Serendipity

by Ain_t_bovvered

Summary

You were minding your own business at work, in your little town. Your world was small and uneventful, work, studying, gym, Netflix, a devastating heartbreak, the need to travel, the craving of freedom, adventure...just something different

You just knew, you needed more.

Suddenly an American green eyed stranger walks in and, like someone heard your prayer, your life won’t be the same.

Author: If you can leave reviews it would be helpful since I'm writing the second act. I want to get better so everything is useful

Notes

This is my first Supernatural fanfic. Heck the first fanfic in years and the first in English. If you have time to post some review it'll be great, just to know how it's doing. I'm having fun writing it and I'd like to know if you too are at reading it. Not English native and this is not beta-tested, so if there are mistakes along the way I'm
I'm trying to improve my written English.

I imagined this to go a long way just because I have lots of ideas, the first act will not be set in the USA, but in my country (you’ll discover it pretty soon).

This is written with the Y/N formula.
The world is suddenly a much bigger and scarier place and also
.....where’s Sam?

“Really, I can close up by myself, you know.”

“Yeah, right. Uh huh,” you scoffed, rolling your eyes, “You’ll finish tomorrow morning, let me help! I’m not tired and it’s not that late”.

The first bit was a lie, the second one not so much. It was just after 11pm, and the last customers had already left leaving nothing to do but to close down and clean up the bar you worked at.

“Alright, well at least let me fix us something to drink while you finish with the tables,” sighed your co-worker, shaking her head as she turned towards the bar, “Gin right?”

“Please and thank you!” You chirped.

“…such a snob…” She muttered in a breathy tone.

“What was that?”

“Nothing!”

Clicking your tongue between your teeth, you gave her your best enduring smile and winked, earning a snort as well as immediate regret.

‘That was awkward,’ you mutter while cleaning the table, ‘what the hell was that?’ Your face
always seemed to have a mind of its own, leaving you to deal with the embarrassing aftermath.

The night had been easy enough. Not too crowded, which was normal for the winter season even during the weekend in your little city. You just loved it.

Like every other place in Italy, your town was old. Like, founded-by-romans-old, full-of-history old. It featured a temple and even a castle just to name a few timeless perks to its name. It had all those secret little streets and in between places and big town squares. You worked in one of these holes in the wall that added to the town’s charm, one of the many bars facing the old church.

“So, how’s life?” your friend asks

“Oh, you know…same old same old “you replied without taking your eyes from the table top you were cleaning.

“Still talking to that dude?”

You took a sip of your drink, taking a moment to savour the bitter and refreshing taste of the gin tonic against your tongue..

“Nah, it got boring” Please drop it please drop it please drop it, you pleaded mentally

“Meaning?”

Damnit!

“…well you know he just,” You paused turning towards her, “he was always fishing for compliments and attentions, and that put an end on any sort of interest that I might have had.”

She snickered in response, “Oh come on, that bad?”

“Uugh, can’t fake interest, it just feels wrong.” your eyes rolled, “Also he probably just wanted … ya know” you replied, vaguely motioning in the air with your hands and suddenly shy.

“Well duh! Oh well at least you didn’t slept with him…you didn’t right?” She said leering at you, but she already knew.

“Of course not!” you swirled the straw in your glass, suddenly finding the ice interesting.

“Y/n!” You dodged the rag she threw in your direction, “You need to blow up some steam, clean the bat-cavern, a nice ride toward the sunset, the fun type of workout, the-…” she theatrically mimics.

“Oh cut it out!” your voice had raised slightly as you scowled, “I just don’t feel like it, ya know? I can’t have one-night stands. It’s just not me…at all”

“I know, I know,” your co-worker sighed, running a hand along her forehead, “I’m not judging here. But babe…don’t you miss …?” She started making some obscene gesture.

“Well, yeah of course I do, but dude; I just have no energy right now to give to someone else… again. At least not right now,” You said swallowing the rest of your drink and setting it along the other empties on the bar, “Now come on, let’s shut down this shit “

Closing the door behind you, you dangled the keys teasingly in front of your colleague. Opening shift was hers tomorrow morning. Her face pinched as she looked at them as if they were some disgusting insect.

