out there. He knew them even better than Rome.

Seth groaned and Dean felt his fingers brushing over his tight. "I know and I know that it's maybe a bad idea to square off against you. I don't know if I can hide it when I'm between the ropes with you. You remember your little interview prank?" Dean chuckled. One hand was still in Seth's hair, the other found Seth's fingers on his tights. "It's about an hour ago, how could I forget that. It made me really hot how you talked in the third person. Dean likes it when you try to look down on him and play the big bad Seth Rollins." Dean felt how Seth sighed, then his body began to move. He just turned around on the bench, so that the back of his head was laying in Dean's lap and he looked up. "I wanted to kill you. You didn't warn me. Neither about my match, but that was okay. I had time to prep, but smuggle that camera in our locker and then pointing out I'm the fool… I wanted to rip you apart." Dean shrugged his shoulder with a neutral face. "I wanted to fuck your little ass right there as you brushed through your hair to look good."

They looked their eyes and silence fell for a moment, Seth brushed with the back of his head over Dean's lap. The blond man moaned and a smiled curled on Seth's lips. "I wanted to fuck you after I would have won the championship." Again he brushed over Dean's lap with his head and again he heard the moan of his man. It sounded a little desperate. Seth's grin grew wider. "So… you would fuck me?" Dean asked provocative. He bit his lip. "Oh yeah, I would have! And I would have done it with the belt around my waist." Seth answered looking up, feeling how Dean's cock was growing. He just needed to turn and open the pants of his husband, but teasing him was so much fun, especially with the point in mind, that he couldn't suck Dean off in the arena while outside this room their colleagues were roaming around.

Dean groaned, stroking though his hair. "How come that I never got the idea to use this thing as a sex toy?" Dean asked, feeling Seth's head in his lap and the sensually pressure. Damn, he was foam in the hands of Seth. With a simple idea he would throw away all of his cautiousness and make out or even more in this locker. "Not as a toy, more like a little accessory." Was Seth's answer as Dean moaned and leaned his head back. "Maybe… I can borrow you the title some time…" he whispered with a deep voice and closed his eyes. Seth sat up, moved around so that he sat across from his lover, his hands on Dean's tight. "Borrow me? Not using it by yourself?" Dean shook his head slowly, humming under Seth's touch. "Your idea, you can use it till you got our own someday again." Seth smiled. Dean couldn't see his expression, his hands running over Dean's tight. "I will. Don't know when and where, but as soon as I got the Universal Championship I wear it while fucking you and pray to god that you've still got your IC, because I want to see you with that belt then too, laying under me, wincing, because you think you can't take any more of me!"

Dean opened his eyes, his mouth was wide open and he breathed heavily. This images in his mind were so colorful and tensioned. "Fuck. I need this, babe! I need you, right now!" His voice was raspy and his throat felt dry. He pulled Seth hard into a willing lusty kiss. His lips forced entrance into Seth's mouth. His lover still hadn't showered after his match and Seth smelled his musky scent. Seth pushed away. "Could you wait a little longer? I want you, but we should wait till we're in the hotel." Dean nodded and fought himself in the upright position to leave the arena as soon as possible.

They stumbled in their hotel room with locked lips. Seth almost fell over a shoe someone (mostly sure Dean) had left on the floor. Dean caught him, pulled him close. "Are we a little overzealous?"
Dean asked with his lips against Seth's lips. His husband chuckled, but he pushed Dean away, after he found his balance. "With your promise to borrow me your ship? How couldn't I be not overzealous?" he asked with his deep lusty voice. Dean threw his back pack on the floor, Seth's was somewhere on the little floor of the hotel room. Seth hadn't showered, but he didn't think of that. He knew Dean didn't mind and even more that Dean sometimes really loved to smell his musky scent of a long hard work out. "Oh, so it's just about my championship? And I thought you wanted to sleep with your husband!" Dean played the indignant, his hands still placed on the back of Seth. His hands rubbed over his forearm with a soulful soft touch. "Don't play the innocent one! You want it as much as I do!" Seth's hands wandered over Dean's arms, he wrapped them around his neck and sealed his lips with another kiss. Dean's fingers found their way under Seth's shirt. He stroked his back, petted his hot skin while they were kissing. Seth squeezed him against his husband, Dean felt every inch of Seth's body. He hummed into the kiss. Then they pushed away from each other. "Where is it?" Seth asked breathlessly as he yanked off his shirt and pushed down his sweatpants. Dean threw his jacket from his shoulders and pulled his shirt off. "Front pocket." Dean murmured opening the belt of his jeans. Seth sat on the bed, throwing his shoes form his feet, getting rid of his socks. Bare naked he crawled on the bed to Dean's bag. Opening the zipper. Both men were impatient, but as soon as Seth laid his hands on Dean's golden title he was careful. He brushed with his fingers over the golden front plate and especially careful over the name of his lover. He looked up. Dean approached him, also stripped from all clothes. His mouth was dry as he watched his lover holding his championship. "I never held this title." Seth confessed. Dean crawled on the bed, wrapping his hands around Seth's shoulders. "We aren't the first couple which is fooling around with this, are we?" Seth asked hesitating. Dean shrugged his shoulders. "This championship exists for about 38 years... I think we aren't even the first gay couple who are screwing with it!" he answered with his honest opinion and took it out of Seth's hands. He turned it in his hands and put it around Seth's waist. He brushed over the skin of his lover, felt how he shivered, felt his breathe. "I think it looks better on me!" he whispered in the ear of his husband who answered with a chuckle. "Shut up!" Seth groaned and pushed Dean down on the mattress with his body weight. Dean felt the cold metal pushing against his stomach. The naked hot bodies rubbed against each other with the leather and metal between them. They grunted and moaned in the kisses, feeling how their members danced. "Lovu!" Dean murmured in the kiss and Seth hummed as answer. Then Seth raised and slit a little up over Deans body. Both were fully erected and hard, groaning and coughing under lust. Seth leaned back, wrapping a hand around Dean which he acknowledged with a hard raspy moan. "Oh babe!" he almost shouted. Seth stroked his full length up and down increasing his speed very fast. Seth bid his lower lip slowing riding on Dean's belly. Seth felt the precum in his hand, Dean was dripping wet. Seth could hold himself a little better. He had his knee placed on one of Dean's wrists so he couldn't give the petting back, because the other hand was holding Seth's free one. Just grunts and moans filled the hotel room till Seth leaned forward. "Wanna dig me?" Seth asked with his raspy voice. Dean growled under him, almost unable to put together some words, so he just moaned. "No prep?" But Seth thought he wouldn't need much prep. Since the wedding they were together constantly, sleeping every night in the same bed, cuddling and fucking. Seth felt lose and Dean's cock was dripping wet. He didn't want to get off of his lover to search the god damned lube. He had three full days to recover if it would get a little rough. "No prep." Seth stated moaning and hovered with his butt over Dean's lap. His husband freed his hand under the knee, putting it on Seth's hip, the other he put on the other hip still holding Seth's hand. "Come, babe... you're the champ... ride me!" he summoned pushing his hips up against Seth. He felt how his cock placed himself against Seth's round butt cheeks. "Fuck, please!" he begged. Seth pushed him down, grabbing Dean's cock gently and stroking it again to spread the lusty wetness a little more before he directed Dean into himself. Dean loved it when Seth took the control. He always was more of a powerbottom and fought against Dean over the upper hand, but sometimes like now. Dean leaned back and let him play this side of him with whole power.
At first he just was in with the tip, he felt how Seth widened around him. He and Seth groaned simultaneously. With slow soft moves Seth dug Dean deeper and his moans got louder. Dean was helpless under him, with his hands on Seth's hip. His free hand stroked over Seth's skin, ran over his muscles, pushed his fingers under the IC Championship to feel how Seth's burning skin felt and his belly muscles danced under it. With careful movements Seth took more and more of Dean, he threw his head behind, groaned Dean's name and moved faster. "Fuck, Dean!" he yelled. Dean wrapped his hand around Seth's now dripping cock, while Seth leaned back so Dean was trusting against his prostate. Both moaned loud and incoherent sounds in the silent air of the hotel room. Dean felt his peak approaching. "I'm coming, champ!" he tried to say, but the only thing what his mouth left: "comi chap" Seth nodded and stated just "yup yup aha yup!" moving up and down full length of Dean and then... a loud yell. Dean felt how Seth jerked and his cum landing wet on Dean's upper body. In the same moment he felt how he released himself the hot behind of Seth.

After their orgasm both men cuddled on the bed. Seth cleaned Dean's chest with his shirt and threw it on the floor. He still was wearing the championship, the love play heated up the metal and the leather.

"How's your back? Didn't I stretch too much?" Dean asked worried. Seth places his face in the crook of Dean's neck and shook his head. "No, darling... you fit perfect. I love the little pain and feel so empty when you left me." Dean's fingers found again Seth's hair and reeled his hair around his fingers. "I love you, but I don't want you to feel pain." He murmured sleepy. Seth raised his upper body. "I want it, like you do sometimes... don't break your head about that. Think about what I do to you when I got my own championship!" he teased Dean and lay down again, closing his eyes.
Approaching Extreme

Chapter Summary

"How come that you're tagging with everybody but me?"
Again Seth was so desperate for revenge, redemption or whatever. All Dean got was this cursed match against Miz. Why couldn't they book a normal match? No DQ or Extreme Rulez? No, it had to be this stupid stipulation that he loses the title when he got disqualified. Fuck, that smelled like some bad shit would happen.

Chapter Notes

Again I'm a little far behind the current events. I KNOW!
And I know that probably nobody is caring about that fact or my fic, but it drives me nuts. So I try to speed up my revising of the already written chapters and present them to you... If I can.

And when you're interested it would be really nice to say something? I know normally I'm not that desperate fishing for comments, cause your kudos are wonderful, too. And you're constantly kudoing me, but sometimes a wise word like: "WTF WHAT DID YOU THINK?" would really help me... i think.
So if you got something in mind to tell me... feel free!

Have fun!

"How come that you're tagging with everybody but me?" Dean asked provocative. Seth rolled his eyes. "It's not like I asked for that!" he defended himself. "I mean, I was just out there because of Joe. He ruined everything the last weeks and I just had to make sure he didn't screw the things at Extreme Rulez." Dean shook his head. Again Seth was so desperate for revenge, redemption or whatever. All Dean got was this cursed match against Miz. Why couldn't they book a normal match? No DQ or Extreme Rulez? No, it had to be this stupid stipulation that he loses the title when he got disqualified. Fuck, that smelled like some bad shit would happen. Shit, he wouldn't have under control. It puts Miz in the favor and Dean hated that.
Seth didn't say a word about that. He was so focused on his match. He was focused on beating Brock Lesnar and Dean just thought that it wouldn't come that far. He would just lost his focus when Joe would start his rampage and Dean couldn't help him. He was just… not happy the last weeks. He lost against this stupid guitar guy just because of the Miz and Seth? Teamed up with Roman. Dean missed it to tag with Roman. The only thing what calmed the blond guy, was Seth wrapping his arms around his shoulders, kissing his neck.
"Roman didn't even want my help and I think he didn't even like to tag with me." Dean shrugged his sore shoulders. "He don't want the help, because everybody's hating him and he thinks he needs to proof himself. Does this remember you at someone?" Dean asked his husband sarcastic. Seth sighed. "I didn't want to help him. I wasn't there to help Roman. He's the big dog and he can do his doggy walks alone in his yard. Yeah, he's a friend, but you're my hubby and I'm not mothering you either.” Dean groaned annoyed. Seth was right, everybody did their own thing, but at Extreme Rulez he
would be happy to have Seth in his corner, so he would just watch over Maryse. He would cut off his tongue before he would ask for that favor, since they had the agreement not to rush at the side of the other, so it would be a dream forever.

"You should just let him fight his matches as we did with Braun. And you should just… I don't know…" Dean didn't know what would be best, but Seth seemed to know what is in his mind better than him: "Ignore Samoa Joe like you ignore Miz? You know that we don't work this way, babe." Dean sighed as answer on Seth and nodded. "I don't know. I just think that you get in trouble the more you let Joe get under your skin." Seth's lips brushed over Dean's biceps. "He's not under my skin, honey, but he keeps attacking me and I can't finish a match because of him. He's not under my skin, he's a shithead!" Dean laughed bleak. "Alright babe. I shut up, but be careful tonight. Bray and Joe… that's pure poison!" Seth shot an annoyed looked over to his husband. These smart ass words. Why does everybody in this world try to mother him? Seth breathed through. Dean needn't to tell him facts he already knew. "Oh don't look at me this way, Seth!" Dean started again an. "I know this look very well. Just... get your shit together and don't bring your friendship with Ro in jeopardy, just to get your hands on Joe. Please!" Seth rolled his eyes, turned his face at side but then he sighed. Roman was one of the last real friends he had. Yeah, he liked and trusted Finn also. On SmackDown Renee was roaming around alone, but she was still a friend. However Rome...

"Alright, I try my best!" He promised. Dean wasn't really happy about, but he lived with that, he had to live with. He couldn't change his lover and he understood him more than he had shown. But he was concerned. What would happen if Roman and Seth started a fight? He knew on which side he belonged, but he loved Roman. Dean didn't want to think about this shit, not again. This felt way to much like the end of shield, so he just didn't want to choose.

~

Seth was silent on their way home. It maybe wasn't the smarts idea to take the car, but a flight to Moline wasn't much shorter and they had to wait till morning. Grand Rapids was a 5 hour drive away and then they were at home in Davenport in the early morning, in Seth king-size bed. Dean was happy to find some rest after this show. How could the fun they had a couple of weeks ago change so fast to this... to this mess?

"You know he didn't do it on purpose?" Dean asked in the silence of the car. Seth groaned and turned away his face, looking at the outside. "I know, I already said that, but..." Dean tried to go on, but Seth lost it: "Then why are you talking about it again?" He asked angry. They were in the middle of nowhere on a highway in Illinois. Why had his husband to be a dick right now? "You're silent as a grave and it's about 3 in the morning. I would like to talk with you!" Dean tried to be calm. Why had he to be the grown up now? His job was to get hit by shit and tearing himself apart. "Can't we just not talk about Roman then? He just had to... never mind... just don't let us talk about Roman... or Joe..." Seth answered, his view went into the night outside the car again. "But... could you try not to be angry at Rome? It was just a mistake." Dean tried, but he knew that it went wrong as Seth beat against the dashboard in front of him. "And why are these mistakes always hitting me?" he yelled. "It's Shield all over again. Roman trying to be the top guy on my expanse and you always keeping his side." Seth yelled further. Dean looked to the side, but had to focus on the road again. "That's not like that time... I was constantly fighting with Rome..." Seth interrupted his lover. "Yeah, you were and I could just watch and... argh... He's so stubborn." Another hit against the car. "Could you just not break the rental? We booked it on my card." Dean murmured. Seth snapped at him. "Stop joking! If this at Extreme Rulez don't work out for me..."

That was the moment when something in Dean snapped. He hit the brakes hard and pulled over on the sideway of the small highway. It was in a forest, no sign of civilization and very creepy. "Oh please! Say it, say it is my fault when you lose the match. Say it, I'm just waiting for it! I won't play your little one man show and help you! I've got my own match and thanks for asking how I'm feeling... it feels terrible that thisucker Miz can get my title in the blink of an eye... this time I could
need your help. And for love of god… don’t mention the shield… DON’T! You hit me with a chair.
Roman got two freaking shots and I… you beat the living shit outta me. This is not the shield all over
again, this is you being jealous on Rome, because you don't see how a fucking shitty the lives of
everybody around you are. So shut your cakehole… I changed my mind, I don’t wanna hear ya
voice anymore!"
Seth swallowed, but that was too much. "I'm… sorry, but…" he was lost for words and stared at
Dean with a wide open mouth. There was the man who he loved fighting over his feelings of anger,
the engine was still running. Dean stared on the empty road which only was lightened by the spots of
the car. "I can't buy me happiness with a sorry, Seth!" Dean murmured. "But what should I say?
What do you want to hear?" Seth asked a little louder. Dean turned around the key and the engine
died. "I… can't stand you at the moment!" he answered and opened the car door. Seth was startled,
what was Dean doing? Leaving? Here? In the middle of the night? Somewhere in Illinois? The
blond man threw the door shut and walked around the car away in the forest. Dean was kidding
him? "Babe?" he asked in the empty car, but Dean wasn't looking back. Seth got out of the car, but
he took his phone and the keys, so he could look the car. Some weird ass hillbilly shouldn't steal their
stuff or ran away with their car. "DEAN?" he yelled at his husband hopefully to stop him, but all he
could hear where muffled steps on the forest ground. "Honey, please… wait! Let us talk!" he yelled
in the forest and tried to follow the sounds. If this was a horror movie Seth knew he would be about
to die, some stupid ass muscle guy walking around in the dark? He had to die.
He ran against something, in his thoughts he wasn't paying attention very much. It wasn't Dean, but
some tall tree. How could he missed that? "Why you hugging the tree?" Dean's voice came from the
side and Seth jerked a little. "Cause you don't!" Seth returned, but shook his head fast. "Dean,
please… I'm sorry for whining in your ear about Rome, but… one last thing I'm allowed to bitch
about?" It was dark, but his eyes got used to it, so he saw his hubby nodding. "I really don't know
where to go and since I'm back the only thing I accomplished was an injury and I'm feeling like… a
loser. Every time… I lose and Roman… he does not! What if he beats me, does it mean Hunter was
right and I was a failure?" Seth asked lowly. Dean muttered and shook his head. "You're not a loser,
babe!" he hated to admit it, but Seth wasn't. "You maybe were a bad winner while bonding with
Hunter, but you're not a loser. You beat Hunter and Joe. You beat Hunter so bad, he and his wife ran
away. You beat Joe so clear, that he gets in your face constantly. You almost become universal
champ for… how many times… and you never lost because you were the weaker man. During
almost every match with Owens I jizzed in my pants. When you lose in this Five Way, then you wait
for another chance, Babe!" Seth bit his lip over these cute words of his lover. He wrapped his arms
around Dean's shoulders and pushed his face against the neck of him. "I'm sorry I didn't ask you
about your problems with Miz. I thought you didn't want to talk about it." Seth murmured in Dean's
ear and the blonde male sighed. "I don't want to talk about it. I don't know why it drives me nuts."
Dean kept one hand in his pants pocket while he was brushing with the other hand over Seth's back.
"I just… I hate to think that I could easily lose against him. Maryse just has to slap him in front of the
Ref. It's basically how I lost today. I can cope everything, but not losing against the Miz." Dean
confessed. Seth knew what happened today and that Dean had killed a plastic chair behind the
curtain after this match. Neither Seth nor Dean knew Samson, but he knew that this guy was so
irrelevant that it angered Dean that he lost against him.
"You have to be very careful!" Seth tried, but then he shook his head. "Sorry for this… I really don't
know what to say. You'll need eyes in your back if you're not wanna get screwed." He changed his
words. Dean snorted. "I need you… or at least a friend at ringside." This small confession that Dean
wished him to be at his side. Seth made a silent aw – sound and pushed his face a little more against
his husband. "Don't do this sound again." Dean murmured and made Seth smile. Then something
cracked in the middle of the Night, both men pushed away from each other and looked around.
"Hun, I will not say, that I'm afraid… but… that was scary, we should…" Seth swallowed and Dean
nodded. "I know what you're saying and… I don't want to be eaten by big foot either… let us
leave!" Dean held Seth's hand and walked a fast pace back to the car, to leave this argument behind
in the woods.
Lots a ups and some downs

Chapter Summary

Seth vs. AJ on up up down down down with a special hidden guest:
It was impressive how much passion the nerd put in this project and how committed everyone was. Seth was real nervous and concentrated. He had practiced. Madden helped him to get chilled and occupied his thought when he doesn't fuck up up while gaming. He could real rage over the game when it tried to sabotage him.
At the beginning they started to set up everything, putting the camera in place, start the tape arranging the seats.

Chapter Notes

No, I'm not whining again over falling back and comments.
Weren't this week's RAW beautiful? I couldn't have written it better.
It's so perfect I really don't know how to add this with a chapter of my fic. It's just... I love it.

But I heard something about a turn and I give you slight warning. I maybe can't write on when it happens... I just... can't maybe I leave the reality and go on another path with his fic, but I can't split them both. This fic became Canon for me and when the bad thing happens, then I'll just deny everything and leave with my huppy Dean and hubby Seth on a lonely island!
I just... wanted to warn early.

Have fun with the new chapter!

"You're putting real effort in this?" Dean asked Xavier Woods, while Seth was preparing his big entrance scene for the video. As they arrived everybody was a little startled to see Dean again. He never was interested in games and because of that never invited to film for Xavier's gaming Chanel. He didn't even watch a single video, so everybody was... why're you here?
He was here to be with his hubby, but no one was allowed to know this little fact, so the story was, Seth told him he was visiting and he just invited himself. After the match against Roman Seth was beaten. He laid with hurting rips in the hotel room and was just... down. There promised Dean he would be stay with Seth and follow him to SmackDown.
"Yeah, the fans love it and it's funny to play with their dedication. By the way, they would love to see you, Dean." The blond man looked over to the bright smiling black man. "That was a weak try, Xav. I wouldn't even know what to play, buddy." He almost said that Seth tried a million times to bring him to his PS. Xavier smiles. "Didn't you ever play a video game? Not even in an arcade? I got a bunch of old games, too." Dean crossed the arms in front of his chest and surveyed Xavier. It was not the first time he was asking Dean, but the first time he actually thought about doing it. Before that he just shook his head, but now he tried to be a part of Seth's life.
Fuck no, he WAS a part of Seth's life even with this whole secret.
"Listen, Xav." Dean opened his crossed arms and put a hand on the tight shoulder of the nerd. "One day I will sit next to you and you can laugh like a maniac about how bad I'm. But not today… this is Seth's thing, not mine... I'm here to meet my friends and laugh about Seth's rage." Xavier was not happy, but also not disappointed. He still smiled and patted the forearm of Dean. "One day, I got you. I wait for the perfect bet I can tug you in or the perfect game. I get everyone in front of my cam." He answered. "Are you threatening me, Nerd? I ate guys like you for breakfast in high school." Dean and Xavier had a laugh. "You would choke on me today, but okay… let's go filming."

Dean held him back, one hand on the shoulder, not too hard. "Could you..." Xavier's smile vanished. "Could I try not to film you?" he asked. Dean nodded fast. "No prob, Dean. This is all about Seth and AJ. Just stay behind and everything will be alright!"

Dean stayed out of the camera focus. He leaned against the wall and was witness of this game. It was the first time he was where Xavier built up his gaming station. It was impressive how much passion the nerd put in this project and how committed everyone was. Seth was real nervous and concentrated. He had practiced. Madden helped him to get chilled and occupied his thought when he doesn't fuck up up while gaming. He could real rage over the game when it tried to sabotage him. At the beginning they started to set up everything, putting the camera in place, start the tape arranging the seats.

"Oh my… is this Dean Ambrose?" Dean turned his head and looked over to Renee. She was standing in the doorway and yelled the words. Everybody was looking over to her. "I've not seen you in years. It's a miracle that I recognized you." Dean rolled with his eyes and shook his head. "Could you please not yell at me, mini?" he asked lowly, but raised his hand and pulled Renee closer as she entered the room. He hugged her, rubbed his chin through her long hair and inhaled her scent. He loved her, really loved her and he had to admit that he missed being on tour with her. The fact was, they did met, since the shakeup. They both lived in Vegas and met for dinner every time he and Seth stayed at his house. But it was something different seeing him now. Renee pushed his face against his chest.

It was strange. She was still his fake girlfriend even with his real but secret husband in the same room. They never talked about what was the official relation between them now. But this was not the right time to ask this kind of question.

"Alright, do the mics work?" Xavier asked. Nobody was looking at them. Seth shoot a smile over to him, but then he was looking at the screen, took the controller in his hand and concentrated.

"How's the marriage life after all?" Renee whispered. Dean looked down on her, brushed through her hair and shrugged his shoulders. "Not bad, like the last time you asked." Dean murmured in her ear. "I'm here to support him like a good hubby." Renee laughed and threw a look over to Seth. "A very good hubby. He really wants to win this." Dean nodded. Renee stood in front of him. He had still one arm around her shoulder. "Yeah. After the last weeks… he needs it."

"You could need something like this, too." Renee pushed her lips on Dean's fingers. Her soft lips brushed over his fingers and he smiled. She knew him so well.

"Okay, were ready. Let's go!" Xavier took his spot behind Seth and AJ and everything began. Dean and Renee hadn't the best spot to watch the game, but both weren't football fans and Dean had to admit that he didn't even understand the fun in Madden.

Seth showed him some games which really seemed interesting, but Madden… no. That wasn't his cup of tea.

Seth was calm, it was spooky how calm he was, pretty concentrated. Seth seemed to sweat a little, the trophy was introduced and Dean's mouth fell open. What the heck? "I don't know how we should bring this thing home." Dean whispered laughing and shook his head. "Don't asked me. Are you flying home?" Renee whispered back, looking up to her friend. "Yeah, with the car it would be half a day, but flying to Moline will take just an hour and a half." Renee giggled, turning to Dean and poking him in the rips. "You didn't know that there will be a trophy?" she asked. Sure she knew
such things. "He told me, but… I thought it would be a small thing." Again Renee giggled her cute little laugh. "That's the burden for being married to the champ." She whispered silently in Dean's ear. A small laughing sound escaped his mouth. Damn, yeah… the burden of a trophy wife.

The game started and AJ seemed a hard opponent. Seth even admitted, he played a lot of the guys backstage, but AJ… they were not for long on the same brand. The split happened and Seth only gamed the other RAW guys not the SmackDown people. But the more they gamed AJ lost his cool. He had excuses, but that wouldn't help him. He didn't play for months and started whining, while Seth started to take the lead.

Dean laughed up. "Normally Seth is raging." He whispered and Renee was nodding. Even without the videos she would have known. After the marriage Renee came over to Dean and while he and Renee was sitting in the kitchen, talking, eating and maybe cooking, Seth was in the living room gaming. He brought his X-Box over to Dean's house, so he could play at home and at Dean's. So Renee heard him live yelling at the TV and the gaming station.

Seth started to lead the game and AJ got really angry. He was tense and annoyed. Dean noticed how everybody was laughing and some were wondering. AJ tried it with excuses, he hadn't played for months on a PlayStation and that he was hitting the wrong buttons. But he didn't get better. The more he fell behind the angrier he got. Then he hit a bottle, throwing it threw the room. Water got spilled and even Seth was looking surprised. The bottle almost hit Renee. Dean pulled her back, the water wasn't the problem, but getting a bottle in the face wasn't actually what he wished for his friend. "Let's sit down over there, maybe… it's better to be save before AJ turns into hulk!" Dean proposed and Renee followed him, sitting on a bench. Now they didn't see anything of the match, but it was okay. Dean missed the talks with Renee. They sit in their hidden spot and whispered about things, while AJ raged on and quit the match, yelling at everybody and even throwing his loser trophy on the floor.

There was only one thing in Dean's head. "He won that shit? I have to bring this shit home?" "Sure I want the trophy, look at the beautiful thing!" Seth said in a debate with AJ. "He heard you!" Renee whispered giggling. Dean couldn't believe it. He hoped that Seth would win, for his confidence, but this trophy. Renee found another topic.

"Seth's enjoying it?" she asked this rhetorical question. Dean looked over to his husband who was sitting on his chair with a big grin on his face. "Oh yeah. Happy… that word isn't enough. He'll boasting for days maybe even longer. He will not let AJ forget this match, even when he is losing the X-Box match!" Dean shook his head. "Oh damn… the X-Box is at my house… he'll be playing every free second just to swipe AJ away." Dean groaned and ruffled through his own hair. "Your husband is a brat!" Renee noted. "Yeah, a brat… and I won't help that brat carry that thing!" Dean groaned. Again Renee laughed and stood up. She wrapped her hands around Dean's and pulled him up to his feed. "You have to and you will listen to his boasting and when it's too much you do what you'll always do. Kissing him, so he would shut up!" Renee knew them to well, but Dean would not stop nagging and Renee knew that too.

~

"This is a huge ass trophy!" Dean wrapped his arms around the waist of Seth and tug him close. He found a silent spot. The guys of the SmackDown roster had to prepare them for the show. Seth put his arms on Dean's shoulders. "Yeah, but don't worry. I really bring it over to the gym. You don't have to see it every time when you're at home." Dean shrugged with his shoulders. "I don't care as long as I don't have to clean it. But you know this is just a game, isn't it?" Seth started to shook his head, but with a smile on his face. Dean noticed once more how cute his little tooth gap looked when he had this lovely warm smile on his lips. "It's not about the game. It's to proof a point. I'm a genius in the ring and on the controller. For years the bears got lowered in their power, but I keep winning. I did it for RAW!" the brown haired man defended himself with passion. Dean cracked a laugh. "Oh, just for RAW, to proof we're the better brand! I understand… so selfless. I'm impressed!"
pulled him closer and sealed his lips with a long kiss. He sucked in the lower lip of Seth between his teeth, felt the happy humming of Seth in his mouth. Hands brushed over fabric, someone groaned happy. This was way better than Seth's mood yesterday. They parted breathless. Dean noticed how Seth's cheeks were a little blushed. Then they heard voices approaching. Seth and Dean parted. Dean's hands brushed over the skin of Seth's arms as he stepped back.

"Do you miss SmackDown?" Seth asked, because Dean's view wandered to the side and he seemed a bit thoughtful. His husband shrugged his shoulders. "A little maybe… I know the people and I like some of them." Dean murmured. Seth's fingers brushed over the back of Dean's hand. The voices stayed in the near, but did not came close. "Do you miss Renee?" Dean nodded. Seth closed his hand around Dean's. "I would have loved to come over. I really wanted to ask Angle to send me away." Dean pulled his hand back and held his hands up to fight it away. "It's okay. I don't know if I'm happier on RAW, but I'm happier to see you more." Dean whispered and he brushed with his lips over Seth's cheek. "Shall we… leave?" Seth answered this question with a little nod. He shouldered the trophy and Dean cracked a laugh. This thing was almost as tall as Seth.
One bad evening

Chapter Summary

A weird thought crossed Dean's head, he was actually living this evening with his husband and his girlfriend in one room. When has his life become a loony soap opera?

Chapter Notes

Long story short: New chapter, yey! It's from Extreme Rulez, yey! I'm still writingy, yey! Have fun!!!

The time before the show started everything was a bit awkward. Not in a bad way, but it wasn't as usual. For months Seth and Dean shared a locker room. This time it was Dean got one of the roomier lockers, so Seth abandoned his space. But this time they weren't alone, there was Renee with them. She was moderating the pre-show and would also do her job on RAW Talk. So she was home based there, too. A weird thought crossed Dean's head, he was actually living this evening with his husband and his girlfriend in one room. When has his life become a loony soap opera?

But then the show began. Dean opened the show with his match against the Miz and lost. He had the upper hand till Miz pushed him into the ref. That was the moment were he lost his focus. He just was so concerned over the fact, that he might be disqualified, that Miz got his chance and rolled him up in a pin and won the freaking match.

Dean was devastated. He didn't care much about losing the championship, but losing it to Miz. Losing to Miz and his huge ego. His comeback tour. Dean crashed in the locker room on a wooden bench, an arm over his eyes. His knee was hurting, but he took some painkillers. At the end of the night he would drive to some town in Pennsylvania, so he had to be fit to drive. He felt Seth's fingers brush over his arm how he pushed a cold water bottle in his hand. "You'll get your championship back, love." Dean took the bottle from him, but he was moody. "I don't WANT it back! Miz can shove it up his ass. I just didn't want to lose against him." The bottle flew through the locker room. It cracked against the wall, busted open. "What the…" that wasn't Seth's voice or Renee's…

Dean sat up and looked in the slight surprised face of Roman. "I wanted to…" The Samoan stopped and shook his head. "I just wanted to check on you, but I got the answer… so you're pissed?" Rome closed the locker room door behind him.

Dean really wanted to knock his friend down for being this stupid. Sure he was pissed. The odds were stacked against him and as he was a fighter, he didn't just start the match and then waited for the count out like a Miz would have done it. He wasn't even mad about losing via pin, he was mad because it was HIS OWN FAULT!

That was what really devastated him. He snorted. "Shut up, Roman." He growled at the Samoan. Renee rolled her eyes. She went over, picked up the bottle and threw it in the trash can before she got a towel. "Sometimes you guys really start to annoy me! Could you grow up? I'm not a cleaner." She scolded him while he was mopping up the spilled water. "No one said you should mop it up!"

Dean groaned and laid back on the bench, staring at the ceiling.

Seth sighed and then he shot a look over to Roman. Renee stared at the towel in her hand. She stood up, walked over to Dean and threw the wet towel in his face. "Don't be a sulky baby, Dean. You
lost, that's shit, but it's not our fault…” Dean sat up to yell back at her. "I KNOW, IT'S MY OWN FAULT!" Renee didn't even blink as he raised his voice. She put her hands in her waist. "Don't yell at me!" she answered calm. Dean snorted and let himself fall back on the bench.

Seth and Roman again shared a look in silence. Seth knew he should soothe Dean, but he didn't know how and Roman's face seemed like the thought the same thing. The so called architect shrugged with his shoulders. 'Take Renee out' Seth mouthed. Roman swallowed, but a nodded followed.

"Heeeeyyy." He said in his typical deep Roman voice. "I think we should get our loony diva something to eat… and with loony diva I don't mean you, Renee!" he wrapped an arm around the short blonde to softly tug her away. "I said shut up, Roman!" Dean murmured and raised his middle finger. Renee shot an angry look back, but let Roman pull her out of the room.

As the door was shut, Seth sighed again and went over to Dean. He sat down on the floor, so that his and the face of his lover were on the same height. "I don't want to talk!" Dean snapped at him, but Seth didn't rethread. He brushed with his hand over Dean's shoulder. "It's okay, if you want to sulk a little, but I think it's funnier for you when I try to soothe you." Dean laughed bleak. "You soothe me? I bet ten bucks at the end of the night, when you lost you'll be as sulky as me." Dean turned around to look in Seth's face. "No, I bet you'll be even worse. I know that I did a mistake, but you… you won't even accept your own fault." Seth rolled his eyes and brushed with his hand over Dean's cheek. His husband backed away. "Maybe, but maybe I win tonight. Then you can sulk to together with Rome." Sure Seth wasn't happy that Dean didn't want to be touched, but this wasn't the first time Dean fought with his anger. The only thing that had changed was that Seth was married to him and could get closer than before. Not just stroking and petting him, he could kiss him, wrap his arms around him to keep him close.

"You shouldn't wish for this. You don't get that belt, babe… you get a shot against Lesnar." Dean answered. "I fought him before." Seth returned, but Dean wasn't done. "I think since the last time you stood in the ring with him, Lesnar just got meaner." Seth opened his mouth, he wanted answer something cocky, but he realized Dean was pretty worried what would happen to him, when he was in the ring with the beast. Dean went into a no holds barred match with Lesnar and since then he had an all new anger against the man.

Seth laid a hand in the neck of Dean and pulled him a little closer to a kiss. At first their lips just touched softly, before Seth stole a long loving kiss. Dean didn't turn away, he answered with the same pressure and for some long moments the room was silent. They parted a little breathless. "Then you'll have to help me, babe. You and Ro stand by my side when I'll face Brock. He's a beast but…” Dean sighed and interrupted Seth. "We're not the shield anymore, babe." Dean sat up and pulled Seth's hands in his own, sighed, rubbed with his fingers through his hair. "We could be it again. We'll built it again, stronger, better." Seth whispered. Dean raised his view to his husband who was still sitting below the bench. "Win tonight and we can talk about it."

After some moments Renee and Roman returned. They carried some bowls, mostly fries, which they took from the catering. The one thing Dean would always eat is Fries. It's not like he would refuse other stuff, but when you're somewhere and you've to choose without advice from Dean what you to bring… choose fries!

Dean and Renee changed a long angry look. "PMS over?" she asked sarcastically. "Every time I asked you this very question, you almost decapitated me. You said that it's not okay to ask this." Was Dean's answer. Renee showed a little smirk. "You remember so many freaking shit, Ambrose… It's really concerning! On your death bed you'll confront me with a stupid fact I told you!" Seth started to laugh. He still was sitting on the floor and watch this scene from the down there. Renee was right.

Dean remembered a lot of stupid facts or things someone said. For Seth it was a proof that Dean was everything, but stupid. "You know damn well that you'll die before me. Everybody here will die before me, because I simply refuse to put the spoon in the bucket!"

The mood of was shifting.
Dean took the fries and pulled Seth up from the floor. Renee sat next to him. "What's up, Ro?" Seth asked finally. Roman leaned against the wall, he shrugged with his shoulders, crossing his arms in front of his chest. "Just looking after Dean, but..." Dean laughed. "But now you don't wanna leave. Cause here it's funny and your locker is so big and lonely?" Roman rolled his eyes. "You're not of the hook, Ambrose. When you annoy me, I slap you!" Dean chuckled. "Yeah, teach me whose yard it is." He found more and more of his normal self again, he was not forgetting what happened, but calming his anger and teasing other people was pure gold for his mood. "If you wish... stay. Take a seat and a bottle of water. Tell us something!" Seth invited Rome, stroking through Dean's hair while his husband was eating. "Actually..." Roman begun a sentence, walking over to take a bottle out of the fridge. He sat down on a chair, leaning back. His long hair was still bound in a bun, like Seth's was. ". . . I really have a lot to tell. The twins... they are growing so fast." He sighed and rubbed over his face. Seth shot a look over to Dean, how he looked on his food, but still nodded over Rome's words. "How is Galina? Three kids is much work to do!" Renee asked more sensitive than one of the boys could ever be. "It's a lot for her, but when I'm at home I do the nightshifts and Mom's helping. It... Since Rosey's... I mean... It helps her." The locker room went quite. It was a shock that everybody had hurt months ago. Rome more than Seth and Dean, but when someone close to you loses a family member, it remembers you on how fast everything could end. It happened shortly after the marriage. Dean looked up and over to Seth. Roman was out due to some injuries and then this news spread. "How..." Roman shook his head, as Dean opened his mouth to question something. "Everybody's fine. Nothing is great, but this... our family is used to loss, you know." Both Seth and Dean nodded. Sure they knew, everybody knew. It wasn't as hurtful to tell like the story of the Harts or the von Erichs, but they lost a lotta people. "You asked the small ones to be the godfathers of your twins?" Dean suddenly changed the subject. He always refereed to the Usos as 'the small ones' because they were younger and smaller as Rome. His friend blinked and shook the head. "No, we... I didn't yet... why do you asked?" Dean never was interested in stuff like that and he really surprised his friend. Dean pushed some fries in his mouth. "Caufff ffey ha ffieir own ffwin goffafffer! I fffinf ifff fun!" He answered with his full mouth and swallowed. "You know what I mean. Every twin would have their own twin, just think about the family pictures or the stuff the small ones could teach your boys!" Roman wouldn't want to think about the shit his cousins would tell his boys, but the idea of Dean was so... it was so Dean. "I... I think, I'll ask what Galina thinks, but... I don't say we'll do it." Dean shot a grin at Rome and then looked to everybody else. "He's gonna do it. I'll tell ya!"

Roman stayed with his friends almost till their match begun. And then the slaughter began. Like always Dean did hard on staying calm behind the curtain. In the beginning it was really funny as Roman didn't had an opponent and almost was trolling the fans who ripped out their throats to boo him. But it got really hard and at a certain point Dean switched off the TV and he and Renee sat there in silence with just the muffled sound from the audience in the hall. "What are you thinking Dean?" Renee asked, she always knew when he was bothered by something. "I don't want Seth to win. Am I a bad person for wishing this?" He answered without hesitation. He knew it was pointless to hide it from his girlfriend. Renee sighed. "No. I understand your thought. I wasn't so keen on the fact that you faced Lesnar either." He let his head sink and leaned over to Renee. It was extremely rare for Dean to seek for comfort. He put his head on Renee's shoulder. She cupped his cheek and pushed her head softly against him. She felt his breath on her neck and closed her eyes. Dean was always there when she needed a hug and she knew that he and Seth were always cuddling and kissing, but this... he was really worried and just needed someone so he didn't feel alone. "I really miss you, Renee!" He whispered and yeah, she missed him too. She loved the girls and the boys and her work at SmackDown, but Dean was her guardian. "Everything is going to be alright. I promise." She whispered. The blond man raised his head again and he pushed his lips against her cheek. "I love you." He confessed. Renee smiled over. "I love you, too."

"Renee?" Some producer just peaked with his head through the door. "2 minutes, we need you!"
RAW talk was about to begin, that meant... "The match is finished?" Dean asked shocked and the producer look surprised at him. "Yeah. Joe won... Renee. Please!" He nagged and Renee stood up. Joe won that meant Seth and his friend Rome were safe... at first.
steal a kiss

Chapter Summary

A little catch up and a little flashback chapter! Sometimes memories can be so much fun!

Chapter Notes

I'm on vacation at the moment. I'm sitting in the hotel room, my bf next to me on his phone. I think he's a little sulky, but... yeah... love life isn't easy sometimes especially if you're with a fangirl.
I hope to bring you some more stuff next week!

Hope you like this chapter!

After a good night's sleep everything would look better. But Seth wasn't able to catch a full night's sleep, they drove all the way to their next location for RAW right after the show. It was a three hour ride and then early in the morning the next appointments were waiting for them. He and Dean caught some hours of sleep, but not as much as both needed to feel relaxed. No one of them were happy this RAW, they both lost and both didn't know at what point they were standing at the moment.
Like last night Roman was in the same locker with them. It wasn't like their early days, but quite nice to have his brother around. Roman had already his match, he opened RAW against Wyatt. "It's still kinda strange for me... I mean you and Dean." Roman said. He had an ice pack on his shoulder.
This locker room was a little more cozy then the Extreme Rules locker. He sat on an armchair and leaned back. Seth smiled. "I'm dating him since December Roman. I love him... so much. But sometimes when I wake up next to him and I'm still a little dizzy from sleep, I can't believe it either." He confessed and brushed over his back bound hair. "I slept so often next to him, that it's so... I can't explain it." Roman kept silent. He shrugged his shoulder and sucked in air through his teeth. Seth shook his head. "Sometimes it feel like we were still just mates and when I sit up in the bed I look over and wonder why there's no bed with you next to ours."
Roman smiled a crooked smile. "I'm glad that I'm not sleeping next to you anymore. It's not just the gay sex thing, but Dean snoring... it was so annoying. I can't understand that you find sleep next to him." Seth looked over smiling. "You always asked me that. You have to fell asleep before he does." Ro rolled his eyes. "And I always said it's not that easy. Just because you can sleep anywhere anytime, does mean I can't do it!" Seth appreciated the ability to just close his eyes and sleep. Dean was like that, too. But that was not the reason Seth just fell silent.

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He thought about it, about the moment as it didn't felt anymore awkward to be near Dean this close. To kiss him or hug him. They hadn't slept with each other, yet. Seth asked for some time and Dean was willing to give it to him. There was no need to hurry and he understood Seth's problem. Dean was careful, too. Way more careful than someone would guess. He tried to be a boyfriend not just a friend to fuck and if that meant that they didn't fuck, he would wait.
"I… um… I planned a little vacation around Christmas!" Seth brushed his hair back. It was the time, when they hadn't met regularly. So he was on the phone with his that time boyfriend. "Yeah, vacation is nice!" Dean answered, but he didn't say more. It was hard for Seth to ask him. He was afraid, that Dean would think it's stupid. "There's a beautiful spa resort in the Caribbean. I've… I've thought it would be great to leave Iowa for some relaxing days." A short brief of silence then a yawn from Dean. It was late in Vegas. "Sounds nice. You really like this Spa stuff." Seth almost wanted to grab Dean's throat. Alright he had to say the question out loud. He didn't know if Dean didn't understand what he was trying or if he didn't want do understand. "I… thought… um… about… would you come with me?" Seth finally asked, but Dean just laughed. "You want to bring me to a Spa?" That wasn't the reaction he hoped to hear. "You mean like a cute gay american couple? I could just wrap my arm around your shoulders and kiss you and nobody would bat an eye?" Seth bit his lip. Just to imagine to play for some days the normal life would be awesome. "Yeah and since the Caribbean is hot I would see my most favorite six pack more often!" Dean's laugh was silent, just a little more than a chuckle. "Stop it!" he murmured. "You know I love you and I love your body. Do you accompany me? Please?" he whispered. Dean groaned and a sigh followed. "Yeah, alright… I love you, too!"

This strange phone call seemed so far away. "You know, I'm not perfectly satisfied." Dean stated. He took a seat under the roof of their hut. The spa and wellness hotel had a big area and everywhere were huts on the water, under the trees. You lived almost by yourself, sure there were other people and as Seth and Dean first arrived and brought their luggage in their own hut, they heard the neighbor couple having morning fun. But the own four walls were pretty cozy, with a huge bed and the small fridge was filled with all-inclusive drinks and a luxurious bathroom. You could order with a smart phone app or by phone stuff from the room service.

Dean was sitting in beach shorts with a cocktail in his hand in a beach chair. Seth came through the door and was rubbing his hair. He just showered the water and sand off his body and just wore a towel around his waist. "What's the problem? Why're you not perfectly satisfied?" he asked with a happy smile on his face. Seth couldn't imagine what could be wrong. They had a lovely day at the beach and cherished a cold mud bath. In the morning they had a massage appointment. Seth got himself a hot stone thing while Dean wished for something more brutal and got a date with at the Tai massage. "I miss a good beer. This sweet shit is nice, but I'm drunk as fuck. The heat and the alcohol with the sugar went straight to my head!" Dean looked up. Seth noticed his blurry view and chuckled. "You don't have to drink so much. You could drink water." Dean didn't answer, he grabbed Seth's wrist and pulled him down on his lap. "Maybe I want to drink, maybe I need a little courage?" he whispered with his lips over Seth's fresh washed skin. He smelled him, his mouth was over Seth's neck. "You? Courage? Since when do you need that?" Seth asked, but his throat went dry. He swallowed, but couldn't get the lump down his throat. "I'm a little intimated. We're here at a very romantic place and I'm thinking you're expecting something. I don't know if I'm reading it right." Dean pushed his lips on Seth's sensitive skin behind his ear, he felt how Seth shivered. "I really… don't… I just… you know." Seth stumbled and groaned lowly under Dean's kisses. "But now you're here on my lap with this tiny little towel." Dean whispered, his fingers dancing over Seth's leg. He felt Dean's touch through the fabric of the towel and felt heat rushing through his body. "Am I misreading your signals?" Dean asked and let his tongue wander over the skin of his boyfriend. Seth shook his head. "No… misread!" he sighed as Dean's hand reached his lap and brushed over his cock which already had been woken by Dean's kisses. "But… not expecting… Hoping. Oh… Dean!" he moaned as the other male found his way under the towel. Seth wrapped an arm around Dean to be steadier and pressed his lips against Dean's. They kissed passionate and long, like a fight for the upper hand, but Dean already got the upper hand. He wrapped his fingers around Seth, the first time with no fabric between them. He sighed and pushed his lap against Dean's hand,
fighting for air, just to kiss Dean again. "I want you, babe!" he moaned. Dean leaned back a little, stopping his little movements. "You sure?" he asked. Seth looked down and just nodded. He stood up and took Dean's hand which was seconds ago wrapped around him. He was hard like wood and also Dean couldn't hide his excitement. They went in the hut, closed the wooden door and even pulled the curtains close.

Dean pulled Seth in a long passionate kiss which Seth returned. His arms around Dean's neck.

Things got serious as he threw Seth's towel on the floor. Seth swallowed, he needed a moment and then his hands went stroked Dean's body down. Just with his fingertips, but even this slight touch made dean moan and Seth had never heard such a sweet tone in his life. Careful he pushed down the shorts Dean was wearing. His boyfriend pinched him a little. Dean grabbed his sides and as he freed him, his fingers got buried a little deeper in his skin than pleasant. He released this grip fast, but this one second stayed in Seth's memories, the moment when Dean almost lost control and that just because of him.

Dean pushed him wordless to the bed and stepped out of his pants.

Seth sat down and crawled up. They locked eyes and just stared at each other. Dean swallowed and raised his voice. "How … how do you…" Seth winked him to come closer and come next to him.

Dean crawled on the bed next to Seth. Again they kissed and annihilated the distance between them. Their hot skins fused together.

As he woke up the next day there was this normality. He laid next to Dean, his head on the pillow next to Dean, one hand on his boyfriend's chest. He felt Dean's hair tickling his nose, so close he was sleeping next to the blonde male. As Seth opened his eyes, he saw Dean and felt just happy and not unsure like the other days before. He softly brushed with his chin over Dean's shoulder and slowly the other male came to life again. At first, his head moved a little and then a sight groan slipped his mouth. The one hand that was placed on Seth's tight rubbed up and down and then he turned his head to look at his boyfriend. "What time?" he asked lowly. Seth shrugged his shoulders. "Don't know. Early?" Dean nodded and harrumphed. "You know what?" he asked and still got a dry voice since he was just awake for a short time. "I know nothing." Seth murmured and closed his eyes again. He heard the smile in Dean's voice as he answered: "It's the first time that I wake up next to you without looking for Rome." Seth smiled. Yeah, he felt the same. And since that morning he almost lost this habit to look for Roman. It just happened when the sleep in some hotel rooms when he had a stupid dream and didn't realize which time it was or which year.

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Seth dived back from his hot memories and looked over to Roman. "I don't know where you have been these seconds, but it seemed to be good." His friend noted and groaned a little about his hurting arm. Seth chuckled. Yeah, this short vacation was one of his best memories he got. The warm wind and the time when he and Dean shared a beach chair just to make out a little. They kissed and talked the whole night at the beach and watched the sun rising.

He was about to answer, as his mobile asked for his attention. Seth turned to his bag and grabbed it. "Kurt threw Dean out of the arena?" Seth asked more than he told it to Rome. Rome furrowed his brows. Yeah, Dean let some time ago, but he thought it was for drink or… Both looked at the TV and saw a replay of what happened. They had muted the TV as Elias had appeared, so they didn't heard Dean's theme and his demands.

*Love, what did u do? Y's Kurt mad at u?* Seth typed and after a long among of time Dean's answer appeared.

*I kicked Samson and demanded a rematch. Miz said no, Samson kicked me and I went back backstage and was looking for Miz as Kurt told me "I got the night off"* 

Seth sighed. "What's up?" Roman asked. The male with the brown hair brushed it back. "He got the night off. I told him he should calm down and ask Kurt next week about a Rematch, but again he didn't listen and made a huge fuss while we both were talking." Seth answered. "Sounds exactly like
Dean.” Roman stated and smiled. "You have two ways to get your wishes. The regular way and the way you got the most heat… Dean always chooses the heat!” Seth groaned. "Don't tell me. I tried to talk to him, but he never listens to me. He always… I really believe he loves me, but I think he listens more on your advice, since you're the mature of us." Roman shook his head fast. "He never was open to advice from me. I'm the square one!" A loud sighed escaped Seth's mouth. He stood up. "You know what… I stroll a little, you could wait here, but I need something to drink and clear my head a little.

A little later Seth was alone in his locker. Dean was in their hotel room allegedly and Rome already left the hall, since he was done for today he wanted to get back home as fast as possible. So Seth stranded here alone with the main event against Joe. Another freaking match against the big Samoan who now thought he could beat Lesnar. Yeah, okay he looked pretty intimidating to Heyman, but Seth knew that you had to outwit Lesnar, you couldn't beat that shit with pure strength. "Babe?" Seth's head flashed up and he looked in the eyes of his husband. Dean sneaked in the locker with a bright smile. "What are you… I mean I know what you're doing here, but why?" Seth asked surprised. Dean just smiled at him and shrugged his shoulders. "Waiting in the hotel room is so boring and this party… you really think I wouldn't crush a party of Miz?" Seth shook his head, but he didn't say anything till he stood on his own feet and wrapped his arms around Dean and just hugged him. "It would be the smarter decision, love!" Seth murmured against Dean's neck. He couldn't see how he rolled his eyes with still the bright smile on his lips. "As smart as getting in the way of Samoa Joe once again? Where's our little doggo?" The next question followed right after the other. Seth loosened the hug to look into Dean's light blue eyes. "Ro? Drove off to get home and yeah… maybe it's not that good fight against Joe, again… but … you know. I saved Angle… Kinda!" Dean smirked and brushed Seth's hair back. "You're such a good boy. I'm proud of you. Saving the GM is a very honorable task!" Seth pushed Dean. "Bastard, don't mock me!" He crossed the arms in front of his chest and eyed Dean angry. "Oh come on, babe! Don't be salty! You know I'm making up for my jokes later… like always!" He carefully approached sulky Seth and he cracked a smile again. "Yeah, ya did… I… remember today when we started." Dean's fingers reached for Seth's upper arms and he brushed with his fingers over the warm soft skin. "Started what?" Dean was chewing gum and raising an eyebrow, staring at Seth. He opened his crossed arms and reached for Dean's waist. "I thought about our vacation, about the beach and our first night there." Dean's view wandered off and he laughed up. "You mean that night where we both were hot like razor blades and nobody brought lube along. The following day I stole massage oil and we almost didn't left the room anymore." Seth bit his lip and pulled Dean closer. "Exactly!" and pushed his lips against Dean's mouth.

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Seth didn't know how long they made out. Dean slit with his lips down his body and wrapped his hot lips around Seth's cock. He moaned and fought against the movement in his hips which wanted to dig in deeper into Dean's mouth. This night was filled with much first times and Seth didn't know which one was better. Dean's hands stroking him, his lips licking his body or his warm wet mouth around him, but there was more to do, more to explore, more enjoy. Dean was careful, because when he went too fast, Seth was almost about to cum, but he didn't want it that way, he wanted to cum with his boyfriend together. He grabbed a fistful of Dean's hair and winced. "Please, take me!" Seth pleaded. Dean pulled back and stroked over Seth's tight. The man with this tasty sun kissed skin laid spread in front of him. "You got… I mean I didn't plan it, so I don't have lube with me." Seth looked down on Dean and it dawned on him. He didn't take anything either. It should be a love vacation, but they weren't this far yet and bringing liquids somewhere by plane was always kind of challenging so it stayed at home. "No… I… I think we can do it without…” Dean tilted his head to the side. "Please, how long didn't you… I don't want to split you up. Not today, maybe on the day we leave so you have a little souvenir from me when I leave you." Seth rolled his eyes. He didn't
want to wait any longer, he finally wanted to feel him. He swallowed. "The gift bag. Is something in
the gift bag we got at the check in?" Dean sat up. Both didn't waste any further look in it. He went
over to the table and brought to the bed were he spread the content on the mattress.
"Alright!" Dean murmured over the pile of little bottles, the staff even packed some condoms. Dean
pulled them out. "Someone knew what we're up to!" he grinned over to Seth. "Better safe than sorry,
what's that? … Oh, just Shampoo." He pulled up a little black bottle that looked familiar to his eyes,
but it was a wrong shot. Again Dean was the one finding the right thing between the body wash and
lotions. "Body oil for sensitive skin? Jackpot!" They got two bottles one for each person. The other
stuff landed careless on the floor and everything began from the beginning. Dean stole a kiss from
Seth and the brown haired male got another treatment with kisses and the wet tongue of Dean till the
blonde one was again between Seth's legs.

One laid over his shoulder, the other cocked. Seth tried to relax, but in this situation it wasn't so easy.
He felt Dean's bearded cheek against his tight, felt his hot breathe stroking over his sensitive skin. He
winced a little as Dean's fingers stroked him. "I'll be gentle, I promise!" his boyfriend whispered. On
any other day Seth would have thought Dean would just be joking, but this seriousness in his voice
made him trust Dean.

Careful one of Dean's fingers brushed down deeper and teased his butthole. Seth always cleaned
himself in case something unpredictable could happen and he was really happy at the moment. Dean
was really soft as his finger stroked over the muscle. Just strokes and a little rubbing. Seth moaned
and wrapped an arm over his eyes. He wanted to see Dean, but he was afraid watching him would
have made him cum way to fast. It was pure gentle torture when Dean pulled away his hand. He felt
how Dean kiss his tight and looked down. He didn't see what Dean was doing but then he felt his
finger again, hot and masculine, covered in the body oil. He pushed against Seth's backdoor while he
was locking eyes with his boyfriend. Seth sighed and leaned back again, feeling how the finger
cautions slit in him. Seth moaned with every little movement he was feeling, slowly relaxing around
Dean who didn't rush the prep. Seth could just imagine how excited Dean would be since everything
was about Seth and his pleasure.

Dean went deeper and suddenly his finger reached Seth's sweet spot. The male jerked a little because
of this sudden feeling and whined happy. Dean knew what to do and knew how to play it. He
rubbed it, but not too hard, so it was still a heavenly torture for him. Then his finger left Seth, to
return with two to wide him a little. The brown haired man pushed his hips up to give Dean an easier
access and his fingers went in and out a little faster. Seth's moans came quicker and louder under
Dean's careful treatment, but he stopped Dean as he wrapped his other hand around Seth's cock. "N-
no… stop… don't wanna… yet… with you." He moaned breathless. His boyfriend knew what Seth
wanted and pulled his hand back to bring a third finger in the back entrance. Seth felt already
stretched, but knew it would feel a lot bigger and wider when Dean would begin to fill him out with
his cock.
"You're stiff, babe!" Dean whispered and again Seth felt his hot breath brushing over his body. Seth
nodded. "Yea… long… ago!" he moaned, wishing for nothing more than have Dean stuck deep in
him. "It's getting… better… when you… OH GOD!" Suddenly Dean did something incredible with
his fingers that made Seth jump. "HEAVENS!" he yelled and rolled his eyes. "Shut up!" Dean
murmured and kissed his tights again. "I'll make ya really warm and fussy… believe me! Just relax a
little more!" Seth tried his best, closed his eyes and just… trusted Dean. He almost didn't notice that
he manage to slip another finger in, to stretch him even more before he pulled out and left Seth with
an awful empty feeling. The younger male opened his eyes and saw Dean raising, kneeling in front
of him. He unpacked a condom and rolled it over his fully erected penis. Seth bit his lip, he had the
urgent wish to wrap his lips around it, but there was no time. Dean was so hard. Seth's view
surveyed Dean and just wanted to save this picture of the beautiful male between his legs forever in
his memory. Then Dean looked up with a smile. "Just your moans made me hard, babe!" he
confessed and started to lube his wrapped dick. A little more oil was put on Seth's widened backdoor
and Dean leaned forward. The tip pushed against Seth and he murmured under pleasure as he felt
how Dean's weight shifted a little as he easy slit into Seth. His movement were cautious, he placed
his hands on Seth's hips and moving slowly so he wouldn't overstretche him and hurt him.
"I love you!" Seth whispered under breath and Dean smiled back at him. "Me too, babe!" Careful he
leaned forward, put his hands next to Seth to support himself and kissed him. Seth wrapped an arm
around Dean's neck, to have him this close and began to stroke his own dick. He felt the tension in
his lap. He couldn't last very long, not with this beautiful view.
He saw Dean's sweat wet forehead, his blond curls and his eyes which were a little darker than
usual, and his opened mouth with the small tasty lips. Everything was accentuate by their lusty
moans. "I can't last..." Seth winced, Dean shifted his weight and Seth felt his hand around his own.
"Just let go, babe!" he secured him. "I'm on the edge either!"
His hip movements got a little faster and they both stroked Seth as everything burst out of him.
"FUCK!" he yelled and felt the hot liquid flushing over his hand and felt it on his own lower body,
as Dean jerked back and groaned his own little curse. One or two little movements and Dean pulled
back, left Seth again, but this time Seth felt much pleasured.

Dean fell next to Seth on the mattress. He pulled off the condom and threw it in the trash bin. "That
was... good. I love your ass, babe!" he sighed and pulled Seth into a hug who willingly followed.
"That's I can return that, Dean." Seth murmured and pushed his head against the crock of Dean's
neck, closed his eyes.

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Months later he still loved to push his face against Dean. Smelling his musky scent and just feel good
for a moment. He closed his eyes and sighed. "I really thought you were in this bear suit!" Seth
murmured. Dean jerked a little he was about to fell asleep as Seth spoke. "I knew, everybody was
thinking that. I switched with the camera man and... I didn't think that Miz would crush him like
that." Seth smiled, one hand was stroking Dean's chest. "You switched?" Seth asked after a short
brief of time. "Where did you get this bear suit?" Dean chuckled. "I don't tell my secrets, but you
have to be always prepared. And I really wanted to use a bear suit since Renee fell over this one
gossip around my time in the indies." Now Seth was hooked. He pushed up to look in Dean's face.
"There's gossip about you and a bear suit?" Dean locked eyes with his boyfriend. "You haven't
heard? There's this rumor about that in the... I believe CZW. I dressed up as a bear to have a promo
while fucking a ring rat." Now Seth sat up the whole way. "You fucked someone while wearing a
bear suit in front of a camera? I did some stupid wrestling matches in tiny trunks and every 2 month
they pop up again while this... how ... why... Love, I need context!" Seth demanded. Dean sat up
two and brushed the hair out of Seth's face. "The context is... I have no idea. Someone told it on the
internet so it must be true... just there's the fact I surely didn't bang a chick. Who knows! I don't
remember but they said I've been very drunck so... I don't know." Seth shook his head. "The problem
is... I really can imagine you doing stuff like that... jesus..." Dean shrugged his shoulders. "I'm
pretty sure they don't have the tape anymore. If it would exist someone would have uploaded it
somewhere so... who cares!" Seth looked surprised at his lover. "I care! You fucked someone in a
bear suit and YOU called me furry when I said that I liked the fox from Zootopia!" Dean chuckled.
"Your look was priceless as I said that... but alright. I can arrange things so I'll fuck you while
wearing a bear suit!"
"No, Dean..." Seth fought of but his husband kissed his cheek. "Shut up, you know you want it."
"Doesn't he look like a real cute pirate with the stitches on his cheek?" Dean asked munching full mouthed. This week he and Seth stayed in Vegas till the circle of house shows began again. Renee was over for a breakfast, what happened really often since she lived near Dean's home.

Chapter Notes

It's getting hard to write this fic, you know? Every Tuesday I'm excited and wait the whole day to get "my" RAW and then they ripp my heart out. I really don't know where I'm heading.

With my chapters I'm still not at the actual events, but we're slowly approaching them.

Thanks for beeing on this journey with me!

"Doesn't he look like a real cute pirate with the stitches on his cheek?" Dean asked munching full mouthed. This week he and Seth stayed in Vegas till the circle of house shows began again. Renee was over for a breakfast, what happened really often since she lived near Dean's home. She looked up as Seth appeared in the doorway of the balcony. He still seemed a little sleepy and as Dean mentioned the stitches his hand rose to his cheek. "Shut up, Dean!" he growled and stepped on the balcony.

The weather was getting hot again, but in the morning you could really enjoy the cold wind which came down from the mountains. It was perfect for a nice breakfast. "Everything's alright?" Renee asked in return of Seth growl, but Dean just shrugged his shoulders and answered for his husband: "He didn't had his coffee yet. You know he turns into a human after the first sip." Dean reached over the table and gave his eye rolling, yawning husband the coffee pot. "Here babe!" but Seth just snorted as he took the pot from Dean. Renee smiled in her cinnamon roll. She didn't want to talk over Seth as he was sitting next to her, but she knew that Dean was right, he just wouldn't say anything helpful for some minutes. "Got late last night?" she asked Dean who casually shrugged his shoulders. "Not late home, but… you know. The princess likes to sleep long on off days!" he answered sipping his own coffee and leaned back. "Don't call me princess!" Seth muttered and looked hypnotized in his mug. Renee fought against a giggle, so she inhaled deeply and shook her head. Seth wasn't always like that, but the most of the times he was up earlier and even went on a run with Dean before they met. Today she arrived and the house was completely silent, so she knew Seth was still asleep. Dean was always calm, didn't turn on music or other kind of noises. He was sitting in the kitchen with a magazine and looked up as Renee entered. He trusted her and since he always was on the run with Seth, before they got on the same show, he handed her keys to the house, so she could check on everything when he wasn't at home.

Some moments went by quietly as Seth stood up. "We have mashed eggs?" he asked. Dean nodded to the door. "On the stove. Hope they're still hot. You can have the last bacon, too!" Seth shook his head as he was walking by, holding the empty coffee pot in hand. "No beacon." He murmured and
entered the house.
"How do you survive with such a morning grouch?" Renee whispered as Seth left. Dean smiled.
"It's easy. You just have to wait till he's real awake… or I'll just suck him off. That helps, too."
Renee punched him against the shoulder and cupping her ears. "I don't want this kind of
information!" she yelled and shaking her head. Dean was laughing and the kind how he laughed
Renee couldn't figure out if he was honest and amused about her reaction or if he did kid her. She
hated that he had such an easy game with her. "You're cute, mini mouse!" he leaned over to pull her
a little closer and brush with his lips over her head. Seth reappeared without pot but a plate with
eggs. He put the plate down, but didn't sit. His view raised and he was locking eyes with Dean, his
face suddenly light up and he walked around the table. "Thank you!" he murmured, leaning down to
press his lips against Dean's mouth. They kissed softly with much passion and as Seth turned away
to concentrate on his plate of eggs Dean sat there for a moment with closed eyes and a relaxed
expression. He slowly opened his eyes and looked over the table quietly to survey Seth.
"So you're in love with a pirate!" Renee asked grinning. "Shut up, Young!" Dean murmured and
shot her knowing look. The blonde women laughed up. "What happened, Seth?" she rose her voice
for the question. Again the brown haired male touched the three stitches on his cheek. "Dunno…
jumped Bray, started bleeding…" he answered with a full mouth. "… and become a pirate." Dean
finished the sentence. Seth's shot a smiling view over to him. Then his view went to Renee. "He
always calls the people pirate. As Hardy lost his tooth he was referring him as Harrdy. I really
waited for Jeff losing his cool and knock Dean out with a headbutt." he told the woman who started
chuckling. "But the stitches are really looking a bit piratish." Renee meant. Again Seth looked up
from his eggs. "Don't you start, too!"

"Did anyone of you talk to Jimmy?" Renee asked as everybody was about to finish. She only had
her tea cup left. Dean was in again and brought fresh coffee, but didn't eat anymore sandwiches and
Seth just pushed the last bit of his cinnamon roll in his mouth. "I try to avoid chats with Jimmy!"
Dean answered with his view directed over the city. Seth emptied his mouth. "He's really busy so I
hadn't time to check on him." he answered Renee's question, but was more focused on Dean. "Love,
why do you avoid him? Did something happen?" His husband looked over the table with a skeptical.
"Nothing has happened. I just don't like him." Seth's mouth fell open on how casual Dean answered.
Renee who was looking from one man to another. She hadn't for got the topic, but just let this talk
happen. "I thought you were friends? Didn't you work together on several occasions?" Dean
shrugged his shoulders. "So what? We stood in the ring as opponents. He opened my head with his
stupid spike. I'm really surprised you're still friends with him," Seth just couldn't believe what he was
hearing. "But you fucked him!" Renee widened her eyes. "You fucked with Jimmy?" Dean rolled
his eyes and shook his head. "It was just sex. I wanted an ass, he got one… I was drunk. Hell, is
there a problem, that I don't like your little pet. He's just weird, but not the good way."
Seth shook his head and leaned back. He was rubbing over the back of his head. "But…" Seth just
closed his mouth again. Yeah, you needn't to be friends to have fun, but he always just… even
before he knew that Dean was intimate with Jimmy he thought he both were at least friends. "Why
don't you like him?" he asked shy. Dean shook his head. "I don't know. I just don't trust him to be
honest. I think he's playing just his game to get the best he could get." Seth swallowed and lowered
his view.
"Jimmy asked real strange questions lately. On Tuesday I was chatting with Sami about his new
girlfriend…" Renee started but suddenly got interrupted by Seth. "Wait, first Dean's hatred and now
Sami has got a girlfriend?" Dean groaned as Seth asked. "I don't know what this all about. Yeah,
Sami's got a girl and I was chatting with him as Jimmy came over. That alone was really weird since
we… we don't socialize very much. But you know… he knows Sami and I thought it was about
him. And at first he really was just listening to Sami who told his story, but then…" Renee stopped
her story and let her hand stroke through her hair. Dean turned to her, he still held his coffee mug,
but since the name Jimmy was dropped he didn't drank from it. Renee swallowed. "He asked why
Sami was talking to me. Why he wanted relationship tips from me. I was shocked for a moment
honesty." Renee lowered her view. Seth couldn't find any words. That was a real rude question. He looked over to his husband who clenched his fits. "Did you say something?" Dean asked and you could hear the anger in his voice. "Sami asked what he meant. Jimmy answered that he didn't mean it in a bad way, but that we both would have a unique relationship. It didn't sound good how he said unique." Dean wanted to say something to calm her, but she got this sad look on her face and rose her hand to stroke over Dean's shoulder. "Sami said that he wasn't asking for advice, but if he would… he said he wouldn't see a problem why he couldn't ask me. I felt so terrible and couldn't defend me. I just couldn't open my mouth. Jimmy said it would be alright, but that he would be a little jealous on Seth since he and Dean tagged so much and Dean never ever said a word about me anymore." She shook her head and Seth fought with himself. That wasn't the Jimmy he knew. It sounded so mean. The look on Dean's faces got darker and darker. "And the last thing… the last thing he said was he liked my longer hair, but asked why I didn't color it brown, since you like long brown hair so much."

Dean's fist hammered on the kitchen table, pushed his chair back and stood up. The chair flipped over with a loud crack. Dean was angry, very angry and both Renee and Seth didn't know what to do. "I knew he would be a problem. Since Mania, I knew it. I knew that he knew about us and he would be a problem. Get your pet under control, Seth!" he turned around with the last sentence and shot over at his husband. "He's your problem!" he shouted. "Stop yelling, love!" Seth tried to calm him, but Dean shook angrily his head. "Don't play it cool, Seth! Just don't play it cool! It's not okay. When he's picking on me, it's okay… but Renee… he did this so we both would be botherer with this shit!" Dean was furious, ready to punch someone in the face. Renee stood up, her hands were shaking. "Dean, it's alright… don't be mad." His manic look shot at her and he shook his head. "Jimmy is not alright, Renee. He will not be until he finally got Seth. Am I right, baby?" he pronounced the nick name hard and angry and looked over to Seth again. The brown haired man shook his head. He didn't know what to say. He felt bad, that his friend was so snappy to Renee, but what could he do about it. "I'm sorry, Renee, for how Jimmy treated you." he looked at the blonde girl. She nodded. "Like I said, it… it's okay. That's why I asked if someone of you talked to him and he…" Dean was pacing around, drawing little circles on the balcony. "He just KNOWS things! He feels when Seth's in love with someone and he hates it…" Seth stood up. "That's not right, Dean. He doesn't just know things, we were… he were pretty obvious at WrestleMania… we kissed with everybody in the other room. We… we fucked up!" he sighed.

Angrily Dean kicked the tripped chair which slit loudly over the concrete. "I knew you would defend him! It's like you don't even see how manipulating he is! When do you see it, Seth?" Dean yelled at him. "I don't want that you two fight about it, okay?" Renee tried to calm both, she stood up and pushed her hands against Dean's chest. He was pumping, fight to get air in his lungs. He breathed angry and didn't look down on the blonde woman. Seth crossed his arms in front of his chest. "I can't talk to Dean when he is like that, everything what I could say would be wrong!" he answered and finally stood up and left to the living room. Renee had no idea how or when Dean grabbed the half-filled mug, but as Seth left, it flew across the balcony and hit the wall with a loud crack. "Yeah, keep running. Like always!" he yelled at Seth.

Seth stopped his movement all of a sudden as he heard the cup breaking behind him at the wall. The shock was written in his face. "Are you nuts?" he asked and felt how his voice got shaky. Some people would misjudge this for fear and maybe tears, but not in Seth's case. His shaky voice was a sign of anger. His hands shivered and he clenched his fist to stop the tremors. "Maybe I am, but you… how could you say it's our fault when Jacobs is a jealous bastard!" Dean asked and got nearer to Seth. "How could you just walk away and not be mad for Jimmy asking this questions?" Another step and now both were eye to eye across each other. "How could you just sit there and not be worried that he tries to tell everyone about us or… or try to split us up. You're just a coward, aren't you? You just enjoy this while it lasts, but when it'll get more complicated you just leave me, aren't you?" Dean's voice got real low.
Seth didn't mean to do that, but he raised his fist and hammered it full force into Dean's face. He hit the cheek, felt the hard head shot back and a pain in his fingers. Dean stumbled, holding his face and luckily he did not trip over something or flying through the window. "Don't think I'm taking it easily!" Seth yelled at him and he was embarrassed for the tears he felt in his eyes, but what Dean said hurt him.

Dean was surprised by Seth, but now he didn't think long. Perhaps he didn't even hear Seth's response. "Fuck you!" he yelled and went in attack mode. He jumped Seth who fell behind, hit the balcony door way and tripped over with Dean in the living room. Seth pushed Dean away, but he landed a shot in Seth's stomach. On the Knees again Seth punched Dean's face again, hit the nose and it started bleeding. The wounded men pulled Seth's feet away, so he lost his balance and fell flat on the back.

Seth didn't know, when he really started to cry, but he noticed the hot tears running down his cheeks as Dean kneeled over him with the same tears in his eyes. He bleed from his nose and got wet cheeks and sobbed. "I can't lose you!"

He bend down and pressed his face against Seth's chest with dry sobs which shook his body. Renee had squat in the corner of the balcony to hide as the two men started to fight, but now she raise from her hiding. Seth wrapped his arms around Dean's shoulders and fought with his breath and the sobs. He had the same thought. What if that was the final fight and it was not about something he did wrong, it was about Jimmy. "It's okay, my love... It's okay!" he tried to calm Dean, brushing with his hand through the wild curls of his manic husband.

Renee stood disturbed in the doorway of the balcony. The plastic door frame had a bum where they fell against. "Could you get me a wet towel?" Seth asked. She nervously nodded and almost ran in the bathroom.

Seth sat up. First he grabbed Dean's shoulders and pushed him up, so he could sit. Dean sank behind and leaned with his back against the couch. Blood was running from his nose. Seth opened his mouth, but no words were needed in this moment. He wrapped his arms around Dean again and desperate kiss him, because no words could express what he felt in that moment. "I love you!" he sighed in the kiss and looked in the sad watery blue eyes of Dean as they parted.

He shook his head. "I... snapped, sorry!" slowly he rose his view as Renee was back with an old towel. "Thanks, Renee. Sorry for what happened." She nodded and sighed. "I would stay, but I think it's better for you two when I leave. But call me, okay?" she asked really shyly. Seth felt bad for what has happened and that Renee didn't seem to feel comfortable any more. "Seth will call." Dean promised and took the wet towel from Seth to put it in his neck. He probably got real weird headaches and needed the cold to feel better. Renee squat next to him and placed a soft kiss on his bearded cheek. "Don't you do this ever again!" she demanded as she stood up and her look was serious and concerned. She left and they hear the front door shut.

Seth crawled forward to be real close to Dean. He sighed and took the wet towel from him, to clean his face. Afterwards Dean wrestled the fabric out of Seth's hands and rubbed over his cheeks and mouth. Dean's nose was still bleeding a bit so he pushed the towel to his face. "You might have broken my nose, babe!" he mumbled through it as Seth helped him up. The brown haired man felt his back aching and knew that he got one or two bruises from this, too. Was this some kind of domestic violence, he questioned himself. Dean started with, but he was the first to punch his husband. He never thought he would be someone like this. Sickness flood his stomach and he felt like the breakfast wanted to leave him. He swallowed. "I'm so sorry, Dean. I didn't mean to do that… I...I..." and then he really cried. Not like before where he was in anger and in a kind of fear and aggression. He got to the couch and curled up, tired, broken and ashamed. "I...I...I... di-di-didn.n.nnn.nn.t... meanmean iiiit." He stumbled together with a fluttering diaphragmatic. Dean crouched next to Seth on the sofa and pulled him on his lap, letting his hands run over the long hair and petting his back softly. "Don't be like this. It's not okay, but... I deserved this for throwing a cup at you." The bloody towel was next to him. Seth looked up, his lower lip was shaking. "I would never leave you! I don't love Jimmy, I do love you! And... you said that I was a coward, just like
Roman said and… I'm sorry, but … Jimmy." Dean rolled his eyes. He knew it was wrong talking right now about Jimmy. This morning was rough. Hearing from Dean, that he didn't like the Zombie Princess and how Renee described his snappishness… the fight… "I shut up, now!"

Seth closed his thought and let Dean pull him on his lap. With tight wrapped arms Dean and Seth ended cuddling on the couch for comfort. Both needed it and both understood that this meant to be there for someone. The fight was a problem, but they would get over it somehow, as the fought because they loved each other.

~

Seth was in the huge bathtub of their hotel room. His head rested on the edge, his eyes closed. Differently than Dean he enjoyed a good long bath especially after a match to get his stressed muscles loosen up a bit. So he did now, just because he could as this hotel room provided a nice tube that was big enough.

He heard a noise and opened his eyes. Did he really hear something? Seth pulled the pods out of his ears and listened to his surroundings. Did Dean knock? He asked himself as again he heard the noise. It was Dean knocking. "Did you drown?" he asked and for a moment Seth was startled about the fact that his husband did not just invade the bathroom.

"Still alive! You need to pee?" Seth asked loud. He hated how his voice sounded in this small room.

Dean slowly opened the door and peeked in. "No. If that was the case I wouldn't have knocked. I… I thought about tomorrow and I just… because of Jimmy."

After the fight, they agreed that everything was fine, but not mentioned Jimmy again. But tomorrow was RAW and then there would be the little moron and the day after he would be at SmackDown. Dean really needed a talk with Seth since he was not sure what his husband thought and wanted to do.

The brown haired male sighed loud and closed his eyes. "Alright, love. Come in and take seat, if you can't wait till I'm out of here." Dean stood in the door way. Yeah, probably it was stupid, normally it was Seth's job to be unable to wait and invade the private bathroom time. But for him it felt urgent the moment he realized that it didn't matter how wonderful it felt, that they still were living a massive lie and that Jimmy could be able to plop the bubble they live in.

The blonde one came in and pushed softly Seth's leg in the water what he had placed on the border of the tub to sit down.

"Shall I talk to Jimmy and explain him, that he has to leave Renee alone?" Seth asked. He knew that he had to do this, if his lover would face off with Jimmy Jacobs they both would sure as hell knock each others teeth out. Jimmy seemed to be soft and fussy and sweet like a puppy, but he went through the same brutal fights like everybody from the indy scene. Today he was just a producer, just some guy in a suit, but Seth knew there was still the maniac behind his dark black eyes and Dean… he wasn't pure sunshine either.

"If you talk to him, then he will ask you why. If I talk to him, I will probably kill him. If we both do it, I'll do the same since he would smell that we… dance together. I'm sure he knows everything and just waits for the perfect moment to bust us." Dean admitted. Seth heard the anger in his voice and understood it. But he didn't believe that Jimmy would sell them out or that he would pull both openly out of the closet. Jimmy could have done this with Seth for years now and he still believe in the good of his friend. Jimmy at least wouldn't risk Seth to be outed.

Seth nodded slowly. "So what are you expecting, love?" Seth asked calm. He rose his hand out of the water and didn't care that he would wet Dean's jeans. The other male put his hand over his hubbys and looked on the interlaced fingers. "I… I asked Renee. I asked her, what she would expect us to do." He answered. Seth stayed silent and waited for Dean to continue. This was not his comfort zone, none of his friends would ever be like Jimmy could be and he never had a relationship like this and… there were so many "never before" in Dean's life that he just didn't know what to do. "She said, that she told us what has happened to inform us, not to bring us to action. She said, that she
could handle Jimmy if we chose to… to stay like this." Seth stoked with his thump over Dean's. "And do you wish that it would stay like this. This secret?"

Dean pressed his lips together, thinking about the words, not about his decision. "I… don't want to tell it everybody, but I thought for Renee, we should maybe break up. Then when there will be more rumors… they woul leave her alone at least. Jimmy only went to her, because of me."

Seth thought about it and shrugged his shoulders. "You know, I'll probably still need a lot of time in secret with you. I mean… I love you, but I still don't know how I should tell it my parents and sure as hell I don't want a stupid WWE statement on the website that tells everybody how proud they are for us to be the first openly gay couple in the history of WWE." Seth rose his other hand and pulled himself up a little with the handlebar.

The tips of his hair were wet and now were tripping on his shoulders. "I don't mind the lie of you two. If you're thinking that. I love her and would be happy if she would be around us more often… not every time, but the evenings in the hotel at Mania… it was nice. So if you really do this for yourself or for her, it's okay. But don't break this perfect agreement for me."

Dean sighed loud and sounded very tired. Seth brushed over his tight, he felt Dean's muscles under the jeans fabric. "To be honest… I don't know." Seth didn't answer, he just grabbed the shirt and pulled him down to a kiss. Dean followed, holding on the handrail and the border of the tube. He sealed the lips of his lover with a kiss. Seth held on to Dean's neck, didn't care about that he wet his husband further.

"Leave the tub." Dean murmured against his mouth and gave his lower lip a soft bit. "I'm missing you." He went on and wanted to stand up again. They still didn't decide anything, but Dean felt better, ready for the next challenge what was waiting on him. He rose and looked down on his husband. Seth smiled and nodded. "I'm there in a minute!"
What did we become?

Chapter Summary

It happened! It really happened. He thought it would be like before, he would be out there alone against Miz and his Minions. But then Seth was there. But why?

WHY?
And then the anger swapped him and he yelled. He yelled on national TV at his husband. The beautiful husband nobody knew he was married to.

Chapter Notes

It's time.
I'm a step further and finally up to the moment when Ambrollins got on screen. I'm a little excited how you like this chapter, this beginning. I'm a little frustrated how it went on in the last week, but alright... I try to work with the stuff that WWE brings up and transform it in something hopefully perfect.

At this point I've to thank my ... don't know how to call it... my first reader Lexi! You get the shit at first and your opinion is important and our brainstorming helps me to find new ways and new ideas and helps me! Thank you! This fic is as much your fic as it's mine. ♥

All the other:
have fun!

What was that?
Seth's look followed his husband. Seth walked away from the ring after a save, he knew he shouldn't have done. He didn't hear Dean till he snapped at him. Seth hadn't thought about asking for a thank you. He just couldn't stand still and watch again how three guys beating up the love of his life. And after Miz had insulted him there was his chance, he could go out and help Dean without being suspicious and then Dean snapped. Seth didn't even think about a reunion, but he would love to team up with his husband and thought Dean would love that, too. Especially after this RAW weeks ago where Dean tried to bring up Seth as contender for his title. He thought there would be a chance to be together after the weeks where they tagged. For the record they were forced to tag, but he felt the chemistry again.

Seth took a deep breath and followed Dean through the wound floors of the arena. They got a locker a little back where they could hide from the rest of the roster. "Dean?" he asked worried as he entered the locker room. He saw his lover sitting on the bench. His head shot up and Seth noticed a glimpse of anger. "I thought we agreed on not helping each other!" he growled at Seth. The other male closed the door and leaned against it. "Yeah, but... there were three men against you and..." Dean cut Seth words. "And even if there were thirty men against me. We agreed on not helping each other!" Dean became louder and jump up. Seth raised his hands in defense. "Alright okay! I just thought it would be okay!" he tried to calm the
man he loved down. He didn't thought it would rattle him up that much. "NO!" Dean yelled and rubbed over his head what made his hair look even scrubbier. "It's not okay! I wandered backstage, teared my hair out watching your matches against Hunter! Or Joe or… any hard match you fought since we… since we… and I wasn't allowed at your side. I even didn't help you with the triple and… you… you just … saved me!" Dean ran up and down, yelling at his husband, tearing his hair, at the end he even hit the wall. Seth jerked. "You… what?" Dean rubbed over his forehead and looked over at the one he loved. "Renee barely could hold me back. Didn't I ever tell you?" he asked. Seth answered with the silent shake of his head. "I… didn't and you always did great while I… and today I just… How weak did I look that you came out to save me? I must have been pretty bad." Again Seth shook his head. "No no no no no!" he said and closed the distance between them, to wrap his arms around Dean's neck and forced him to look in his eye. "You didn't look weak. I was weak, because I couldn't stand there and watch again how you lose the numbers game. I love you and used the slight chance. He said my name and gave the chance to help you." He stroked with one hand over Dean's head and pulled his face close to his. "I love to massage your shoulders after a bad ending, but the more I love to stand in the ring at your side after a win. As you snapped at me… I don't want to be your hero, but let me just be your friend out there again!" Dean shook his head and leaned his forehead against Seth's and sighed. "I'll... I'll...don't… I don't know!" the taller one murmured and closed his eyes. His hands found Seth's waist and just held him close.

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"How's your eye?" Dean asked. Both men sat at the airport, enjoying a small fast breakfast before the boarding for their flight started. It was early, both were a little tired after the show, after this emotional ride. Dean wasn't sure if he could go out and help his husband until he grabbed the chair and ran out. He loved him, he loved him more than his life, but there was still this unspoken agreement to fly low. For weeks they avoided Jimmy just because they tried not to bring him on the idea that there was more than friendship. They sure as hell didn't want the public to know that they spent the most of their time with each other, but yesterday, as Miz mocked Seth everything changed. However Dean couldn't enjoy it and be happy, he was just concerned and worried about what could happen, what would happen. He didn't want to think about it before, but now he couldn't clear is head anymore.

Seth shot an annoyed look at Dean. His eye still got this dark shade like he would wear eyeliner. "Hurting." Seth answered cut short. "Maybe you could start wearing an eye patch." Dean suggested and Seth rolled his eyes. "In case you want to call me pirate again, I'll promise you I'll rip you a new one!" Dean bit his tongue and shrugged his shoulders. "It was just an idea to give your eye a little rest.

Seth yawned and looked over to Dean. His love sipped from his coffee with his view directed to the runway. "Why did you help me yesterday?" Seth asked silent. This question was in his mind the whole time, but he was too tired and got too much of a headache to ask till now. Dean looked back at him and shrugged his shoulders. "Dunno." He murmured in his coffee and avoided eye contact by looking on his plate. "I mean, I'm thankful, but you were the one who yelled at me, to leave you alone out there." Dean nodded. "I did!" he stated. "But then, you helped me against the same guys." Seth went on and Dean nodded again. "I did."

Seth started to play with a bag of sugar. "Does that mean, we're a team again? I mean… in the ring, not just forced, but chosen?" he swallowed. It was difficult. Yeah, technically they were married, happy in love, but not in the ring. Even as they tagged at the house shows, Deans always had these little seconds before their hands touched for a tag. These little second of hesitation and fear that Seth would give up on him again. He did so much wrong.

Dean forgave him and jumped over his shadow to be with him. Seth loved him even more for this. But the thought of teaming up with him again made him warm and fussy. Trust each other again and
having the back of each other, having a save space out there where nothing is save. Seth swallowed by that thought and shook his head.Dean did not say anything about that fact.

"Hear!" Dean began and set his cup down. He threw a short look on his watch, they had to leave soon, for their flight. "I can't promise you a shit. I was really angry at you yesterday. I don't want to look weak, you know how I hate it, but… I couldn't just sit there and watch that these bastards beat you up. At least I had to return your the favor. We're even, now!" Seth pushed his lips together, sighed and smiled a shy smile. Dean pulled himself closer, his massive hand stroked over Seth's cheek, his thumps softly brushed along under his eye and Dean looked in the brown one's. "It's a real cute black eye, babe. Seemed like you were wearing eye shadow!" Dean whispered. Seth's couldn't help, but shiver. He simply could forget the world, when they were as close as now. "Shut up!" Seth groaned silent and waited for the moment that Dean got back and stood up.
They had to leave and at least some days of rest waited for them, unsure of what would happen next.
Seth and Dean struggle a little with being on the screen together. It was so idyllic, everything seemed fine, but now with the spotlight on them, their relationship had to take some several speed bumps!