“I did this whole week so shut your face,” you chided, placing the keys on her head. You said your goodnights and you started walking down the street towards your car.
“U BETTER WAKE UP Y/N!” you heard her shout to your receding back, “TAKE SOME RISKS, FALL IN LOVE- IT’S AMAZING WHOO OOOH” her shouts echoes along the empty street as you turned, still walking while two middle fingers raised to the sky.

She laughs and waves you goodnight.

The road to your car was quiet, and with it being Sunday, you had managed to park right under the castle. That means instead of long deserted city streets, you had to tackle a lot of stairs instead. It being an old ass town, there wasn’t a lot in the way of parking spots.

Panting from the late night stairmaster workout, you collapsed on the seat of your red fiat 500. Starting it up, you connected your phone and started to drive. You rolled down the window and lit a cigarette. It was a horrible vice, you know, but damn you needed that one sin a day. It didn’t match your image at all, and that made you smirk. You were a good girl, yes, but recently you cultivated a sort of bad side that you couldn’t help but love.

Out of nowhere, a chill run down your spine and your breath was suddenly visible.

“…the fuck it’s so cold all of the sudden?” You huffed, turning your gaze to the heather controls for a moment. You passed right by a flickering figure, not even seeing it.

Somewhere in the middle of the USA.

“I pray to Castiel bla bla bla get your ass down here,” Dean prayed with urgency, leaning on Baby.

A flutter of wings and the angel finds himself staring directly in the eyes of the hunter, who let out a sigh, having given up the personal space issue, “Hello Dean.”

“Cass, I can’t find Sammy anywhere man and it’s been way too long already!”

The angel closes his eyes; eyelids fluttering as Dean huffed, crossing his arms impatiently.

“I can sense him, but I can’t seems to focus on his soul,” Cass said, looking at Dean again, “I don’t understand, what happened?”

“I’ll explain at the bunker, let’s go “

“… Did you say spaghetti accent?” Jack intercepted

“Yeah, so?” Dean replied, shrugging dramatically.
“Well, maybe,” Jack was stuttering under the hunter’s intense gaze, “could it be that maybe you scared the witch …home?”

A baffled silence fell upon the trio.

“That’s actually very possible,” Cass stood, taking up Dean’s pacing around the library, “And maybe, if she’s able to cover her tracks and Sam’s, she must be very powerful then.”

“So what you’re saying is,” Dean leaned forward, raising his hand slightly while he sat his beer on top of the library table before him, “That freaking witch hid herself, and my brother. Somewhere else?…somewhere as in not America, else? As in, not this continent?”

The Nephilim and the angel looked at each other, nodding slowly.

“…oh hell no. No! I’m not gonna fly over the freaking ocean, you’ve got to be kidding me.” Dean slumped on the chair like a deflated balloon, staring at nothing. “…so much water “he whispered.

Cass and Jack shared another look, both unsure of how to respond to Dean’s reaction.

“Dean, are you sure you don’t want me to take you?”

“No Cass I’m not sure!” he snapped, before letting out a sigh and pinching the bridge of his nose. “But…you have to watch the kid and you are already weak enough that you couldn’t zap us to the bunker. I don’t want to find myself in the middle of the ocean by some mistake and I need you sharp for when I find that son of a bitch anyways.” Dean sighed again, turning is hand from his face to gesture aggressively at the table before him, “Just- try and limit the searching area so I at least know where to land. And get yourself in shape to come and get us, no fucking chance that I’m cross that much water on that piece of aluminium TWICE.”

Cass and Jack knew better than to respond as Dean finally pushed himself from his seat, heading to his room.

“I can’t even bring my weapons, son of bitch I hate planes” Dean mutter to himself while angry packing his duffel bag.

“My poor Baby “he whimpered, shoving in his flannels to the canvas bag.

Few days, enough sleeping pills to down a horse and a lot of alcohol later, Dean found himself in an unknown country, not knowing a single word, hangover and pissed.

“Oh that son of a bitch owes me big time after I save his ass” Dean sighed bitterly while throwing the luggage over his shoulder and making his way to the info point as Jody had instructed him to do when he called. First things first, find a motel or something while waiting a call from Cass.
“It seems that the number of missing persons has increased. There are now three missing person cases reported who disappeared without a trace during the middle of the night in the proximity of the castle. No witnesses so far have come forward, and the police is doing everything possible to establish any new leads....”

You scrolled through your phone, mindlessly skimming through today’s news while you leaned against the bar. Sighing, you slipped your phone back into your pocket as you made your way to change the song currently playing.

It was another quiet night at work. Only a few clients, mostly middle-aged men fresh off work were dotted in group thought the bar. Nothing new had happened in the last hour, so you pour some whiskey from your boss special stash.

“I’m sure he won’t mind” you justify to yourself, enjoying the ambery liquid fire.

A sudden rush of cold air snaps you out of your daze, the glass slipping from your grasp and spilling on the floor

“Mother fu-” you gasp, running out from behind the bar to clean the mess, “I wasn’t drinking that I swear!”

“I’m sorry, boss! I’ll clean it up right away” You knelt on the floor searching for the glass that rolled under a table. Your arms were too short to reach it.

You felt someone kneel beside you, and a long arm clad in brown worn leather reached passed you to retrieving the glass.

Your eyes closed as you inhaled the unfamiliar scent. A combination of leather, whiskey, musk and something vaguely familiar, almost pungent, metallic. You knew the smell but couldn’t place it. It wasn’t unpleasant, but almost comforting, nostalgic and warm. Resurfacing from your daze, your head turned to thank the person, only to find yourself staring into eyes that were the most beautiful shade of green, contoured by faint freckles.

Startled, you quickly stood up, forgetting that you were under a table.
“Oww…” you whined, rubbing at the site where Y/N met table, “Bloody hell that hurt, fuck!”
Yep, there was your potty mouth.

“Woah there missy, you ok? “A deep gravelly voice asked in English, coated in concern and barely suppressed laughter...

Oh, thank god it wasn’t your boss.

“I uh, I-” eyes closed, you grimaced at the pain you massaged your now present bump, “What was that?”

“I said…are you ok? That was quite a smack” Finally you open your eyes to the deep voice and what was staring at you was a really nice hot piece of-

“Yes…” you sighed dreamily. The knowing smirk growing on his perfect mouth snapped you out of it. “YES!” you shouted this time, “I’m fine-I’m fine!” your English sounded too high-pitched and you scowled at the noise of it as it left your mouth.

“I’m sorry I thought you were my boss,” you laughed nervously, slowly rising to your feet when he offered you his hand. You could feel the blushing and warmth rising up your neck, colouring your cheeks as he smirked down at you. This is so embarrassing Y/N, get a grip!

“No problem. Here, can I have the same?” he lifted the glass and your eyes focused on his hands—big hands, lived in hands, I can repair your car, your bike and built you a house—hands.

“W-what” you stuttered, sounding like a total fool for the third time as the man before you turned your brain to mush. His eyes filled with amusement and the corners of his mouth twitched, badly hiding the smirk.

Oh, this dude so knows, you thought, he knows what he looks like alright, and I too, clearly.

“Right… that is! Was, actually. The whiskey! But the secret best stuff” you rambled, hurrying behind the counter.

Placing the glass before him, you leaned against the wooden counter as you begin pouring.

“Yeah?” he questioned, curious amusement colouring his tone, “And what are you used to, Miss?” You could swear you could hear the smugness in his voice. Your eyes flickered back up to his, becoming locked in his gaze, your eyes swam against the other worldly sea of emeralds. Your hand faltered slightly, spilling the drink over the edge of the glass.

“Fuc- …udge, “
He chuckled, eyes bright as he brought his whiskey wet fingers to his mouth.

Ah, shit.