Dean didn't knew why he went out there. He should knew, that it wouldn't work at as planned. But he had to address the issue. He had to tell the Miz, that he wasn't done yet, even if he would find another 20 minions. Dean got no problem with that, he would love to die fighting. But his husband got another point of view and again he couldn't keep their business behind the curtain. It was like he didn't remember his fear in getting caught. It was like he would love to tell everybody they weren't just buddies.

And then it happened. He didn't look like the public apology shocked him, but sure as hell it did. He looked in the almost dark serious eyes of his lover and was just shocked. He never asked for this, sometimes he thought that would follow and yeah, what he had said in the ring was not nice, watching from the point where the both actually were in love and happy. But he wasn't happy, he wanted to kept this part from his personality split from the lunatic that he was in the ring. He didn't know if he ever could Seth trust like that again, because it would hurt him to the part where he would be forever broken, when his lover would jump of the apron again, as soon as he needed to tag with him.
He knew he could trust him, but his heart…

Everything weighted hard on him. The problems with Jimmy and then the producers thought about filming another season with him in this fake reality show Total Divas. He thought about breaking up with Renee and even with them just acting to be girl- and boyfriend he felt bad for thinking about it. He loved Renee as a sister and that this little agreement helped her too had been nice as long as it was a secret thing.
Now, it kept getting worse and worse.
The day after Deans wedding ring appeared on his finger, the fans started to rumor about it and some started to be really unpleasant to her. Would a breakup help her, too? He didn't know and he was to washed up to talk to her with everything what was going on at the moment.

It felt like even Angle seemed to noticed something as he made the match. Seth said he was leaving as the GM entered, but Dean knew he was more about throw everybody except Dean out and talk to
him for real without this act.
Angle didn't notice anything for months. Their shared lockers, their shared hotel rooms, the constant hovering around each other.
Dean didn't know which devil rode him as he accepted the match idea of Angle. 2 on 3 was stupid with the 3 being the Miz-tourage, but it was incredible stupid with his fear of Seth don't back up his words. Yeah, they had tags before, but still… it was different with a match on live TV.

"What are you thinking?" Dean looked up as he heard Seth's voice and looked in the brown eyes of his lovers. "Too much!" Dean answered and pushed his plate away. He wasn't in the mood for breakfast. This time it was not him who worked in the kitchen to fry eggs and as much as he was thankful for Seth who cared for him, he wasn't hungry.
Monday night still stuck in his bones. Not the beat down, but the other things that happened.
Seth surveyed him worried. "I know, that you're not okay. Are… I mean yesterday you said we're good. Are we still good?" he asked. Dean didn't know what to answer. Yeah, yesterday he said everything was alright. Yesterday he had no time to think. They traveled home to Vegas, the flight got delayed and someone tweeted out their times and Seth had to hide, because he couldn't explain why he was traveling with Dean and everybody asked Dean stupid questions and yeah, as they arrived at home, the got time to shop and fell in their beds dead tired. As Seth asked Dean thought they were good and his bad mood was from the journey. Today he realized there was more. "Babe, I love you to the moon and back, but… could you please give me… some time." he almost asked for a break, but he knew that this would have been the wrong words. Dean ruffled through his hair and pushed his chair back. "Alright…” Seth answered unsure what Dean would expect from him. The blond man raised his hands. "I don't mean for long, you know. I… I just thought that I'll go for a run and you… you'll stay here and have a little fun with Madden!" he proposed, not knowing how long he would run. It was an early morning, so the air wasn't that heat up at the moment and he could bring a bottle of water with him.
Seth nodded. "I'm worried, so I'm not in the mood for Madden, but… please, go on the run and maybe I'll go to see a box, hit my own training." His husband murmured his thoughts. Even if Seth would have ask him to stay, he probably would have left the room. It was in his head and he couldn't to anything as to wrap his thoughts around it.

Dean change in a minute and went on his run. He just wore old shorts, a shirt, his base cap and sunglasses. As always he was running without music, he didn't want to hear his thoughts, but he hated to carry a device with him and most of the time he loved to be alone with his thoughts. This time was different, because he still heard Jimmy's voice in his head. Jimmy, why couldn't he leave him alone?
Dean ran fast as he was running for his life, but he was just running from the man in his memories.

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"You two behave really like an old couple. Isn't this cute?" Dean shivered as he heard Jimmy's voice. Seth left to get some ice for his neck and Dean just waited for him. In the End he just wanted to go the hotel, but they had to wait for the show to finish.
"Jacobs, I hate it when you try to play me. Say what you want form me." he was tired of playing games, especially today and especially with Jimmy. He wanted to focus on what counts and had to focus on Miz and his minions, but now there was Jimmy.
"What I meant. It was cute, you both out there… the apology and Seth's shocked look like the little puppy he is. It was a nice act for the fans, but you and I know that you forgave him a long time ago, didn't you?" Jimmy's smile was cocky and Dean wanted to punch his face. The only thing what held him back, was his acing body. "We get along, yeah, but he isn't the same person anymore I knew in the shield." Seth was so much more, but not his brother. His husband, the man he loved, but the tension was real. "The thing with the chair was nice! I almost believe you…” Jimmy could be so arrogant. Dean clenched a fist.
"Please shut up, Jacobs, you don't know what you're talking about!" He answered silent. "It wasn't an act. He's my friend, but in the ring, it was real."

Jimmy laughed up and threw his head back. It was a real annoying gesture. "You mean that you almost hit your boyfriend with a chair in the back?" Jimmy laughed and shook his head. "Yeah, I know that you're a couple. I knew it since Mania and I waited for Seth to tell me, but that today… oh, it was glorious!" The smaller male walked up to Dean. "This little monologue that you don't know Seth anymore… who wrote that? You? Or was it Seth and you just learned the words. You had an amazing timing, Dean. Chapo! You always convinced me. That you almost hit him… perfect. I almost believed you."

Dean really wanted to punch him. He meant his words. Seth had hurt him that time in the ring. He stabbed his back, because he loved him. Not like a brother, he really loved him. Yeah, Roman was his brother, but Seth. He really loved him that time and yeah, he knew there was not chance in hell for him to be happy with Seth, as he thought that time, that Seth was a straight guy, he loved him, trusted him, saved his back whenever he had to and these chair shots, all of them, it hurt him deep and he didn't know that he still hadn't manage to get along with it.

It broke out of him, as Seth called him brother and he couldn't stop talking. It broke his heart as he had to look in Seth's eyes, these dark puppy eyes. It was 3 years ago, but he knew he would never forget this.

As they stood in the ring, he wanted to place his hands around Seth's neck and wanted to say that's alright, that he knew he was sorry. He wanted to kiss his face, push his lips everywhere he could, but… it wasn't alright. Nothing was alright in that moment.

There was still this angry hurt boy deep down in Dean that wished to break the chair in Seth's back as he turned and yelled at Dean to hit him.

"I hate you, Jacobs! Why are you like this?" Dean asked. He pushed his hands deep down the pockets of his jeans, so he wouldn't hit the little mad man.

"Why, because I can… because I love to see you suffer! I don't understand what Rollins see's in you. Not cute or beautiful, just a streetdog… why you. I understand why he didn't chose me, but you? From one maniac to another? From one broken mind to the other… he's so… pathetic." Normally Jimmy was a calm man with a nice smile on his lips. He has dark eyes and looks really nice and harmless, but now his voice got this strange tone.

Deep, menacing. He bent forward a little and talked hissing. There was the mad leader, the boy who stood under a bleeding man with a white coat he carried for years. There was this jealous evil thing that more than once tried to kill Dean as he was still wearing another name. There was the man he didn't trust, because he would eat him alive and polish his perfectly manicured nails after.

"You can't get Seth's heart, so you try to rip out mine? Good luck, moron!" Dean answered.

Jimmy walked back a step and shook his head. "I don't want to rip your heart. Seriously? I don't care if you're happy or not. I don't want anything from you. I just want to tell you, I know what you're doing…"

That was enough. Dean jumped forward, pushed Jimmy against the wall and hammered him against it. "Shut up no or I kill you!" Again Jimmy was laughing. His hands held Deans wrists. "Oh please! Hit me, beat me up! Try to kill me! I'm going to defend me!" Jimmy seemed small but he was dangerous. He was stronger than he looked and had no problem to cheat and attack with everything that he could reach. This spike he possessed how often had Dean felt it on his forehead?

"and then when you're finished with me then you can explain everybody why you attacked me. I think Seth will be very interested in what you're telling and the boys… The boys sure as hell want to hear that you got mad at me for just knowing about you and that Renee's very lonely at night." Dean stepped back, but at least pushed Jimmy against the wall again.

"Fuck you, Jacobs!" the smaller one brushed over his clothes as there were dirt where Dean had touched him. "That's what I thought. Seth still's too afraid to come clean and you… you even made up this thing with Renee. Or do fuck both. Is it a threesome? Who cares… you're hurt and you suffer
and I’m just sitting here and enjoy it how it slowly drives you mad!” Jimmy smirked and that was the moment that Dean knew Jimmy tainted his mind. It would drive him mad. How did Jimmy knew how he felt? Was he in the same position? Was this why he and Seth parted?

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Dean didn't know how long he was away from home, but it must have been some time. His skins felt hot and burned. Dean felt tired and needed a cold sip of water. But he couldn't come home earlier. He had to clear his mind from Jacobs. He had to run the hills and yell his anger and a little bit of fear out. He couldn't stay come back with his head still wrapped around this little shit.

As he started his was home not everything felt wonderful, but it was okay. He could look in Seth’s face again without this empty feeling of regret. Dean was still thinking that it couldn't come worst, till he found the sheet of paper in his kitchen.

Dean had noticed how quite his house were, but he didn't allow this thought to get stuck in his mind. But he couldn't deny it anymore as he read the scrawly handwriting of Seth.

*I understand that you need your time, so I'll give it to you! I love you. c u on monday*

He really did it? He shoed away Seth with his behavior. He shoed the one person away, he need the most. That was what he was thinking about as while he was taping his wrists.

He heard Seth entering, but he couldn't raise his look. He couldn't look in the chocolate brown eyes of his lover. He waited till Seth stood pretty close to him. He couldn't even talk to him in a clear voice, so the question what Seth wanted from him was so low.

It hurt Dean to talk like that. Yeah, they teamed up. They hadn't been on camera for some time as a team. It wasn't exactly 3 years… perhaps Seth forgot the one time after the split where he walked away from him again, like he walked away from him this week.

He wouldn't point that out.

No, this time he made him to walk away. He forced him, because this small little kinky bastard Jacobs got under his skin.

"You have to worry about three guys. I have to worry about four!" was the last thing he told his husband. Yeah, he was worried about Seth, too, since he didn't know what he did break between them.

Was this marriage a mistake? He didn't want to drag the person he loved the most with him down to into his hell of madness.

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It was fire! Pure fire! This match was a little… strange, like walking with an asleep leg, but then the machine started to roll and there was a quick tag, a shot, a dive. It was like dancing, chemistry, everything. It was like they found their old self's again.

Seth didn't know how painful and heavenly a hug could feel till Dean wrapped his arms around him and pounded his fist and hands hard against his back and then the bump of their chest followed almost knocking Seth over. It was like a dream, did Dean really do this? Was he okay with him? Not angry anymore? Was everything okay?

Seth went over and threw his arms around Dean, felt his husband in his arms again. It had been long days were they haven't seen a glimpse of each other. But then he went too far as he reached out his fist.

He looked hurt down aile where Dean was walking away from him. Seth swallowed. Okay, it was okay, he hugged him and he tagged him. He really tagged with him, it was okay! Not perfect, but okay. A little excuse and they could at least drive home together, eat together and sleep in the same bed. A little sorry and he wouldn't wait till Dean had built up his wall around him like last week.
Seth rolled out the ring and walked back up the ramp with a quick pace, he almost ran, but didn't want to look concerned or afraid, he just wanted to keep up with Dean.

"DEAN!" he yelled at his husband, as he walked through the curtain and almost fell down the impromptu steps that reached down to the floor. Dean turned around, he was at the end of the stairs. No more time to wait. His blue eyes seemed to be sad again. Seth ran down and again pulled his lover tight to himself. The brown haired man didn't acknowledge anything around him. In the moment Dean looked up he just saw him and needed him and the feeling of his body pressed to his own. He didn't think anything through as Seth pushed his lips against Deans, forcing his tongue a way in the hot mouth of his husband. Dean returned the kiss, groaning.

The both men stumbled against the wall, but Seth didn't mind, even with his body hurting like hell. He was just happy to fell the loving and passionate kiss of the man he married. Deans hands clenched in his hair, while Seth held his Shirt and was sure he ripped it off Dean, if they wouldn't part in some time, but he couldn't let go off him, hold him and kiss, coughing and gasping for air just to press the lips against each other again.

"Guys?" a breathless shriek finally forced them to part. Seth and Dean pushed away from each other realizing where they were, but it was too late. They had been caught and even caught was the wrong term. You can only get caught, when you're hiding. This kiss hadn't been something secret and one of the people who had seen it was Kurt Angle, the general manager of RAW.

The shriek came from Renee, but the one who was talking now, was Angle. "What is this?" he asked surprised. Dean pushed Seth away. "You're always getting me in trouble, you idiot!" the blonde male hissed and walked away without a further look for his boss. "Dean?" Seth watched his husband disappear before his view returned to Angle. "I… Kurt…” he stumbled. "Go after him, dumbass!" Renee demanded and then focused on Kurt.

"Look Kurt, I can explain it." Seth heard the soft voice of Renee as he did as she told him. Again, he was running after his beloved one. Would it stay like this? Will Dean ever stop running?
Seth didn't know what to feel anymore. When did this become this complicated? Last week everything changed. Before this, it was just a little speed bump, but Angle witnessing both of them making out was the worst he could imagine.

Seth ran after him as Dean fled from the scene. He didn't know where to look for his husband, but still found him. Dean was leaning against his rental in the parking lot. He still wore his ring gear and hadn't took his bags with him. Dean couldn't leave and seeing him like this, made Seth sad. He seemed desperate and tired. Seth was worried because his husband looked lost. "Love?" Seth tried to catch Dean's attention.

"Stay away!" Dean hissed angry. Seth raised his palms in defense. "I'm sorry. I know I fucked up. I shouldn't have done that, but I think it's not that worse, love." Dean shook his head. "Angle, the GM of motherfucking RAW saw us both kissing and you call it not that worse? Not that worse? What the hell is wrong with you? Weren't you the guy that wanted everything to be secret? Our boss saw us having some kind of a gay thing and next to him was my pretend girlfriend? It's the worst what could have happened!" Dean bounced his head against his hands, he had clenched his fist and pressed his forehead against them, while leaning against the car.

"I'll explain it to Angle. I promise! He's not an asshole, I think he's cool and there weren't that much other people! I think the most of them… we won't ever see again and they don't care. I'm straightening the things out and we… we could be…" Seth couldn't end this sentence, stuttered some words and then stopped.

Dean looked up and his blue eyes were so cold. "We could be happy again? Did you try to say that? Had we been happy lately? Had we been happy as you left?" Dean asked low. He didn't yell, but that made it sound so bad. The calm words were always the real ones. You yell when you're upset and you don't always mean what you yell, answering calm and thoughtful that was always Dean's truth.

No, he hadn't been happy since Miz had put his name in his mouth. Dean had changed and the thing, he thought they had got out of their systems, stood between them again. "Dean… I'm sorry, but I thought it would be the best for you to have some time!"

Seth tried to explain and Dean nodded. "Babe… Seth… I think it's the best if we… I mean…" This time Dean felt like a traitor. "You see, Seth, I love you, but today… I just can't get my head straight,
maybe we should take some time off!"
Seth felt a twinge in his chest. What did Dean just say? "Take some time off? It didn't sound like you would suggest a vacation!" he tried to stay calm, but under his skin he panicked. Dean didn't mean that way, didn't he? His husband shook his head. "Nope, I don't mean some kind of trip. I think it's better, when we don't spend so much time around each other… to get our heads clear. Just till…"
Again there was treason, but it was the best excuse he make up. "… I'm over everything. Today it felt like our early days and then as you hold your fist… I felt the chair again!" He didn't. As he saw Seth's fist he felt love. He felt the need to kiss him and even forgot Jimmy. After a second he realized, it would be a mistake to play brothers again and then the kiss behind the curtain.
Dean just couldn't quite the voices in his head and he knew he couldn't take it, if Seth would leave him once more. It was bollocks that he pushed Seth away, so his husband wouldn't push him further away.
Seth looked like a beat up puppy. "So… I see you… when?" he asked and Dean heard how hurt he was. "Monday. See you on Monday!" Were Dean's last words

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And Monday came.
On that day he had had an appointment with Angle to explain the situation. He stood in front of the man, the former Olympian. And he tried to stay calm and not be desperate. "So, what do you want to tell me? I'm pretty curious!" Angle admit. He didn't smile, but he didn't seem angry either. He seemed like the perfect neutral boss.
Seth swallowed. "I said before, I wanted to explain what last week happened!" Angle shook his head and now there was a smile. "I know what happened! You kiss Ambrose and he seemed to be okay with it, but not with me knowing it. I can't force you, but if you want, you can tell me why you kiss him!" He was so nice and thoughtful.
Again Seth swallowed to buy some time. "Why… is a pretty easy answer, but I'm afraid of how you react, Kurt!" Kurt raised his hand and put it it on Seth's shoulder. "I'm from a generation of wrestler, we didn't ask much question. Things we don't know, we don't care. Things we don't see, we don't know. We don't judge about how spends his time with how and how marries or doesn't." Angle let is hand sing again. "You know what I mean?"
Seth thought about the words. If they won't behave like a pair of paradise birds Angle wouldn't ask much further and maybe even cover for him.
"Dean and I, we're in love!" he whispered the words carefully and felt his voice shake. He fought with tears, because he didn't know if this was the truth. Were they still in love or had last week ended everything. "But you still got problems?" Angle asked and Seth nodded.
Now the GM sighed. "I hate to meddle in your affairs, but since it's my job I have to tell you, you should get your shit with your boyfriend together. When your love life doesn't effect your work I'm okay with what you do. I don't bat an eye. I have much bigger problems to solve. But for me it looks like you haven't your shit together."
Seth raised his head and shook it. "Hey, give me a chance! We get it straight, it's just… I think it's just a minor problem. I sort it out with him!" Angle waited a moment before he answered. He sighed and nodded. "Alright. I give the chance to sort it out till Summerslam. If it doesn't work you then, I have to arrange things!"
Seth put his hands on Angles shoulders. "That's enough time. I promise and if not, then… it's maybe better to arrange something. Thanks!" Again Angle nodded and Seth left the room.

He needed to tell Dean what he had discussed with their boss. So he was looking for him. He should have kept his mouth shut as Renee interviewed Dean. But he heard how she teased Dean and he thought they would get over it. But he didn't not!
Dean pushed him away and Seth hadn't the chance to tell Dean what he knew and what ultimatum
Angle had given to them.

Is someone getting the best of you?

After the beat up by Sheasaro, yeah in his mind he called them this fanmade name, Seth was in his own locker, alone. Like they said. He again tried to apologize Dean and his husband snapped. After everything Dean was still his husband, his love, his life, but he didn't know what to do, what could ease up the mind of him.

Seth knew he should change his cloths and leave, but he couldn't. He was just listening to some old songs, that ripped his heart out of his chest.

Is someone getting the best, the best, the best of you?

Dave Grohl from the Foo Fighters was asking this question. Did Dean got the best of him? Seth couldn't answer it. He wanted to give him everything, but did he give him the best?

Seth pressed his fingers against his nose bridge. No, he wasn't about to cry. He sure wasn't, but if he would, he wanted to prevent a single tear from running.

When Dean would again accept him in his arms again, he would give him the best of him. But till that time would come he just could ask himself where Dean was?

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A day after RAW Dean found himself in Ohio again. He didn't want to stay his off days in Vegas, there was Renee and she was rooting for Team "back together". Normally he would have stayed this week in Iowa, but there he wasn't welcomed after his preach the night before.

At first he thought about another visit of his mother, but as he realized how much she adored Seth and he didn't want explain to her why he was all by himself again. Now he was on the way to the one person who was left.

Sami "Deathmachine" Callihan.

He hadn't called him to announce his visit. Sami's door had always been open and at the moment he hoped that this fact hadn't changed over the years they hadn't seen each other on regular bases. So much had changed since they traveled the world together…

He rang the doorbell and it took some moments till the front door was opened and Dean looked in the surprised face of his little brother. "Jon? What the heck… did they fire you?"

In his life Sami was one on the last people remaining who still called him his old name. Dean shook his head. "Nope, still a slave!" he answered with a slight smile "I just need some time to clear my head and…" Sami interrupted him with a laugh. "And you thought why not scaring the fuck out of your chosen little brother?"

That's why he loved the little guy, he read his mind and wasn't even angry they hadn't seen for month. "Yeah, can I crawl under your roof for some day till I've to return to reality?" Sami stepped to the side and let him in his small home. "You're lucky, bro, I'm at home this week. You know I'm pretty busy since I left." Dean dragged himself and his bags in, put them in the floor as Sami closed the door.

Both men entered the living room and Dean let himself fall on the couch. "I know, Sami. I know. You've become a fucking legend and I've become a fucking joke!" He pushed his face in a pillow and closed his eyes. It felt like he was on his feet for weeks. "I didn't laugh yesterday, bro!" Sami murmured. He took his place on his armchair. "You watched?" Dean raised his head. The little one nodded. "I watch every time, when I'm not working. You are my brother. And I'm worried about you. This shit with Miz and know Seth who tries to be you buddy again. I'm worried." Dean let his head sink again. "Shut up, Callihan! What do you know about me?"

"I know you better than anybody! I knew that you're into Rollins before you knew it." Sami laughed, but as Dean didn't respond, the little one stopped. "What's up?" it was a silent question as the front door lock clicked.

"Who's that?" Dean raised again his head and looked from Sami to the doorway. "Who should it be. Jessicka. She was out for the Groceries." Again Dean looked over to his friend. "You send you girl
out alone for shopping? You chauvinist!" Sami groaned and shook his head. "I'm not! I'm at home for about two hours. I had shows this weekend and yesterday a training sessions. My back is killing me and you call me chauvi?" Sami almost yelled at him.

"Who are you talking to, baby?" A happy but secure female voice was heard in the house. "We got a visitor, honey!"

It didn't take long till Jess poked her head in and smiled as she saw Dean. "Hey, Jon! What are you doing here? Do I finally get my threesome I wished for our anniversary?" the tall woman smiled a little startled but honestly happy.

"Nah, sorry, Jess… I can't I'm actually married." Dean answered and Jess laughed thinking it was a joke. "Alright, yeah. Jon Fucking Moxley is married. I like that thought!" she was about to leave the room again as Dean sat up and harrumphed. "Actually… erm… It's not a joke." he raised his right hand and showed his ring finger to Jessicka. The black haired women shook her head. "What are you talking about?" Dean heard the voice of his friend, while he looked in the shocked face of Sami's girlfriend. Jess swallowed. "To a man?" she asked and Sami yelled. "He's fucking Rollins! I told you there's something wrong!" Dean sat up. "Could you please shut up?" he asked.

Jess raised her hands. "I'll go and get us some drinks. Sami looks like he needs it!"

After some moments, they settled. Sami calmed down a little and was sitting next to Dean on the couch, now. "Why didn't you tell me?" The boys looked each other in the eyes. "You know damn well why. I remember how you reacted as you visited me." Sami rolled his eyes and sipped from his drink. "That was years ago!" he defended himself. "You were jealous on Seth and didn't even know what was up." Sami took another sip. "You left me and as I saw you again, you were so into this boy and I was afraid you forget me!"

Dean stroked with both of his hands over Samis head through his hair. "Sami, you aren't even gay. We just helped each other with the loneliness." The hands of the smaller man wrapped around Deans wrists. "I know, but we had fun and I know I told you to go, but I didn't tell you to fell in love with this… this twink!" Dean laughed. "Seth's not a twink." Sami shook his head. Jessica sat next to the boys, but kept silent. "You're right, but…" Sami exhaled loudly and freed himself. "I was young and it's years ago. Why didn't you tell me? How long…" Now, Dean was sipping from his drink. "Not that long. You saw which problems we had and before…" Sami rolled his eyes. "How long Jon… or do I have to call you Dean to tell me the truth?" Dean sighed.

"Married for about four months… relationship… maybe eight?" He calculated in his head, not sure which dates he should use, but the numbers seemed at least right. "We saw at least three times in the last eight months, the last time at Mania and you couldn't tell me then?"

Dean shook his head. "Now, I couldn't since Seth and I, we're keeping it a secret and… I don't know." Dean sighed and rubbed over his face.

"I really try to understand you. Why are you here? Why are you here with us, not with Seth?" Jessica asked suddenly. Sami laughed. "You didn't saw their last shows? There's trouble in paradise." The woman nodded. "I understand what happens, but not why. You're a stupid prick. Sorry, but… that's what I think… It's stupid." She stood up and looked to Dean.

"You shouldn't be here with us! You should be at home with him, explain your problem and… for haven's sake, get your head out of your ass!" She shook her head. "I'll go preparing the dinner!"

Later that night Dean was standing at the window of the guestroom. He was staring in the darkness, the window wide open and cold air filling the room.

"Sorry for earlier!" Jessica was in the doorway. He shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not angry." he assured her. "Alright, but… I still don't get it. I mean… I really don't get it." Dean turned around and surveyed the woman. She wasn't one of the soft girls, like Renee was. She was tough, but thoughtful and tolerant. She knew about him and Sami and wasn't even a little unsure about it. "What don't you get?" he asked. Jess looked down the floor and then entered the room, to close the door behind her. "Sami told me not to ask, but… I think you're making a mistake, Jon." she told him. "I don't get why you can't trust Seth." Dean shrugged his shoulders and let his head sink. "I don't understand me either. I… I love him, but being in the ring with him… I don't know." Jess sat down on the bed.
"You looked great together as you defeated the Miz-Tourage!" she spoke lowly and Dean felt a lump in his throat. It felt great, it was great and after that. Dean didn't even know what to feel and why they fought, he just know that everything grew over his head.

"I have a request, Jon. Do you listen? It's gonna be a little longer story." The blond male nodded silent, he would listen to her. "I really got a problem with you at the beginning, Jon. I didn't understand what you and Sam had. He said he weren't gay and he had just loved you. And he was broken as you left. He sent you down to Florida, but he was broken, too." Dean had his arms crossed in front of his chest. "But then I met you and I understood quite a bit more. You both where there for each other and did a little experiment. You knew he wouldn't hurt you and you were the most important man in his life and you're so charming. I have to be thankful, because of you my boy knows everything about backdoor things."

Dean raised his eyebrows. "You announced a long story, but could you come to the point?" Jess rolled her eyes and groaned. "The only man you had a relationship in your life wasn't exactly gay. You really tried to be independent and then you found love with a really good looking guy and it worked. And now you're sabotaging it?"

Dean looked down to the floor. "I'm not sabotaging it, Jess!"

The woman stood up and locked eyes with him. "You're fighting with him. You said that he forced you to help him, because not he would be the bad guy. How could you be the bad guy since he brought the trouble on his own. And then you crawled to him… Jon, why can't you deliver him from his pain? Why can't you say him that you trust him again?"

Dean inhaled deeply and blinked some tears away. "What you saw on the show isn't everything, Jess. Seth wished that our relationship to be a secret, but… everything is working against it. He… he even kissed me in front of Angle!" The blond male told her and scuffled his hair. "Who cares? You love him! Why don't you get your head out of your ass?" Dean pounded against the wall. "I don't know! I really don't know! But really, when I'm in the ring… I love it. It's like before and then I remember how it felt. Not the pain in my back, but in my heart and then there's is this guy, how said that it would mess up my head and I think he jinxed me."

Dean sobbed dry and blinked away tears, he wasn't really crying but real close. "We practical lived with each other and now… I don't have the courage to be in my own home without him." Jess wrapped her arms around Dean and rubbed his back. "You can stay with us, but jeez… get your shit together, you can’t move in forever!"
One step forward, two steps back

Chapter Summary

Dean talks to Sami and hopefully gets the last push in the right direction. And then this RAW happens where Seth turned his back on Dean after he offered the fist. What did happened as RAW went of the air?

Chapter Notes

You won't believe it! It's another chapter! I promised you, I tried to catch up! And we're close, aren't we? I hope you like what i had written.

"I really can't believe that you married Rollins!" Sami was driving Dean to the airport. It had been some calm days in Ohio, but it had been what Dean needed. Some beers in the evening in the garden, a good chat with normal people, some training without fancy names. A run in a park which he doesn't know. Sami hadn't mentioned Seth's name the whole time. That wasn't a fact that Dean surprised. He was still refereeing to him as Rollins. They never had become friends. "I asked myself if you would pick up this topic ever again. I'm still questioning myself if you're more upset about the fact it's Seth or that I'm married." Dean was looking out of the window, not trying to make eye contact with his buddy. In some minutes they would arrive at the parking lot of the airport and he and Sami would part ways, sure when they would meet again.

"I think it's the bundle of both. I never thought about you as a husband, but I think I could manage that thought better if you wouldn't be Rollins' husband… That's a freak show!" Dean shrugged his shoulders. "Who are you telling that? I know what a freak show looks like. But I'm happy… I mean… was… was happy!" he looked over to Sami, but then turned his face away again. Past tense was the right tense. Even the days here in Ohio hadn't calmed his stomach or the voice of Jimmy in his head.

"I really don't understand your obsession with this guy. He's so… so…" Sami shook his head. "He's so not me." The eyes of the smaller one were still fixed on the road, but Dean shot him a quick look at him again. What did he say? "Why should he be like you?" he asked and could see how Sami rolled his eyes. His little brother was chewing on his lower lip and shook slightly his head. "You wouldn't understand it!"

But why shouldn't he? Why did some people answer his questions like he was a toddler and not old enough. "I will not, if you don't explain. I'm not that retarded!" Dean defended himself. Sami sighed like only annoyed siblings could sigh. "You were never a retard, but emotionally crippled. That's why you wouldn't understand it!" For a moment Dean really didn't know what to say. "Wait, Sami… For me it sounded like you compared yourself with Seth and that you're jealous." But that couldn't it be, could it?

Silence fell for a moment as Sami pulled up the parking lot. "I'm… I'm not jealous!" Sami answered a second after he took the ticket at form the ticket station and the bar raised to grant them entrance. "But… I don't know what to feel about you and him." He told Dean and pulled up on a free parking spot.
Dean unbuckled his seat belt. "What are you talking about? We never had... a relationship and even if we would have, it ended years before I started dating Seth." Again Sami shook his head and slowly raised his view. "Sometimes I think you forget how it really happened. We were still in touch, but as you fell in love with Seth, you just forgot me." Now Dean raised his hands and shook his head. "I didn't forget you. I hadn't had the time to visit you all the time. I thought it was okay with you!" Sami sighed, he rubbed with his hand over his hairline. "I don't wanna upbraid. We had this weird thing going on and I knew it's not forever especially since I love you, but knew that the sex thing was kinda fun, but not what I wanted forever. I send you down, but I haven't thought you would exchange me that fast."

Deans mouth fell open. He took a deep breath and shook his head. "I didn't exchange you with Seth. I... I... I didn't." The blonde male breathed faster and fought with himself. "I really hadn't much time and I wanted to talk with you, but you were always so sad when I talked to you on the phone."

Again Sami shook his head, it seemed like everything what Dean said would make him shake his head. "I wasn't sad, because of what you told me. I was sad, because I lost this bound of ours. It hurt as you started telling me about Seth. It felt like you had exchange the little troll with this sexy guy... I could only be your friend and never your brother again."

Dean reached over to Sami and wrapped his hands around his neck and pulled him close to his face. "You will always be my brother." he whispered these words. Sami wrapped his hands around Dean's wrists, like before. It wasn't the first time that they sat in a car like that.

Years ago they sat in Sami's old chevy. Dean tugged him close, looked in the sad green eyes of Sami and his heart broke. "You will always be my brother!" he whispered and as he leaned ahead his lips touched Sami's. Both men tasted the salty taste of tears.

It was the last kiss they ever shared. Today again both men tasted tears without the taste of lips. "I'm sorry, Sami." Dean whispered and the smaller one shook his head. "Sip it, Jon." But Dean didn't listen to him. "No, you have to hear it. I told Seth about us as the only other relationship I ever had in my life. You are not unimportant to me. But I know I'm not a part of your life anymore, so I try not to invade it more than it's appropriate."

Sami laughed bleak. "Dumbass! You don't invade my life. My door is always open to you... and your husband. If you still got a husband when you visit us the next time." Dean opened his hands and leaned back, he sighed and nodded. "You're not jealous anymore?"

"I was never jealous on Seth, it just... I can't promise that it won't hurt me in the future, but... you could at least call a little more. Your mother would be happy to hear a little more of you, too!" Sami answered with a slight smile on his face. Dean put his hand in his face and pushed him away, groaning. "Shut up, but... I try my best!" Sami sighed and shook his head.

"Do you... wanna talk?" Dean bid his lip and it seemed for a moment that he was really thinking about, but then he shook his head. "No, I... I'm the problem and..." Sami's Hand found Dean's shoulder. He softly brushed over the jacket, but then pushed Dean away.

"I've the feeling that you stand yourself in your way and... I hate to give you a relationship advice, but... give Seth a chance to prove himself. You don't have to crawl up his ass or hold his hand every time he got a little boo boo, but maybe you should... be a little more fair to him?" Dean shook his head and opened the car door, but then looked again over to his little brother. "When did you grow up that much?"

Sami shrugged his shoulders. "Leaving Florida was really helpful, but... Jon, time for you to grow up, too!" Dean slide out of the car and nodded. He couldn't say a word, but maybe Sami was right, maybe he had to be the adult, now.

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He snapped at Seth... again. To make it worse, he snapped at his husband after he lost a match and got beaten up. Dean felt bad, because that wasn't what he planned to do today. He wanted to be the adult, like Sami said.
But as the crowd chanted his name, demanded him to help his husband. He felt like everybody knew about the kiss Seth and him had shared after the last tag match had been talked about and reported and everybody wanted to see them together.

As Sheasaro turned to the entrance and waited a second for him, he just couldn't get his feet to move and run out there. Yeah, he felt like a jerk and an asshole! He wasn't a friend nor a lover and surely he wasn't a husband for Seth the last weeks.

That were Dean's thoughts as he looked at the back of Seth as he walked away after his own match and beatup. He had reached out for him with his fist, but Seth walked away. Dean was sad, he knew everybody saw it and he couldn't hide it. He was sorry, sorry for what he had done to him and how he had behaved the last weeks.

Dean rolled out of the ring, he didn't know where he was heading, but he had to leave the arena. The crowd was wild, but he felt numb. Did he made Seth angry? Or was it even worse, did he finally lost him?

"Seth!" he yelled behind his husband as he went through the curtain. Seth had gained some distance, but still heard him. He turned and shook his head. "Fuck off, Ambrose. Save it!" he answered and turned back to the floor. Dean didn't stop his walk, he even picked up some speed to catch up with Seth. "HEY!" he yelled louder. Seth jerked a little, but went on and Dean tried to catch him. "SETH! Stop! Wait!" he tried, a curse followed and Dean took a quick run to close the distance. "Seth!" he said in a much calmer and softer voice and then his husband turned to him again. "WHAT?" he yelled at Dean and then everything was… mechanical.

Dean pushed Seth against the wall, cupped Seth's cheeks with his hands, pressed his sweaty body against him and kissed him passionately. Fuck, he carved for this feeling. The feeling of Seth's lips and his beard. Fuck, he missed him so much and wasn't able to say it to him how much.

At first Seth was overrun of this action, but then for a moment he just enjoyed the kiss. His hands found Deans biceps and he put his hands there to hold them in place. A slight sigh escaped him, but then he pushed him away and the anger returned. Luckily this time nobody was around.

"Are you mad?" Seth asked him and pushed him back. He broke the contact of both bodies. "Who am I asking?" Seth rubbed with one hand over his face. "Lo..." He swallowed and shook his head. "Listen Dean. I can't take this. This game of tug-a-war or whatever you're playing. You don't have to thank me for a save. I don't want a thank you and sure as hell I don't want a fist bump like in the old days because the fans wished it." Dean raised his hands defensive. "Woah, what? Because of the fans? Don't you know that nobody could bring me under pressure. I... I raised my hand because... because I wanted it. I wanted you!" Again Seth shook his head and teared his hair. "My God, Ambrose! Get your shit together! Grow up and finally decide! You can't always snap at me and on the next occasion play my brother and then kiss me behind the curtain."

Dean stepped back and crossed his arms in front of his chest. "Babe, I was trying to do this. Being an adult, being... I don't know. You helped me even as I didn't, even when I was a douche! I thought..." Seth shook his head and sighed. "Dean, I really... really want to believe you. I... I miss you, but in the last weeks you hurt me! I gave you time to overthink everything, now you'll have to grant that to me!" He stepped away and turned his back to Dean. Again he looked how his love left him and he didn't know if he would ever return to him.
"Everything's alright?" Dean lay next to Seth, with his head on the back of Seth's shoulder. His hand traced the soft lines of the tattoo on his lovers back. Seth sighed happily. He was laying on his belly, with his head resting on his arm. Dean assumed that he probably had his eyes closed and was smiling a stupid happy smile. "It's… alright!" he answered slowly. "It hurts a bit, but… I needed it!" A groan followed and he moved his body a little. Dean sat up to give him space and Seth rolled over to lay on his side to look up to him. "I'm sorry. I know, I was a little… erm… rough!" Dean excused. Again Seth sighed happy and shook his head. "No need to say sorry."

There was still an awkward tension between them. For weeks they barely talk and then today… suddenly everything changed. Dean got up first. He pulled up his pants, buttoned them and was looking for his shirt. Seth didn't know what to feel, but to be this close with him again, he just couldn't stop smiling. "I love you!" Seth whispered and the view of Dean shot to him. His dirty smile returned. "But I love you, too!" followed with a low voice.

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Seth and Dean always had been like magnets. You could part them and they work perfectly alone, but as soon as you put them in the range of each other a force pulled them together. That had happen again in the ring.

Dean got out. He had to speak out what he thought, to proof himself what he was up too. And Seth was just Seth. This guy would drive him mad one day! And there was this energy, this force that pulled his body to Seth. He felt the pressure in his heart and his head. He needed Seth.

Last week behind the curtain he forced Seth into a kiss, something he couldn't do here in the middle of the ring with thousands of people watching. He just could… beat him. That both men worked the same got a proof as Seth reacted the same way and jumped on his back.

This brawl was the best they could do, to get rid of this pain they both felt in their heart and perhaps they wouldn't have left together when Sheasaro hadn't arrived. Didn't they know what would happen if they jump them both?

In a second everything was like before. Dean couldn't watch it anymore. Suddenly there was this click in his head. He hadn't to watch this anymore. He hadn't to watch like the previous months. He
could help!

He was in a trance-like state as he and Seth got backstage. Did they really get a title shot, because they managed to get along together? "Babe?" he asked and felt strange. Seth looked over and shook his head, then his view flashed left and right. He pulled Dean close. Their mouths crashed hard against each other, but Dean had no time to react as Seth pushed him away again. "Sorry!" he sighed. Last week they got lucky, but the time before that as they got overwhelmed by their feelings, someone saw them. "I know where we could go!" Dean whispered and pulled Seth with him to the first lockable room they found. To be even more save Seth put a chair with his back under the door handle. In a flash both men tugged each other close and kissed. It wasn't a romantic gesture as Seth let his hand wander down Dean's body and started to fiddle with the buttons of his jeans. He carved for him and his body, he missed the feeling of his heated body and needed to feel him moving in him again. "Oh love..." he murmured against the lips of his husband. Dean just groaned and stroked Seth's naked torso, just unable to reply. Seth began to open the jeans with harsh movements which caused Dean to moan and lean his head back. "I love it when you're setting the tone!" he murmured and stripped himself of his shirt. After that he grabbed by Seth's chin and smiled with a winning smile. "Go on your knees, babe. I'll give you what you need!" Seth squeaked a little in excitement. "I need you, don't worry... don't be soft. I need it!" he demanded breathless, opened his belt and the tight leather ring pants before he dropped on the floor on all fours. Dean couldn't explain how sexy Seth looked in this moment. The blond male put a hand in his jeans and stroked himself. Just the sight of Seth with his naked round ass started to harden him. "Shit, how on earth can a human be as hot as you?" he growled and got behind Seth, peeled his pants further down. "Don't waste time!" Seth groaned as he felt the hot body against his and how Dean's fingers pushed his cheeks aside. "Fuck me! Fuck me hard!" Seth demanded pushing is butt against Dean's lap, who couldn't do more than moan and do as Seth pleased. He pressed his hard cock against the backdoor of his husband. It slowly opened and let him enter where he belonged. Seth moaned loudly. Even with a locked and blocked door, now everybody would know what was going on in here, but Seth didn't care. He moved his hips against Dean's and with every move it hurt him more, but the pain was pleasure, even when he was sure at least tonight he would regret this decision. For now it was heaven on earth and he moaned with every sound their bodies made when they were pressed together. Dean wrapped an arm around Seth's chest. "Raise a little, babe!" he groaned and pulled him up a little. Seth followed, held himself in place with Dean's help and let a desperate moan slip as Dean's other hand found his dripping dick. "Fuck, baby... owh!" he whined, but Dean knew, that was good cry.

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"Damn, how long have we been in here?" Dean asked looking around for a clock as Seth raised. He was redressing again and on some occasions a painful sigh slip. "Don't know. An hour? Maybe one and a half? My mobile is in the locker. Do you think somebody was looking for us?" Dean shrugged with his shoulders and finally found his shirt. "Ya jizzed on my shirt!" it had been under Seth, Dean had no idea how he put it there. He ripped it off and didn't think about it till now.

"Sorry, but... it's just a merch shirt. You get a new one every show." Dean threw an annoyed look at Seth. "I can't run around topless like some other jerks... and even you wear the most of the time one of your shirts. I'm scum, but not THAT scum! I know how to dress!" Dean defended himself and sighed loud. "Shit!" this weak curse followed. Seth couldn't help, but giggle. "Sorry, I really wouldn't want to, but... I really think nobody would care about you being topless. You only have to get in your locker. Come on!" He put his hands on Dean's shoulder.

Dean shook his head and pushed Seth away. "Don't be a pain in the ass." He turned away and left the room.

"Where have you been?" a female voice yelled at him and he turned around. Renee stood there
furious. "Why are you yelling?" Dean answered. Renee shook her head. "I'm yelling because one moment you were in the ring with Seth and then you both vanished. Now you're appearing here where I'm finding you ... why are you shirtless?" Renee brushed her hair back.

Dean looked over his shoulder. Yeah, nobody would wonder about him not being dressed! His view wandered back to Renee. "I got jizz on it." The face of the blond woman went from angry to startled. "What? How? Why?" Dean shrugged his shoulders. "I fucked Seth!" Seth beat his shoulder. "Eh!" Renee shook her head again and shoved him again. "Stop kidding me! Go to Kurt!" and again she shoved Dean some steps back. The blond man turned his head to his husband. "I think she's implying we should see Angle!"

"OARH DEAN!" the woman yelled, turned around and abandoned both men.

Dean shrugged his shoulders as he couldn't understand why she was so angry, but then both men made their way to the office of Kurt Angle. "Did you talk to him about ... what he had seen?" Dean asked and Seth nodded. "Not a long talk. He said we should get our shit together and that he had other troubles than us." Dean swallowed. He had tried to avoid Angle as much as he could since the incident so Dean didn't know how the GM would react to him.

"Did we get our shit together?" he asked and Seth smiled. He approached Dean and started to whisper. "I let you fuck me. At work ... and last week you kissed me ... I think we got our shit together." Both men stared at each other in silence. Suddenly Dean stepped back. "Yep, we're cool. Let's talk to Kurt so we can left early!" Seth laughed and followed his husband.

"You were looking for us?" Seth and Dean decided to let Seth do the talk with their boss. Angle looked up from his phone where he had put some notes. "Yeah, YEAH! For about 90 minutes! Where have you been?" A short break followed and he furrowed his brows. "Why aren't you dressed appropriately? Didn't you have a shirt?" Dean shrugged his shoulders. "I got jizz on it!" he answered honestly. "What?" Angle asked calm, but a little doubtfully, while Seth rubbed with his hand over his face. "Seth and I fucked and he jizzed on my shirt!"

For a second Kurt's mouth stood open. "You're a real loon, aren't you?" Kurt shook his head in disbelief. "Alright, since you're here, let's talk about Sunday. I chose you not because you put your shenanigans aside. You're a great team with a great chemistry. You could beat Sheamus and Cesaro. I don't wanna say you deserve it, but the both deserve a loss. They're too arrogant and instead of ruling over the tag team division they played with you! Stupid, but I can't work on everything alone. So... if they wanted you, they got you!"

Seth looked over his shoulder to Dean and then back to Angle. "So, what are you saying? We're just... the only option?" Surely Seth didn't want to hear that, but Angle shook his head. "No, you're the best option. I don't care what you both are playing outside the ring, but inside the ring you can kill it. You broke the Miz-Tourage and you can break them! You can become the Champs and I'll give you the ultimate chance. If you screw it... you're problem!" Both men nodded. Yeah, their problem. If they lose the probably won't get a second chance. There were many good teams on RAW.

"We get it, Kurt... thanks!" Dean answered and Seth felt the same. The instructions were clear. Both wanted to leave, but Angle harrumphed. "Guys... if you worry..."

The couple turned their back to their boss. "If you worry about what I saw... I'm from a generation, some of us were jerks, but I'm more of the type that if I done see something, I don't talk about it and then I don't care about it." he rubbed over the back of his bald head. "When you're couple things stay at home... then I don't care about what you two are doing. I mean... I'm not the right person to judge bedroom decisions!" He smiled a weak smile and again Seth and Dean shared a look. Dean sighed and Seth patted the shoulder of his husband. "We won't do anything like the last time. Thanks... even when this was a really awkward talk." Angle rolled with his eyes over Seth's answer. "Go! Leave! I got a show to run!"
Love is a battlefield

Chapter Summary

A little scene before the biggest party of the summer. Dean, Seth and some friends are watching Takeover and some one almost gets a heartattack because of Adam Cole!

Chapter Notes

Yeah, here again a little chapter. I really think I'll have to change the tags and summary of the story. We broke with the last chapter some records. I got over 100 Kudos (thank you!!!) I've written more than 80k words. That's almost 2 NaNoWriMos! (not in the same time, but still an impressive among of english words)

I'm writing this for fic for almost 7 months now. It should be a one shot (that's why the beginning is a little weird), but I just couldn't stop writing!
I think it's time to say thank you!
Thank you for staying with me on track! ♥

"I really have missed this!" Seth moaned, while moving his hips and sitting on his husband's lap. Dean leaned against the headrest of the hotel bed. After RAW, the ride down to Brooklyn didn't take long, so Seth and Dean kicked off Summerslam week in Seth's hotel suite like this and started every following day, too.
Dean had his arms wrapped around Seth, one placed on his shoulder and the other with a tight grip on Seth's butt. "What did ya miss?" he moaned breathless against Seth's chest. "Abusing my morning wood or… oh shit, babe, I can't anymore longer!" he groaned, pulling Seth hard against his body.
The brown haired male smiled with his arms around Dean's shoulders still moving. "I'm sure you can!" he sighed leaning back a little, so his movements directed Dean where he needed him. "And… I missed hotel sex!" The answer followed, but Dean was busing with breathing and holding himself together.
His head was bend back, his blond locks fell in his eyes and his mouth was open. "Kill… ME!" he moaned and yelled at the same time. "Baby… just… a… bit!" Seth answered and started to move a little faster. His eyes close and his fussy hair all over scrabby. "FUCK!" Dean yelled and clawed his fingers in Seth's bare skin. In this moment Seth twitched, throwing his head back. Some small thrusts followed, but then Seth sank with his head against Dean's shoulders and sighed loud. Dean petted his thighs.
"You… are killing me!" he murmured. Seth chuckled and started to kiss his neck. "Don't tell me that you didn't like it!" he answered in a low tone. Carefully Dean directed his palms up Seth's back. "Come! Get up!" Seth moved his hips a little. "What if I don't want to?" Seth whispered. Dean groaned desperately. "You are really… killing me." he pushed the words out and again Seth chuckled. "Alright, I'm a nice boy." Seth bit his lip as he raised and crawled out of the bed. Dean followed him with his view. "Babe?" he asked and Seth turned around. "Hm?"
Dean opened his mouth. "What has happened yesterday?"
"What are you doing there?" Seth turned around and smiled at his friend. "Hey Finn! You look… happy." Seth noted and plugged the cable in the TV. He was in the lobby of the hotel where a lot WWE Stars stayed including Finn. "We're having a little lobby party to watch Takeover. The guys at the desk are okay with it and since I'm not allowed anymore on a Takeover since the thing in January…" he shrugged his shoulders. Finn laughed up. "So you party here? Alone… with Dean?" the tone of his voice become a little lewd. Seth shot a meaningful look over to the Irish. "Everybody who wants to stay can stay. Dean's out to get beer and snacks. Do you wanna watch with us?" Finns cheeks blushed a little and he bit his lip. "I'm sorry. I'm going out with Shinsuke, we're watching live in the arena."

That were news to Seth. He hadn't talked much with Finn since they had different stuff to worry about. "Oh, are you and him…" Finn shook his head and his cheeks got a little redder. "No, but I'm hoping we're getting a little closer again today!" Seth nodded. "You hope you get laid today." Finn hid his face behind his hands and shook his head. "Seth!" he got a little louder and chuckled like a school girl. "Maybe you're right, but it would be enough if we could be friends again." Finn told him. He seemed so downcast with his blushed cheeks and a sad look on his face. Seth wasn't an expert in relationships, regarding the heavy speed bump they surpassed the last weeks. "I hope the best and believe me. A relationship with someone SD is a little hard, but you can manage it. It worked out good for me." Finn smiled thankful and brushed with his fingers through his short hair. "If it works out, you can give me some advice. I'll… I'll have to leave, now!" Seth surrounded the sofa and wrapped his arms around his friend. "Have fun and… don't do anything I won't do!" Finn returned the hug and chuckling. "That's perfect, then I can to practically everything!" Seth pushed him away. "You better leave or I whip your ass!" Finn jumped some steps behind in the direction of main entrance. "I'm sooooo afraid!"

"Afraid of Seth? I thought you're a smart guy!" As Finn was about to leave, Dean entered. His arms full with bags. Finn chuckled as he passed the taller guy. "I am, that's why I leave you troublemakers alone!"

Dean brought the bags over to the sofas. "Where does he go? To the arena?" Seth nodded. "Got a date with… you know who?" Now Dean nodded. "Alright. Hope he gets laid. Would relax him for his match against Wyatt!" The blonde one murmured and started to unpack the groceries. Seth stroked some of Dean's locks back. "That's what I said." Both looked each other deep in their eyes. "Not the thing with Wyatt." Dean raised and let the bags lay on the couch. His hands found Seth's waist. They stood across each other in silence. There was tension between them and it was almost touchable.

"We shouldn't do this!" Seth whispered. "I'm pretty sure, that's right!" Dean answered in a low tone. Both men went a few steps back.

"Too bad. I really thought I would witness your wonderful chemistry live and in color." Dean recognized the voice of Jimmy fucking Jacobs and rolled his eyes with a loud sigh. "He's your friend. You take care about him!" If Dean had to do it, he would whip Jimmy's butt like in the early days. He wouldn't allow him to get in his head anymore and destroy his relationship with Seth. He hadn't confessed to Seth yet about what Jimmy said to him, just that there was a problem. So Seth knew it wasn't the best thing to have Jimmy around at the moment. Dean went over and finally unpacked the bags, pulled the beer out.

Seth went over to Jimmy. "Couldn't you be little less arrogant towards Dean?" Seth asked silent. Jimmy was a lot smaller than Seth, so he always had to look up to meet his friend's eyes. Slowly the man with the dark eyes raised his view. "I'm not arrogant. I'm bitchy. I'm bitchy to you, too." Seth rolled his eyes. "I noticed that years ago. What's up, Jimmy?" he asked. Jimmy's smile grew a little. "I don't know. I'm bored and I wanted to know what you guys are up to… down here, where everybody could see you!"
Seth put his hands on the smaller man's shoulders. "Are you jealous?" he asked lowly. He didn't
know what to expect, but not that Jimmy laughed and pushed him away. "You wish! I'm annoying
you and him because you both were too much of a chicken shit to tell me about your thing. And I
love how he twitches every time I speak to him. But jealous? I wouldn't push you out of my bed,
but… do you know what a complicated person you are, Mr. Rollins?" Jimmy shook his head
laughing. The brown haired male opened his mouth, but closed it again. "Speechless like always. So
what are you planning to do here?" Seth crossed his arms in front of his chest. "Lobby party…
like… you know… back in the days!" Jimmy's smile got softer. "Like when we were on the road
and got a free evening and invited everybody to watch with us." Seth nodded and smiled. "Yeah, we
did something like that down in Florida as I started. We watched almost every PPV and everybody
who got around was invited. We dreamed of being one day on the main roster."
It were great memories. He had much fun with Dean and Roman and the other guys. That were the
moments when he grew closer with Dean. This evenings were the foundations of their relationship
today. "If you promise not to annoy us for… for being happy, I would be glad if you watch with us.
Party a little." Jimmy scratched biceps and shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe I could behave a little. I'll
think about it."

So it happened that Seth, Dean and Jimmy sat together to watch Takeover in the hotel lobby. They
concentrated on the match. Roman arrived a little late, he phoned with his wife and kids. After some
time, Sami and his new girlfriend joined.
She was a young, curvy woman with long red colored hair. Both were cuddling on the second
armchair. It was a nice calm group. The girl got really excited as Sanity won since she was German
just like Wolfe who managed to get the pin and win with his team the NXT tag team championship.
But what really disturbed Dean happened later at the end of the show.
Roode and McIntrye battled for the main title. It was a tough match. The crowd was awesome and
the match really caught the action. "Drew's sexy!" Mary, Sami's Girlfriend murmured. "Excuse me?"
the Syrian Canadian raised his voice. "She's right!" Dean murmured too. "Excuse me?" was heard
from Seth. Roman chuckled. "Not as cute as you, Darling!" Mary assured Sami as Dean chuckled.
"Yeah, don't worry Seth, not as cute as Sami is!" Dean teased his husband which made Seth sigh
and the other men just laughed.
Jimmy's view wandered around. Seth had his legs popped up on the little table, Dean's had placed
his own over Seth's. A casual gesture, but Jimmy knew that this was their way to show affection in
public. Sami and his girl were a little closer. She sat on his lap, an arm wrapped around him, stroking
with her fingers through Sami's short hair. Damn, the couple seemed in love.
And Rome, he was alone here, too, but now and then his view dove off to his mobile and a smile
appeared on his lips before he typed in a message and he looked back to the TV.
Aren't ordinary people adorable? Jimmy thought.
He was the only single in this group and it wouldn't affect him as he wasn't a relationship person.

"What's happening?" Dean murmured. Jimmy's look shot back to the TV. Drew won, but sure as
hell Dean didn't meant that. It seemed pretty obvious that that had happened. "The fans are
distracted. Is there beach ball again?" Jimmy asked. Seth shook his head. "No, I don't think so. I hate
the balls!" he answered. "They are chanting 3MB? Assholes!" Roman murmured and looked on his
mobile again, then the camera chanced. "Fish and O'Reilly!" Seth stated the obvious. He knew them
from the old times. "That's the wrong direction for the fans, it couldn't be them which distracted
the… block!" the last word Jimmy pushed out as the camera angle changed again and he saw what
or better who had distracted the fans.
"Cole!" Seth told in the exact same moment as the announcers rallied about him. Jimmy's heart froze
a moment. It couldn't be him. It couldn't be. It… just… couldn't be. "I need a smoke!" he murmured
and fought himself up and almost fell on his way out of the lobby to the front of the hotel. He needed
fresh air as cold as it could get was what was hard in the middle of august in New York City, but at least
he got away from the guys… and the girl. Jimmy put a hand against the wall to hold himself in the upright position. Adam… why Adam? What was he looking for? Why… why couldn't he leave him alone?

"Jimmy?" his view shot up as he heard Seth's voice. "Are you… okay?" he asked carefully. "You're white like a wall! Are you sick?" Why was Seth still a friend to him? Why did he still care how he felt and used this caring tone in his voice? There was a moment when he abandoned everyone except for Jimmy. Jimmy was behind the curtain, just a producer, to beaten up, to work again in the ring. He had been with Seth when Seth had left everybody. He had always loved him in some weird way, even as tried to kill him in the ring with a metal spike back in ROH.

Why was Seth still here? Looking down to him with this sad puppy eyes and cared, even after he messed with Dean?

"I think I'm a little tired!" Jimmy answered and tried to swallow his feelings. "But it's okay. I think, I will just go to bed!" He can't explain what happened or why it had. He didn't even know how to put it in words what disrupted him. Seth's hand was still on his shoulder. He rubbed carefully over the fabric. "I don't believe you, Jimmy. I know you for years." He returned. Jimmy looked on the ground. He couldn't tell, he really wanted, but he couldn't he would have to admit a thing, he wasn't proud of. He would have to admit that he fled for something as he took the WWE job.

"I can't tell you, Seth!" he answered with a weaken voice. Jimmy hated how it shook and how tears were filling his eyes. Seth pulled him into a hug. The tall man knew when it was better to stop questioning and just give shelter. "It's okay, but you know that you can always talk to me and I'll keep it a secret?" he asked carefully. Jimmy nodded. He knew it, he always knew it and he even knew that he didn't deserve this kind of friendship he got with Seth.

~

Seth didn't know what he should answer. What had happened? He didn't knew. He had just seen how his friend jumped on his legs like a spider as bitten him and ran away. "When you're referring to Jimmy. I don't know." Dean yawned and crawled out of the bed to Seth who was standing in the middle of their room. "Does Jimmy has a problem with Cole? You know them better than me!" Seth thought a moment over Dean's guess and shrugged his shoulder. "Why are you even caring? I thought he's my friend, so I have to watch him." He answered cocky, so Seth rolled his eyes. "Idiot! I'm just nosy. And a guy that terrifies Jimmy like that I'll have to get to know!" Seth brushed through his fussy hair and shook his head. "I… just… I really slowly realize how bad you come along with Jimmy. Love, could you please leave him alone till I understand what's up?"

Seth drew closer to Dean and put his hands on his lover's shoulder. Dean sighed. "You know that I do everything for you when you're naked while asking?" he answered in a low growl which really turned on Seth. "I should really remember that fact more often, but thanks for… just… don't being a dick around him!" Dean shrugged with his shoulders and nodded in the direction of the bathroom door. "Go! Shower! The day is long and hard, like my boner when I'm staring at you a little longer!"
just porn, no plot

Chapter Summary

It was a hard fight. The weeks before exhausted them, but then Summerslam came and they defeated the bar.

Seth and Dean are happy and just celebrate their win.

Chapter Notes

I haven't forgot you, but it had been hard weeks for me. Much work, much stress and last week I had been sick at home, but so sick I couldn't write and revise.

But I'm back with this chapter I hope you like as much as I do.

Have fun!

Finally their heads smashed together for a hot long kiss. There were no words needed as Seth and Dean entered their locker room. How long did it take for them to come here where they were save from foreign views? There had been a massive tension between them, good tension! Now it could break free.
They shared sloppy kisses. Lips brushed over each other, teeth grid in the flesh of the lips, two tongues danced and both men grunted like they weren't sharing something passionate, but fought in a hard and unforgiving match.
Seth's fingers brushed over Dean's wet upper body. He simply loved the shape of his husband. The almost hairless belly and the hairy chest, his small waist. He was so much smaller than his, which Seth every time notice when he accidentally put on one of Dean's shirt.
Dean's hands were clung to Seth's hair.
After a felt eternity they parted breathless, grabbing each other like in a dance. Seth had his Championship over the shoulder, Dean had hung it over his forearm. "You were so hot outta there!" Seth murmured against Deans lips. One of the hands of the blonde male were placed on Seth's shoulder, while the other stroked down Seth's back. The brown haired male shivered and Dean grabbed his round bubble butt. "It was crazy to fight with you, babe. Perfect timing. They couldn't hold a candle against us. I… love you!" Dean whispered and pushed his lips against Seth's again. Fuck, he loved this man. Loved to see him, have him around, to spend time with him and he loved to share the ring with him again.
Seth broke the kiss again. "Wrestling soulmates!" he whispered, but Dean shook his head. "Real soulmates!" he answered, like he did before.
Seth kissed him again and the kisses stayed a little fierce, like a fight with lips, tongues and teeth. Hands stroked, petted and grabbed body parts. Finally Seth pushed Dean back with his own weight till his lover touched the wall with his back. "I need you, my love!" he murmured and he started to fiddle with the button of Dean's jeans. The fingers of the other man brushed through Seth's hair and gasp for air.
Suddenly somebody knocked. Dean groaned angry. "What the hell? We're trying to have sex in
here!" he yelled. Seth pushed himself away and stared at his husband. What was he doing? "Shut up!" he hissed angry.

The door opened and both men jumped away from each other.

As much fun Dean had with being much too honest with others, he still wasn't ready to come out of his closet. "You should really shut him up, Seth!" Renee scolded both as she closed the door behind herself. "One day it's not me knocking." Now, Seth felt secure again. He trusted the blond woman who became an important friend to him. She was part of this and helped both more than everybody knew. She was beautiful, funny and it sucked that she couldn't travel with them everywhere.

This week was something special as they spend a lot of time together.

"I tried, but before I could put it in his mouth you were there." As he felt save again, he showed a little more arrogance and cockiness and earned the scolding look from Renee. She knew, both men teased her on purpose and she only reacted that way because she knew both men expected her to.

"You both should wait with the celebration, you forgot the photo op! Get in the shower and I calm the producers. They are running wild since nobody was able to find you."

Seth's mouth opened a little. Damn, normally he wouldn't miss these appointments, but since he and Dean got back together again, some facts slipped his mind. Renee nursed them with all of her power, but it angered him, that he was so forgettable, almost like Dean fucked Seth's memory away.

"Go first, love!" he told Dean who wouldn't argue. He was always much faster in the shower than his lover. He put the belt into Renee's arms and shot her a sincere look as he wanted to warn her not to lose it.

Seth sank on a bench. He looked tired, now as the endorphins and the adrenaline began to wash away.

"I… I'm done!" he sighed. Renee found her place next to him, smiled with a happy sparkle in her eyes. "You were great. You deserve this and… I love you both. My boys are champs." Seth smiled at her because of her words and pulled her into a sweaty hug. Her boys. Yeah, Seth and Dean were her boys and she was their girl. Their beautiful princess. "We couldn't have done this without you, Mini!" he whispered using the nickname Dean always used.

~

At the end of the day both men were tired. The match exhausted them and everything what followed took a little more strength. The photo op as brand new Tag Team Champions, a small interview, friends and colleagues parading to congratulate. At the end Dean and Seth just wanted to slip in their bed.

Dean crawled on four legs over the bed and sank on the mattress. "I think I'll sleep with my championship belt on!" he smiled with almost closed eyes. Seth shook his head, peeling himself out of his clothes. "You can't sleep like that. It's not comfortable you will toss and turn the whole night, so I wouldn't get any sleep either." He scolded his husband with deep love. Dean groaned. "Make me!" he challenged Seth with a tired smile. The brown haired male turned around surveying his husband. "What?" he asked a little startled. Dean chuckled. "You understood me damn well!" he murmured teasingly. Seth chuckled, too. He stepped to the bed with a swaying walk. "So you're pleading for me to strip you?" he asked as lewd as possible. Dean reached out his hands and Seth grabbed them to pull him up in a sitting position. Instead of following the movement of Seth's movement, he pulled Seth down. Seth was surprised and collapsed on his husband. Dean wrapped his arms around the love of his life.

"I didn't forget on what we agreed on months ago!" Dean whispered. His hands wandered over Seth's bare back. He felt how the brown haired male shivered under his touch. Seth frowned.

"What… do you mean?" he asked carefully. The slight smile stayed on Dean's lips. "Think about it, what did you want to do, when you got a title?" Dean's voice stayed low, teasing and rusty. Seth swallowed. "You mean…" Dean nodded. "You fuck me with the championships around our waists!" Seth shivered and sighed loud. "Damn it, Dean… I forgot it. Do you really… I mean…
really want it?" Dean laughed. "Believe me, I really want you. I wouldn't have reminded if not!"
Seth pushed his lips against Dean's for a passionate, needing kiss. He wanted his husband, he wanted
to celebrate this win and enjoy every second he could. Dean's wish. Dean's promise. It was so
tempting. As they parted Dean was smiling. "I knew you like it!" he murmured and Seth nodded
happily. "Oh babe!" Seth sighed and they kissed again.
As they parted Seth stood up and pulled Dean with him. His husband was still fully dressed. "You've
to take off your belt, my love." Dean wrapped his arms around Seth's shoulders. "Take it!" he
whispered. "You're the only one who's allowed to take it." Seth shivered, he lead his hands carefully
to Dean's back, opened the belt and threw it on the bed. But he didn't stop there. Seth's fingers found
their way under Dean's shirt and brushed over the warm skin. He knew every muscle and enjoyed
how they danced under the skin. Dean tried to be calm, but Seth felt how his breath sped up. Dean
could hide so much emotions, but he could never hide his lust.
The cloths were stripped down fast. Both men helped each other to put on their championships
and then Seth pushed Dean down on the mattress carefully. Dean being naked always turned him on. He
was forced for too long with just the look on the naked skin of the man he was in love.
Seth knelt over Dean and looking down on him. Lust was in his eyes. He enjoyed the view. "I love
you!" he whispered, he had to, he wasn't able not to tell it in that moment. Dean smiled up to him. "I
know, babe. I know, but please… please… fuck me!" it was strange, that even when Dean begged
him to do something he always sounded kind of demanding him. Even more strange than the fact,
that Seth loved it when Dean ordered him.
"Turn around, honey! Kneel before me! Show me our Ambooty!" Seth told him. A look of slight
anger was shot at him. "Don't call it like that!" his husband murmured, but did as Seth told him to.
Turned around and raised his butt. Dean's cock still a little lazy and sleeping. That would change in
some time. Seth's little buddy already started to rise.
Seth stroked over Dean's back and then over the butt cheeks of Dean, feeling the hard muscles and
listening to Dean's breath. Seth took the lube. He directed his finger between the cheeks. Dean
moaned suddenly. "I haven't even started!" Seth murmured, but Dean leaned back. "Shut up!" he
yelled. He wasn't used to that. Normally he was petting and stroking Seth, playing with him till he
begged for salvation. Normally there wasn't much foreplay when he got fucked by Seth. It was just
Sex, mostly rough, more born out of lust than out of love. Now it was just pure happiness and
tension. This time he was on his knees because of a promise and the need to seal their relationship in
a special kind.
Seth smiled and played with Dean and his desperate need. His fingers danced over his skin, found
the hot place between his cheeks, but escaped the valley to massage his butt a bit and then wander
back. "Babe!" Dean finally moaned begging. Seeing his husband on his knees was so sexy.
He opened the lube. "Start begging, honey… maybe I will grant your wish!" Seth teased him, while
he was oiling up his finger. "Fuck you!" Dean groaned. Hearing him curse was the best. It meant so
much. "No, my love… I'm fucking you!" he teased him and brushed with his finger over Dean's
entrance. Under this touch Dean shivered, moaned and cursed again. And again Seth teased him
with his finger. Again curses which got louder when Seth cautious pushed his finger through the
tight muscle. Dean threw his head back, moaning louder. Seth felt how the muscle closed around his
finger and then Dean pressed his head down, crossed his arms over his head and moaned
submissively. "More, babe!" he demanded breathless and still Seth felt like he didn't had done
anything. Dean was so aroused and tense, everything heated him up and at the same time it heated
Seth up, too. The little desperate moans as the brown haired male moved his finger. "Babe, more!"
Dean begged again and Seth pulled his finger out to oil up more and push two fingers in. The other
male started moving and pushed himself against Seth, moaning, groaning and swearing, almost
helpless "Babe!" he murmured. Seth noticed how Dean's cock woke up. It slowly rose and the more
he prepped his husband the more it started to drip.
Seth sunk on the mattress and wrapped his free hand around Dean's dick.
The blonde male flashed a look down, frantic and more helpless. He was at the mercy of Seth and enjoyed it. "Babe!" he moaned and pushed his face against the mattress again. Hearing him that way was so hot. Seth pushed a third oiled finger into the backdoor of his husband and felt how Dean's legs got weak.

"Turn around, my love!" Seth demanded. It wouldn't help if Dean collapsed under his lust and when he moved inside him, he wanted to look in his water blue eyes. "Lay down and look in my eyes!" he wished and pulled his fingers back. Dean sighed and lay flat on his belly, just to turn on the bed and look up. His face was red and showed his heat. Did he know how sexy this was? Knowing that he, Seth Rollins, was responsible for this? "Oh my love!" he sighed and leaned over to let his hand wander over Dean's chest. "Seth, babe… please!" he begged and his husband understood what he wanted to tell him. They could cuddle later, now he needed sex. He wanted to feel him inside him and wanted to hear how the championship belt were pound together. Seth drew himself closer and made space between Dean's legs. He raised one and placed it on his shoulder. The other leg was around his waist. Dean got so well formed long legs and Seth dreamed for years on feeling these legs wrapped around himself. He felt it before, but today it was so exciting like it was the first time. Seth stroked his own dripping cock he almost forgot about as he was teasing Seth. He oiled himself up and put a little onto Dean's backdoor. Fuck, again he was moaning and Seth felt his own breath going fast. "I love you!" he sighed. "Me too!" Dean almost yelled at him, as he felt Seth's fingers and Seth's cock jumped as he heard this.

Could his lover last long enough? Or was Dean quicker over the edge than him? Damn it, he would love to cum in Dean.

"Babe!" Dean again begging and whining. "Please… oh fuck!" he groaned as he finally felt how Seth was pushing inside of him. Loud moans filled the air as Seth couldn't stay silent, too. He felt how the giant leather belt rub over his stomach. He held Dean's leg around his waist a little higher to get better into him, do move deeper and pound harder as he felt that Dean was widened more. "Fuck, Dean!" Seth moaned and leaned back. Dean's cock lay on his title. Dripping wet and ready. "Harder! Fuck me harder, baby!" he demanded closing his own hand around it to milk himself. "Fuck me… like… yeah! THERE!" he jerked as Seth hit his sweet spot and tried to get in the right position to feel him deeper. Seth moved his hips, chasing Dean's prostate and his own orgasm. "A little longer, honey! A little longer!" he moaned and moved faster, wrapping his own hand around Dean's helping him stroking his cock. It was hot feeling him on so many ways. His legs around him, his hand in his hand and his cock and the tight ass of Dean wrapped around his dick. Seth almost lost his mind, seeing him laying in front of him. Dean rolled his eyes up, bending his back as suddenly his cock pulsed and spread his cum over the championship belt. "That...'s...fuckin… amazing!" Seth moaned and pounded a little more against Dean as he felt himself releasing into Dean. His deep groan almost hurt his throat, but the feeling was unbearable. Some more thrusts and Seth sank next to Dean on the mattress. Sensible and tired. "Fuck!" he moaned. Dean was still groaning and stroking himself a little till his cock was again fully asleep. "You almost split me." he whispered and before Seth could apologize, Dean smiled at him. "I need more!"

Seth pushed Dean hard, so that he stumbled. Dean had a knee on the bed, the other foot was on the floor. Seth was behind. His hands found Dean's waist. "Is it that what you want?" Seth murmured. He rubbed himself against his husband. "Is it that?" Dean groaned. "Fuck me, Babe, fuck me!" he demanded. Seth didn't wait long, he pushed himself into his lover. "FUCK!" Dean yelled. Seth pushed him down and thrust against him. Dean closed tight around him, even with this being round three or four. Seth's championship got lost during round two, while Dean still was wearing his. He pushed him harder and dug his fingers hard into Dean's side. "Oh, honey… I love your ass!" Seth murmured, threw his head behind and moved faster. "Babe!" Dean moaned and then there was another hard thrust, before he leaned forward and wrapped an arm around Dean. He found the hard
dick of his lover, again dripping wet, rocking with every movement. Dean groaned even louder as he felt the hand around him. That and the hard cock in his ass felt too much. He didn't know how long he could take it. How did Seth survive their long nights without dying of exhaustion. Dean was so close. "I wanna suck you!" Seth groaned and pounded against Dean again. He loved the Sex, he loved that Dean played the bottom the whole night, but he wanted to taste him, wanted to see his eyes. He wanted to kneel between the muscular legs of his lover... his tag partner... his husband... the love of his live. "Dean?" he asked and groaned. "Yeah... Yeah... suck me, please!" he yelled. Seth pulled back and Dean collapsed on the bed. Seth helped him to turn on his back and sank on his knee. It was just like he imagined it. Kneeling between the legs which were placed at his side. He leaned onto Dean's thighs and wrapped his hand around Dean's cock. He stroked him carefully till he closed his lips around him. Dean was dripping wet and Seth tasted it immediately on his tongue. Dean's moans began to sound desperately. "Fuck! BABE!" he pushed his hips up against Seth's mouth. The brown haired male almost gagged. He pushed Dean down again. "Careful!" he murmured and went on to suck Dean off.

Dean wound under Seth's lips and fought against Seth's pressure that push him down on the mattress. It was a fight and Seth loved it. With Dean it was always a fight and Seth couldn't think of a Night he didn't wanted the fight. Finally Dean bashed down on the bed, yelling Seth's name and releasing himself into Seth's mouth. It came suddenly and without a warning, but Seth swallowed everything Dean gave him.

After that, Seth crawled up the bed and lay next to Dean. He refused a kiss, but again Dean forced him to and stole a long passionate kiss from his lover. "That's how I taste!" he murmured and wrapped an arm around Seth's waist. "Did you... finish?" Dean asked. Seth shook his head. "No, but I think, I can't I'm so... done. One more time in your ass and I die because of dehydration. Let's just... sleep." he sighed, pulling Dean close and closed his eyes. His husband smiled. "Alright... I'm tired. We... haven't much time to rest." And with that words, Dean fell asleep.
Drunk night out

Chapter Summary

Since No Mercy Seth and Dean live the ultimate peaceful life of a secretly married couple. They are in love and happy and share their time in and outside the ring. But there is someone who can't let them live their life in peace or is this about to change?

Chapter Notes

Sorry for my long absence (I hope it's the right word) and here's a real stupid apology for this. I had been playing supercard for some weeks. There had been Seth and Dean Cards at MITB and I really hadn't played this mode much in the last... month or years? I played for about 18 days my whole free time to get these cards and I managed it, but everything my RPGs and FFs suffered under this.

So I'm a little delayed and I think everybody noticed that things had happened. I'm planing for a side story around Jimmy and you know you guys can help me. If you could let me know if you want to read more about his adventures outside WWE in this fic or if you would like it better if it would be a separate fic.

So have fun with this piece.

Both boys were laying on the large bed of Dean. You could see the lights of the City of Las Vegas through his window. The TV was running and filled the room with some noise. Dean was on his back, his hands placed on Seth's waist. His right leg cocked. Seth was over Dean, leaned against the cocked leg, his hands on Dean's shoulders. Both men were lost in their own world and shared careful kisses. The calm was disturbed as suddenly a phone started to ring. Dean stopped the kiss and groaned. "It's the third time!" he murmured. A long sigh form Seth followed. "I didn't ask him to call me!" Both men looked a little bit annoyed at each other. "Go, get the call! It's Jimmy, he won't stop till you answer the phone!" Dean knew it was the small man. He knew the personal ringtone Seth had set for Jacobs. Seth raised and surveyed Dean. "I don't want to talk to him. He probably wants to go out since he's in the city because of SD." Seth almost sound a little grumpy. "Then take the call and tell him! I really can't take this stupid song the whole night!" Dean answered and a loud groan followed as the phone started to ring again. He pushed Seth away. "Take it!" and rolled over on the bed to get the remote for his TV. Seth picked up his phone with an angry look shot over to Dean. "Jimmy, please..." he hissed and then stopped. Again his look went over to Dean. He had turned the volume down and was looking at Seth.

"Seth? Seth! I... I'm drunk! I... it... fuck... everything's spinning. Not really spinning, but... my head... they send me back!" His voice was weak, shaking and he sounded really drunk. Seth sat up and looked over to Dean. The blonde man caught his look. "Wait Jimmy. Take it slow. Why are you calling?" Dean's look got a little questioning and also annoyed. "I... I'm drunk, but that's not the problem. I had to drink, I didn't want to think anymore, but it got worse. I don't want to go to
Florida." Seth knew that this wasn't the short version and he didn't understand a word. "Jimmy, I don't understand what you're telling me. Why… no." Seth sighed and stood up. He sighed and stroked through his hair. "Where are you, Jimmy?" Seth bit his lip and heard Jimmy drink. He heard the swallowing noises. "I'm… somewhere… in the city!" What a helpful answer. "You're still here in Vegas?" he asked. "They just took me with them and now I'm here drinking… in some… club, I think!" Seth shook his head. He had run around the bed in circles and watched over to Dean who still seemed annoyed. "I'll come over, Jimmy… tell me where you are!" Again Jimmy sounded a little shaky and sighed tired. "Fuck. I don't know… I don't know, Seth!" For a moment Seth had the urgent need to hang up and never talk to Jimmy again. How couldn't he know where he was? "Are you alone or did somebody went out with you?" Seth tried to stay calm and wanted to handle this like an adult who was dealing with a child. "Sami and his girl and… some other guys, maybe Tye and Shin… why?" Seth sat down on the bed. "Alright, let me talk to Sami!" He heard it ruffle on the other end, suddenly it became louder on the other end of the phone. Where had Jimmy been? Then he heard a distant voice and a short conversation which wasn't understandable for Seth. "What? Who's there?" this was now Sami's voice. "This is Seth. Where are you?" he asked. "No! Seth's not here. This is Sami!" Seth chuckled. "I WANT TO COME OVER! JIMMYS WASTED! WHERE ARE YOU?" Seth spoke up and just left his name out of the game. "OH… Yeah. Pretty wasted. We're in this… Rock Thing. It's in the neighborhood of the arena and got a logo with lips!" Again Seth chuckled. Was this a fucking joke? "Thanks man! Logo with lips?" he answered, but then again there was ruffling. "It's just called Rock 'n' Roll. At least Mary claims that… does it help?" Seth sighed and shook his head, but his answer was. "Yeah, I think. Watch over Jimmy till I'm there! Alright?" Seth stood up and was about to end the call. He heard Sami. "Yeah, see you… wait, who…" but then Seth ended the call.

He turned around and saw Dean who was up and putting on his shoes. "So, where did he crash?" his husband asked with his view directed to his feet not up to Seth. "Erm… Sami said he's in a club called Rock 'n' Roll. But I'll find it myself, you don't have to come with me." Dean flashed a look over to Seth and he shook his head. "Babe." Seth knew the tone Dean used. It was the uneasy truth. "You aren't in the city, babe. Did you forget this little fact? You're in Iowa at the moment and prepare for a schooling week. I go and get him, bring him over and you knock some sense in this little bastard!" Dean was right, but Seth didn't want to think about that fact and just get to Jimmy and understand what the problem was. "But this is your home. I don't want to invade your home with a person you don't like." The blond male rolled his eyes and shook his head. "He can sleep on the couch and we throw him out tomorrow. It's alright. And you'll owe me one for that!" Seth had approached Dean. Both man stood in the doorway and he pulled him into a hug. "Thanks, my love!"

Dean wasn't all too happy. It was late and yeah, he liked to party, but on his own terms. The club was loud. The rock music was okay, but it was overcrowded and a typical Vegas club with expensive drinks and a lot tourists. "Dean!" someone yelled and the tall man took a look around. Becky Lynch threw her arms around him. He pulled her close for a second and then pushed her back. "Hey, Becks! Don't be too happy. I'm not here to party." The Irish woman seemed a little surprised. "That's too bad." she answered with her rough voice. "Yeah, I'm just here to steal Jimmy and let you party without the drunken moron." Dean told her. The Irish girl didn't seem happy. "Yeah, you better get him. He tanked why too much, but hadn't stop as we told him. I bring you over!" she grabbed Dean's wrist and pulled him through the people. He loved how uncomplicated Becky was. She didn't ask too much personal questions and just accepted him as he was, so that he was sometimes a different man in her present. It wasn't as loving as he was with Renee, but a real friendship. He just liked the girl. "Hey guys! Look what I found on my little trip!" Dean knew the most of the people around the table, so he raised a hand. He wanted to tell them why he was here, but before he could bring a word out. Jimmy threw himself at Dean. The small man wrapped his
arms around Dean. "MOXI!" he yelled and pressed his body against Dean. It was a tight hug and remembered him never to underestimate Jimmy Jacobs and it remembered him of a long gone time, where he was alone with this man. Careful he patted the back of Jacobs and felt something what was similar to a sob. Was he crying? Dean had not been fully honest to Seth. There had been a time where he was okay with Jimmy. He had fun with that guy, but not just to have fun, but also because he loved how easy it was with Jimmy. They had brutal fights and on the same evening they had hot sex after, just there were so much aggression between them that needed a valve to vanish. "Stop that, moron!" he murmured and was sure his voice wasn't heard over the music. But Jimmy pushed back with a tipsy, but strange sad smile. "Do you bring me home?" he asked and Dean nodded. "Yeah! Come on!" He pushed Jimmy softly in the direction where the exit was. But suddenly Sami was at Dean's side. "Watch over him, okay?" Dean looked up to the red head. "Happened something special?" Sami shrugged his shoulders. "I believe, but he didn't want to talk. He just drank and was silent. I mean… Jimmy Jacobs dead silent till he vanished somewhere to phone someone." Yeah, not the usual Jacobs behavior. He liked to party and drink, but not in silent. Jimmy was always more like a one man band. "I'll watch over him. Don't worry!" he assured Sami and made his way back to his car.

"I'm home again, babe!" Dean yelled as he opened the front door and shortly after that Seth appeared in the hallway. His hair was bound back in a bun and he seemed tired. "Hey!" he answered shyly. Dean pushed Jimmy in and closed the door. The smaller man seemed tired and disoriented. His eyes found Seth and a sad smile run over his lips. "Come, let's go in the living room and you tell me what's up." He demanded and Jimmy's look flashed over to Dean. "I… I didn't want to disturb you!" he whispered. "That's too late, dude." Dean murmured, but Seth shook his head. "It's okay. Go down there and just sit on the couch. You can't lose track." Jimmy look flashed between the two male, but then with further reaction he headed the directed way.

"Everything's okay?" Seth asked pulling Dean a little closer after the blond male hat put his keys and shoes away. He shrugged his shoulders. "Yeah, don't worry!" his hands found Seth's waist and rub gently over the soft fabric. "It was better, that I went. Becks was there and some other. It had been hard for you to explain it to them." He told Seth and the brown haired male leaned closer. Their lips touched softly and Dean started to relax. "Love you!" he whispered. "Me too. Go to bed. I wouldn't want to keep you up. You'll have a long distance flight tomorrow." His husband shook his head. "I'll know, but you'll know I don't like to sleep without you." Seth smirked and wrapped his arms around him. "I wish I could say the same, but I sleep better without your snoring, my love!" Like always Dean rolled with his eyes, but pulled Seth closer again for another much more passionate kiss. Both didn't notice Jimmy who had turned around and watched this loving conversation.
As Seth entered the living room he saw Jimmy sitting on the couch. His head leaned back and his eyes closed, but as he heard a sound Jimmy's head raised and looked around confused. It seemed that he had been about to fall asleep. He focused on Seth and the first words he heard from his friend surprised him. "You really love him." It wasn't a question. Seth didn't know what to say, he just opened his mouth, but no words followed. "I'm not mad, but I think…" Jimmy sighed and rubbed over his eyes. "I just underestimated your feelings for him." His friend sounded sad. Seth heard this certain tone and knew it was pure sadness, but when had Jimmy ever sounded like this? Maybe a decade ago as this angle with Lacey happened.

"I do love him!" Seth answered honest. "And I believe him when he says the same." Jimmy raised his hand and started to chew his finger nails. Seth didn't know if that was the best moment to tell him, but it seemed like. So he let Jimmy go on with his annoying habit and inhaled meaningful. "Dean and I, we aren't just in a relationship Jimmy." He answered and automatically his hand raised to the leather band around his neck. "We are married." Drunken Jimmy stared a little surprised at his friend and shook his head. "I'm drunk Seth. Don't fool me!" Seth showed the ring to Jimmy. He put his finger in the ring on the neckless and pulled it a little forward. "We're really married. Never noticed Dean's ring?" Again Jimmy shook his head, but then he sighed. "Fuck. I'm so jealous right now!"

Seth furrowed his brows. "You said you aren't jealous!" Jimmy shook his head and his rubbed with his hands through his hair, he was pretty restless and tired at the same time that's why he always was rubbing his head. "No, not jealous on Dean or you or… on a person, but… I… you know… I miss this. This feeling of belonging to someone, not being alone anymore!"

"You are not alone!" Jimmy looked up as Seth said that. "I AM alone, but I thought it is okay! I remember how I fought for Lacey and how it ended and it was always better to be on my own." Seth shrugged with his shoulders. "I know what you're talking about, but then something changes." He slowly raised his view and looked somewhere. It was rough the direction where the bedroom was.
"Does something or someone change you?" Jimmy asked and Seth turned his head back. "What are you talking about?" Seth asked and Jimmy sank to the side and pulled the only pillow over his face that Dean had in his living room. "I can't tell you!" he mumbled in the fabric. Seth stood up and took the pillow from Jimmy. "Why?" he asked. "It's stupid!" Jimmy mumbled looking up. Seth sighed. "Jimmy. I'm married… to Dean fucking Ambrose! We are living together… kind of, but my parents don't even have a clue! I'm pretty sure, that your story isn't even have as stupid as my life right now!" Seth threw the pillow at the end of the sofa and sat next to Jimmy. "You better tell me what's up. Dean's not in the best mood and sure as hell he won't be happy when all this has no point!" Jimmy groaned. "You can't tell it to Mox!"

"You could just explain me what's up and after that we decide what I tell to my husband." Again there was a look shot up to Seth and Jimmy kept silent. "We could begin with the story why you called me and said you didn't want go down to Florida. Why should you?" Jimmy sat up again and focused on Seth. "You saw SmackDown?" he asked and he knew the answer before Seth even nodded. "McMahon is really pissed over Kevin and there's not only a match. He decided it would be better for Kevin not having so much friends around him. He sent me back down to NXT, since there were so many problems with ROH guys, Vince said it would be better having me down there. Down were I can't make anything worse than it is." Seth opened his eyes in surprise. "What did you do?" Jimmy shrugged his shoulders. "Being his friend. Giving him some advice? But it's not my fault that he knocked Shane's teeth out and it especially wasn't my fault he busted McMahon open! Not that it didn't impress me as he did. I wanted it, too." Seth leaned himself against the back of the sofa. "Maybe its better that you're in NXT for a while."

Jimmy sank back in a camp way. "But NXT means I'll see Adam!" Yeah, Seth thought this story would end up in some way at this point. Seth was confident that Jimmy was drunk enough to tell the story to him. He just had to be a little more careful. "Where's the problem in seeing Adam?"

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There was never a problem in seeing Adam. "Hey, Jackass!" Jimmy looked up from his boots as he heard the familiar voice and smiled wide as he saw the male. "Hey, Cole! What are you doing here, shit face?" Cole chuckled as an answer and sank on the bench next to Jimmy. "I heard you're going to leave us! I wanted to say goodbye." The man with the dark hair finished lacing his shoes and looked up. A sad smile was on his lip. He was sad, but he had to do this. He didn't know how many matches he still got in his bones and the WWE waved with money. "I'm not lost, Adam. I have something called mobile phone and I'm pretty sure you got my number. How's your shoulder?"

Jimmy asked and his fingers wandered over Adam's arm and rested a little longer than necessary. He would never admitted this fact, but Jimmy felt attracted to Adam. This smile and his eyes. How his long hair brushed over his arm. Everything in his body screamed and wanted more of this guy, but Jimmy never made a move. He never tried his luck when he wasn't sure he would succeed. Adam never showed a sign of interest. They always were friends, but there had never been more.