“Well uh- ya know. Mostly wine and spritzers, some frilly cocktails. Gin and tonics” you stammer quickly, trying and failing to divert your eyes from his lips. His full, soft, so intriguing lips…

He cleared his throat, noticing your staring. You jumped slightly, grabbing a rag and pretending to clean a non-existent spot on the bar top, keeping your eyes and flushing face down.
“Suggestions?“ He smirked, drowning the glass in one gulp without a flinch. He lifted his eyebrows in surprise at the smoothness of the amber poison, letting out an ‘ahh’ and smacking his lips at the taste.

“Oh. Don’t guzzle down the best whiskey without savouring it,“ You sassed the green-eyed American, “What, were you born in a barn?“ You couldn’t help the flirty smirk that grew on your face.

“That was the best damn thing I tasted in a long long time,“ His deep voice rumbled, sending a shiver through you. This man was something else.

“Makes one wonder what you’re used to“ You bent on the counter to refill the glass, grinning slyly before his face and putting on a bit more of a show on the motion than necessary.

Were you flirting back? Down girl, Y/N!

“Name’s Dean “he said letting his eyes dart down your form again. Blushing you offer your hand, pulling the bottle of whiskey back to covering your cleavage with the bottle.

“Y/N, pleasure“ Dean seemed taken aback by the gesture, but shook your hand firmly.

“Nice handshake“ He said, still holding your hand.

“I was always taught that a firm handshake says a lot about a person, Dean,“ You said sweetly, “And with it being a serious custom here, you really have to mean business“

“That’s very true. And-“ he chuckled, turning your hand in his, palm down and green-eyes yours as you inhale sharply. He brought your hand to his lips, planting a feather like kiss across your knuckles.

“…What does it says about me?“ You felt his hot breath caress your skin and then it was goosebumps city. You almost fainted, right then and there.

“Th-that…you, uh… You definitely know how to use your hands…I guess …err” Smooth Y/N, real smooth.

He stared at you, his eyes suddenly darkening and that beautiful damn smirk appeared again.

“That I do Y/N, cute accent by the way,“ he said with a light chuckle, letting go of your hand too slowly.
“I do my best,” you replied in a daze, surprised by the sudden steadiness of your voice. You cleared your voice before continuing. “Yours, too by the way. What brings an American here, anyways? I mean, I love my city, don’t get me wrong. I think it’s beautiful, but you don’t look much like a tourist” You leaned towards him again, relaxing as you fell into conversation.

“I’m here to finish a job”

“Not the first time then?”

“Nope, first time, not fond of flying” he said, sounding pissed. Looking around to see if anyone was watching, you poured another round.

“Cheers” you clink your glass to his, stopping him before he could bring it to his lips. You quirked a brow, silently telling him to observe as you knocked your glass on the counter two times while guiding his arm to do the same. Bringing the glass to your lips, you took a long sip while giving him a wink.

Some regulars, who came in, approaching the far end of the counter, broke the moment. You excused yourself to greet them. Back to the real world, Juliet.

Dean nodded when one of them looked his way. After returning the nod, the man quickly turned to you, saying something that made you smack his arm gently while the others laughed around him. They paid off their tabs, and Dean watched as you went around the counter to say goodbye by embracing and kissing each of them.

“Definitely not America” he said softly to his glass, and went to finish the rest of the whiskey. Before he knocked it back, he stopped mid sip. Letting the liquid dancing on his tongue, he savouring it, enjoying the smooth burn and smoky flavour.

His eyes shot back to you, now busy clearing the emptied table as you swayed gently to the song playing overhead.

“Damn good whiskey,” He said with a smile.

“Thank you and goodnight!” Your voice chirped once the last customer left.

Sighing heavily, you went to clean that last table. Mr Gorgeous was still perched at the counter, keeping you company. While you worked the counter, he frenged interest by asking questions about the drinks you were making, and now that you were busy elsewhere in the bar, you saw him reading from a worn leather diary.

You took the chance to look him over from afar; he was dressed a bit light for the season, just a flannel red shirt and a black t-shirt under the oversized leather jacket he wore. He was clad in washout ripped jeans and heavy boots, looking like a mix of a model and some kind of Greek god but without even trying. You sneaked up to him, quietly approaching him from behind and tried to peek over his shoulder.
Sensing you, he was quick to close the journal’s cover with a sharp slap. Turning on the stool, he swung around to face you, brows raised.