"It's okay. I'm in training again, but… time will show. I'm ready in a month, maybe two. We'll see." Both men were sitting a moment in silence and Jimmy's eyes strayed over Adam. Again he noticed the light blue eyes with the mischievous sparkles. A strand had fallen in Adam's face and Jimmy almost had brushed it back, but stopped this move. No, it was too much.

"I'll miss you!" Jimmy confessed and chuckled. "Sounds cheesy, but it's true." Adam shook his head. "I'm pretty sure you'll forget me fast! You got Rollins back! Could hold hands with you little buddy again or jump in the arms of Kevin or be a pain in the ass of every other fighter there is. I'm pretty sure you won't spent much thoughts on me and while you're away, I rise to the top." Jimmy smiled. "Because you're Adam Cole Bay Bay!" he finished with Coles catchphrase.

"We should go out!" Adam answered and Jimmy's smile fell almost out of his face. "What?" he asked with wide open eyes. "Yeah, we both and some of the boys should go out and party. You should leave with a massive hangover!" Alright, he misunderstood it. "Yeah, why not? I've some weeks to cure it out." Adam pointed on himself. "Hey, I'm injured. I have about a month to cure this
hangover!" Both men giggled immature, but Jimmy was happy, to spend some last evening with the boys.

He wasn't afraid of leaving, but what if the position behind the camera was not his talent? What if he failed? Could he leave and what should he do after that? "I've to leave. Since I'm here, they've recruited me for commenting! Break a leg, fuck nut!" Adam raised and patted Jimmy's shoulder. "I will and I drop right on your lap, donkey ass!"

"I'll walk you home!" Adam promised as both men hold each other in an upright position. At the end of the street, they saw the sun rise. One of their friends after another had left them, while Adam and Jimmy were talking and drinking. The started spinning a while ago and he was happy to remember his name and even his hotel and room number. Good God! He would have to leave the room at 11 am. And then he had to head down to Angeles to get his flight in the evening. Fuck. Why did he do this? But as he felt Adam's arm around his waist he looked up in the blue eyes of him. "I can walk on my own!" Jimmy murmured and knocked his elbow in Adam's side. The tall man chuckled.

"Don't… I'm ticklish." he nudged Jimmy and since both men hold each other they stumbled. Jimmy dived under Adam's arm away and leaned against a wall. "You can't be ticklish." Jimmy couldn't get rid of the stupid smile on his face. Adam leaned next to him and laughed up. "I am, but… in the ring it's different. Shut up!" again Adam nudged Jimmy. The smaller man stumbled again.

"Where do you crash?" Adam asked as he grabbed Jimmy, so he wouldn't fall. His arm was around the shoulders of the smaller one and Adam bid his lip. Slowly Jimmy raised his view. "I'm in a cheap hotel. If I'm remembering correct it's the street down there. You?" Adam looked to the left and then to the right. "Holiday Inn… But… I… maybe I get an uber." Jimmy brushed over Adam's shoulder. "You could sleep with me… I mean… in my room… you know." He chuckled, shook his head and looked away, so Adam would see him blush. "Let's bring you to bed!" Adam chuckled and pulled him closer.

"That's it?" Adam asked later as they reached the hotel. "Yep. It's fancier inside and for some nights it's pretty okay!" Jimmy didn't want to part ways with Adam. It had been a great evening and he didn't want to leave.

"I'll miss you, Jimmy!" His view shot up as he heard the words. "I'm pretty sure you won't. As soon as you're back in the ring… you'll kick everybody's ass and won't think any more about me." Suddenly the distance between them was gone. "I'll always think about you." Jimmy couldn't breathe right. What did Adam wanted to tell him? It couldn't be real. "You…" He didn't know what he should return, but Adam brushed with the back of his hand over Jimmy's bearded cheek. "Shut up, Jimmy!" Adam whispered. "Force me!" Jimmy answered in a low tone.

He felt the lips of Adam on his mouth, but didn't dare to return the kiss. That wasn't real. It had to be a dream. But if it was a dream, nothing bad could happened, didn't it? Jimmy's hands found Adam's waist and pulled him closer. He opened his mouth and led to a more passionate kiss. Jimmy felt Adam's hand in his neck and heard his own heart beat racing in his ears. Their tongues touched carefully and started a loving dance in their mouths.

After some moments they parted again and locked eyes. "Oh Adam!" Jimmy sighed, but then he felt how he got pushed away. Adam weaved backwards and stared at him in fear. "I… didn't…" he stuttered and shook his head "I'm…" Adam was upset and Jimmy felt fear. "It's okay, Adam!" he tried to assure the other man. Adam start to nod, but his words. "Yeah, okay… nothing happened, right? I… erm… sleep well, Jimmy!" The blonde male tottered and stumbled away almost in panic.

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"And after that?" Seth asked Jimmy. He didn't know what to think. Adam always seemed as the perfect playboy. "I tried talk to him some days later. He told me, he would have been so drunk he forgot how he got in his hotel and slept in late, so the maid kicked him out. He told the same story to others." Jimmy explained and Seth furled his brow. "You'll ever asked him if he…" Jimmy looked
up. "Ask him if he's gay? And risk that he freaks out, because he isn't and in my drunk brain I
misunderstood something?" Seth leaned back and sighed. "I think Adam would…" The male with
the dark hair crossed the arms on his chest. "If Adam would be interested in me, he would have
made a move. You know Adam!"

Jimmy's view was directed on the floor almost sober, but tired and down. "But you love him."
Jimmy shook his head. "I don't! I don't love people! And if I would… if I were like you, Seth, would
you confess to Adam not knowing a thing? Be honest!" Seth didn't knew what to answer. Jimmy
was right, he wouldn't dare anything. He couldn't even confess his feelings for Dean even as he
knew that Dean was gay. How could he oblige to do it in an unsure situation? "So you go down to
Florida and pretend that nothing happened?" Seth asked him. Jimmy nodded. "Yeah, like you and
Dean pretend that you never hit him with a chair!"
Chapter Summary

Everything seemed to be alright for Jimmy Jacobs. Yeah, working as a producer for the main roster of WWE.
But then his friend Kevin started a fight with the McMahons. To punish Kevin Jimmy got demoted back to NXT where he met his old friend Adam Cole.

It wouldn't be that bad if Jimmy and Adam didn't had an incident before Jimmy joined WWE. But that will not become Jimmy biggest problem. The demotion was just the beginning of life stressing the zombie princess out.

Solo Jacole Chapter!

"Nice to have you here, Jimmy!" Regal told the small male right after he entered the office of the NXT General Manager. He had begun here at William Regal's side and now he was here back again. "If I'm honest, I don't think it's so nice to be here again, Mr. Regal." The British gentleman shrugged his shoulders and nodded. "Stop it. As you left you called me William. Let's handle it like that again, Jimmy. I understand how you feel, but I'm sur you'll settle back in no time." William put a hand on his shoulder and patted him kindly. "I'm not so sure about this since… erm… listen… William? I've a little problem… here!" Jimmy didn't know how to explain it, he didn't even know what he should explain the GM. Should he just ask him or tell him that he would not work with Adam. "You're not the only one with a huge problem. It's a complete chaos since the last takeover. We didn't thought of a possible alliance of Fish, O'Reilly and Cole." Jimmy crossed the arms in front of his chest. "You didn't? Fish and O'Reilly had been a tag team before and… Cole is pretty charismatic and kind of a leader person!" Regal smiled his charming smile at Jimmy. He leaned against his desk. "It's not that we didn't know. He hired them separately and they were kind, they did their job and it seemed they were into this thing." Jimmy bid his lip and nodded. "That's not how it works with guys from ROH. Look… Look at Rollins, he formed the Shield or Owens. You saw what he did with Jericho. They're cast in the same mold, like Cole… like… me back in the days. We know how powerful you can be as a group and we know to collect the right people around us." Jimmy explained. Regal listened closely. "So you understand, Adam Cole? Then you'll have to help me with him."

No, that was exactly what he wanted to avoid. He didn't know what to say when he looked in these light blue eyes of the panama playboy. "I… don't know if I'm the right guy, William." Jimmy swallowed and shook his head. William Regal surveyed him closely. Jimmy felt how the British man tried to figure out what Jimmy was thinking. "I'm pretty sure, you can handle him. You were always able to handle our bad guys." Jimmy wrapped his arms tighter around his body and shook his head. "I do my best, but… I don't know if I could really help you!"

Again Regal pushed himself from his desk and patted Jimmy's shoulder again. "I believe in you. I'm a different generation than you. I handle things my way and you did it your way. I really think that you could be link between me and the undisputed era."


This loud sigh repeated as Jimmy was sitting in his new and old office. Not that he needed it, but everyone involved in the production got his a little hut above the performance center. He was sitting
on the his desk and waited for Adam. Regal promised to send him up, when he found him. Damn, he didn't know if he wanted to see this guy again, but he was unable to refuse.

While waiting Jimmy took off his jacket and opened his shirt. It wasn't that hot, but he was used to get a little more loose when he wasn't backstage. Here no one cared much about looks. That was a great advantage to the main roster.

"Hey!" Jimmy looked up from his phone up as he heard Adam's voice. How long didn't they met? How long ago was the last time he heard him? Why could he just think about the kiss which was about 2 years ago? "You look good, corporate Jimmy!"

The former zombie princess bit on his tongue and tried to focus. "Don't talk big, Adam. You're wearing a suit either and you know that I'm on the other side now." Adam closed the door behind him and sank on the couch on the other side of the room. "Yeah, I know. Did Regal cried and called for you and you ran down to Florida to help him with the new kids?" Adam was cocky as always and Jimmy couldn't help, but crack a smile. "No, it's a long story and I won't tell it. I'm just doing my job. And my job is to prevent you from doing more shit like… beating up mental ill persons like Sanity." Adam raised his hands. "There's no proof that we put a hand on them or on other persons."

"Except Drew McIntrye. You beat him up twice in front of a camera." Adam smiled at him, this beautiful arrogant smile which let his heart sink into his pants. "Okay, you got me. How do you help me… us? Bobby and Kyle are counting on me." Jimmy tried to negotiate. Adam crossed his arms and surveyed Jimmy. The smaller male didn't have to see how Adam look at him, he felt it on his skin. "Can you give me Young? I thought about making my mark against Roode, but he ran off before I got the chance to proof me. The next big thing would be Young!" Adam asked after a moment and Jimmy shrugged his shoulders while wearing a defending smile. "You know that Eric Young wants to rip you a new one? It's easy to bring up this match, but you better be successful!" Was his calm answer and Adam laughed. He leaned forward. "When did I ever haven't been successful?"

Jimmy shivered. "Arrogant bastard!" he answered. That was the moment Adam's smile vanished. "I really missed you!" the blond guy whispered not so cocky anymore. Again Jimmy shivered. "I thought you had fun with you Bullet Club friends." Adam stood up slowly. "I did, but… no one of them was like you. They exchanged me for Scrull, Kenny's playing the big boss and … ugh… times have been boring. How has it been for you? Played with your little buddy?" The tone in Adam's voice implied so much that Jimmy asked himself the question if he knew how Jimmy's world worked out. "I don't what you're talking about. Seth's in…" he paused a moment and shrugged his shoulders "in a long term relationship and … I've to admit he's pretty happy and the same goes to Kevin. Sami... Sami is Sami, you can't get him down and I don't think you wanted to know anything about these three." Jimmy was honest and just hoped for something, a sign of memory their kiss? Adam smiled at him a little tired and sad? No, Adam couldn't be sad. "So still the unbound guy that left me?" was Adam's question. Jimmy looked away. "Left?" he asked low. "You… have been… gone."

Jimmy looked up and both men locked eyes.

"Do you remember our last… party?" Jimmy asked and searched for an answer in Adam's eyes. The panama playboy answered his look and shrugged his shoulders. "We drank much that night, but… I don't regret that. It was fun. Why you asking? Wanna get out for a drink?" Jimmy couldn't interpret it correctly. His words indicated more than his eyes did. "Not today, Adam… I need some time." he answered. "Time for what?" it seemed as Adam was exploring his mind. Jimmy wasn't sure, but he wasn't ready for this, what ever this was. "You know… just time. Just a little… time!"
Intermission

Chapter Summary

While Dean is alone with the RAW roster touring around New Zealand and Australia, Seth is at home in Iowa, teaching at the black and brave wrestling school. A little feeling of from the past.

Chapter Notes

Here a little intermission. I had not much time to write in the past weeks and even less time to revise everything I've already written. So there is just this cute chapter! I hope you like it.

"Good morning, Love!" Seth placed his phone against a cup. He saw the video of his husband in a modest hotel room. "You know it's late here, babe?" Dean asked with a lovely smirk on his lips. The blond male had his phone placed by his bed. "I know, Dean. How's the tour?" Seth took a sip from his coffee mug. Dean shrugged his shoulder. "It's alright, but I'm missing you." he sighed and ruffled through his wet hair. Dean took a shower before he called his lover. "I miss you, too. I'm sorry that you're down there on your own." Dean threw a serious look at his mobile phone. "Yeah, you miss the massive jet-lack. You're lying, babe!" he teased. Like always Seth rolled his eyes. "I miss being on the road with you, being alone with you. I miss being in the ring with you! I miss… you!" Dean started chuckling and ruffled again through his hair. "So…I guess you miss me?" he asked with a cocky smirk on his lips "Moron!" Seth muttered playful and took a banana out of a bowl. "I'm not sorry! You were so cheesy. How are the lessons?" Dean asked and turned to the side. He watched how Seth peeled the banana. "It's good. You know, I love teaching and it's fun to working with Marek." Seth bid the tip off the banana and went on telling. "There's a pretty smart girl. She could be a star with a little more experience." he paused his tale to put his lips around the fruit and take a bite. Dean groaned desperately. Seth stopped chewing and furrowed his brow. "Everything's okay?" Seth asked worried and swallowed, but the Dean's face told him, that there wasn't a problem. There was this mischievous smile on his lovers face. "You're lips around the nana…" Seth looked at the fruit a little startled "It's my breakfast… what do…" he answered, but suddenly stopped and his smile showed that he understood Dean's clue. For a second he looked at the screen where he saw his husband. The heated skin on his cheeks, his tongue between his lips and the excited breath. The lusty look in his eyes. Seth wrapped his lips around the banana again and pushed it in his mouth with a knowing look, not biting. Again Dean groaned deep.

"Stop it or…" Dean moaned, so Seth bit of his banana, smiling at him. "Or what? Will my boy gonna be naughty?" Seth asked full mouthed, but seemingly innocent. Dean bid his lip again and nodded. "Maybe… I'm abstinent for quite some time." he murmured and Seth rolled his eyes. "The same time as I am, my love." he answered wary. Dean stroked with his hand over his belly and directed his fingers under the waistband of his sweatpants.

"And you're not getting some naughty thoughts?" he asked in a seductive manner, always pushing his tongue between his teeth. "Not when you're eating a banana!" Seth loved to play this little game. "But maybe when you show me where your hand wandered" his voice got lower and a little rusty, too. His arousal was audible just like Dean's. "Only if I could get a peak, too." Dean answered and
fondling himself in his pants. He felt his cock rising in his fingers. "I can't jack off in my kitchen!" Seth laughed insecure. "It's your kitchen and... we did other things there or... you could leave the kitchen..." Dean whispered and groaned under his own touch while he was persuading Seth "What would you like?" The brown haired male asked his husband in his teasing manor. His arousal was winning over his insecurity. Dean moaned, closing his eyes for a second just to open them again and locking eyes with Seth again. "Sucking you off, babe, but... yeah, stay there! Please, show me!" He stroked himself more and felt how his pants become to tight to move his hand. The fabric was stretching over his cock and he felt every movement. Dean pulled his hand out and pulled down his pants. He arranged his phone that Seth could see what he was doing. On the other side of the world Seth groaned and rolled his eyes. Shit, he swore to himself to stop doing things like this, but this guy was his husband and before they got involved Dean would never had done something like that.

"Shit, honey... " he cursed and put his phone on the bar stole next to him. He opened his jeans and heard Dean moaning as started to stroke himself. Seth turned and leaned with his back against the kitchen counter. "Babe, you look so hot!" Dean whined under his own hand and felt how his palm got wet. Seth heard Dean's voice and he couldn't deny how this man turned him on. "Dean... oh... honey... go harder... owwww, be louder!" Seth demanded and went faster on himself. "When I'm back, I fuck you right there! On the counter! In the kitchen. Oh... Babe!" Dean moaned and closed his eyes, just to open them again to watch Seth.

It was stupid, but his husband was so hot. Seeing his own strong fingers wrapped around his cock leaking with pre cum. He heard Seth rusty voice, moaning and groaning. "Oh honey... yeah, you fuck me hard! Fuck... me... oh... honey!"

For a moment there was only grunts and moaning. "I'm close! I'm close, babe... I'm coming!" Dean wined and Seth looked how Dean released himself on his abs. That was the final push he needed. Seth grabbed a towel and cum in it with a loud groan feeling his throbbing cock in his hand. "Oh Dean! Dean!" he yelled. It wasn't the same as with Dean, but hearing him was the best he could get in this moment. "I'll miss you even more, now!" Seth admitted a little tired and looked down to his phone where he saw a dirty and sleepy Dean. This exhausted, but happy smile he knew from his lover. "I'll really fuck you in your kitchen?" Dean admitted in the same tone. Seth chuckled. "I'm okay with that. Fuck... I'm really okay with that!" Carefully Seth started to clean himself with the towel and saw how his lover yawned. "You should sleep, my love. You had a long day." Seth suggested his husband, but Dean just sighed and sat up. "You should stop smirking like that or do you wanna explain the reason?" Seth chuckled. "Marek started with the questions months ago, but... yeah, probably he will ask. I was grumpy the last days." he admitted and watch as Dean took his phone with him in the hotel bathroom to wash himself. "You don't look grumpy, now." his lover noted with a smile. Seth laughed in return. "Yeah, but I'm glad that this isn't a thing for the long run anymore. I don't how we did it in the first place!" Dean laughed. "We wasn't as used to each other as we're now. That's it, but... I really have to sleep and you... you have to ruin some pretty talented young wrestlers!" Seth rolled his eyes and shook his head. "Fuck you, Dean... but... good night. Sleep well!" Dean lift his phone a little higher. "Have a good day, babe!" he whispered loving and it hurt Seth not to put his arms around him.
He thought it couldn't get worse, as he was ordered to join NXT again. But that was before Jimmys Selfie with the bullet club was seen by Vince McMahon. Again he was fired because of a photograph with friends.

Solo Jacole Chapter

"Please tell me they are lying to me!" Jimmy heard the voice of his friend behind him. Jimmy was on the way out to his rental car and brought this box with few belongs that he had left in his office at the Performance Center. He wanted to avoid Adam, but he should have known that the guy would find him. Jimmy put the box in the trunk of his car and turned around slowly. "It's true. They released me past weekend!" he answered.

As the letter arrived Jimmy on Saturday, he was just in shock. He felt the sadness and panic under his skin. What had he done? They called him unprofessional and disloyal in their letter and just because they found a photo in his Instagram profile. He didn't thought about trouble as he met his friends on a Monday afternoon. Come on, it was afternoon, not even every performer had been in the arena. Why couldn't he speak to some of his friends for some minutes? Yeah, maybe he wanted to annoy the higher powers who always looked down on him for being one of the guys and not just a backstage slave.

After some time, the shook settled. "Yeah, okay!" he thought "Then I was fired because of a photo!" he wasn't happy anymore. He had to change to much, but he stayed, because he thought he had to. Today he felt relieved and more like himself again. With his rings back in his ears and eyeliner in his face. They should to their stupid shit without him, he wouldn't care anymore. He was ready for the world… but he wasn't ready for Adam.

But the fate decided he hat to face him, so he did. Jimmy leaned against the car and just surveyed his face. "You can't leave. Not again. You left me…" Adam shook his head. Jimmy got the impression that he was confused. "I don't leave on purpose, Adam! I'm not even here on purpose. Vince was pissed at Kevin and since I was the only punishable person on SD for Kevin going out of control, he downgraded me. It seems he still remembered my name, as someone told him I was unprofessional and snapped a selfie with the evil bullet club." Jimmy shrugged his shoulders and pushed his hands into his sweatpants.

Yeah, there had been some rumors around that Jimmy had problems before and the picture was just the tip of the iceberg. But to him it was the only reason they told him. It was day 3, now and he felt good. His nails were done and painted again, his hair still all black but ruffled again and the got rid of the suit. He had no problem with dressing up, but constantly having to wear nice shirts and suits and
shoe made him hate those things. Yeah, it was business, but maybe he started to hate it, since he had to quit other stuff he loved. The eyeliner, the nail polish, just been able to wear pink hair or other "gay" stuff. The suit took everything from him, that made him the zombie princess in the first place and still the other producers didn't think of him as one of them.

Adam threw an angry look at him as he suddenly kind of jumped forward and surprised him. Jimmy had his hands in the pockets so he couldn't fight him of as Adam's hands wrapped around his neck and pulled him closer to the slightly taller man. He didn't know what would follow, but would never had guessed it. Adam's lips pushed against Jimmy's, not in a passionate way more like a kiss out of pure panic. Adam pushed himself away before Jimmy could even react to it. "Is there anything you do on purpose, Jimmy?" Adam asked as he drew back as fast as he got close to him. "Like the kiss that time… didn't you do that on purpose?" Jimmy couldn't breathe, the dark haired man opened his mouth and stuttered. "I… I haven't… y-you kissed me that time!" Adam's view changed to slightly annoyed. "You're… I wouldn't kiss you. I didn't even know that… I thought you pink hair is a game!" Jimmy pulled his hands out and raised them again in defense. "Adam, should we really discuss this here? You could get stress just for talking with me and then you're talking about… kisses?" Jimmy asked seriously. He knew that even in NXT gay wrestlers could get a bunch of more trouble than in the indies. "We could get in the car at least and not yell at us on the parking lot!" Jimmy suggested and pointed at his car, while Adam shook his head. "I'm not yelling at you. What's the reason for a talk. You leave again, like you left in 2015 and I'm lucky that I've Bobby and Kyle with me and I'm not sitting alone in this shit." The Panama Playboy answered and crossed his arms in front of his chest. Jimmy shook his head and was speechless for a moment. "I'm getting real confused and pretty mixed signals… Adam, please… what…" he didn't know what he should ask, because he was afraid of the answer. "I'm not gone for good, you know!" Adam swallowed and shrugged his shoulders. "You said something similar that time, but we didn't meet again. It was like today, a kiss and… back to texts!"

What the hell. Jimmy didn't know what to say nor to do. He thought this distance was what Adam wished for. On the other hand, he couldn't say why they never met in the last years.

"You aren't drunk now, are you?" Adam asked. Jimmy rolled his eyes. He met again with Adam after the NXT Show at Adam's place. "I drove here! No, I'm not drunk. Are you?" he asked a little snappy. He wasn't insecure about the situation, just unsure what he should expect. Adam kissed him earlier, but what was the meaning behind it. Was he interested? "No, I… to be honest, I thought about getting boozed since it's easier to talk some things when you're drunk!" Jimmy shook his head. "But what are we going to talk about? What… what happened?" he asked and felt how his voice shook.

Both men sat on the couch. Adam always so cocky and arrogant, now looked a little lost. He scratched his head. "I panicked and was angry at the same time. I like to plan things ahead of time and work on it. I hadn't got a plan in 2015, but as I heard you were coming down… I started a plan. It should end in November at Takeover and I would win you over and party the whole Series weekend with you, but… plans don't always follow the right route and…" Jimmy placed one hand on Adam's arm and caused him to stop his words. "Win me over? For what? Are you interested in… me?" Jimmy asked careful since he didn't know what to answer. Seth believed Jimmy was in love with Adam, but Jimmy himself wasn't that sure. Maybe it was just an obsession since Adam had
"Yeah? But I never knew what you were thinking. There are rumors about you, but even when you're gay it doesn't mean that you have to be in me and that's okay! But after you drunken kissed me, you looked so in shock and I thought maybe he isn't anything what the others say and just plain hetero and will now kill me." Jimmy brushed carefully with his hand over Adam's forearm. "You kissed me that night. Even with me filled up like brewery I'm sure you did it, like today and it makes so much sense that you panicked after. Could it be that you just remember it a bit... wrong?" he asked with a soft smile on his lips. "Not that it is important since I've no problem with kissing you!"

First Adam looked a bit annoyed as Jimmy started, but the last sentence let the annoyance disappear and a smile grew on his lips which reached his eyes. "Is this so? So... why didn't you tell me this little fact before?" he asked this pretty simple and logic question. Jimmy shrugged smiling his shoulders. "You flew under my radar. I didn't know that I would have a chance." Adam groaned as if Jimmy had said something stupid. "I thought you know, Kenny was pretty sure you know how everybody is ticking." The blonde male answered and Jimmy chuckled. Both man drew carefully nearer to the other. "It seemed like Kenny was wrong!" Jimmy whispered. Despite he told himself everything was okay, he felt down the whole day and beaten up mentally, but how Adam got closer to him and what he made him glad he came down today.

He felt Adam's hand on his side and the other touched his cheek. "I missed your eyeliner!" he whispered without any context and then his lips pushed against Jimmy's. Not angry like he did earlier. It was a soft and cautious kiss. Jimmy brushed with one hand through Adam's hair and pulled him closer for this kiss and just let his mind enjoy this moment. It was even better than expected, being sober, he felt butterflies in his stomach. Not everything was fine, but he felt so much better than the last month.

~

"So Cole is your boyfriend, now?" Matt Jackson asked after Jimmy finished the tale of his last week. He met with the Young Bucks backstage at the arena. The last global wars was about to happened and Jimmy got invited after the shit hit the fan with WWE. This was the only reason he hadn't stayed down in Florida and he was happy to be in his old proofing grounds. The Rest of the bullet club would join them soon, but he took the chance to talk a bit in private with the boys. "No, not boyfriend. We're more like dating?" he thought out loud. "You know that Adam and I aren't relationship guys and it's about the fun!" Jimmy tried to explain it, but there was nothing to explain. The whole time he stayed with Adam they didn't do more than kiss. He slept in the same bed as Adam, but it was more like a careful test of the situation and it was completely atypical from Jimmy's previous affairs. "I hope it's okay for you boys?" he asked and the brothers shot a look at each other. "That you're gay. Why should we care?" Matt asked honest, but Nick corrected him. "I think Jimmy's bi, Matt. But yeah, why should we care about that. You know Kenny, do you?" Jimmy rolled his eyes with a sassy smile. Yeah, he knew Kenny, not as well as the Bucks, but on the other hand he knew him a little better than the Bucks. "Actually I'm referring to myself as pan and that was not my intention. It's about Adam! You killed him on BTE. You kicked him out of the Bullet Club and ... I'm just asking if it's okay for you, that I'm corresponding with the enemy!"

Matt began to laugh. "You know for us two its pretty okay. Maybe Kenny's a little sore, but you know you don't have to worry about Hangman and Scurll!" Nick answered as calm as he used to be, brushing his hair behind. "You aren't in WWE anymore, Jimmy! Be friends with whoever you fucking want! This isn't high school or anything like that and I'm pretty sure there you didn't care either what other people thought about you." Matt answered. Jimmy kept silent with a thankful smile. Yeah, this wasn't WWE. "Yeah, Dobby is a free elf!" he tried to mimic the squeaky voice of the beloved house elf from the Harry Potter series. Both, Matt and Nick, cracked a loud laugh over the attempt.

"What are you laughing at?" the rusty voice of Marty Scurl entered the room and all three men
started to laugh again, even there was no coincidence. “We just tattled a little. I said that you and Hangman look pretty close since he returned!” Jimmy teased with his sweet voice. Marty shook his head. "You're at the wrong address, princess! You can tease Hangman with it, not me since I know how ace I am!" his accent grew stronger. Marty's smile grew stronger and he shot a wink at Jimmy who was still laughing.

Shortly after everybody was around. Cody pulled Jimmy into a long hug since he probably understood the best how he was feeling. "You look better than the last time." he told him and Jimmy blushed a little. "I'm feeling better, more like… myself again. I missed the makeup and polish!" he confessed and Cody shrugged his shoulder. "I hated the makeup, but that's your thing!" Jimmy chuckled, when did he the last time laugh that much in one evening. "Do you know, what we have to do tonight?" Jimmy ask all of a sudden and the Bullet Club grew silent as they waited for Jimmy's idea. "We should take a selfie after your match, Kenny! You missed the last one!"
Chapter Summary

TLC ist approaching and the Shield is reunited again. Nothing and everything had changed for the three, but it felt good to be a stable again. Preparing together and enjoy the time... but destiny is a little bitch. Nothing works out as planned, but... that's not the end.

Chapter Notes

Monday was shit, wasn't it?
I wished for Seth and Dean to go to SD and just kill it. Show them the sneaky guerilla warfare... but hey... had time at work to revise a chapter for you. I hope you like it, had much fun writing my beloved old married couple. Isn't it cute how his vest "vanished" during that TLC match and never ever showed up again? ^^

Have fun!

"Do I really have to wear this?" Dean complained fumbling at his vest and the shirt under it. "Yeah, we're a team and we should look like a team, love! Could you please pull the strap on my lower back tight?" Seth turned his back and lowered his head so Dean could do what he asked for.

Roman watched his friends with a crooked smile on his lips. Dean pulled the strap so the vest would sit tight around Seth's upper body. The reaction was a surprised cough form him. "I said, pull it tight not strangle me!" he grumbled. He tried to reach to his back to losen the vest a bit again. "You gained weight, babe! It's not as perfectly fitting as before turned yourself into CrossFit Jesus!" Dean teased him and fumbled again on his vest unconscious. "Where did you even find my old one? I thought I had tossed it away!" Seth turned to his husband and shook his head. "It's muscle! I grew a little bigger because of the muscle. And it's the first time you complain about that fact, skinny rake!" Seth answered, putting his hands in the side and survey the smug smile on Dean's lips. "I found your vest in your basement and even if I wouldn't have found it, I would have paid Mikaze extra money to sew you a new one. Like I said, we're a team!" Dean rolled his eyes and whined again. "But why this? Our shirt would have done the same effect! I can't even move probably!" Dean pushed the hands against his chest.

That was the point where Roman started to crack a laugh. "And what are you laughing at?" Dean shot at him and Rome chuckled still a bit. "It' fucking weird man! You both had the exact same talk years ago. You sound like an old married couple and… then it hit me. You ARE a married couple. I just couldn't hold it!" again a slight chuckle.

Seth shook his head. "Did you ever heard when you and Galina talk?" he asked. Dean started to mock Romans voice: "Yeah baby. I'm alright. Naw, the boys and I won't stay out to long. Just a cuppla drinks, baby. Long flight tomorrow!"
"That's not how I sound!" Roman returned. "Oh sure is it! Your voice gets so soft and tender when you talk to your wife and you don't even notice it!" Seth smiled bright and Roman frowned. "Did you ever hear yourself when you're talking to him, Seth?" Roman asked, nodding to Dean.
"What exactly are we fighting about? About the fact that we sound like a couple or that Ro sounds more like it or… what?" Dean asked confused and again there was this unconscious fumble at his vest. He walked over and took a water bottle. "I mean… is there a problem?" he asked and the other two male shared a look and started a laughter. "No, it's alright… just… I like you both at my side! But you have to admit … it IS weird!" Roman answered diplomatic. Seth and Dean shared a look. Both started to smile and turned away at the same time since they felt they would blush. It felt like ages that they haven't been a team again, but compared to the troubles they had to form the Tag Team, it was a smooth transition to be a group again. Maybe it was like in the old days and it had been complicated for Seth and Dean, since they never were on their own and on the other hand, for them both had changed much more than for Roman. Ro saw still his friends as friends. Yeah, they were couple now, but it hadn't changed the way he interacted with them.

Seth shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe, but they still fear us! I mean they even called for Strowman to help them!" The brown haired male pushed his hands into his hips and smiled his cocky smile. Dean ruffled through his hair. "Yeah, I think Strowman is my bad, but … you know!" His friends just rolled his eyes. "Yeah, you big mouth brought trouble on us before and… could you for fuck's sake stop fumbling on your vest!" Seth answered and pulled Dean closer again to adjust the vest so it would suit his husband better. Again Roman hardly contained his laughter. He missed that! Yeah, the fans behaved bitter and the matches were exhausting, but he fought his way to the top. He hadn't taught that he missed to crack jokes with his friends, since they saw each other pretty often and had fun. But preparing together, hearing Dean complain and Seth's cocky jokes, getting calm when they went out through the fans… he missed that. These minutes they formed them as a team and nothing, not even a wedding could change that for him.

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"Kane." Dean sighed and broke the silence of the rental car. "Where did they dig him out?" he asked, shaking his head. Roman had the ME under control and they took care of Sheasaro as they appeared even when they weren't allow to show up, but Kane… "Why did they dig him out?" Seth asked tired slightly changing the question.

Yeah, the last week had been amazing. They knew they could beat the four. It would be hard, but they knew how to handle this. Five… it was possible. But Strowman was a hard fighting enemy and Kane. "I retired his brother!" Roman murmured and rubbed over his shoulder. He took the tombstone. "Sure? Not because of… of me?" Seth turned around to his brother, but Roman just shrugged his shoulders. "Don't know. Don't care. I hate it, that he surprised us!" his groan got deeper. Seth and Dean looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders, too. "We will still win this shit!" Dean murmured and beat with his fist against the steering wheel. "We did things like this before!" he told his brothers, but Seth sighed. "But we lost things like this, too!" Dean rolled his eyes. "An attitude like this, is not helpful, babe! We get this done. We've beat Miz with two guys before alone. Rome…" Dean looked in the rearview mirror. "Alright you haven't the best count when it comes for Strowman." Roman sighed just like Seth. "I'll get it done." he answered calm but coughed. He careful scratched his neck. "I'll handle Strowman, if you help me watch my back." he murmured and leaned back. "Yeah, YEAH!" Dean beat against the steering wheel, again. "That's the right way. We watch each other's backs! And then we'll manage it. Babe, you're in?" he asked his husband. Seth raised his hand and put it on Dean's which was placed on the gear shift. "I was never out, just… angry and tired." he admitted. Seth felt Dean twitching and heard a careful answer. "Angry at me?" Seth smiled softly and shook his head. "No, angry that they tricked us. Angry on myself for maybe being the reason Kane is joining forces with them. Angry…" he stopped as he heard Roman coughing again. He turned his head and pulled his hand back to lean over to the back seat. "Everything's alright?" Roman nodded, but his eyes stayed shut. "You always hated it that I mother you, so please… I'll survived it, but a big red monster just tombstoned me and before that I wrestled Braun in a cage. I'm just done for today. I want to get my plane and fly home." Seth looked at Dean. His husbands view was fixed on the street only to be shortly interrupted when he looked in
the mirror. "You sure, Ro?" Again Roman nodded, but groaning. "Yeah, sure… my neck's just a bit stiff." Seth let himself sink on the shotgun seat again and put the seat belt back on. "If I had said that back in the days, you wouldn't have let me drive home without the promise of visiting a med." Seth murmured more to himself. Roman smiled and opened his eyes again. "I have a wife at home. She will drag me to a doctor if it's necessary. You know Galina."

That settled Seth shot a last view over his shoulder before he returned his view again towards the road. Yeah, he knew Galina. Everything changed so much since the last time, these three had sit together in a car. Everybody of them had been WWE Champion for a while. They were on the top of their game. Roman got twin boys, had some awesome meaningful matches, just like Dean and Seth got the chance prove himself and not only he was finally in a relationship with the man he loved for years, he married him and felt happiness. Seth put his hand back on Dean's and squeezed it. Dean looked over with an asking crocked brow. Seth mouthed 'love you'. Dean turned his head with a smile. "Idiot!" was the last spoken word in the rental car.

"Do you think, Rome is late?" Dean spoke his thought out loud. He and Seth had arrived the venue some time ago. Dean was redressing for their match later. While Seth was going through his phone which alerted him for some new massages. His hair was still bound back in a bun. The whole day he carried a smile around. He was happy. Yeah, they had several Shows before the big PPV on Sunday, but he was just plain happy how everything went and that they would be in the ring again as a group.

This happiness faded as he looked through his phone. "He's ill!" Seth murmured and Dean raised his view. "What?" he asked. He must have misheard it. Seth looked at his husband. "I got a text from him. Roman is sick! He's got Mumps!" he told the other male, who looked at him like a deer in the headlights. "What's that?" he asked and Seth looked at him. "Erm… you're joking right? That's a childhood disease, my love. I had it as a five year old! Did you had it?" Seth asked then they had been pretty close with Roman the last weeks. Dean shrugged his shoulders and started to tape his wrist. "I got a junkie mother. I don't know if I was sick in my childhood. I survived, but … no idea what!" Seth stared at his lover. Yeah, he knew the troubled past of his husband, but how could he not know. "Did you get any shots?" he asked and Dean's answer was a giggle. "Whadda ya think?" Seth rolled his eyes and rubbed over his face. "You could have get them now. I… you… next week I bring you to your doctor and we'll get you the shots you'll need." Dean didn't seemed impressed, he looked more skeptical. "You know we're in Iowa next week?" he asked, which was true. RAW was in Green Bay which was a four hour drive away from Davenport. A long night drive and both men were in their bed before dawn.

"Smartass! Then the next week when we're in Vegas! I… I care for your health!" Seth answered, what made Dean giggle. "You forget a little fact, babe!" he returned and Seth got now a little louder. "What?" Dean giggled again. "I don't know if we're alive next week or the week after. Roman's sick so at TLC it's a 2 on 5 Match. I don't wanna claim that Roman presence would be the tip the scales, but… yeah, I think we're fucked. I thought it before, but 3 sounded better than 2 and… and… yeah… what shall I say? We're good, but… Strowman for fucks sake." Seth opened his mouth and shut it again. He sank down next to Dean and shook his head. "We're not dying out there, love. Maybe get badly hurt, but I think we'll be alive. When it's really bad, they take us out for a couple of weeks, but on the other hand… we can recuperate together. Having two weeks off sounds awesome!" he tried to sound confident. Dean turned his head with a slight smile. "How about your family, would they stick their nose in your business when you're out for some weeks? I mean, won't they get real nosey when a friend stays the whole time with you?" Seth pushed him away and shook his head. "Are you trying to start a fight or are you joking? Both isn't very nice. I… I really mean it that way. At least we could be together and I'm a thirty years old man! My mother doesn't come over to change my diapers anymore!" Dean opened his mouth, but changed his mind. Maybe he remembered it better than Seth, as he was hurt and out at home. Seth was always commute between
home and Birmingham and Dean had to hide. On the other hand, it changed much since then and his family was used to hear the words: "Dean's over this week!"
"I'm not picking a fight, babe… It's okay. We won't die and just… enjoy your mother's food for some weeks. I love it when she brings over some leftovers!" he tried to soothe his husband and wrapped his arms around his waist and pulled him closer for a kiss.
Vacation would be nice

Chapter Summary

After SmackDown put RAW under siege, Seth and Dean returned to Seth's home in Iowa. They just needed some days to rest, but this is not as easy as you would thought.

Chapter Notes

I hope you like this chapter. I know it got pretty calm here, but I got some other prompts in my head that needed to be written down. Shipping can be hard work, eh?
I hope you still like this little chapter. I really loved the fluff and thought the both needed it. Next stop is Survivor Series, the one year anniversary and thanksgiving!

Have fun!

Seth opened his eyes and blinked. His view was directed to the ceiling. A boring white ceiling, his ceiling. It was probably around noon. Dean and he had arrived at home at around five o'clock in the morning after a long ride home from RAW. Both men went to bed immediately.

Seth heard a groan next to him as he slowly awoke and felt how Dean snuggled up against his arm. His chin rested on Seth's shoulder and he felt his beard tickling his skin. Seth's head and back and every bone in his body hurt him, but he was happy. Plain happy like a little girl on a pony farm. Everybody was noticing it. Roman stated it, just like Finn, even the fans were tweeting about how happy Seth and Dean look while teaming. Kurt said it, after TLC. He had regrets towards them. He noticed the problems they had got in the ring and as he knew that they had a bond, he thought it would end in troubles. He never was happy to be wrong, but for Seth and Dean he was.

Seth's mother even had told him, that he never seemed so happy as had been like in the last month. She was right, he was happy. Just because of the man that was sleeping next to him.

Again he heard noise from Dean and felt him twitching, another groan followed. He felt the manly body rubbing against his arm. His husband was awake, but not ready to open his eyes yet. Seth turned his head and looked at Dean's face pressed against his shoulder. Beautiful. He even trimmed his beard, what looked really cute. "Mornin' my love!" Seth whispered very low. "Shut up!" Dean muttered against his skin "I'm sleeping!" Dean pressed more towards him and Seth chuckled as he felt a certain part was still up and pressed against his hand. "Someone is not sleeping!" he teased him and rubbed his thigh against Dean's lap. "Moa… I gotta pee… morning wood!" Dean murmured, but he didn't move, while his breath got faster. For some moments Dean just lay there and really tried his best, but suddenly a real loud moan slipped his lips. He opened his eyes and shot an angry look up to Seth. "Bastard!" he muttered, rolling over to slip out of the bed. A little shaky he vanished in the bathroom. Seth sat up a little and smiled. He liked to tease his lover and Dean wasn't really angry, he was just not a morning person. Dean padded back rubbing his wet fingers over his face and through his hair. "Fuck, babe. It's noon! I feel like it's still around 8." A long yawn followed. "I feel like I could sleep the whole day!" Dean told him and sank back in the pillows. Seth crawled over and snuggled up to Dean. "That's the drive home at night. But it's okay, better than arriving in the afternoon, after a flight over Chicago. I'm sure, I can wake you up!" Seth murmured, pressing his lips
against Dean's chest. He felt the look of the blond male on himself as he started the journey of his lips down south. Seth pushed away the blanket and started to explore this well-known part of his lover's body. Dean's breathing slowed and got deep and relaxed. "I dunno if it wakes me up or if it will send me into a lusty coma, babe!" he muttered softly with a rusty voice. His lover brushed with his fingers through his hair, while Seth placed a trail of kisses on his body. He didn't care if Dean would fall asleep after he pleased him with his mouth or if he would jump out of the bed like a squirrel on speed, but after last night he wanted to give him a really good mood. He heard Dean groaning and felt his dick rise. It pressed against his own belly, but suddenly the peace was interrupted by the doorbell.

Seth still hovered over Dean and his mouth almost reached Dean's belt line. Dean's hand was placed on the back of his head. He didn't want to stop, he had a plan. But as the bell rung a second time Seth sat up. "If it's the mail man, I'll kill him!" he swore and jumped out of the bed. "I'm coming!" Seth yelled as someone rang a third time and ran down the stairs in his house. As he reached the front door he looked in the face of his mother. "Mom?" he greeted her short and surprised. Her face lit up with a smile. "Oh, you're already awake! How are you?" Seth let her enter, groaning angry. "Sure we're awake when you're ringing the bell, Mom. Why are you here?" he closed the door behind her and followed his mother into his living room. "Why? I saw the shows, baby and I guessed that you're dead tired today. I wanted to bring you some food over. You said 'we're' awake… who's with you?"

Dean sat up as he heard Seth opening the door. He couldn't hear everything that was spoken downstairs, but he understood that the visitor wasn't the mail man, it was Seth's mother. He heard them talking and then suddenly the question. "Who's with you?" Dean was on his feet fast and sneaked through the door which Seth had left open and sat himself on the first step of the stairway. From downstairs you couldn't see this spot, but he heard everything that was talked in the living room or the kitchen.

"Dean's here, Mom." Seth answered. Was it just Dean or did Seth sound a little angry? "Oh, he's with you… again?" she asked startled. Seth groaned and now Dean was sure that he was annoyed. "Mom, isn't it my business with whom I spent my time?" he asked. A female sigh followed. "I don't wanna fight with you. I'm just wondering. You're always with him, didn't he have a girlfriend? I think you told me something like that!" she asked and even Dean heard her concerns. "He isn't with Renee anymore, mom. They are still friends and when I'm over we always meet. Please, don't start again and brag about me not having a girl!" Dean didn't know how much Seth's mother knew or if she maybe was already guessing what was up. Dean didn't even know if she liked him or if she was homophobic. Long story short, he didn't know shit about Seth's mother. She seemed to be a pretty lovely and maternal woman, but in this world this didn't mean a thing. The blond male just sat there and guessed what the future would bring them. He had no problem with being secretive about their relationship, but would it work out for them if they would never tell it Seth's family? He was pretty close with his family as they lived close.

"I don't want to brag, my son. I just want you to be happy. As I heard that you bought some acres I thought… you know…" She admitted and Dean was surprised. Seth had bought some land? He didn't told it to him. "Mom!" he answered with a soft tone and Dean imagined that Seth wrapped his arms around his mother. "I am happy right now! I know that you thought your baby is finally settling, building his own home, marring and getting kids." A long sad sigh followed. The voice of his mother was a little muffled. "I don't want you to wait too long and miss everything."

"Could you grant me a little more time? Everything will work out!" he tried to soothe his mother what may have worked out. "Alright, baby! Relax a little, you had a rough weekend, put the food in the fridge. Greet Dean from me!" she told him and the voices moved through the house again. "I will. He's still upstairs sleeping!" Dean froze at this moment. "Upstairs?" he heard the question of Seth's mother. The guestroom was downstairs, up here were only Seth's master bedroom, a bathroom and the attic. Seth fell silent after his mother just said this one word. He couldn't explain why Dean was up in his room, especially with the excuse that Dean was sleeping there. With no further
explanation Seth could have answered that Dean was showering or maybe bathing maybe gaming. Months ago Seth had his xbox in this bedroom, before he brought it down to Nevada to Dean's home, but sleeping… there was only one place where he could sleep.

"I…" Seth started still wordless, but then Dean heard Seth's mother. "Alright, greet him when he's awake! Have a nice time and…" again a little pause. "I'm proud of you, baby! You did a good job on Sunday and… yesterday!" she told him and then there was again silence till Dean heard the front door.

Some moments after Seth brought his mother out he heard Dean walking down the stairs. Their eyes met as Seth returned to the living room. Dean seemed concerned. "Do you think she knows?" he asked his husband. Seth scratched his upper arm and shrugged. "I don't know. She's a little strange lately and… as I said you were upstairs… would it be a problem?" Seth answered with a question. Dean drew closer and brushed with his fingers through the tousled hair of his lover and before he replied, he pulled Seth in a long loving kiss. "Not if you don't see a problem. I don't know your family and I trust your feeling about them." Seth's hands grabbed Dean's waist and held on to him. "I'm constantly worried what my family will think about me when I tell them everything. That I'm bi and that I love you. It's almost a year, since…" Seth sighed and Dean's pulled him in to a soft hug. "Yeah, a fucking strange year. Yesterday I realized it as Kurt started to chat about Survivor Series. Last year I was on the opposite team." Seth huddled his nose against Dean's neck. "Last year you had this strange alliance with Ellsworth at this time. You even brought him with you to RAW." he murmured against Dean's shoulders and felt how the body of his lover moved as he chuckled. "Yeah! The turtle… I really don't know if I should feel happy for being replaced by Carmella or not." Dean petted Seth's back carefully. "He cost you the WWE Championship, but in my opinion you're a lot hotter than Mella can ever be!" Seth sweet-talked. Dean chuckled again and pushed his lips into Seth's hair. His lover raised his head and their lips met again in a long loving kiss which grow intense as it endured. Carefully Seth directed Dean with his body in the kitchen and fixated him against the fridge. Dean held Seth's waist and started to yank his shirt u p to pull it over his head.

Suddenly both men stopped. There was a buzz before a mobile phone started to ring. It was Dean's which he had left on the counter in the morning as they arrived here after RAW. He groaned, but the men parted.

"It's Rome!" Dean explained and took the call. "Eh, big uce! You're disturbing! I was molesting my hubby!" he scolded the big Samoan on the other side of the line. "Dean, please!" Seth muttered. He went to the counter and sat on a chair, watching Dean leaning casually against the fridge. His husband smiled to Seth with his bold smile. "Yeah, sure he was rolling his eyes again!" he answered a question of Roman that Seth hadn't heard. "I didn't roll my eyes!" Seth said a little louder, so Roman would hear him, too. Dean showed his tongue and chuckled again. "We missed you the last days. How are you?" Dean asked and pushed away from the fridge just to snuggle up to Seth again, pressing his lips against the neck of his husband. Seth shivered because of this. "Yep, sounds like shit!" Dean murmured and again Seth shivered under Dean's breath stroking his skin. "Tell him, when he's out too long we kick him out and replace him with Kurt!" Seth joked what Rome heard. He heard the deep laugh through the speakers of Dean's phone. "Yeah, he's cocky again. The SmackDown Guys weren't able to punch this out of him!" Dean answered while Seth chuckled over these words. "Yeah, pretty shitty performance by the other RAW member, don't you think? They had so much time to prepare and we were the only one's who jumped them!" Dean analyzed the situation and hummed shortly. "Yeah, the girls facing was pretty bold, but yeah… We get our revenge, but not that soon. There's a European tour around the corner." Dean stopped. "What you don't know if you're with us? But if not, the only thing I can do is fucking Seth! Don't you know how boring that sounds?" That was the moment Seth pushed Dean away with an angry look.

"Excuse me? I can stay at home like the last time there was a tour!" Seth muttered acting angry, but he was a little excited for this tour. The last time he couldn't travel to Europe and this time he was with Dean. There would be a tough schedule, but the whole time he was on the road with the man he
loved.
"Alright Ro. Get well soon! Call when you know a little more!" Dean was ending the call. "Get well, Rome!" Seth called and hoped his friend would hear his words, before Dean swiped the screen and put the phone back on the counter again. "Maybe he needs some more weeks, but it's okay." Dean told the short version and Seth nodded. "We'll survive it. We have to defend our title with or without him." Dean pulled him closer again and kissed him. "That means we've a lotta lone time for about two weeks!" Dean murmured against his lips and sealed again with a desperate kiss.
I know what you did…

Chapter Summary

Everybody was shocked as Jimmy made a surprise appearence at WrestleCircus. He cut an emotional promo.
After that he returned to Adam. Still everything is a little undefined and both men try to settle with the new situation.

Solo Jacole Chapter

Chapter Notes

I hope you like this chapter. I know it got pretty calm here, but I got some other prompts in my head that needed to be written down. Shipping can be hard work, eh?
I hope you still like this little chapter. I really loved the fluff and thought the both needed it. Next stop is Survivior Series, the one year anniversary and thanksgiving!

Have fun!

"I know what you did last weekend!" Adam answered with a bold smile as he welcomed Jimmy. The smaller brown haired male jumped in the arms of the panama playboy. "Is this the start of a horror movie or are you angry at me?" he asked with an arrogant smile. Adam lowered him down and shrugged. "Maybe both… I mean, I'm not angry. Maybe a little jealous! This promo at WrestleCircus was great!" His lips brushed over Jimmy's forehead and his fingers run along Jimmy's arm. "You think. I would have said it was a little unprofessional!" Jimmy chuckled. "That's your new catchphrase, isn't it?" Adam returned.
"I'll milk it, till it's annoying even me!" Jimmy answered, wrapping his arms around Adam and pulled him into a hug. The Zombie Princess pushed his face against the shoulder of Adam. "How are you, darling? We haven't seen since I left for Chicago!" Adam's fingers played with the wild thatch of Jimmy's black hair. "What shall I tell you? Hard times. Our Karma is getting back on us. Did you see the shows?" Adam asked and pulled back from Jimmy to bring him to his car.
He collected him from the airport the have some calm days with his… crush (?) before he had to tour for the next live events. Jimmy shrugged his shoulders. "I read the results. You're referring to the authors of pain?" figured the smaller male out and loaded his small suitcase into Adam's car. "Yeah, I mean the AOP, but why you haven't watched… no time or what?" Adam interrogated with a concerned look. Jimmy shook his head. "No. I never had the network, you know? With an official mail you can login for free, but since they fired me, my address is gone." Jimmy explained. Both men were standing next to the car. Adam still seemed concerned. "You could download it!" he suggested. On Jimmys face grew a smile. He pulled Adam closer and pushed his lips softly on his mouth. To do this Jimmy had to tiptoe a little. "That's illegal, honey!" Jimmy whispered. "Don't you wanna watch me wrestle?" Adam asked still little strange in Jimmy's opinion. "I haven't watch many of your previous matches, Adam."

Adam couldn't really explain what the problem was. Yeah, Jimmy was away for some years and
maybe hadn't hat the time to watch every little bit what was out there, but he thought that boyfriends would watch each others. But on the other hand, they weren't a real couple yet, were they? They never agreed on this, just that they would spent time together. Honestly, Adam knew he was a player and that he wouldn't stop flirting just because of a boyfriend. Jimmy was great, but there were so many other men out there.

It was weird for him thinking like that. He had relationships before but everybody admired what he did, but Jimmy acted like he wasn't interested. Was this just a game for Jimmy, to occupy himself when he had much free time.

"I know this kind of look on your face. I call it the Rollins brooding face. What's up in there?" Jimmy asked and brought him back to the here and now. "I'm asking myself if you're not fully into this!" Adam admitted. Jimmy's perfectly trimmed eyebrows rose. "Excuse me? Into what?" he asked surprised. Adam crossed his arms in front of his chest. "I mean it not in a jealous way, Jim, but are you only interested in sex? I can live with that but I wanna know!" Jimmy laughed, but not like Adam had joked. It was a laugh of insecurity. "Could we not argue about something like that in the parking lot of the airport?" he asked carefully, pointing at the car. "We can talk it at your place, but… if your asking if I'm playing with you, my answer is no!" Adam nodded, but was not relieved. Why did he worry about this and would Jimmy think that he's a leech? He sighed. "Sorry, I… you're right. Let's just drive home!" Adam wanted to made his way around the car, but Jimmy grabbed his wrist. "This is kind a new to me, too. Relax!" he whispered lower and that were the words that freed him a little.

Back in Adam's apartment Adam brought Jimmy's suitcase in his bedroom while Jimmy sank on the couch. "Do we have plans for tonight?" he asked, after a moment Adam appeared back in the living room of the small flat. "Aren't you tired because of the flight?" the blone male asked, leaning in the doorway. "Not much. But if you want, we can stay here when you sit by my side!" Jimmy suggested and opened his arms. Adam smiled and walked up to him, just to sink down next to Jimmy. "Better?" Adam asked, but Jimmy shook his head. "No, closer!" Adam slid up and his leg touched the smaller male. "Better?" The question got a teasingly tone. Jimmy chuckled. "No, closer!" he murmured, so that Adam slid a little closer and pulled Jimmy into a hug. Before he could ask again, Jimmy just pushed his mouth against Adam's lips. It was a short kiss, chaste and careful, but as he drew back, Adam didn't let him and returned the kiss. Not careful, but passionate. His hand found it's place in Jimmy's neck and pulled him close again, conquering the mouth of the Zombie Princess. Silence fell as both men get lost in this kiss till both parted gasping.

"Better?" Adam asked breathless. Jimmy fingers stroke softly the cheek of Adam and he nodded. "Just how I like it, but now… maybe it's time to pick up the talk from before?" Jimmy asked low, he saw Adam blushing. "Oh, forget it!" he returned, but Jimmy shook his head. "No, it seemed to bother you. What's up?" Jimmy asked carefully and his hand trace the line of Adam's jaw. The blond male turned his head. "It's stupid!" he murmured. Jimmy pushed his lips again against Adam. "Maybe, but I like stupid topics. What's concerning you?"

He gave Adam a moment and waited. "I thought you don't care about me, since you didn't watch my matches, but I almost killed the Wifi of the arena to stream Wrestle Circus while we were at the NXT live event!" Jimmy seemed to be a little surprised. "Really? I thought you watched a rerun later? You don't have to do this. I don't want to be the reason you get in trouble with the management!" Adam smiled a bold smile at Jimmy. "I am already in trouble with the management!" Jimmy wrapped his hand around the chin of his playboy. "You know exactly that there's a difference between annoying them and showing commitment at the same time and getting involved with a persona non grata!" Adam pulled Jimmy closer by his waist. "When they kick me out just like you we raise hell together." he whispered. A kiss followed, but Jimmy pushed him back. "So, you want me to watch your matches? Is this important to you?" Adam didn't know what to say. "Yeah. I would like to talk with you about them." he admitted and slowly raised his look. This sparkling blue eyes hit Jimmy. "You want me to admire you?" Jimmy joked, but Adam nodded fast, chuckling. "Maybe! You know
"You know what's difficult, Adam?" Jimmy asked, rubbing his nose gently against his crush. "Tell me, honey!" Adam demanded. "I'm admiring you more than I want to admit it. I think you're sexy as hell, your abs… your hands, but what if this is just lust? What if this won't work out! I don't want to play with you, but I can't promise I felt madly in love with you just like Seth and… and… his love!"

Jimmy almost slip the thing about Seth. Maybe Adam knew something since he knew his boy for quite some time, but he surely didn't knew that Seth was with Dean. Jimmy understood that this should be an exclusive secret and he would leave it up to Seth to reveal it.

"I am probably madly in love with you, Jim." Adam admitted. His hands danced over Jimmy's wrapped tummy. "But I can fall in love fast and there are so many sexy guys out there…" Jimmy sighed. "What if there's someone better out there?" he asked with a smile on his face. At first Adam seemed to be a bit terrified as Jimmy had interrupted him. "Yeah, am I a bad person for thinking like this?" Adam questioned himself, but Jimmy shook his head. "No. You aren't, but didn't we agree on starting it slow. Meeting and spending time together… just take everything from one day to another?" Jimmy asked carefully, but then he stood up, just to sit astride on Adam's lap. "Or do you want something exclusive?" he asked whispering. Adam leaned back and exhaled loudly. "No, but I kill you when you fuck around!" he answered honestly. Jimmy chuckled. His arms found their way around Adam's shoulders. "So I have to stay chaste, but you're allowed to have fun?" it was a valid question, but he shouldn't have asked this while pushing his lap against Adam. The playboy just moaned, but shook his head. "If you want…" he gasped. "I can… we can...Jim!" he moaned and shook his head. "Fuck you, shit head!" again he moaned since Jimmy slowly moved on his lap. "Do you want something exclusive?" Jimmy repeated his question with a cocky smile. "I want you!" Adam almost yelled at the Zombie Princess who just chuckled and grabbed Jimmy's waist to stopped the movement. "Stop it, I can't think when you're doing this!"

Again Jimmy just chuckled. "I know!" he admitted. Both men locked eyes and silence fell between them for a moment. "Do you want something exclusive, Jimmy?" Adam asked calmly as his breathing settled again. That was the moment when the princess blushed. "I want to try it, but if there's someone you are interested, you should tell me… and I tell you!" He wet his lips with his tongue. "But… are you mad when we wait a little before we… go on?" Jimmy asked carefully still with red cheeks. "Could you explain me why?" Adam returned the question, after all it had been Jimmy who teased him. "It's stupid, baby, I know… but I always went head over heels and rushed it. It was more sex than sensation and I want to be sure this… us isn't!"

A soft smile grew on Adam's lips. "Alright, but when I've to wait for you and I'm not allowed to have fun with others I maybe explode by thanksgiving!" was his chuckled answers. Quickly Jimmy wrapped his arms around his shoulders again to kiss him passionate and to whisper silently "Maybe I can help with that in some other way!"
Sometimes it's bad luck

Chapter Summary

"For the record. He is mental! I'm just co-dependent!" Seth murmured more to himself.

After the RAW from Manchester, Seth's down on the grown, tired and felt guilty. He got distracted, he lost the Championship Titles. He was just miserable. Dean thinks different and tried to console his lover. But the boys aren't the only ones with relationships problems.

Again there is a Co-branded PPV approaching, that means it's a little time for Finn!

Chapter Notes

I almost had skipped that chapter. Don't know why, I had overseen it, but yeah... it's here.
Hope you had a pleasant holiday (which I don't celebrate here in Europe, but I had fun with black friday ;) )

I don't know to say more, so have fun and I hope you like the chapter!

"It wasn't your fault, babe!" Seth heard the rusty voice of his husband. He couldn't look at him. He couldn't do that for the last hours after RAW had ended. Dean had tried to start a conversation, but Seth just kept silence and since there had always been people around them, he couldn't even wrap his arms around his beloved one to console him. As they entered the room, Dean excused himself to shower and Seth just didn't know what to do.

Both men were tired and didn't felt well after this miserable show.
Seth just stepped out on the balcony and watch the streets below him. As he heard his husband from behind, he didn't turn and just kept staring down. "I took the pin! So it is my fault!" he answered and pressed his lips together so they formed just a thin line. Dean approached him from behind and finally wrapped his arms around him. "I didn't watch your back, babe! It's my fault, too!" he whispered, pressing his lips against Seth's bear neck. "I got distracted and... I wanted to..." Seth stuttered, so Dean forced him to turn around and put his hand over his mouth. "Just shut up! It happened and we survive it! I don't love you less because of it... the belts are just tinfoil and leather... ugly red leather!" Seth smirked over Dean's try to soothe him. "It's like they built them uglier and uglier every time, don't they?" Seth muttered and put his hands on Dean's waist. He felt Dean's warm body under his old sweater he was wearing. It felt gut just to hold on to him.
Dean stroked softly with his fingers through Seth's beard. "We're better without them!" Slowly Seth raised his view and finally met his lover's eyes again, but he still seemed to be sad. "You said that as you lost the IC Championship, too. Do you feel better with it?" Seth asked carefully and shook his head, he didn't wait for Dean to answer. "Ever since I lost the WWE Championship if I had to forfeit it or as you took it from me, I felt less... like I feel less now!" he confessed and his lips twitched a moment as he mentioned how Dean took his title. His husband sighed and still rubbed his fingers gently through the long brown beard. "Because you think you would be worth more with a fucking championship belt around your waist! You give this shit a meaning where no meaning is. Look at
SmackDown! Do you think Mahal is worth more than… Styles or Owens or Nakamura? No one pays to see him! Shit, I hate Lesnar from the bottom of my rotten heart and I think he's the worst Universal Champion we ever had, but at least people want to see him. People love you and you're not worthless as long you're without a championship. Miz got the IC title glued to his butt and you're still more worth than him."

Seth heard the soothing words and pulled Dean closer to him. "That's not it, love!" he answered and pushed his face against his shoulder. A long hard sigh followed and Dean just stroked the back of Seth with his fingers. "Then tell me!" he murred in Seth's ear blowing away some hair. The brown haired male shook his head. "It's stupid! Just let me sulk a little." Seth returned.

Moments like these were hard for Dean. He wanted to help the love of his life, but he couldn't when he didn't understand the problem. "It's not because of us, isn't it?" he asked carefully, trying not to ignite a spark of doubt in Seth's head, but as his lover stayed silent he knew he guessed right.

He worked some thoughts for a moment and biding his lip before went on. "Do you think this will end? I mean not us, but our team? Since I don't have to team with you anymore?" were his next questions. Seth leaned back and looked in his eyes again. He didn't had to speak, Dean read it in his brown brown eyes. "You can chase the IC championship again or fight against… everybody. You're not chained to me anymore!" Seth answered. Dean rolled his eyes what was supposed to be Seth's thing. He always does this when Dean was talking. "You're really stupid for such a smart man!"

Dean answered and ruffling throw Seth's hair instead of his own. "I don't do this for championships or fights! I loved the last months with you at my side! I love you! We had trouble at the beginning, but it worked out fine. Why should I dump you? We win these shit belts back!" Dean's eyes started to shine, he meant his words like he said them.

A smile grew slowly on Seth's lips. His hands gripped Dean's waist and pulled him closer, while he leaned forward to seal the lips of his lover with a long soft kiss. He felt the hands of Dean cupping his head and hold him to intensify this kiss. After some moments Seth ended the kiss and looked up to his husband. "I'm still sad, tho!" he murmured and lay his head against Dean's shoulder. The blonde male rubbed gently over Seth's shoulders.

"Seemed like your day wasn't the best, too!" both men turned their head in surprise to the side. They were standing on the balcony and didn't expect someone in their near. But since the balcony was built as one and was just separated by a railing. Finn leaned against his and looked over to his friends. "At least you're part of the survivor series match!" Seth murmured against Dean's shoulder.

Finn sighed, but just shook his head. "I'm not really fond of that, Seth!" Finn answered. All three men seemed to be really beat up and not just physically, but also mentally. Seth pushed away from Dean and the blonde male stepped back. "Is it because of Nakamura?" Seth asked carefully. He didn't had much time in the last weeks for Finn, but he hadn't forgot the problems of his friend.

Slowly Finn turned his head. "I don't have a relationship with him." He answered with a firm tone.

Seth and Dean exchanged a look. "We've beer, wanna come over?" Dean asked with a soft smile on his face. "We don't have beer in the room, Dean!" Seth countered and shook his head with a look shooting to Finn. "We don't have beer! He's joking, but you can come over." He told his friend honestly, but Dean started to complain. "I bought some and put it in the bathroom this afternoon. It's not perfectly cold, but I think its drinkable." He defended himself. Finn watched this scene with a smile. He had raised a hand and was about to decline but then he stopped. "I'll be over in a sec. It's easy to go over the railing, but I prefer the doors." Finn told them. "Doors are for losers!" Dean yelled at the Irish man as he stepped through his balcony door back in his room.

Some moments later there was a knock at the room door and Seth let his friend in while Dean was nursing the bottles in the bathroom sink. "You seemed a little stressed as I mentioned Nakamura." Seth let Finn choose where to sit. The smaller male let him sink in an armchair with a loud sigh, so Seth chose the bed on the opposite direction. "Honestly, I am!" Finn started and rubbed with his hand through his short hair. "It was okay with us. Just friends, but as he arrived with the rest of the SD live guys… we had a fight after that!" Finn swallowed. Dean reentered the room and pushed a bottle into Finn's hand. He found his place at the side of Seth. "What did you fight about?" Dean
asked sipping from his bottle and giving it to Seth to share. His husband looked hat the beer at Dean and then decided not to argue about it for now. "I was furious that he let them beat me up. He could have warned me or send me a hint or something. Even he was not kicking me in the head and I knew he didn't, it felt like!" Finn told them and you could see that it was boiling in him. Maybe that was the reason his fight with Joe escalated like it did.

"He kicked me in the head!" Dean murmured, feeling Seth punching his elbow in his side. "What did he say?" the brown haired male asked. "That he wanted to warn me, but he couldn't. He knew I would have warned everybody and screwed everything. He said, he loved me, but that he had to be loyal to his brand!" Finn told. Dean shrugged his shoulders. "Yeah, but loyalty isn't everything!" – "He said, he loved you?" Seth asked over Dean's voice and then the other male realized. A short sound of understanding followed. Finn nodded. "He hadn't said it since we broke up and it made me even madder at him. When he loves me, why… why couldn't he trust me? If he would have explained me, I wouldn't have revealed it!" Seth sipped from his beer. "Surely? Could you carry that feeling on your chest, knowing everybody got fucked up just because you wanted to protect your boyfriend?" Seth asked. "He is not my boyfriend!" Finn answered firmly again and sighed. "Maybe your right!" followed from Finn. "Seth is right and you know it! I don't know this Nakamura guy, but I'm sure he doesn't like to show his cards. He pretty sure won't everybody to know that you two are connected. It's a weakness. I try to protect my weak spots, too! Sorry to say that if he really loves you, you are his weak spot!" Finn slid down in the chair a little more and slowly looked up to both men. "And now I have to fight him. We haven't even smoothed down everything. I'm feeling so terrible!" Finn leaned his head back again. "Can't Bray reappear so I can fight a little maniac again instead of my lover?" he murmured. Dean jumped up from his bed. "You said it! You called him your lover!" he shout out, like it was a competition. "Are you happy, now?" Seth asked calmly and surprised. "Do you wanna go with them on double dates?" Dean looked back at his husband. "No, but it's nice to know we aren't the only gay couple in this promotion!" Seth laughed up and shook his head. "There are other gay couple in here." Seth just spent a thought on Jimmy who wasn't actually in the company anymore. Dean rolled his eyes and sank back on his bed. "You're probably right, but can't we appreciate that Finn stopped denning?" Finn groaned. "I didn't deny anything, Dean!" The Irish got a little louder and sat up.

"You both calm down!" Seth warned. "I am calm, but… Seth. Weren't you in the same position last year? Can't you… help me?" Seth and Dean looked at each other. Last year. No, it wasn't exactly like this. They were… not even real friends, just former buddies. Everything changed later and the match was part of it. but… maybe it was just like this. Dean stroked softly over Seth's shoulder. He felt his husband shiver under his touch.

"It's really complicated, but… we had something like a non-aggression pact. He was on SmackDown and I was with Roman on RAW. The last time we saw us constantly, we didn't even had that… we weren't peaceful." Seth explained and scratched his head. "Yeah, I stole his championship with my MITB case like he did to Rome and went with it, after the draft to SmackDown." Dean said and saw how Finn nodded. "Yeah, the draft where they called me up." he said. You could see how Seth seemed to be not well in his skin. "You were a real dick at the beginning!" Finn told his friend with a smirk. "Had my redemption later!" Seth murmured, scratching his head again. "After Hunter screwed me like… like I screwed them…" he sighed and lowered his head looking on the ground. He felt bad, but that was just the ugly truth. "I thought that… you know. It was an act. I didn't know both of you, but as we learned to know each other, I thought that it was just an act and you two had always been lovers." Seth's cheeks blushed and he shook his head.

"Not exactly Finn." Seth answered and started to tell the story about survivor series of 2016. Where he tried desperately to chase down Kevin and his championship and then they had to team together and Dean was on the opposite side and had his conflict with AJ. How Dean got early eliminated, but returned later to beat up AJ and the short reunion of Rome, Dean and Seth for the powerbomb what was the perhaps the only good memory Seth had about 2016 except the dates with Dean that followed the last month. The loss and then he stopped telling the story just before the kiss. He
mentioned Dean changing his cloths in the RAW locker room. The kiss was their secret, the moment when everything had started to change and he felt more like himself again.

Finn looked from Seth to Dean who stood in front of the window with his view directed in the distance. "You should not get distracted over your feelings. I mean every feeling. The love for Shinsuke or the hate for Joe." Seth told, but Finn shook his head. "But without Dean's rage and the friendship to you. He wouldn't have helped you what had brought you closer. I'm not mad, but... you know. I thought I would get a good advice, but it feels like everything is programmed to fail." "Don't be a pussy!" Dean was silent, but he turned back to them now and looked at Finn. "The thing with Shinsuke will work out for you. You are not Seth and I am not Nakamura. Finn, didn't you realize it yet? Seth and I, we're fucking mental! Go talk to Shinsuke, fight for RAW! Beat the blue clowns and apologize to your man after the show in the bedroom!" Finn stared at Dean. "For the record. He is mental! I'm just co-dependent!" Seth murmured more to himself. A surprised smile grew on Finn's face. "That makes it so much better, Seth! Yeah, but alright Dean. I stop whining, but an honest question and I hope you'll answer honest. You as a gay man with much pride, would you forgive me, when I beat you and apologize afterwards!" Dean turned his head sideways. "Are you kidding me?" Dean asked and pointed on Seth. "We have almost every week makeupsex! That's how fighting works. You argue and then you fuck each other so you forget about what you were arguing! Haven't you been with Shinsuke before?" Dean seemed to be outraged over Finn. Seth rolled his eyes and sighed. "Haven't you been enemies in the ring?" Dean went on. "We have been and it was constant stress and a big fight. Yeah! Maybe I was happy to leave him in Japan because of all the stress and that's the reason why I'm feeling guilty, now and unsure! I don't want it to be like that again!" Finn answered and it was the first time he got louder and opened up a little. Dean looked at Seth and then approached Finn. "Then the best thing is to be on split brands! You have only one time stress with him around the series and to soothe this, you fuck him... or let him fuck you. Don't know how you like it! It's maybe a little prehistoric behavior, but I'm sure it works! He's a man... strange, but definitive male!" Dean assured this to Finn and the Irish shook his head in disbelief. Would he really take an advice from the man that calls himself lunatic fringe?
Romeo and Juliet

Chapter Summary

We made a little jump up to the night of Takeover San Antonio. Jimmy and Adam can spend some time together and try to find their place and speed. But then there popped up a comparison that Jimmy didn't like.

Solo Jacole Chapter!

Chapter Notes

Here a little fluffy chapter for you. I really hope you like it.

"How do you feel?" As Adam Cole had returned to the hotel room he sank dead tired on the bed. He wasn't alone in here, Jimmy waited for him, asking this question. He couldn't be with him in the arena, but Adam could sink down to bed his head in Jimmy's lap, what really pleased him.

"I feel… dead, but I feel also great! Did you see it?" Adam asked, he had his eyes closed, just feeling the presents of the Zombie Princess and hearing his breathing. Jimmy brushed with his fingers through Adam's wet hair. "See what?" he asked teasingly. Adam's eyes flashed open with an angry look up at Jimmy. "Sorry!" Jimmy apologized almost embarrassed. "I'm… I… it was great!" he answered while he kept stroking Adam's hair. He was a little jealous on it. Yeah, Jimmy loved his dark thick mane, but Adam's was beautiful, too. "I'm a little jealous that I never could work a match like this, but honestly sometimes I was a little afraid, too. Especially after the German cut his head open!" Jimmy recapped.

Adam closed his eyes again and sighed. "I was afraid, too. I nearly shit myself a dozen times, but I won!" Jimmy's fingers danced again over Adam's head. "Yeah, my darling won! I'm proud, I'm really proud!" Adam's smile lit up and even when it was deep dark night outside. In this room the sun rose together with his smile. "Not bad for the Romeo of WWE, don't my Juliet think?" Jimmy rolled his eyes, but couldn't hold a snicker. "I told you, that we aren't Romeo and Juliet! I don't wanna die!" he chuckled louder referring to a video chat they had last week.

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"You shocked me with his little pic from Bound for Glory!" Adam admitted and brushed his hair back "So I really watched the enemy and I asked myself… What's your job there?" Adam had his notebook parked on his legs which were placed on his living room table. Jimmy was on the screen, the black hair tousled, the eyeliner blurred. It was a not so early morning, but the Princess just got out of bed. He had his laptop sitting next to him somewhere in Michigan and felt every bone hurt in his body since it was his first wrestling weekend for two years. He was allowed to look like a tired drag queen. "We're still in negotiations, but yeah… probably partly behind the cam and I try myself out with commentary. I mean, Austin could do it, why shouldn't I can do the same?" Adam smiled at the screen. "You sometimes lose the thread and you are…" he answered and got interrupted by Jimmy. "So unprofessional! Say it out loud! I'm so unprofessional!" the Zombie Princess wasn't angry at all. He smiled back at video Adam. "Yeah, so unprofessional. But it fits to this unprofessional
promotion. How do you like it there?” Adam asked caring. Jimmy shrugged his shoulders with a soft sigh. "Hard to say, honey. I have not been there pretty long, but they let me be who I am, so I feel better for now. There is just this little fact that karma is a bitch and I arrived there the same day as Sami Fucking Callihan. I brought my fan with me and yeah… shit!” Jimmy smiled brightly. He was one of the few human beings that smiled when talking about an unloved person. "Yeah, you and Callihan. You ripped him a new one this weekend, didn't you? At the CZW show?” Jimmy laughed and sank a little deeper in his pillows, watching Adam on the screen. "Yeah, I did on Saturday and… on Sunday at Beyond. It was fun, but… I forgot how hurting this job is!” Jimmy rolled with his eyes over his words. Adam had his warm bright smile on his lips which was so contagious, so he couldn't stop even if he wanted to. "Yeah it is, but you get a feeling for it. You always appreciated a good beating!” Jimmy chuckled again, scuffled through his hair. "That sounded naughtier than you meant it, didn't it?” he asked with his known cocky voice. Adam chuckled, too. "Shut up, Shitface!” his smile sparkled happy. Jimmy felt butterflies in his belly and felt happy. Was this the reason Seth had changed the last year? He seemed to be happy, too. They phoned the last recent weeks and Jimmy told him every plan he had for his career and Seth always supported him, he even apologized for not helping him out. But Jimmy didn't want his help, it was alright that they parted.

Now, he really understood why Seth might have been so careful with his relationship, since it was this tiny treasure he needed in his life, like Adam seemed to become his treasure.

"Baby?” Jimmy bid his lip and looked up to the camera of his notebook. "Bay Bay is listening, what up?” Adam asked, leaning forward to grab his coffee mug. "Did you hear that they canceled WrestleCircus?” Jimmy asked carefully, while he watched Adam's reaction. The other male sipped from his mug, but frowned at the same time and then let the coffee sink. "What? Really?” he asked almost sad. "I thought we would see us this weekend in Texas!” Slowly Jimmy nodded. "Yeah, erm… about that… I couldn't cancel my flight… yet.” he started and again there was this smile. Sometimes you could really see when Jimmy Jacobs got ulterior motives. "Not? Why not?” the mood of Adam change the last couple of seconds drastically. "You know, Adam… There are some friends with me in this area and I thought about visiting them. So what do you think?” Jimmy again bid his tongue, smiling at the screen. "I think that would be a wonderful idea!” Adam endorsed with his contagious smile. "Really, pewwww… I'm happy you say that. The Bucks will probably be thrilled to see me at the ROH shows!” Jimmy returned and the smile dropped out of Adam's face again. "That's not funny, you fuck nut!” he answered angry and put his coffee back on the table. Jimmy had a different opinion. He was almost falling out of his bed because of his laughter. "Fuck you, Jacobs!” he heard his lover cursing and could just barely hold him together. "Alright, Alright, Darling. Sorry, it was so… perfect!” he still was giggling a little, but able to speak again. "Pew… sorry, the punchline was perfect. I really want to meet you. I'm just flying down South for you, when you still want me to come!” Jimmy brushed his hair back and really tried to look remorseful. Adam had his arms crossed in front of his chest and really didn't seem to be amused. "I don't know if I should let you sleep in my bed anymore, but… yeah. I would be happy to have you with me. Do you arrive on Saturday?” he asked still not really warming up again. Jimmy shook his head. "I planned differently.” Jimmy started and felt how his cheeks blush. "What did you plan?” Adam asked calm, but still he saw he was still upset a little. "Erm… I planned my flight for Friday since you've your Championship match on Friday…” – "You'll be there in San Antonio?” Adam asked, his mood had obviously changed again, a bright smile lit up his face again. "I can't be with you in the arena, but I would be there before and after. If you wish.” Adam granted Jimmy's wish. The
black haired male giggled again. "I wish I could kiss you right, now!" he told Adam. The blond guy blushed again for a second. "This is so weird. You can't go with me, I can't go with you. You will almost pretty sure work for Impact… We are the Romeo and Juliet of fucking WWE, Darling! When did that happen?" Adam told Jimmy his thought. The other man scratched his beard. "We aren't Romeo and Juliet! I'm not Juliet and I'm pretty sure you aren't Juliet either. I didn't check this fact yet, but… yeah, I'm almost about 90 percent sure that you aren't a woman!" he answered with a smile.

"But that's not the problem I have. I don't wanna die to be with you! This is not a real secret, I mean… not for me! I have no prob in telling everybody that I'm dating you. We're only wait so the WWE officials can cool their minds and not being mad at you for being with me… especially since I fire some shots at them. I don't wanna die… we aren't as stupid as Romeo and Juliet!" Jimmy held his passionate speech.

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Some days later he reminded Adam. He opened his eyes again. Slowly he sat up grunting since his whole body hurt, before he turned to look in Jimmy's eyes. "I'm sorry that I try to be a cheesy bastard!" he returned to a snickering Jimmy. "I forgive you!" the smaller man chuckled and wrapped his arms around Adam's neck, pulling him close and their lips met for a kiss. Shortly he pressed his mouth against the other for a chaste kiss, before he drew back and smiled. "I loved seeing you wrestle!" Jimmy whispered, his mouth was still hovering over Adam's. His eyes so bright and with long almost female lashes. "I hope to see you in the ring again soon. It's shit that I can't watch most of this Indy stuff!" Adam murmured, hurdling the distance between them and stealing another kiss. This one wasn't so chaste anymore, careful he sucked in Jimmy's lower lip to nibble on it before he let him go again. "As you leaned against the cage… that was hot. Tired, beaten down… but on top." Jimmy murmured, both males had their eyes open again. Adam sighed. He leaned forward, pressing Jimmy down on the mattress. Desperately he pressed his lips against Jimmy's mouth. His tongue demanded the passage which Jimmy eagerly granted and greeted him with his own tongue. Both men moaning in the kiss, as their bodies rub against each other. Jimmy down with one leg spread and the other leg cocked. He felt the body of Adam, his lap pressing against his. He was ready, but suddenly he pushed him away. His facial expression like he was in pain. "Bay Bay… wait!" he whispered, almost clinging on the fabric of Adam's shirt. "I'm not ready for this!" he told his lover honestly. They had phoned for weeks and even with his body ready to get go, his mind wasn't. There was still this fear that held him hostage. Adam looked down on him almost hurt. "What's the matter?" he asked caring, but insecure, too. Jimmy bit his lip. "I'm still… you know… unsure. I want this to work!" he confessed, rubbing over Adam's shoulders, just to occupy his hands. "Wouldn't it be better if you rest tonight, so you're fit in the morning?" Jimmy asked carefully. Adam withdrew a little, still looking down on his princess. "You still want to wait?" he asked carefully. The tone he used, made Jimmy feel even more uncertain, still just rubbing the shoulders of Adam he sighed. "We have almost a week together!" Jimmy suggested and again bit his lower lip. Adam sank down and bed his head on his chest. "You're right, okay. My back is killing me, so… I think, you're right, but… Darling…" he raised his head again, locking eyes with Jimmy, unsure if he would use the right words. "I won't disappear after it, you'll know?"
Anniversary

Chapter Summary

It's been long long year. Seth and Dean have a little throwback on last years survivor series and enjoy their lone time a little. When had everything become that... normal? That easy and when turned Seth into a heartwarming loving person? Hard to say, but now... everything is just fluff!

Chapter Notes

I don't know what happens at the moment. I never was as creative as I am at the moment and I never had so less time and even fewer motivation to write. Sorry, for the long delay, but I hope you like this little fluffy chapter. Everything is so untroubled at the moment and I want them to enjoy what they got. Yeah... long story short: Have fun with this chapter.

"They are really tasty!" Seth munched, brushing a lost strand back behind his ear. As he looked up he saw in the face of his husband. Dean had his head resting on his hand almost examine Seth. "What?" Seth asked unsurely. He even turned around to examine the background, if something had happened behind him, but this little restaurant was almost empty. It was late noon, the perfect time for a secret date. Survivor Series was Dean and Seth's anniversary, both men decided this fact. They didn't care that the date would change almost every year. Both didn't care that their romantic relationship started some weeks after the Series PPV. It was easier to remember than an exact date and it felt like their anniversary. And how cheesy was this story? Dating on the series, married by Mania... wasn't this the ultimate wrestling relationship?

"I just can't believe it's a year, now!" Dean confessed, directing his view back on his own plate where the rest of his steak, chips and a little bit of greens waited for him. Seth reached over with his hand and interlaced his fingers with Dean's. Normally he wouldn't do this, show his man this affection in public, but he felt safe here. Nobody minded them and it has been a year, now. A long year of constant hiding, but full of love and happiness. Dean smiled without raising his view. "It has been a long year, my love!" Seth sighed, but kept a steady pressure on Dean's hand. "But probably the best year I had!" he told his lover. "Cheesy bastard!" Dean murmured, putting a crunchy chip in his mouth, but he kept Seth's hand in his palm. "I love you, too!" Seth returned. Both men started chuckling at the same time. Dean slowly raised his view. At first he looked to the both sides, but then he pulled Seth closer. Dean slightly raised to press a soft kiss on the lips of him, just to sink down on back his chair. Without commenting, both men untangled theirs hands and minding their own meal for some silent minutes. It was a good silence and Seth could really enjoy it. Being here with his husband just having a casual lunch before an important show.

"Should we finally get your ring fixed?" Dean asked out of nowhere. Seth shot up a startled look, he almost asked which ring Dean was referring to before he realized the wedding ring. His hand, like always raised and wrapped around the little treasure he was still wearing on a neckband. "I... don't know!" he answered, holding on to it. "I would probably feel naked if I had to take it off and I'm not
a ring guy!" he tried to explain his thoughts. "Do you think I'm a guy who loves to wear rings?"
Dean returned with a cocky smirk on his lips. Seth looked at his lovers hands. His heart jumped as he
saw his own ring around the finger of Dean and couldn't even explain why. He hadn't been a
proprietal, but seeing this guy marked as his. "Don't start to over think it, babe!" Dean soothe him.
"I don't know why I asked it… maybe… I thought you want me to gift you a new one to make it
official!" The blonde male scuffled his hair like always. "This is the longest relationship I had and…
I'm at a point where I don't want to fuck it up and… I really don't know what to do." He confessed
and a warm feeling grew in Seth's stomach. "There is a contract signed by the two of us. I think that's
official enough." Seth almost whispered with loving smile on his lips. "If you think I'm carving for a
gem, that's not the case. Waking up next to you is the best gift, but when you wanted to ask if you
should me buy a real wedding ring in case we would have a real wedding ceremony with our
friends… then the answer is … I don't know!" Again these words, but that was how Seth felt. Dean
threw a crooked smile at him. "Rings would be very traditional!" he talked out his thoughts loud. His
lover shrugged his shoulders. "We aren't a very traditional, are we?" Seth returned. The first reaction
of Dean was just a shrug of his shoulders, too. "Do you have a different suggestion?" - "Hm, ring
tattoos seemed to be the thing actually." Seth told him. "I heard of that..." Dean murmured not so
convinced. "You don't like it?" Seth interrogated as Dean didn't go on further. He just earned a
shoulder shrugging again. "I will not say it's stupid, 'coz it's not. At the moment I have to constantly
take my ring off, but..." Seth leaned forward and propped his elbow on the table. "You want the
classic thing?" he asked. Dean shook his head. "No, I just don't want the hipster thing!" he
confessed, what made Seth to crack into loud laughter. His hand shot up to his mouth. "Sorry,
honey!" Seth grabbed Dean's hand again, focusing his view on his husband. "I have a suggestion,
when you don't want the hipster shit. But we could get us inked and on a possible reception we
exchange... maybe... lollipop rings. What do you think?" Dean's look was fixed on their hands
before he slowly raised it. He sighed lowly. "What's a lollipop ring?" he asked unsure what he
should think about that idea. "I loved them when I was a kid. I usual gave them my girlfriends in
school. It's just plastic with candy on it, like a lollipop and you can wear them on your finger. The
candy is usually shaped like a hug gem!" Seth explained. He turned Dean's hand and caress his palm
with his fingers, careful and soft. "But they won't fit us when it's a kid toy, babe!" he murmured, but
he let his hand stay where Seth placed it and seemed to enjoy the soft touch of his lover's fingers.
"It's 2017! I'm pretty sure there is someone who produces rings that will fit us. There are so many
nostalgia fans out there." Seth was sure about his words and a smile grew on Dean's lips. "Alright,
babe, but... I've another question. So you gave this candy to your girlfriends... in school? And they
liked it? How old have you been, you little player?" Seth chuckled. "I was a kid and yeah... I was an
early bird, a little player... till puberty hit me, but who cares?" he tried to wipe his words away with
a gesture. He pressed his palm against Dean's and focused again on him. "You are the only man I
ever gave a ring!" suddenly the joke was forgotten and Seth got serious, his voice was breathy and
he hemmed to clear his throat. "I want you to stay the only one!" he whispered and directed his view
down on his almost empty plate.
Silence fell between the two men and after a moment Dean took a heavy breath. "So... are starting to
plan the wedding party?" Dean asked with a joking tone, but a straight face. Seth looked up and
slowly nodded. "Yeah, probably!" Seth smirked, brushing a strand back with his free hand. "Wow,
only seven months after our real wedding. We're faster than I thought!" Dean teased, but then he
wrapped his fingers around Seth's hand again and pushed it against his lips. "Sorry, for being like
this today!" Seth shook his head. "No, need to apologize! Everything's is alright!"