Being just 5’ tall on a good day, even standing your eyes were level as his green ones as he sat. You yelped caught off guard, your body almost between his legs now that he turned towards you.

“It’s not nice to spy you know “His lips curled up in a smirk as he watched your face colour with a blush.

“I-I wasn’t spying,” stuttering you tried to defend yourself, “Y-you just seemed really interested in it, and I was just curious. I really like old worn diaries, they practically screams ‘read me Y/N’ and I just-” you were blabbing, you knew you were babbling and lighting up like a Chinese lantern, his face was too close and damn he smelled good, just like, damn how could-

“It’s just work,” he shrugged, his tone dismissive, “And, trust me, nothing that you wanna know” You stared at him, blinking slowly. There was something in his eyes that you could not grasp; he smirked watching you with the same intensity. Your mind drifted after a moment, eyes falling to his lips before lingering on that sexy burnt-blonde scruff covering his jaw. Something long dormant inside you squealed to life, like a faithful old machine cranking back on to function. You dropped your gaze and shifted on your feet uncomfortably.

“So uhm can I make you anything else?” you asked, trying to break the awkward silence as you walked over behind the counter.

He sighed heavily, his shoulders falling as if in regret, “Any other time, and any other night I would say yes in a heartbeat, Sweetheart,” he paused, taking a moment to let his eyes rake up and down your form appreciatively before sighing again, “But, unfortunately, I have some work to do, back at the motel”

“Sure thing,” You giggled, your blush returning and a familiar warmth spreading within you as you felt his gaze on you, “Well the first drink is on the house as a welcome then.”

“You got it, sweetheart, keep the change,” He handed the money towards you before pausing, remembering he was in an unfamiliar place and not back home, “You take tips here, right?”

“No, not really, but I’m gonna keep these puppies anyway, thanks!” You gave him a quirky wink and he chuckled as, putting on his jacket.

“So, what time do you take off?” he asked bending back over the counter towards you with his jacket on.

Your eyes darted around the empty bar, taking note of how everything had already been done given the slow night. “Uhm, well it is pretty late and empty and it’s not even a weekend night so I guess I can close right now” you wiped your hands on the rag you still held, tossing it in the bin when you were done. Turning quickly, you disappeared, retrieving your jacket from the storage
room.

“I can wait if you want and …I don’t know.”

You froze. There it is, of course, he asked you that and now you felt uncomfortable. You were flattered, of course, you were, but even if he was such a snack, this fine piece of green-eyed American man was still just a stranger, despite how nice he may seem. Something about the man just screamed ‘Dangerous’ like a stripper screamed ‘Daddy issues’.

“Oh,” Stopping on your way out from the back, you stared at him for a moment before politely smiling. “That is so kind of you but it’s alright. Besides, I parked not far from here” You went to switch off all the lights and music, sensing his eyes on you.

“Ah right- driving here, it’s like hell. And I don’t even have my Baby!” his words ended with a whine, his handsome face devolving into an adorable pout.

“Do I even wanna know?” you giggled conspicuously, grabbing your scarf and bag before motioning him to move out the front door.

“My car,” he explained to you as he stepped out into the night air, “I couldn’t bring her here.”

He helped you pull down the rolling shutter when he saw that you had to jump to grab the handles. The sound of the metal rolling down was deafening for a moment, the sound lingering in echoes down the empty cobble lined street.

“Oh please tell me you have one of those classic American cars “you gasped slightly, not looking up as you bent in a crouch to close the lock.

“A 1967 Chevy Impala! “He was beaming as he watched you.

His head was thrown back in a booming laugh as he saw you searching the misspelled car name on your phone.

“He was beaming as he watched you.

He reached out a hand while he smiled, silently asking for your phone. Blushing profusely yet again, the device was handed over as he quickly tapped at the screen held in both his hands. Your gaze zeroed in on the adorable look of concentration, his tongue lightly peeking out the corner of his mouth as he scrolled.