"Aw, no… Finn's out!" Roman murmured. The day had been a good day. Not only for the loving
couple, but for also for the shield as faction. Their match had been a hot rivalry and Dean took a hard
beating, but in the end they had been victorious. Seth and Roman had stolen a therapy bench from
the medics, so Dean could lie down and lay comfortable. The blonde male tried to refuse the "gift",

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but as Seth had pressed him on it, he was happy to rest and enjoy the ice in his neck. Now, as the men traditional survivor series match was on, Seth and Dean were sitting in an upright position. Dean had his arm wrapped around Seth, he leaned with his back against Dean. Roman sat on a chair, his legs popped up on another chair. "Yeah, that's shit! He fought hard!" Seth felt sorry for his friend. "He looked at Cena like he wanted to eat him alive!" Dean murmured his eyes almost closed. He felt very sleepy for the last hour. The adrenaline had been washed out of his blood for now and the day had been long. "Yeah, I'm happy, he isn't angry at me anymore. He sure would have killed me!" Seth meant and let his fingers drew soft circles over Dean's collarbone.

Then the door of their locker room flew open and hit the wall with a hard bang. All three men jerked up, Dean groaned under the suddenly movement. Because of Dean's groan the two men that had entered the room, pushed away from each other in surprise. But the scene could not be unseen.

Shinsuke's hands were wrapped around Finn's neck. He had pulled the smaller male tight against himself and their lips had met in a more than passionate way as the pair stumbled through the locker room door. It was pretty obvious that they worked out their problems. "What are you doing here?" Finn hissed, while an overdramatic ashamed Shinsuke tried to sink in the ground to be never seen again. "That's our locker, Finn!" Seth returned. "The show isn't over, we couldn't leave yet." The architect didn't ask on purpose what they were doing here since he had seen it. "I thought... you... I..." Finn stuttered. Shinsuke bowed a little and wrapped his hand around Finn's wrist. "I'm sorry!" he apologized in the direction of the three men and then in a lower tone he whispered to his friend. "Oji, we should leave..."

Shinsuke was unique, he was older than anybody in this room, but at this moment he looked like a lost little boy. Finns behavior changed as he heard the voice of the Japanese man. A soft smile bloomed on his lips and the tension got lost. He pressed his hand careful against Shinsuke's chest. Suddenly he whispered some exotic words and concluding on the reaction of Nakamura, it must have been Japanese words. The King of Strong Style blew his cheeks and shook his head, but then he just wrapped his arm around the Irish man and pulled into a short hug. "I'm sorry!" he murmured, but then he looked over to the other men. "I'm sorry!" he said a little louder.

Dean raised one hand and showed a defensive gesture. "No need to apologize. The next time, you should just knock." he smirked and pulled Seth a little closer. "It's the series! That brings people to bond again." finished and his whole attention was back on the TV screen again. Seth smiled over his shoulder before he looked back to Finn. Shinsuke had backed off to the door again. The Irish seemed happy, even with Shinsuke looked a little stressed. Seth understood him, he had just crashed in the locker of the enemy while he was kissing someone of the opponent's team. "We leave you, boys... erm... the next time, we make sure we're invited!" he waved goodbye as Shinsuke started to pull him out of the room, but as soon as they were out Seth saw how their hands parted.

It was just like it has been with Dean.
Chapter Summary

The day after Survivor Series, we are still in Texas. Dean and Seth are on their way for a breakfast, but found something different... a secret!

Chapter Notes

Sorry, that I'm so far behind. It's not that I didn't write anything, but I was so focussed on writing new stuff, that I didn't rivised my already written chapters to post it. So... here ist the new chapter and I hope you like it.

Have fun!

"I really don't understand why we have to go out for breakfast!" Dean murmured still a little sleepy. He leaned against the wall of the hotel room floor and threw a look over to his husband. Seth smiled a little mischievous. "Finn asked and I thought it would be nice spending some time around friends." He answered, pointing to a hotel room door. "I also think it's nice to get to know Shinsuke and it's only fair since we know some facts about him and he doesn't know shit about us!" explaining his thoughts. Dean answered with a long yawn and blink away some yawning tears. "Sorry, I know that he kicks with the same force as a horse. And since we're talking about facts and knowing facts… Do you know that he almost kicked my head off?" Dean returned, pushing himself away from the wall and grabbed his husband softly. He pulled Seth a little closer, his hands holding the grown man in his arms. "I know that you punched him more than one time as we invaded SmackDown. So you're even, Honey!" Seth answered with a soft smile on his lips. He leaned against the doorway, with Dean's body close to his and the lips hovering over his mouth. The brown haired male chuckled as he raised his hand and knocked against the door. "Behave, my love! We're in public!" he muttered lowly and turned his head to the side as the door opened.

His smile froze as he didn't see the head of Finn or Shinsuke, but suddenly Jimmy stood in front of him. It was the Zombie Princess including deep black hair, painted finger nails and black eyeliner. He jerked and tried to close the door again, but Dean had a quick reaction and pulled his hands back from Seth to push the door open. He was also the first who was able to speak again. "Jacobs?" he used said the name, but this was as good as every question. "Sorry, Kev! The princess blocked the bath, so I'm not ready yet!" another voice was heard from the bath room. "Is this Cole?" Seth asked, shocked like a kid on Christmas that didn't get any presents. "Tyler, Darling… Mox… It not… what you think." Jimmy tried to explain something, but he wasn't even sure what that was. "Why are you even here?" Seth asked, while Dean murmured something really different: "This seemed to be exactly what I'm thinking!"

Jimmy rolled his eyes overdramatic. "I… can I explain it on some other occasion? Adam doesn't know!" – "So it is Adam Cole! Then I really wanna know what you are up to? Why are you in Finn's Room?" Seth asked and pushed the door more open to enter the room. "What is this?" The guy from Iowa seemed really upset. Dean wrapped an arm around him and tugged him back. "Babe, no need to lose your cool." He murmured to his lover and looked over his shoulder to Jimmy. "He'll
explain it when he got the time and…” – "So, I'm ready!" The bath room door had opened and Adam Cole appeared with his bright smile which vanished as fast as it had appeared. "Shit!" Jimmy sighed and leaned against the wall. It seemed like he shrunk a little.

Adam's view shot from Jimmy to Seth and to the arm around Seth's body, which belonged to Dean. "You aren't Kevin!" Adam concluded. He had one finger raised, but then he suddenly shook his head. "I... I need a seat!" with this words he sank on the bed. "What the fuck are you doing in my hotel room?" Adam didn't seemed very amused to see both men. "And before you answer, could you close the freaking door? I don't like this party to grow even more!" he demanded. His request was fulfilled by Dean who just kicked the door shut.

"We were on the way to Finn and…” Seth held his breath. One outing a time. "He told me he was in Room 507!" Adam rubbed his forehead. "501! He's right down the floor! Did he write it on a fucking paper and you're not able to read properly?" The leader of the undisputed era asked angrily. "Shut the fuck up, Cole!" The anger started to boil in Seth's stomach, too. "I knocked on the wrong door, alright... but Jimmy's here!" he turned his head to his friend. "You fucking told me that you're working this weekend. You obviously lied to me and know you're here... in Adam's room... waiting for Kevin and since they're glued together again lately, for Zayn, too? Are you fucking kidding me?" Seth was really upset. Dean's hands found his shoulders and he tried to soothe him, not with words, but with his fingers holding on to him.

"I'm sorry, Tyler!" Jimmy sighed, but Adam shook his head. "Why do you even care, Rollins?" he asked. "Is your current best friend, Ambrose not enough for you? Do you need Jimmy as a backup?" For a moment Seth was speechless. He had his mouth opened a little, but was unable to return something. What did Adam just say? "Adam, Darling! Stop it please. Seth's right." Jimmy pushed away from the wall and walked over to his friend. His fingers stroked over the head and through the hair of Adam who shot his view up to him. "I didn't know how to tell it so... I said nothing. I'm sorry!" he explained.

"First for you Adam. Fuck you! Second, Dean's my freaking husband and Jimmy's not my backup plan for anything and last... so you two have a relationship now?" he asked, pointing at them, guessing from the how they talked to each other. Adam stared open mouthed at Seth for a second, suddenly swallowing and shaking his head. "Fuck." He whispers and suddenly the emotions had cooled down a bit. "You are not kidding me, Seth. Husband... like married?" For a moment Seth was speechless. He had his mouth opened a little, but was unable to return something. "In which other way do you use this word, Sherlock?" he suddenly returned with a counter question. Adam looked up to him a little surprised, but then a nod followed. "Good Answer!" he murmured. Jimmy sank next to Adam on the bed. "We aren't technically in a relationship, yet!" he answered Seth's question. It seemed like Dean was silent for too long, since he chuckled. "Fuck, Jacobs! You are here for the Series weekend instead of doing shows. You're sleeping in one hotel room! You are in a fucking relationship. Believe me, it's how we started. We were "just dating" for four weeks?" the last part were a question directed to Seth, who just shrugged his shoulders. "Probably!" the brown haired male answered careful. "Who cares? We didn't even fuck at the beginning, but we surely had a relationship. If you feel like betraying the other partner when you're looking at other men, then you are in a fucking relationship!" Dean shook his head and crossed the arms in front of his chest. The other men looked awkwardly around and the silence got loud and crushing.

Seth sighed. "You know, I'm not mad at both of you for keeping it quiet. I'm just... did Jimmy tell you, he almost freaked out before he had to go back to Florida? He almost freaked out since he didn't know how to handle it with you!" he said these words to Adam before he directed his view to Jimmy. "Do you know how it feels to hear Kevin knows more than me? I was good for you when nobody was around, but now... now I'm not even worth the truth. Remember how you freaked out as you heard about Dean and me! You tried to break us up!" Seth stepped back, shaking his head and brushing over his hair. "Have fun you guys... It really seems that Kevin and Sami are the better company for you at the moment!" he turned away as Jimmy jumped up. "Tyler, please..." he stopped as Dean raised his hand. He stepped forward, really protective and caring for the person he
loved.
"You have to live with that, Jacobs. You... not him!" Seth put his hand on Dean's shoulder and just shook his head. Adam stood up from the bed, too. "Could you both stop this drama and think for one second about the situation?" he asked, pushing a hand against his side. "For you it's maybe an easy thing. You play the hurt feeling card, but could you think for one second on us? How should I know that I can trust you? He's the enemy for now! He got fired and I'm sure I wouldn't get a shit if someone of the authorities knew that fact. You should know that, Seth since you teamed up with them!" Adam tried to defend himself and his action.
"Don't play the trust card, Adam. Jimmy knew he could trust me, since he is one out of a few people who know about us. I understand that you two have a greater bond with Kev, but... I expected more." Dean pulled him closer. "Come on, babe! Before Laurel and Hardy arrive!" he comforted his lover and pulled him closer to the door.

As the door fell shut behind Dean and Seth, Jimmy sank on the bed again. "Fuck!" he sighed loud and ruffled through his hair. "You can say that again, Princess!" Adam leaned against the wall. He felt terrible, but as he threw his view over to his friend... or was Dean Right? Was Jimmy already his boyfriend? Jimmy looked as terrible as Adam felt.
"Thanks!" suddenly Jimmy murmured and looked up at Adam to lock eyes with the panama playboy. "Why are you thanking me?" Adam wanted to know. He pushed himself away from the wall and walked over the few steps to Jimmy. He stopped his feet in front of him, who interlaced his fingers with Adam's. "You defended me. Without asking and even when it was clear that I hadn't been fully honest! Thank you!" Jimmy explained his thought. "You were fully honest with me. Why are you saying this?" Adam asked. Jimmy felt miserable in his skin, but Adam's voice and that he was still at his side, not being mad at him, made him feel a little better. "I didn't tell you about Seth and Dean..." The blonde shrugged with his shoulders and sat down next to Jimmy. "I don't care about them. It's surprising, but I don't care. You were honest to me and I understand if you had trouble in telling me his story when he is so desperate secretive about everything." He pulled back his hands and let his fingers wander through Jimmy's hair. Adam loved the feeling of his hair without hairspray or other products. Just the wild black locks of Jimmy's hair. "I understand why you didn't tell him everything." Adam murmured. Jimmy raised his hand and took Adam's hand out of his hair. His thumb stroked over Adam's knuckles. "I know him better than anyone else, perhaps even a lot better than Mox. I grew up with him in a way. This is hard for him... It's just hard and I understand why he is upset, but I just didn't know how to tell him, when... when I don't know what I should tell him!" he confessed and pressed his lips together, so they formed a thin line. He wanted to take it slower. "Not that I'm... you know, Adam. I'm happy that we take it slower. I didn't want to imply that!" Jimmy shivered under Adam's touch. He wasn't an awful romantic guy, but he savored every bit of physical contact that Adam provided. He was kind of addicted to the younger guy. The Zombie Princess closed his eyes and had a smile on his lips. "Kevin knows how I tick for quite some time, so he wasn't surprised over that fact." Jimmy muttered under Adam's caress. "He probably knows more than I think." he hummed. Jimmy wouldn't be startled if Kevin had revealed to him that he knew all the time he had something for Adam Cole. Kevin just knew stuff like this. That was the reason, he was so effective. That was the reason, he was so successful. The just knew things and how to use it. Adam smiled. He found it very cute how Jimmy was able to enjoy and at the same time discuss some topics. Jimmy didn't know how much Adam was attracted to him and the way they lived. It seemed so easy on the surface, but when you scratch deeper you would find a man, that observes his environment careful. The facts that Jimmy said about Kevin were the same facts that Adam saw in Jimmy. "Could we abandon the topic Kevin Owens for a second?" Adam asked with throaty voice. His hand had found the back of Jimmy's neck and pulled him suddenly closer, so the smaller male sat on his lap. "I have something more interesting in mind." With these words Adam sealed Jimmy's lips
with a kiss. The princess didn't fight back. His hands found their spot on Adam's neck as well and pulled him close as suddenly there was a knock at the door. "Jump down from the princess! Sami's hungry!" sounded Kevin's voice through the wooden door.
Thankful

Chapter Summary

Seth and Dean parted for thanksgiving since Seth had to attend at the family dinner. Like always Seth's mother tried to introgate him and then it slipped... Seth told his family about Dean. No more hiding!

Chapter Notes

Hope you have fun with this one.
I'm not much creative at the moment. Writing new chapters buggs me, so I'll revise the missing one's and hope the flow comes back.

Love you and have fun with this.

"Why are you always on your phone?" Holly, Seth's mother, asked almost a little bit annoyed. Seth threw a very remorseful look at the woman who raised him. "Sorry!" he murmured, taking his phone of the table to put it in his pants pocket. "He's constantly exchanging text with someone." his brother shot with a bold smile at him and Seth returned that with an angry look at him. "Shut up!" he hissed and felt his cheeks burn. Why did it always had to be like this? As soon as he was sitting at the dinning table, Brandon and himself aged back some years and again there was this brotherly rivalry. The reason why Seth's cheek were burning had been the more than graphic text that his husband had sent him about what he wanted to do with him as soon as both men were reunited. "Kids, please!" his dad try to restore the peace at the table and both boys looked at their plates. Again a behavior out of the old days.

There was only some seconds silence till his mother raised her voice again. Seth tried to concentrate on his vegetables, but it was hard, as heard his mother. "So, you got a new girlfriend, Brandon Darling?" she asked and Seth almost let his fork slip. He knew what would follow. "Nah... not new!" Brandon answered, munching. He emptied his mouth before he went on. "It's Jasmin! You know her. We split last year, but... you know... we met again on a party and there was still something!" he explained a little shy. Seth couldn't hold his smile, since he was happy for his brother. He heard in the voice of the other male, that he was happy and probably madly in love. "Jasmin? Oh, that's nice! I really loved here. What do you think, honey?" she directed the question towards her husband who suddenly looked up. Seth's dad seemed a little surprised, not because of the news, more like he didn't expected his wife to ask him something like that. "Hm?" the questioning noise slipped his mouth before he realized the topic and that all eyes were focused on him. "Whatever makes my boy happy, makes me happy!" he repeated a well know sentence Seth had heard his whole life. Holly chuckled and shook his head. "Oh honey!" she sighed happily over her beloved husband.

Seth thought that he maybe dodge the bullet, but then his mother harrumphed. "And you, baby?" she asked like the scene some weeks ago hadn't happen. "Did you ever met Leighla, again?" Seth knew, she liked the girl very much. She was so different to Zahra and more like his mother. She was more
to the ground, more homey and settled. Everything that Seth wasn't. "You know the answer very
well, mother!" he answered, poking the vegetables on his fork. "And before you ask, there is no
other woman in my life!" he murmured. "You should go out more often, like Brandon!" his mother
told him. "You're always around this Dean guy and I barely see you having fun!" she almost scolded
him. "I have fun with Dean. I love him!" he scolded back and suddenly the table got silent. Even his
dad stopped eating and directed his view to his adopted son.

Seth needed a second to realize what he had said. A lump grew in his throat. He often said, he would
love somebody, but his family knew him too damn well, to analyze his subtexts. Seth looked around
and lowered his view.

"I love him!" he repeated with a softer tone and a heavy exhalation. "Not as a friend, but… more!"
he didn't want to drop the bomb in that way, but as soon as he felt the momentum in this
conversation change, he felt he couldn't lie anymore. And telling his family that he and Dean were
only friends was the biggest lie of them all.

"But baby…" his mother started, but stopped the words before she could say more. "Shit, Colibri…
you're gay?" his brother brought it to the point and Seth wanted to kill him for using this nickname.
He looked up to him with a dead serious look. "I'm bisexual and when you call me Colibri again, I
kill you, Brandon!" he hissed his brother in a deep tone. "Don't thread you brother!" his dad warned
him what Seth answered with a snot.

Again there was silence since nobody at the table know what to say. This time it was his father how
broke it. "Since when do you know this… that you are bi?" he asked objective. Seth pushed his plate
away, he wasn't hungry anymore and just this movement bought him time before he had to answer.
"Highschool probably, but I started experimenting… when I was out… wrestling!" he confessed. He
turned to his dad who seemed a bit tired, but Seth knew that was his look when he was sad. Did he
disappoint him? He loved this man, he was his own true father and he didn't care what DNA would
tell him. This man raised him and listened to his problems whenever he needed it. Seth wanted
everything, but not disappoint him. "Why didn't you tell us?" he asked calmly without any doubt.
Seth swallowed and looked over to his mother and his brother. He never had seen Brandon lost for
words as he was now. "I know how the most of the public thinks of people like me. I didn't want to
disappoint or embarrass you guys." Seth swallowed again and looked over to his mother. "Dean's
special. I never felt something for someone like I felt for him. Not even for Leighla!" he told her and
hoped she would understand what he was trying to say. Yeah, Dean was a very rough person,
nothing compared to the soft and friendly girl, but he was the man he needed to get his shit together.
"You don't disappoint us, son!" his father told him. He reached over to press the shoulder of his boy
shortly. "You can't disappoint us for just being who you are. But I'm honest with you. I'm sad. Sad
that you hadn't enough courage to tell me. I'm sad, because it feels like I failed as a father!" he
explained. Seth shook his head quickly, rubbing over his face in distress. "NO!" he almost yelled
"You didn't fail! I… I heard so much negative shit. You weren't the problem, I just believed… I'm
the one who is wrong and then… then I thought it didn't matter since there never was a guy I really
liked." It was so difficult and Seth felt like trash, especially as he heard his mother sigh tiredly.
"Are you… are you a couple?" she asked the obvious. Seth nodded shyly. "We're in a relationship
for about… a year now!" he confessed, slowly turning his head towards her. He surveyed the
woman who raised him. Her hands probably folded under the table. She looked at him and seemed
older. He saw the mix of sadness and disappointment in her eyes. That was the reason, he never
wanted to bother them with his problems. It worked out well, till he met Dean and lost his heart to
him. It had made everything harder. He always wanted just to mind his own business. But that made
it hard as his dream become reality and he really started to see Dean as his lover and not his friend
anymore.

Seth believed his parents that they weren't disappointed over the fact how he lived his life, but he
was also sure as hell that they were disappointed that Seth hide it from them or didn't had enough
trust to tell anything. Seth maybe could explain his fears, but then he had to tell them about the
terrible school years which he also tried to hide from them. If it were just him, then it would have
went on forever, but he couldn't hide Dean anymore from them. "I have another confession to make!" he opened up. Seth didn't realize he raised his hand and closed it around the ring on the leather band around his neck. It almost took his breath to speak out the next sentence. "Dean and I, we got crazy one night. It was shortly after the draft. You know when I told you, that he was again on my team? I don't know why we did it, not anymore, but it wasn't a mistake." Seth had lowered his view again, now he it shot up to his dad before viewed over to his mother. "I've married Dean in April in Las Vegas."

Seth's Brother had just took a sip of his water glass. As the Word "married" wandered over Seth's lips, Brandon choked on the liquid by surprise and spit it over the table. "What?" his brother asked loud and surprised while Seth's dad just stared at his adopted son. Holly started to sob. "What?" she asked. "Why? How could you be so cruel?" she started to get louder. "It's not the right time to joke!" his dad told him concerned. Seth shook his head. "There are really just a few things I wish for you, a happy wonderful marriage was one of that and you took this from me? Seeing you at the church and promising. I survived the Wrestling thing and was more than proud as you won the championship, but… you know how much this had meant to me. Why did you take it? … I… I've to leave!" she stood up from the table. "Mom, please…" Seth started, but then he felt the hand of his father of his shoulder. "Leave her, but…we'll talk later!" it sounded like in his childhood, when Seth fucked something up and had to wait for his telling-off.

Later Seth was alone in his old bedroom. The bed was still there, but it was more of a storing room for his father. Some boxes were in the corner, the training bike next to them and a lot other stuff, he didn't know what it was. Seth barely stayed in this room anymore, since his home wasn't far away. But after the confession party while thanksgiving dinner, he needed some space, just like the rest of the family. He put up his tablet and streamed some Netflix series, as someone knocked at the door. "Come in!" he almost expected it to be his dad, after he almost threatened Seth with a talk. But as the door got opened he looked at his brother. "Okay if I come in?" he asked carefully. Seth shrugged his shoulders. He had never a bad connection with Brandon. They looked really alike for two men who weren't really blood related, but they never had a real close connection. Maybe in school, before Seth started to travel lot because of the Wrestling stuff. "Take a seat!" he offered him some space on the small bed and Brandon sat down. "You really dropped a bomb on us…" – "Don't call me Colibri or I make my threat true!" Seth interrupted his brother. "I weren't about to call you that! Calm your tits!" Brandon answered with a smirk. "Good for you, since mom is probably going to kill me anyway, I'm happy to give her a reason!" Seth kind of joked with his brother und sighed. "I didn't know you were… different, but I hope you weren't afraid to tell us because of me!" Seth shook his head directly. "I got a whole lotta probs as a teen, but you weren't one of them. The biggest problem was that I had some weird fantasies about Shawn Michaels while everybody else carved for Sunny, which I also found fucking hot stuff. The problem was that everybody was calling me gay for not being ugly and having long hair. The problem was… that everybody on the outside told me, that gay men aren't real men! Not you or dad… or mom! Even if I don't understand that I being married broke her world more than I'm being with a man!" he leaned back against the wall and stared out of the window.

He hadn't told Dean what happened. He knew, he had to, but he wanted to give his man some time before he wracked that up, too. "School was a shitty time, for almost everybody, bro." Brandon also leaned back. "So you did notice that something wasn't right, because of the Shawn Michaels thing?" his brother asked. Seth cracked a laugh and shook his head. "It's not easy to explain it. I just figured out, that I was attracted to boys, too. I didn't try it, but I knew that I was interested." He didn't know which would describe his views the best, it wasn't an easy topic, especially when discussing it with his brother. "But you tried it later, before… Dean?" Seth nodded. "Yeah, why are you asking? You're thinking you're bi, too? What would Jasmin think of that?" he returned with a question. Brandon
shook his head. "No… I'm pretty sure I'm straight, but I wanted to be a good brother and I have the feeling I wasn't. We talked much as kids or even as teens. I remember a pretty detailed conversation about that night I covered your ass, as you slept over at Ashley Winston's house. Her parents weren't at home and you popped her cherry… and yours, too. I remember you telling me you wanted to date Leighla and stuff like that. It feels like I missed some parts of your life." Brandon was a different man on Seth's point of view at the moment. Yeah, they talked a lot, but he never thought that Brandon would cherish these moments. They all happened between the constant brotherly fight both had.

"Do you really wanna hear the story about my first gay adventures?" Seth asked with a smirk on the lips. Brandon shook his head. "Tell me about… I don't know… you are married, brother! Tell me about… I don't know… you are married, brother! Tell me about that! How did it happen?" Seth chuckled because of this question. He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, Bran… After the Leighla debacle I thought I'm done with weddings and shit. Why even shackle myself to a human being?" Again he shrugged his shoulders kind of helpless. "But with Dean… It's different. At the moment he's not around me, we saw us on Tuesday the last time live and I started to miss him on Wednesday morning. It's… just plain stupid!" Seth tried to explain his brother without knowing what to tell. "I missed Jasmin for the last year!" Brandon murmured. "Wasn't she the one who betrayed you?" Seth asked, but his brother shook his head. "No, we broke up, since she moved down to Oklahoma. I just freaked out as she got a new one, but we had ended everything before that." explained Brandon and ended with a loud sigh. "I'm such a bad person. She lost her job which brought her down there, so she came back to her family and… I'm so fucking thankful for that!" he exhaled loudly, but seemed to shrink a little. He felt so guilty for being happy. "It's alright to feel like that. You love that girl. So she's unemployed at the moment!" Brandon raised his view again, having slightly blushed cheeks. "No, she works at the comic book store." Seth chuckled. "The store in your mall? That fits perfectly, doesn't it?" he teased his brother. "Shut up, you married your travel buddy!" Both men chuckled.

"You think, mom will survive it that I'm married?" Seth asked after a moment of silence. Brandon shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. This stuff is important to her, but she had calmed down already." Brandon told him. Seth crossed his arms in front of his chest. "It's so stupid. She freaked out like I have hidden a big party. It was just a wedding in Vegas, we wore Sweatpants and there was nothing romantic about. We hadn't a big party, we even hadn't a honeymoon. The next weekend we were on the road again, just with stupid rings on our fingers. I mean… I haven't my ring even on my finger since it's too small!" Brandon crawled off the bed and stood up. "You should tell her and maybe she can listen now. I mean she just learned that he independent hetero baby boy is a married gay husband. That's tough!" Seth shrugged his shoulders. Brandon was right. He scratched his neck. "Would you be my buffer and… save me from certain death?" Seth asked helpless. "You're the fighter, my dear brother! You should defend yourself, but I grab me some popcorn and watch fascinated when she tries to eat you alive!"

Seth walked down the stairs, the steps of his brother followed him. He heard a low conversation from the dining room. "It could be worse, darling. Seth's in love and we should be happy!" he heard the calm voice of his dad. "I am happy, darling, but how could he do this without me? Am I so embarrassing?" the sad voice of his mother. Seth reached the doorway. "I love you, mom!" Seth told her and watched how his parents turned around in surprise. His mother bit her lip. Dean would have noticed that it was the same gesture Seth always showed when he felt caught. "I think you assume something that didn't happen, Mom!" Seth started and walked in the room. He pulled out the ring from his shirt. "There wasn't something to attend at. There wasn't a cute ring exchange with a loving swear or something to cry over. We were at a chapel in Vegas, we… wait…" Seth tried to explain something, but he realized that he got his wedding photo which showed how low budget their wedding had been, so he pulled out his phone and walked over to his mother. He had saved it in a special folder on his phone with a lot other private pictures of him and his husband and some with both of them and Renee. His mother looked at it and Seth heard her sigh over the pictures. "You look happy!" she pointed on a fresh one from the European Tour. Both male stood on the Brighton Pear. Dean's arm was placed around Seth's back. Their hair was messy
through the rough wind and on the horizon you saw the French Channel.
Seth smiled at his mother. "We are happy!" he told his mother with a soft smile on his lips and
crolled further in his image folder till he found the ugly wedding picture. He tapped it to show it in
full. "You see?" he asked and gave the phone to his mother. "We hadn’t dressed up. It was almost
midnight. We had a long talk and we’re overwhelmed over everything that had happened. As he left
RAW, we hated each other and now he was back… we could travel together, we could finally be
together and … it just kind of happened."
Holly looked on the phone, she knew how to handle it and zoomed in, to see the faces of the
newlyweds. "I know Dean, but on this picture… he reminds me of your father, not your… dad… the
other!" Seth twitched with his mouth. His mother normally didn't talk about that guy that sacked her
years ago. "Not the bad stuff, but he was a rough guy, too. A simple man! I hope he's good to you!"
She handed her son the phone back. Seth smiled at her, while he was putting it back in his pocket.
"He's the best! You should worry if I do something to him. I betrayed him, you know that story. I
told you, I was sitting in the living room, kind of tearing myself part because I sold him and Rome
for the Authority. I'm so glad it worked out like it did, since I love him." The small woman put her
soft hands on the bearded cheeks of her beloved child. "I remember better than you think. Baby, I
love you and I'm always worried about your well-being. That is my job as your mother. Let us sit
down and I brew us coffee and you tell me everything important! Alright?" she asked carefully. Seth
still saw a bit of sadness in the eyes of the woman he raised him, but he knew that it could have
ended way worse. How did he deserve such a supportive family and why did he think that they
would abandon him for being him.
Honeymoon

Chapter Summary

Where was Dean? Was he really on honeymoon the RAW after Thanksgiving? Why was Seth so confused? What did happen after this special RAW?

Chapter Notes

Sorry, I let you all wait that long and then providing this unrevised chapter. I'm still down and it's still not easy for my writing this stuff since I'm pretty frustrated about how they handling the SL at RAW at the moment. But I want to give you at least what I have left... AND what out, I will be posting a little gem about Royal Rumble, cause for one time I got the feels again, but before that... I give you the honeymoon.

"Oh please, shut up, Young! You got my honeymoon!" Seth scolded his female friend. After a 13 hour flight from RAW directly to Hawaii, he was finally in the arms of his husband again. Together the two men lay on the bed, while Renee sat on a chair, feet popped up on the bed. "It's not my fault the WWE didn’t grant you the weekend off, but I remember a certain superstar missing the Australian Tour since he had to teach at his wrestling school." She teased him with a bright smile. "And this isn’t a honeymoon, you know all too well that this is my mom's birthday present. We're constantly on the run with her, so she can see the island!" Dean interfered in the discussion, but he got also a happy smile on his face. It was stupid, but he was used to have Seth around him. He felt extremely alone during this vacation, even with Renee and his mom being with him. It was really different this vacation compared to the spontaneous Caribbean trip last year with his lover. "Oh come on, Deano. Your face said: pure joy after the beach walk!" said the girl. Seth heard his lover groan. "That wasn't the hike. We saw freaking baby turtles. Baby! Turtles! Give me baby turtles every day and I will never ever complain again!" Dean answered his friend. He shifted Seth's weight on his body a bit to sat up again, after his arm was about to fell asleep. "So you saw a baby turtle?" Seth assumed with a smile on his lips. Dean shook his head at once. "No, if fucking held a baby turtle! I was so close to steal four of them and teach them to become ninja turtles!" Dean told him with a laugh. Renee rolled his eyes and brushed her hair behind. "You know what, the longer you two are together, the more Dean sounds like you, Seth!" she stated. Both men turned their heads, just to look at each other, but then shook their heads and simultaneously said: "NAAAH!"
That was the point all threw adults burst in to laughter.

"So your mom's already asleep?" Seth asked after some moments. Renee nodded. "Yeah, we had been snorkeling this morning and after that she was pretty done, so the rest of the day we stayed at the pool and after dinner... it was over. She wanted to wait for you, but... she would fell of the chair sleeping if we hadn't send her to bed!" Dean explained further, brushing softly over the rips of Seth. "I'm sorry, I was so late. You know the flight got pushed back, so the transition from the airport here was gone and... yeah. I'm sorry I'm so late!" Seth excused himself and he knew why the lady was done with the day, he felt the same way.
"It's alright. I'm just happy that you're here! It's stupid that you invested in this present and planning it
almost alone and wasn't here with us!" his lover washed his guilty feelings away with soft words and a soft kiss to Seth's temple. "By the way… you are here. What was this shit of me and Dean are on honeymoon and your strange promo you've cutted?" Renee asked. "I mean, I thought we had sacked the whole relationship. Is this still a thing?" she went on asking. Dean shrugged his shoulder and Seth raised his hands defensive. "I said nothing. I arrived at the arena on time and everybody was so buzzing about the fact that you both weren't there because of your honeymoon… and the promo… I'm sorry, I wasn't prepared of this stupid question. I couldn't give the answer I wanted so I went on and just… talked, like Dean does always!" Dean chuckled without saying something, but Renee rolled her eyes. "Oh please, Dean's mental and he can cut a mental promo and nobody is concerned since it's his fucking job, but you… sorry. You're are the sane one of you guys, you should answer normal. What did you want to say?" Renee scolded him like it was her job. She wasn't the mother of the two men, but she was the reasonable adult and still an important part. It was like yeah, Seth and Dean were married to each other, but Renee was a part of this relationship. She wasn't always traveling with them, since she only had to be at the TV shows, but when she was there, she stayed with them.

Seth chuckled because of her question. "I would have told everybody that you stole my honeymoon! You get almost two weeks of Polynesian fun and I had a match against the swiss tooth fairy." Renee laughed and shook his head. "I got nothing, just my own room next to Dean's and finally a vacation. You're always on your way around the world I travel only to the UK! You should plan a real honeymoon!" she told him and ended with a suggestion. Seth sighed and looked up to Dean. "Before we go on a vacation and call it honeymoon, we have to actually have a party! Did you tell her?" Seth asked his lover, but he shook his head. So Seth looked over to Renee and brushed through his hair. He sat up. "I… told my family… about us on Thanksgiving and… my mom was furious that I married without her knowing. I had to promise that she knows first when we decide to have a real wedding!" Renee stared surprised at Seth. "You really did? I'm proud of you, honey!" she answered. "And everything went well!" Seth shook his head. "It was kinda good, but on the other hand… it was horrible. I… it slipped as we discussed something and everybody was shocked. As I told the wedding thing, my brother spit his water over the table! It was… a mess!" he explained a little. Dean pushed Seth softly away to slide from the bed and get him a drink. "The best thing is, I called him that night and his mother stole his phone. She's cute, but she almost blackmailed me emotionally. I had to promise her that I'll be there at Christmas!" he opened a water bottle and took a sip. "Christmas is awesome at home. Mom cooks like a chef!" Seth promised, but Dean wasn't really convinced. "You know how the holidays work out for me. Food, Bed and cable TV. This family thing… I don't know. I'm sure your mother will hate me!" Dean muttered more to himself. Seth heard Renee sigh. "Deano…" she stood up from her armchair and walked over to the tall blond male. She rubbed her friend over the shoulder. "I'm pretty sure that Seth's got a bed, too." She tiptoed to place a kiss on Dean's cheek. "I leave you two for tonight! So you can enjoy your honeymoon a little!" the blonde woman shot a grin at Seth, who rolled his eyes. "This is not my honeymoon! It's yours! I know, you stole it from me!" he teased back. Renee walked away giggling. "Just because Cole told it everybody, that doesn't mean it's true. Sethie!" were Renee last words. She stood in the doorway and closed the door hasty. Seth threw a pillow. "Don't call me, Sethie!" he yelled at her with a smile on his lips.

He knelt on the bed, but his smile faded. He brushed his hair back. "Come here, my love." he asked Dean demanding. He raised his hand and reached over for his husband. Dean had followed Renee with his eyes, but now looked back at Seth. Slowly he walked over and let Seth pull him closer. "You don't have to visit my family. You can come and stay at my house while I'm over!" Seth let his fingers dance over Dean's bare back. The hands of his lover found their place on Seth's shoulders. "That is stupid, too! It's just… you know how I tick. Family and stuff, that doesn't work for Me." he murmured lowly. Seth knelt on the bed and was almost Dean's height. Seth nudged with his nose against Dean's. "You're on vacation with your mother. I think this stuffs suits you better than you think."
He finished the sentence just before Dean pressed his lips against Seth and locked their mouths for a long kiss. Passionately Dean placed one hand on Seth's neck and pulled him close. His tongue entered Seth's mouth and was welcomed by his lover.

As they parted, both were breathless. It was the first kiss since Seth had arrived. There hadn't been the right moment for a kiss, since they had been alone. But now they had their time.

Seth drew back a little and stared in the eyes of his husband. He felt his heart race and locked eyes with the blue ones of Dean. "Do you… I've nothing with me!" he whispered, holding on to the side of his husband. Dean was just wearing some shorts, since it was pretty warm he didn't need to wear a shirt. He brushed with his shaking fingers over the naked hot skin of his lover.

On Dean's lips grew a smirk.

He didn't answer, but Seth knew what this smirk should tell him. They were on a tropical island, they had a hotel room for their own, even when it was just for some days, much shorter than planned. But Dean had learned from their last trip.

Both locked their lips again. Another long passionate kiss followed. Seth held Dean close and didn’t even know why he clung on him.

This was the beginning of an aroused and needful dance. Normally both men weren’t any more like this. Like there was no time, but much lust. Normally they took their time to enjoy themselves. But every time they split temporary, it seemed that both turned back into pre-puberty teenagers. Every time they parted for a short brief of time they couldn’t hold each other after reuniting and heated night followed.

After the dance that Seth's question started, both men were on the bed together.

Seth laid on the bed, head pressed to the pillow, belly on the mattress and Dean was kneeling over him. Both legs on the sides of Seth. His fingers oiled up and brushing over Seth's lower both. He just found the way to the sound Dean really wanted to explore.

What one hand he made a way, holding back Seth round and sexy button cheeks. The other hand was stroking Seth's backdoor. Carefully he the tip of his index finger pushed against the muscle. His lover was already moaning into his pillow, he had his arms wrapped around it, to have something to hold on. Every time Seth shivered as Dean tried to enter him. It was a temptation. He wanted to hear this little moans all night, but that wouldn't bring them any further, but he loved it when Seth sounded so needful for him. "Babe!" Dean muttered finally pushing two oiled fingers through the circular muscle to enter his lover. He loved how avid Seth's body opened up. How the body of his lover widened without a resistance to welcome him. Under him, Seth pumped and gasped pressing himself against Dean's. "Calm down, big one!" he murmured and pushed Seth down a little with his free hand. "You get all the action soon!" he promised and worked with his fingers to widen his husband. He didn't go full speed, but moved faster. Seth moaned under him. "Easy said!" he whined, pressing his face in the pillow again, but Dean felt how he tried to relax. Then suddenly Seth jerked as Dean found his sweet spot. "Shit!" Seth yelled while Dean snickered a little. Again he reached for Seth's prostate and this time it wasn't just a tickle. He pressed his fingers against the little knot and heard Seth's moaning and whining. "Oh Baby!" he whined breathless. Dean knew that he worked well, he knew what Seth's body language told him. He knew that it was hard for Seth to come with just his fingers, but he would have started to leak. Good for them was, that they laid shirt under Seth so at least their bedding.

Seth shivered as Dean let his third finger wander into him. The blonde male felt, that there still wasn't much work needed for him to enter his lover, but that shouldn't mean that he wouldn't enjoy to torture Seth with his fingers. The moans of Seth got frantic, Dean smiled down on him. His free hand found his lovers hip and pulled him up. "Raise your butt a little!" he murmured and felt Seth's body move in the wished direction, so he could play him a little easier. He still felt the little knot he was massaging and felt his own tension grow. In his stomach there was this pressure, this need and pure lust. He wanted to get lost in his husband again. He let Seth's hip go and wrapped his free hand
around his own growing dick. He felt his own lust in the form of his precum, stroking his dick up and down, spreading it on his dick. Shit, he couldn't do this for too long without climbing the edge. "Oh, honey!" Seth moaned still under the concentrated massage from Dean's fingers. "I need you!" he moaned and the urgent need was audible in his words. Dean needed him, too.

The blond man groaned under his own touch, but let himself go. He pulled his dirty hands back, but placed them on Seth's lower back. "Lay flat again, babe. I wanna try something!" he murmured, pushing him down again. He had no idea where this was coming, but he wanted just to try this, he wanted to be close to his lover and why not?

They had similar positions tried before, so Seth didn't ask back, what he was thinking. The brown haired mals just sank back on his belly again, feeling the wet spot he had created on the used shirt and waited for Dean with full anticipation.

Dean took the lube again and oiled himself up, even his precum had made him pretty wet already. After he poured some liquid over Seth's back entrance, too. Better save than sorry, Dean got in his mind, bevor he lowered himself down on Seth. First he just braced himself on his arm and one knee. He pushed Seth's legs a bit away, to find some space and split up his legs for that. Seth felt how careful Dean searched his way into him. He groaned under the cautious movement in his body as Dean filled him up and eliminated every physical distance there was between them. Dean went deeper and deeper till Seth felt his lap pressing against his butt. His cheeks were spread wide from Dean and he felt the pressure against his sweat spot. Seth had to concentrate so he wouldn't hyperventilate out of pure lust and joy, feeling stuffed in a good way.

Then Dean's shifted his weight, pushing his arm under Seth, so he wrapped it some kind around Seth's shoulder, while his other hand interlaced with Seth's hand. Dean's body weight was almost entirely on Seth as he started to slowly move his hips.

Seth didn't know what he should feel. He was wrapped up by his husband and never felt him closer like this. The arms which held him in place and his body covering and pleasuring him was great. The hips that moved and his dick which stuffed him, let his head float, so he shivered. He groaned, already getting a dry throat. What was Dean doing to him? Why did he like it that much being pressed into the mattress not able to move his body, except his arms.

Dean was above him and like the helpless Seth under him. He felt the sounds of his lover through his own body. The vibrations hummed against his chest, his belly and he even believed he was feeling Seth's groans down in his cock. "Shit!" he mumbled against the other shoulder of Seth.

His head was pleased on the pillow, under it was his one arm. He held onto it, like it was his life. His other hand was interlaced with Dean's hand, so as he pulled his arm closer to his body, so he was in a tight hug from his husband, what was exactly what he needed. He needed him close, so he felt that he was there, that everything was real and not some weird dream.

Seth shifted his weight a little, pulling his leg up, leaning to one side. Dean followed this movement, brushing his lips against the hot skin of his lover. "Oh, baby! Please!" Seth moaned and felt how Dean bit his shoulder. Seth yelled, but it was much more of a groan than a scream of pain. "Fuck!" he moaned pushing is bottom up against Dean, starting contrary moving rhythm. So his bodies collided. Dean moaned against his body and again he bit Seth, what was much more arousing than his head told him it had to be. Before that, Dean never had done it and this bite weren't hard and hurting. Even his little lap dog could bite him worse than Dean did. But it was something new and very perfect. "Shit, sorry!" Dean pressed through his lips after it happened a third time.

He was overzealous, feeling Seth like this was way better than he believed. His cock was swollen and Seth closed tight around him. He almost felt on the edge of bursting, every time he rammed his full length into Seth and to release this pressure without actually releasing, so he just buried his teeth into Seth's soft skin. "Go on!" Seth moaned, holding on to Dean's hand, almost pressing it against his chest. "Bit me! BIT ME! TOUCH ME!" he moaned and yelled. Dean knew what Seth wanted, but at the moment he had a little problem granting him this wish. Seth leaned on Dean's one arm while the other hand clung to Seth.

"Let me go!" Dean murmured and freed this hand, while his lips hovered over Seth's shoulders. Seth
groaned angrily as he had to open his fingers, but his voice got even louder as Dean reached down for his long abandoned cock. At once it twitched in Dean's hand, happily like a young puppy. The blonde male felt how wet Seth already was and felt the precum under his hand. Seth got louder under Dean's careful touch. It was hard to get this two different rhythms in harmony, but Dean knew what he does and got help by Seth how held his hand in place. Dean noticed he needed to do much, as wrapping his fingers around the big bulging dick of Seth, since his lover worked his own hips. Seth was trapped between Dean's hand and body. He felt the tough grip of his lover on the front and his rock-hewn body on his back. Dean's hard cock was in him and every nerve felt eager and almost at his breaking point. The sex with Dean was always good and satisfying, but tonight everything was in balance and he knew he couldn't last long.

Then suddenly Dean pushed his hips hard against Seth, again jerking against his prostate and it was like something had burst into him. Seth gasped and moaned at the same time and just released himself into Dean's hand without a warning. The orgasm cut his way and Seth felt the wild twitching and jerking in his groin. Dean groaned under it and he felt that the speed of his hips accelerated. "Shit!" he moaned, but it was good. Dean's cock still bounced against Seth's prostate so every time he hit it, it felt like a new little orgasm till his cock just jerked up completely wet. "Dean! DEAN!" Seth yelled burring his fingers into Dean's arm, this was everything he got to hold onto.

A last thrust followed as Dean suddenly grabbed Seth's waist and just reached his peak. He fell over his on edge and release himself. Seth felt it hot in his back, felt how it got spread from Dean's now slower movements and shivered under his touch. Both men were breathless and moaning, but both calmed slowly, till Dean leaned tiredly against Seth. His head placed on the shoulder of his husband and staying in him for a moment.

"Fuck, babe!" he murmured, brushing with the finger tips over Seth's waist. "Yeah!" Seth answered pressing his face into the pillow. "That was hot!" he told his lover. Moaning up as he pulled away to turn towards Dean. He felt his lover leave him, but he needed to look in his face, he needed to kiss him.

Dean's face seemed to be as tired as Seth felt, but on his lips were a happy smile. Seth put his hands on his cheeks and pulled him closer for a kiss. "I love you, honey!" Seth murmured against the lips of the blond male. Dean's hands found the waist of Seth again. He returned the kiss and nudge with his nose against his lovers. "Love you too, babe!"
"No, I will not calm down!" Seth hissed towards Kurt Angle. Seth was a hot head and a very emotional guy. This was not okay for him. This situation, he couldn't cope with it. Dean was with the doctors, but it was clear that he was hurt and his next appointment was in Birmingham. Seth and Angle were not trying to get everything in order or Angle tried to sail the ship with a crew member whose rage got the best of him, who couldn't think in a clear way. "Seth, even when you yell at me, I can't magically fix everything. We bring Dean on the fastest way to our best doctors and everything will be alright! I promise!" – "NOTHING WILL BE ALRIGHT!" Seth yelled at Kurt. "They have hurt him on purpose and now everybody is talking about sending him to Birmingham and they talk about surgery. And all I hear is, that I can't accompany him. The fuck, I leave and if I have to quit for this and lose my job. He is not going alone like I had to!" Seth talked himself even more into rage. His boss Angle tried to stay calm. The Olympic hero understood that the situation was even more complex. He knew that there was going on something between Ambrose and Rollins. He saw their problems, but with Summerslam everything had been settled. He never wasted a thought on them, since everything had been alright even with the illness of Roman Reigns. The injury of Ambrose bother Angle more than Seth would imagine, but… he couldn't change it and would sure work something out. "I didn't tell you, he had to be alone. Just that I can't let you leave your workplace for just a friend!" he pronounced the word friend special so Seth would surely know what he meant. For everybody, Seth was just a buddy of Ambrose and he can't made something up. "Friend?" Seth asked and then a loud yell followed: "FRIEND?" He snorted and shook his head. "He's my freakin' husband, Kurt! This is not a game for me. I was in his position and I was left alone for months and he should not have this experience." Seth was outraged and didn't reflect his words or the past. He never told Angle more about their relationship and at the time when Seth sat at home, Angle wasn't even employed by the WWE. In this moment Seth wasn't a reasonable human being. He was lucky he was talking to Angle at this point and not some other official of the company. Kurt pulled him close. His hand found the back of Seth's neck. The Olympian pulled him close in a hard and unforgiving grip, but didn't hurt him. "Calm. The. Fuck. Down!" Angle started silently with his harsh voice. "I can arrange something, but this marriage thing… you should have mention it earlier, before you yelled it out loud. You are the one of us how wants to have his private secrets… probably since the McMahon's aren't fond of you. That's not my business. I respect you and that's the only reason I don't whip your ass right now."
Angle pulled his hand back and let Seth go. The brown haired male fixed his view on Kurt and his look was pretty angry, but a sigh followed. Seth shook his head. "We didn't want to bother you… especially after…" Kurt raised his hands and cut Seth's words with this short gesture. "Just stop it. I can't let you leave RAW with a good excuse, not when the marriage stuff needs to be a secret…"
Seth already was about to raise his voice. He breathed in, but again just a look of Angle shut him up. "BUT… let me finish. Normally we would have brought him directly to the airport in case there was a flight where we could smuggle him on, but we keep him here and he flies in on the earliest tomorrow. Then you can go with him, but it's on you! You arrange the trip, you talk with the hospital staff. You make sure this monkey ass will get back on track. I wanna see you on the 25th and he stays at home till I get a doctor's note that he's better." Seth didn't know what to say. It wasn't the best, but camping on the airport wasn't either. It would be a gruesome night for both, but bringing Dean in was important for him. "Alright, so it's not on the company's credit card?" he asked. Angle shot a challenging look at him. "Don't go too far! We pay his medical bills, but... we pay his bills, that means everything interesting will be seen there. You two decide!" was his last order. After that he shooed Seth out of his office so he would take care of Dean.
"So you don't know my doc?" Dean wasn't in a good mood. He was grumpy all night and Seth understood it. Dean had never taken some days off to heal something. The only thing he had done, was this trip for his mother, but he always worked. At the moment Seth thought he had worked too much. Dean had always been someone you could count on. Yeah, he was a sick fuck, but a reliable sick fuck… till now and that bothered him. Especially coming from his roots. Every doctor had to be avoided. It had cost money he didn't had as he was younger or an indy talent. Seth had always his family where he could seek for help. Dean didn't had that.

"Nah, I was here for a knee thing. You will get the arm doc, the one that fixed Finn. Andrews… I believe. At least that was what the girl on the phone said as I called here from our stop in Charlotte." He had announced their visit. Yeah, Kurt had managed everything before, but he just let them know when they would be there and some of Dean's information. So everything they had to do, was arrive at the medical center. At the moment they were on their way with a cab. Dean sighed and shook his head. "I'm sorry!" he suddenly murmured and rubbed with his good hand over his eyes. "You shouldn't be. It's not your fault you got hurt!" Seth answered and patted with his hand on the thigh of his lover. "No, but you shouldn't need to be here. I'm not a crib, I can walk and… yeah. You should be at home, like we planned. What will your mother say?" Seth sighed and again rubbed over the fabric of Dean's pants. "I phone with mom and you heard what she said! She has a pretty loud voice so I'm sure you heard her on the phone. I should have an eye on you and bring you home as one piece and I'll do that!" Dean threw a skeptic look at his lover. "I'm pretty sure that I will not be one piece that fast." Dean muttered and brushed his hair back. He shook his head dead tired.

Seth sighed and shook his head, too. "Maybe you are right, but I'm sure I cannot come home without you." Seth leaned over and let his fingers wander through Dean's hair as the car stopped. They had arrived at their destination.

Seth felt uncomfortable as left the car. The driver put out their luggage and the brown haired male helped out his lover to leave the car. The medic had his arms fixed so it was hard for Dean do find his balance. "Spooky, the last time I was here, was in January… the night before I sobbed in your ear." Seth felt like his chest would be tied up. He had been before that too, after he hurt his knee badly. Seth turned around to look in the face of his significant other and Dean seemed really intimidated. Immediately he rubbed with his hand over Dean's shoulder to assure him and support him. "It's not that bad. In some weeks you'll be fit again!" Seth tried to soothe him, but the look that the blond male shot him, told Seth his lover wasn't convinced. Dean knew his body and when it was just a bruise or when he had injured himself badly. He sighed and nodded in the direction of the main entrance. Dean pulled his suitcase by himself, but walked a little bit behind Seth. He wasn't really afraid, but his husband seemed to have everything managed, so he didn't want to interfere. Seth walked up at the counter and a young woman looked up from her Computer screen. "Good Morning! How can I help you?" she chirped happily. Seth reached for Dean's hand. "My … my husband has an appointment today." Seth felt a huge lump in his throat. It was the first time he said something like this officially directly to a person. Yeah, he had talked on the phone to probably this woman, but there had been this distance. He know saw her reaction live in front of him. The woman, the name tag revealed her name as Ms. Comac looked from Seth to Dean. A neutral nod followed.

"Alright. What's your name?" she asked with a professional smile. Dean shortly pressed Seth's fingers. He cleared his throat before he answered. "My name is Ambrose… Dean's the first name!" Again the woman nodded. "Spelled how it's spoken?" she asked and an endorsing sound followed by Dean. Her fingers flew over the keys. "Ah, Mr. Ambrose… your boss Mr. Angle had contacted us and had filled the forms already. Only you signing is missing, just a second. I'll print it for you!" shortly after she told it, the printer started to rattle and spit out some papers. With a quick movement the woman pushed her chair back and collected a clipboard and the printed papers. After that she rolled back with her chair towards the two men. "Here. Please take a look and assure everything of your information is correct and then please sign. You can take a seat over there. In some moments a carer will be ready for you." She handed over the clipboard to Dean, who shove it to the side to Seth, but the brown haired male harrumphed. "We came her directly from our job… erm… we have our
luggage, is it possible to store it somewhere? We… you know… don't know how long we will be here!" the face of the woman lit up again. "Oh sorry, sure! We have a storage room. If you place it there, it will be brought up, when you have to stay overnight with us. Just a sec." She dived down to search in a drawer. Seth gave Dean the clipboard back. "Take a seat, love. I handle the stuff and you read that paper," Dean pressed again the hand of Seth and walked over after it.

Both didn't had to wait long till a male nurse approached them. "Good Morning… erm… both Misters Ambrose!" he smiled unsure. Seth shook his head smiling while Dean was a little startled. "He is Mr. Ambrose, but you can call him Dean. I'm Seth. We're married, but I didn't take his name!" The younger male nodded. "Alright, I'm sorry… for… it's a little new to me! My name is Doug! I'll take care of you. I bring you to the doctor's office!" Dean made a throwing gesture. "Don't be sorry, this is new to us, too!" he murmured and handed over the clipboard with the papers to the nurse. Doug took it and pressed it against his body. He brought the two men up. To a beautiful office in the second floor. Dean and Seth sat next to each other in front of a huge work desk.

Again Seth took Dean's hand and let his thump wander over the back of it. "This is so nuts." He muttered. He wanted to rub through his hair, but couldn't move his other hand, since it was tape up. "I'm sure that everything will be alright. I thought I would sit at home for Mania, too… but in the end I had just two hard months. I'm pretty sure it's the same with you." Again Seth was soothing him and tried to be confident for him. Dean turned his head with a crooked brow. "I didn't mean that! I meant us. You are sitting here as my freaking husband and… and everybody is okay with it!" Dean murmured and directed his view on the floor, shaking his head.

"He did very well. Very quick procedure, but I can't say how long he will be out, but I think he will feel better afterwards. I promise!" the surgeon Jeff Dugas told Seth. Dean had been in the OR at the same night. An MRI was made and it was clear, that something was broken in his arm, but the images weren't enough to make out if the muscle was torn or a ligament. The doc wanted an explorative procedure and scheduled it for that evening.

Now Dean was still sleeping in his bed after the surgery. Seth nodded. "How is the plan for the remaining year?" Seth asked, one hand crossed in front of his chest. "You'll have to stay overnight. We watch him at night. I'm sure everything is alright and he can start in the morning with his first physical therapy. We can discharge him probably on the early after noon and so you are at home for your holidays. He should rest much and just… enjoy the food." Seth sighed over the words of the doctor. "He's right handed, when I don't cut it down for him, there's not much to enjoy." Seth murmured and stopped for a moment. Normally this was something Dean would have stated. The doctor snickered. "It's not that bad. If he is willing to adjust the daily routines will be manageable in no time. I'm sure he'll adapt to it. Dean seemed to be ready for this challenge." The doctor told Seth. The brown haired looked through the glass door. He and the doctor was standing on the floor in front of Dean's room. He saw the body of him under the blanket. Seth sighed. "How long to you think is his recovery time" he asked the ultimate question. Him and Dean talked much about the times. Everything longer than four months would mean, that Wrestlemania would be a party without him. Seth knew how that felt and it was a terrible feeling. Especially when he saw everybody else have their master matches on this date. Seth hoped that Dean would only miss the Rumble.

"At this state it's hart to say. If his muscle had been torn in whole it would be around nine months, if it just had been stretched ligament, we had two months… but this is something in between. Maybe six months, maybe he cures faster. Important is that he will not over do himself and mess our OR or his progress when he starts his therapy. You should really just master one thing at a time and the first thing to survive are the holidays." Seth sighed again and turned his body to the glass door. The doctor was hin his back and he saw his reflection in the glass. The middle aged man seemed a little worried, but not as worried as Seth was.

"Alright!" he breathed out tiredly. "It seemed that we don't have a choice." The medic put his hand
on Seth's shoulder as a fatherly gesture. "I understand that it's hard... for both of you. But it's nothing that can't be overcome. I'll give you some time, he will wake up soon and for tonight we make sure you'll have a bed to be at his side all the time." he assured, but then backed off to give Seth what he promised, some time to think.

Seth entered the room and pulled a chair close to the bed. Dean's eyes were still close and his breath was steady and calm. His arm was fixed in a brace and placed on his chest. "Oh my love!" Seth murmured. He lay his head on his crossed arm that he placed on the bed and just listened to Dean's breath. The silence in this room was loud, but not bearable. It just showed Seth how restless their life's had been. It wasn't bad, but everything would now become more slowly, more difficult.
"Mom's not at home that day, she told me!" Dean answered, his view still fixed on his phone. Both men were tired. It was early Sunday morning and the RAW roster was on their way home from India. The first stop was in London, before they had to fly over Atlanta to be in Cleveland on Monday.

Both men didn't care if someone would be disturbed over the fact that Seth leaned against his husband. His head was placed on Dean's shoulder, his "bad" leg he had popped up on the uncomfortable seat next to him.

"So she isn't pissed, when we don't stop by in Cincy?" Seth asked, his eyes closed, his body hurting with huge lack of sleep like everybody. "We just met her two weeks ago! We brought her on a vacation! She sees her son not too often. It's better, so we don't get in a fight over shit like back in the days!" Dean shook his head and finally put his phone away. The blonde male yawned. With his elbow he poked in Seth's back. The other man opened his eyes and leaned forward again, so Dean could lean himself back. His arm found the backrest of Seth's chair and with a soft touch he showed, that Seth could lean on him again. Both men just didn't mind that everyone could see them.

Nobody was really up to anything since everybody just wanted to arrive their destination for some food and a good night sleep before on the next day the usual cycle of a Monday would begin. No one even looked at the dead tired men who were cuddling a little bit.

But Seth was still happy. This feeling accompanied him for the most of the time. Yeah, it was pure shit, that they had lost their championships. It was shit, that they missed their chance last week. Sure it was shit, that they always were secretive about their feelings and their situation. There were a lot of shitty things out there, but he just could forget them.

All he needed to let them slip his mind, was a short touch from his lover. Just like this moment. Dean hadn't put his arm around him, but he felt it against his shoulder since Dean's arm was placed on the back of this plastic chair. "I love..." Seth opened his eyes and saw Sasha and Bayley approaching them, still in a "Pumpkins!" he changed his words and startled Dean with it. The blond raised his head in surprise. "What?"

The real reason for his surprise was not the strange sentence but more that Pumpkins was their secret safe word which both didn't use much and mostly when teasing got too far. But at the moment this didn't fit. In the moment Dean raised his head, he saw the girls in front of them. "There you are, Seth! It seems like we always find you in the near of Dean!" Bayley told him. Seth didn't know what to answer. Yeah, she was basically right, since Dean and Seth spend the most time together for months. Why did they get that just now? "Where you looking for me?" he just returned with a question. Sasha shrugged her shoulder. "Not really, we just saw you... but if you both want you can breakfast with us. Then... Paige and her entourage doesn't bother us." Seth wasn't sure if he should accompany the girls. "I could take a bite!" Dean told him with a low voice. He turned to his lover. "You sure?" Dean wasn't a close friend to the most of the girls. For real, he had Renee and it seemed to be enough for him. Unlike Seth who always had a lot of friends. "Babe... I sat for nine hours in a plane and it was night, I'm fucking hungry! Yeah, I'm sure." Bayley chuckled. "You boys are so cute!" Dean and Seth looked at Bayley before they looked back at each other. "Nah!" both answered unison, so all four started to chuckle.

So Dean was craving for a breakfast, both men accompanied the girls to a small café. It wasn't a real café, but a Starbucks like shop where you could buy sandwiches and stuff. The UK got a lot of this shops. After some moments the four people leaned against a bar table with their chosen breakfast.

"It's shit that you lost your belts!" Sasha murmured a little in her thoughts. She hadn't to talk it out loud, Seth knew she hated to be the only women in the roster who had held the champions more than once, but never was able to defend it. Bayley rubbed her shoulder carefully. "The 'chips doesn't matter!" Dean muttered and bite in a sandwich. "I juff want fem fo Feafaro don't have fem!" he went
on full mouthed. "Sheasaro… really? So you call them?" Bayley asked with a grin on her lips. A simultaneous shrug of all male shoulders followed. "I refuse to call them the bar bar bar!" Dean answered after emptying his mouth. "I thought you hate shipping names! Like…" Bayley stopped with a grin. "Like Ambrollins?" Seth finished her sentence and Dean twitched. "Don't tease me, Rollins!" he hissed to his husband. Yeah, Dean didn't like that name. He never explained why, but Seth let him be. Seth fought against the bold smile that always bloom on his lips when he teased Dean. "Since I don't try to befriend them, I can call them like I wanted and when it annoys them… why stopping my habits?" Dean explained his reason. Seth shrugged his shoulders over that. I had no problems with these names and like Dean he thought "The Bar" was a stupid team name. Sasha smiled at Seth and shook their heads.

"I understand why you like him! Renee got lucky!" again a loud thought. "I'm not with Renee!" Dean told her almost angry, but then a fearful look to Seth followed. Quickly the brown haired male shook his head to show Dean that both girls didn't know anything. He never talked to them. The girls seemed to be confused. "But you… everybody said you were on honeymoon. So … what?" Bayley stopped with a grin. "Like Ambrollins?" Seth finished her sentence and Dean twitched. "Don't tease me, Rollins!" he hissed to his husband. Yeah, Dean didn't like that name. He never explained why, but Seth let him be. Seth fought against the bold smile that always bloom on his lips when he teased Dean. "Since I don't try to befriend them, I can call them like I wanted and when it annoys them… why stopping my habits?" Dean explained his reason. Seth shrugged his shoulders over that. I had no problems with these names and like Dean he thought "The Bar" was a stupid team name. Sasha smiled at Seth and shook their heads.

They got lucky that the shop wasn't filled at the moment. Some people come in to buy something but left directly after so they were almost alone in here.

"It's a big secret and… yeah… I would be happy if you could not chitchat about it! If you promise… then I'll tell ya!" Seth told them. Sasha laughed up. "What? Do you think we're chatterboxes? Rollins, you should know us better!" he scolded him. A soft punch to the shoulder followed. "It's not that! I just want you to know it's serious! It's pretty serious and… yeah. Alright?" he looked at the girls who seemed to be more confused. Both nodded with a concerned look and that was enough for him. "Tell? Us? What?" Sasha rephrased the question with more emphasis. Seth sighed again.

"Tell? Us? What?" Bayley asked and looked at the boys. Dean raised his hands in defense. This was not his call to make. He just didn't want everybody to know and when this would be his decision lone Sasha and Bayley sure as hell wouldn't be considered as accomplices. But Seth knew them better and his look that he threw to Dean just told that. He knew them better and would like to let them know. "Tell? Us? What?" Sasha rephrased the question with more emphasis. Seth sighed again.

This was now standing in the room for a moment. Some people come in to buy something but left directly after so they were almost alone in here.

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The faces of Sasha and Bayley changed the expressions. At first they seemed pretty concerned till Seth started. Then they were surprised till their faces changed to doubftully happiness. "You're kidding us, aren't you?" Sasha returned with a question, a smile on her lips. But Seth shook his head slowly. "Nope, since… survivor series last year, but if you don't believe us…" he threw another look at Dean "We're married, too." He pulled out the ring he was wearing around his neck. Dean sighed loud and dramatic before he showed his finger.

"You are… fucking kidding me!" Bayley started loud and just got silence as he heard his voice. "This can't be… this… no! This isn't fucking possible!" he hissed her word and clawed her hand in Sasha's upper arm. The both girls locked their eyes and got pretty silent. Again Seth believed Sasha was blushing and now even Bayley had a red tone on her face.
She put a hand over her mouth and a muffled squeal was heard. "Sorry!" the hugger apologized and started to shake her friend. "I told you! And you wouldn't believe me! Shit, Seth!" Bayley tried to calm herself as he loosened up her grip and breathed through.

"You know this isn't a big deal! Just to LBGT people. Nothing new!" Seth tried to handle the situation, but Sasha just shook her head. Her hands brushed back the long violet hair. "It IS a big thing for us, Seth… since… Bayley and I… we're in a relationship, too." He whispered her words carefully like Seth did.

The male from Iowa was speechless. That couldn't be right. Dean was different. He laughed out loud. "I know I shouldn't ask that, but you aren't hopping on the gay train, are you?" Bayley answered with the language Dean understood the best. The friendly heartwarming woman just punched Dean against the chest. "I would never joke about that or anything else, Ambrose!" she answered firmly, but then she seemed remorseful. "Sorry for that, but… I don't like it! We're just careful since… you know how men can be?" Dean rolled his eyes, but a nod followed. "I don't know how they you, but there's a reason I don't march with the others. It's difficult." Dean bit his lower lip. He never thought he would have something in common with the girls. They weren't actually the girls he connected with, but they fit so perfectly to Seth.

"I don't want to ask you, why you never told me!" Seth started, but he surrounded the table and pulled both girls into his arms. "I just want to thank you that you told me now." He slowly pulled back and let the girls go.

It was strange for Seth. It seemed that there were more people who didn't fit in the box where Seth had put them and that other people had secrets, too. It was stupid of the brown haired male thought he would be the only one who tried to protect his private life. The conversation had died after the confession and for a moment everybody was silently munching their sandwich, before they headed back where the rest of the Roster was waiting for their connection flight.

On the flight back to the US, Seth, Dean and Roman were sitting together again. They shared their row. Every men had their big comfortable seats. Roman sat on the seat next to the floor and was sleeping like a Dad of two twin baby boys. Dean and Seth were watching a movie on Seth's Ipad. "What do you think? I know, it's not exactly the Simpsons, but it's funny," he told his lover. Dean leaned to the side and looked up to him. "It's… weird." Dean answered without any further explanation of his thoughts, what made Seth roll his eyes. But alright, Dean didn't pull out his headphone and just kept watching the Adventures of Rick and Morty. "Sami told me, he was into it!" Dean suddenly mumbled. Seth twitched surprised, but again he didn't knew how to properly react to it. "Alright!" he just said and tried to concentrate. It was hard since he was tired like everybody else, but he didn't like to sleep on planes.

"Hey Seth!" Sasha whispered. The girl with the intense violet hair leaned over the seat in front of him. On the window seat was Curt Hawkins sitting. Seth heard his loud music which was hammering in his ear. He wasn't noticing anything, so Sasha could sneak up to them. "What's up?" he asked her. Dean was still focused on the series. "You are married?" Sasha asked. Seth and Dean hadn't explained much earlier. Everybody had the feeling that it wasn't the right place to discuss certain things. So it surprised him, that obviously Sasha decided, now was the right time. He just nodded as an answer and a nod followed from Sasha.

Finally Dean looked up as he noticed what was going on next to him. "Thursday was your birthday, Dean, wasn't it?" the next question followed. Dean was surprised, too. His view flashed from Seth back to Sasha. "Yeah!" he endorsed unsure. "So you really forgot Dean's birthday?" Sasha whispered a little louder. Seth's cheeks started to burn, but not because of the reason Sasha would probably assume.

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"You awake, honey?" Dean heard the voice of his lover. His eyes still closed, but he had moved a little. "Shut up, I'm still sleeping!" he answered, placing his hand over his eyes. Dean had no idea
how late it was or early or if he had slept. This international tour a very bad jetlag hit him and he was constantly tired, confused and lost his feeling for the time. His head wasn't working much, he heard Seth shifting in the bed, but his brain didn't proceed anything right, even as Seth pushed him on his back he followed the movement, but didn't ask what Seth was up to. He just tried to catch a couple more minutes of sleep. At least this bed was so comfortable. If Dean would have been a Sim his energy bar would just be half full, but his comfy bar was up to the fullest. 

Dean's head wasn't quite working yet. He heard his surroundings, but didn't react to it, till he suddenly felt the wet and warm lips of Seth around his curious dick. Dean didn't always wake up with a solid morning wood, but today was such a day. It didn't surprise him, it was a normal reaction and as he woke up at night he had cuddled up lose behind Seth and had felt his hot round ass against his groin. Yeah, that could help and made his body react. What really surprised him, was Seth. He put his lips around him without a warning and Dean was still wearing his light boxers, but he felt the heat of his husband through the fabric and even believed to feel the moist of his mouth. Shit, that was a good feeling to wake up. Dean's eyes opened lazily, groaning.

"What… are you doing?" He murmured. Seth had his head under the blanket and pulled it back to see his beloved one. "Shall I stop?" but instantly Dean yelled: "No!" looking down on Seth. His husband had a cocky smile on his lips before he wrapped them around Dean's cock again. Loudly Dean moaned, but immediately he pressed his hand on his mouth. What was Seth up to? Today they were in Abu Dhabi, a country with strict laws which sad, that they could be killed for just being gay… Actually the death penalty wouldn't be a problem for tourist, but prison was a topic. He and Seth had agreed on being celibate for that time, just to be sure! But at this moment as Seth had hooked up his fingers in his Short and pulled it down, to wrap his lips around him, without any fabric between and sucking him in deeply, he couldn't fight him off. He loved the feeling when his teeth scratched carefully over his soft skin and he felt the spit of Seth running down his dick. Just the imagination could make him sigh, but feeling it live made him mad. It was hard to be quieter than he used to be. 

"You are killing me!" Dean pressed and bit his hand. He wasn't sure if Seth put more effort in it, since Dean tried to be silent or if everything was more intense through the feeling of danger he felt, but he knew he couldn't last long. Not with this precious mouth working on him. Everything Dean threw a look down he saw some of Seth's head half covered by the blanket. Sometimes an aroused look shot up to him. This sparkle in the brown eyes… Seth tortured him.

"Torture!" Dean moaned his thought out loud and felt a hot cough on his lap. Seth had laughed up while he was filled with him. Instantly Dean dug his fingers in the brown long hair of his lover, gasping for air and unable to think straight. No, that hadn't took him long. Dean moaned, felt the twitching in his crotch and pushed his hips up. Seth held him down, he didn't want to die from Dean massive leaking cock. Seth clawed his fingers into Dean's side, not pulling back. He took what Dean offered him, tears filled his eyes, since his lover pulled his hair and a natural reaction watered his eyes. Seth drew back not till he was sure Dean was finished. Spit and sperm was drooling down his beard as he crawled up to his husband. Dean's hand ran over his fussy brown beard, swiping it away, before Seth wiped his face with his used shirt of the previous day. "Fuck, babe… fuck!" Dean hissed breathless.

"Happy birthday!" Seth whispered pressing his lips against Dean for a long loving kiss. The blond male smiled into the kiss and brushed Seth's hair back. "You're so… stupid!" he answered, but felt a blush on his cheeks. It was hard to make Dean blush, but Seth managed to. If it wasn't for Seth, he would have worked this day like a normal day. Birthdays hadn't been something important, but Seth made them just with small surprises like a blowjob. "I know, but… I didn't get you anything, so I got you an orgasm!" Dean pulled him close again for the next kiss. Seth sure as hell had organized more than just this and Dean was curious to know what that would have been.
"I really don't know if that is a good idea!" Dean muttered pensive. Both men had returned from Birmingham and enjoyed their remaining vacation days alone at Seth's house. Dean tried to accommodate to his injury and his immobile arm what was especially hard for him since he was right handed. Even using his phone was harder. Seth cared for him and the most of their free time, Dean sat next to him with a book or a magazine while Seth gamed. Yeah, a nice vacation would be nice and to keep the fans of their tracks, he posted some fake pictures on his Instagram Account from a previous vacation with an ex-girlfriend.

It wasn't perfect, but it was okay.

Now, it was Christmas Eve and Seth drove them to the house of his parents. Seth would stay for the night. Dean had to stay a little longer. "I understand that you don't like the thought, but if you're honest to stay alone isn't the best idea either." Seth's view was fixed on the road. It wasn't snowing yet, but the weather forecast predicted a radical temperature drop that night. He didn't answer the question at once since he didn't know what to say. He was sure he would survive without help. Showering would be hard, he wasn't allowed to take off the arm brace, but he could eat and put some cloths on in a way. "I'm not helpless and… if your mother thinks that I let her wash me is she wrong." Dean didn't answer the question, but Seth was okay with his words. "I'm back on Wednesday and then I'll wash you." Dean turned his head to his husband. "Not that I wouldn't appreciate a good hand job from you in a shower. It would be enough if someone could wrap this thing up with some plastic… or better, if this thing would be waterproof." Seth steered the car on the driveway up his parents' house and parked, before his hand found the thigh of his husband. Both men locked eyes. "Please, honey. Don't force you to much. I know that it's shit. You're kinda helpless and you hate it. I've been there. I couldn't walk, I couldn't shower, I couldn't even stand up by myself the first weeks. its shit, so just respect that there are people that want to help you for that time… even if it's more shit to have to rely on someone."

Dean shook his head and put his good hand over Seth's. He held the hand of his husband and just sat there in silent for a moment. "It's even more shit since I stopped to rely on people as a teenager." Dean breathed out loud. Seth pressed his thigh shortly. "But now you have different people around you and… it's time to meet them!" he patted his lovers leg, before he opened his car door. Dean needed a little longer, but Seth knew, he would be angry if he opened it for him. His husband was a proud man and the last days had been hard for him. He had to ask for so much favors, but at least he could decide on his own where he needed help. If Seth would start to take everything out of his hands the fights would start very fast. So Seth just started to unload their luggage while Dean was leaving the car.

Honestly, Seth was a little afraid how Dean would fit into his family. Yeah, he had met them before, but only for a couple of moments. Now he would be here for at least three days, the most of the time without Seth being around. Not like they had planned it.

"Are you ready?" Seth asked, some moments later as both men stood in front of the entrance. Dean shook his head. "Nope, but waiting another twelve months so I would be ready isn't accepted by your mother!" he murmured, brushing with his good hand through his hair. "Yeah, I think she would fly after your ass to Vegas to bring you home!" A short nod of Dean followed. "Okay, then… open the door and… I try to be a human being." Seth smiled at him and unlocked the front door.

"What do you think will he be like?" Seth's father asked his wife. Both were sitting in the living
room. Holly Rollins held a coffee mug in her hands. She sighed out loud and shook his head. "You
know the same facts as I do. I... I always was afraid of a beautiful girl playing with my boy's heart
and breaking it, but he was the player. The situation around Leighla showed us, but now he brings
home his husband." he recap what was waiting for them. "His injured husband who will stay till
Wednesday with us." Her husband added. A quick look from her flashed up to him. "He would have
been alone for three days. Do you remember how Seth was after his surgery, I couldn't allow that
Dean would be alone! Boys are stupid when they feel weak and are alone!" she defended herself. He
chuckled. "I just added it. I'm... I never assumed he could be like he is. On the other hand... when I
think back on how he threaded some of his girlfriends. It sounds stupid, but maybe Dean's better for
him?" his look faded away reflective. Holly sipped from her coffee mug, looking straight down on
the floor.
"I'm just asking myself why I didn't noticed that Seth's different. Why did I thought that everything is
alright? I missed his troubles at school, he confessed them when it was too late and he was wrestling.
Now, he confessed he's... bisexual and all I thought is that I missed again something important." She
got pulled into a soft hug by her husband. A dry sob escaped from her throat, but that was
everything. She didn't cry out loud.
"It's not your fault. It's nobody's fault, you know? We never said a bad word and even taught him to
respect all kind of people. We did something good, but out there... it's different and he always grid
his head around the things that people maybe could think." he seemed to be the voice of reason.
Holly put her mug on the glass table and stayed in to hug of her husband. "So everything's alright
and I'm just overthinking everything just like my son use to do?" she asked and a chuckled was
heard in her voice. "Yeah, he must have learned that somewhere and I'm pretty sure not form me."
she looked up to him and brushed with her fingers tips over his cheeks. "What did he learn from
you?" she asked teasingly and got a chuckled answer: "When Dean's a good guy, he learned from
me to choose the right significant other!" - "That's what I thought... I learned to talk himself out of
problems from you!"
Then both stopped. In this moment the front door got unlocked. It could be Brandon, but as Seth
yelled that they were there, the couple parted and locked eyes. A short nod followed.
They two married couples met in the hallway. Seth brought in their luggage and placed it next to the
stairs, while Dean leaned against the wall, looking a little lost. The parents entered the corridor.
Immediately Dean pushed away from his place. "Hello... erm... Mr. and..." he haltered as he
wanted to reach out with his right hand to greet both, but his arm was stuck in his brace. He looked
down unsure and searched for Seth for help.
Seth's mother felt sorry instantly as she saw him. He really remembered her on her own son after his
surgery. Seth was so overwhelmed by the fact he couldn't stand up on his own for quite some time
that he was near a break down. "It's alright, my love!" her voice was a soft song. She put her both
hands around Dean's left hand and pressed it gently. "I'm Holly and that's my husband Carl. I have
the feeling that you aren't a guy that calls his in-laws Mom and Dad?" she started. Dean threw
another look over to Seth who just stood there and shrugged his shoulders like he wanted to say: I
don't know, they are just my parents!
"I never thought about what I should call my in-laws!" he answered honestly and tried to return the
soft hand gesture. Dean's left hand wasn't really weak, he was well schooled to use it... in the ring,
not for a friendly hand shake and especially not when his instincts tell him to fucking run and hide.
He really didn't want to fuck this up. Normally he didn't care what people may think of him, but this
were Seth's parents. Dean wanted them to be in their corner, so someone was rooting for this
relationship when the next troubles would start and that there would be troubles in the future, about
that fact Dean was sure. Seth and Dean never walked their way without troubles. "Now you know it.
Holly and Carl... even when my name is actually Carlos, but that's just mentioned as a sideline!"
It was almost a month ago that Seth sat at the exact same spot at the dining room table where told his family about Dean. Now his man was sitting next to him, his right arm strapped up with a brace. Seth leaned over to him, so he could fill up Dean's plate with some more mashed potato. "You want more meat?" Seth asked lowly, but Dean shook his head. "Nope, I'm still too young, seeing you cut my steaks for me, but thanks!" he answered with his rusty voice. Brandon was across the table and chuckled over Dean's words. His girlfriend poked her elbow against Brandon's ribs. "What? That was funny! I'm not laughing over his misery, I'm laughing over his joke!" he defended himself what made Dean snicker. "I like your brother!" he murmured loud enough so everyone heard it. The men locked eyes and grinned over the dining table.

Seth was glad that everything was this calm. Yeah, the situation felt awkward, but it was Christmas Eve and nobody had a good topic to talk about. Jasmin seemed to be uncomfortable, too. She was a beautiful and heart warm girl, but she was a backlash and everybody knew… like everybody knew she had other men while she and Brandon hadn't been together. So nobody wanted to talk about that time, too.

"How does your arm feel, Dean, are you out long?" finally Seth's mother asked. Dean looked at his lover, before he directed his view across the table to the mother of his lover. "There is not prediction yet. It could take up to nine months and… it doesn't feel good, but I'm used to pain!" he answered neutral before he shove a spoon full of mashed potato in his mouth. The elderly woman was surprised. "You're in pain? Do you need your medicine? Why haven't you said something, is it in your bag?" she asked caring, but Dean fought her off with a shaking of his head. "I took my pills!" he returned after clearing his mouth. "But they… they don't help me like they should. It's alright, not as bad as it sounds!" Seth put his hand on Dean's shoulder. "It's not alright, Mom, but… you know what he wanted to say, okay?" he asked and tried to end it. Holly understood it, but she didn't get the reason why Dean couldn't at least clear off bad feeling.

"Why don't they work?" she asked nosey, she knew about that, but had to ask. Seth sighed and Dean looked at him again. A short nod followed. "Tell it, I'm okay!" Seth whispered. Dean took a deep breath, he leaned back, putting his spoon on his half emptied plate. "You see, Mrs. Rollins… I mean… Holly! My past was a little exciting and troubled. I hadn't the best childhood. I smoked pot in school and sold it. I even dropped out and… did everything good parents tell their kids not to do. I did my wrestling thing and learned more to know than just pot. Today I got a resistance against pain medication due to years of abuse. To get me pain free, they would have to drug me and I don't want that. I'm used to live with pain and that's better than stone me dead!" Dean explained and was about to stand up to run away. He never had talked that openly about his past except with Seth and Rome. Sami knew everything, he had been with him in that time.

"So you brought us home a bad boy, Sethie… nice fact! Hadn't you always been the bad boy to the girls?" Brandon asked his brother teasingly. "I was never a bad boy and Dean isn't one! We have a bunch of assholes as colleagues who have no crime record!" Seth muttered. Under the table he reached for Dean's thigh to console himself and Dean.

"I heard that the pain killer resistance could be leave. How long don't you take them anymore?" Holly asked and ignored the conversation of her sons. Dean shrugged one shoulder. "That's the problem. As a wrestler you always get some pills, you're always in pain. I always took them and they always don't work properly, but I swallow them so at least some of the pain goes away!"

Seth's fingers stroked over the fabric of Dean's jeans. "If Dean would have seen a doc earlier, maybe they hadn't to cut him open, but we both underestimated his injury." Dean shot a view to his husband and swallowed. "Shut up, babe!" he murmured tender and looked for a second down on his plate before he shook his head.

"Alright, I understand that, but… it worries me. Not your past, but your pain. You are a part of my family, now. I don't want any of my family members have pain. So please cure it and if I see you take off your brace to early… I put you over my knee!" he threatened with a soft smile. Dean looked at Seth. "I promise, she will do this!" he answered the unasked question. "My mom always said, when I hurt myself she would slap me, so I have a reason to cry. After my knee injury this brutal old lady there slapped me when she visited me in the hospital!" Holly rolled with her eyes. "I didn't slap
you. I maybe patted your cheek. He's such a drama queen!" the woman told Dean and earned a
cocky smile from her son-in-law. "Stop that stupid smile!" Seth muttered, but as Dean turned his
head towards him, but men shared a conspiratorial view.
"Boys, please!" Seth's father murmured, but then suddenly looked up. He had his eyes fixed on his
phone, but just noticed one of his sons hadn't been involved in this like he was used too. His view
slowly wandered to his wife. "We have now three boys sitting at the table who tease each other,
haven't we?" Holly sighed and nodded. "Seems… at least you, Jasmin my dear aren't like that."
Brandon wrapped an arm around the shoulders of his girlfriend. "Give me some time, she will be one
of us soon!"

~

"He took his pills some minutes ago!" Seth answered Renee on the phone. It wasn’t very late, but the
both men were exhausted after the day, the family dinner and the following time in the living room.
They had a good time and nice chats, but being alone again, was need. Dean lay on the bed, looking
up to his lover. “I’m not ill, I can talk to my friend on my own!” he answered a little harsh, but Seth
just snickered at him. “I haven’t said you can’t. I just answered her question!” he had covered his
mobile a bit while talking to Dean. Now he spoke in the device again. “Wait a sec, Renee. I give the
phone to him.” After that he reached over the phone.
“Hey, my mini mouse!” the blond one greeted his friend. Seth heard a loud laugh out of the mobile
phone. He was happy, that Dean and Renee still had this great relationship. Some time ago, as he
was on the bench, before he reconciled with Dean, he didn’t know what kind of relationship both
had, but he was jealous of it. He felt alone and left in the dust. Seth knew that had been his own
fault, but it made him even more jealous. The funny fact in this story was that he never felt jealousy
towards Roman and Dean.
“Yeah, Seth already has your gift in one of his suit cases, so it will at least be in Chicago for you.”
Dean answered. A long sigh followed. “I know it’s not about the present. I would have come with
Seth, but Angle… he forbid me to be there. He… he said that I would do stupid things and that’s
probably right, but…” he stopped and sighed again.
Seth knew why Dean was sad. He had never been a family man. His family had always been his
working colleagues. To wrestle on Christmas was his best way to party, he could hang around with
his buddies and this year would have been even more special. They had planned to go out. Seth,
Renee and Dean as a family. Having a nice dinner and after that they would hand out he presents,
drinking, having fun, being together like a real family would have done it.
Seth and Dean had even thought about traveling to Chicago right after Christmas Dinner, so have a
cozy Christmas morning and the possibility of a Christmas breakfast with Renee. Dean’s injury
changed everything.
“What yourself, little girl, are you listening to me?” Dean asked. He had chatted with Renee a little,
but the tone changed. “You know, that you can always pack up your backs and head over here. Any
time. I have one good arm left and I can open the door, so you can come even when Seth’s not
here!” Seth would happy make some room for Renee. He was used to seeing her down in Las
Vegas. They hadn’t planned much further than the first week of the New Year, but Seth was sure it
would be better for Dean to stay here. He didn’t had to be all the time by his family, but in
Davenport were more people who could help him. In Vegas was only Renee and on at least 2 days a
week she had to leave, too. Seth would feel bad to leave Dean all alone, although he knew that Dean
wouldn’t have a problem with that.

Dean hung up the phone and put it on the night stand, while Seth sank down on the bed next to him.
“You miss her already?” he asked carefully. They had seen her the last time on Monday before they
started their journey to Birmingham. Dean shook his head. “Nah, I don’t miss anybody!” He
answered, but twitched with his mouth. He tried not to be emotional, but it was hard. Seth rubbed his
shoulder and bend forward to his him. “I know. You’re my tough cave man. Do the pills help?” he
just couldn’t stop caring. “Yeah, my arm hurts less, but my heads starts to float. I’m probably asleep in some minutes. This shit is lit.” he murmured, turning himself a little left and right to find the perfect position on his bed side. Seth smiled, but Dean had closed his eyes, so he didn’t see the sadness in Seth’s smile.

The brown haired male sank next to Dean and searched for his cuddle spot. His head found Dean’s shoulder, his hand cautious slipped under Dean’s brace, his lips brushed over Dean’s collar bone. “I’m thankful for you, my love!” he whispered into Dean’s ear. The Ohio boy chuckled. “Cheesy ass!” was his return, but his laugh faded and again he sighed. “Your family is nice. I… I understand why you need them around you!” he whispered as if something bad would happen when he would confess this aloud. Seth closed his eyes. “I need you more, but… I’m glad that you manage to get along!” he stayed low with his tone, too. No need talk this out loud.

“You can imagine what would happen if our mothers meet each other? I’m afraid mine thinks yours is homophobic and she tries to rib Holly a new one for that.” Dean confessed. His speech got slurred and Seth heard how he started to fell asleep. “My mom will probably care about her and almost sat yours into a wheel chair. Sometimes she looks incredible shaky.” Seth whispered and played that Imagine game with Dean, who chuckled. “Mom would jump out of it or she would start a race, but I think the girls would get along, so… we… don’t have… to worry…” Dean swallowed, but then he just faded away. Seth smiled and pushed his lips carefully against his skin again. “You’re right. We don’t have to worry.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry guys for throwing out the last missing chapters without everything, but I thought if I wait any longer I might never do it. I lost my track, I lost my passion and I grew afraid of what would happen after Dean’s injury break.

I think this fic has found it's natural end, maybe there will be some returns in OS like the one I posted after the royal rumble. But that the moment its probably fairer for you and easier for me to bring this thing to an end.

It's time to say thank you:

Thank you for all your kudos! Thank you for all your time. Thank you for my beloved little sis for always reading my shit and helping with an honest oppinion. Thanks for everything, every klick, every bookmark, every hit. Thanks for keeping up and finally thanks for building the fiction community I missed for years. ♥

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