“There,” he said finally, handing the phone back to you so you could see the picture of the car.

“Sorry, I’m just not a car exp- oh shit that is gorgeous! “Your jaw dropped slightly at the sleek black car was everything you imagined an American car should be.

“I see you have good taste,” he laughed proudly, watching while you stare at your phone amazed.

A crash of metal falling to the cobblestone sounded way off in the distance, drawing attention for a second while you stood there absorbed in your phone. The two of you stood alone in the dark street, and he noticed vaguely that there was very little traffic to be heard. The only noise in the small shop lined street you both occupied were mostly just the ones you made yourselves, coupled with the soft and distant sounds from shops somewhere along the twisting curves of roads in the old city.

“Oh my god, you probably go on road trips often, you seem the type, and in this car;” a failed attempt at a whistle left you, causing him to smile, “Wow. I’m jealous.”

You didn’t notice the shadow of worry that clouded his eyes, and it was soon replaced as smugness took the reins.

“That’s not all that I do with that car ya know?” Your head snapped up from your phone so fast that it almost hurt, and you stood frozen like a doe in the headlights of his precious Impala. Okay-
that was flirting. That was definitely flirting, right? He was- okay, Y/N, you thought, just don’t panic

“I guess it’s a pity you left it at home then” Your voice came out in an awkward squeak, and as soon as these words left your mouth, a dinosaur screech resounded in your head causing you to wince. Way to go, Shakespeare.

Here lies Y/N, and her flirting-back skills. The tombstone would be a loving attention to the stone-lined street.

He hummed, taking a single slow step towards you, “right now, I am, in fact, regretting that I left her there,” he said closing in on you, his voice lower.

You stared up at his mischievous gaze, shuddering with the intensity of his gaze coupled with the sudden breeze of cold wind. Snapping off your trance, you flashed a quick smile as you began to walk down the deserted street, stranger-danger at your side.

“It—it’s getting late; I should hurry to my car. Ya know, before I disappear too ah ah, “you joked with nervous laughter, walking a little bit faster.

Your words seemed to grab his attention, his features suddenly serious; he grabbed you gently by the shoulder, spinning you to face him.

“What do you mean, ‘disappear’?”

The sudden closeness of him was overwhelming, and it took you a second to form a response, “Well, they, uh- they reported that some people disappeared recently around midnight near here, I don’t really believe in that stuff but I’d rather be in my car before.. Ya know, just to play it safe. Like if those cheesy chain e-mails started coming true or something,” you tried to laugh it off, feeling embarrassed. Deflecting with bad humour- great social skills there, Y/N!

His eyes were dark as he stared down at you, something definitely dangerous but not threatening in them as he nodded quickly to himself.

“Okay. I’m definitely coming with you,” he said serious, grabbing your arm he began to walk.

“Wait, wait!” your much shorter legs struggled to keep up with Mr He-Man’s long stride as you walked, “Dean- you don’t need to, really I can take care of myself!”

“No offence sweetheart, but this is not negotiable,” again, he had that delicious hint of danger but not any threat in his voice, “I said I take you, and that’s what I’m gonna do.”

You could only mumble in weak protest, which he probably didn’t hear as you compiled, doing your best to try and not let him drag you. His legs were going very fast, and it really wasn’t fair.
“Dean wait I can’t keep up to your pace… I’m almost as tall as one of your legs, for Pete’s sake!”

He turned his head watching you struggle and breathing heavily. With a sigh, he slowed down, shifting his grip from your upper arm to your hand.

“What?” He asked giving your palm a strong squeeze.

“I, uh-yes.” you lowered your gaze to the ground, feeling your face heat back up in the cold night. Thank god, it was dark.

The car wasn’t very far, but you were secretly glad of the company. Walking alone at night was never something you preferred. The emptiness of night had never felt exactly…empty, to you. Like something you were missing could spell out danger for you if you were not careful.

“Please tell me you are not a murderer or something,” you mumbled, half joking. He flinched at the last word.

“Why?” he asked, voice a little bit gruffly, “Do I give that vibe?”

“God, no! It’s just that,” you paused, trying to find the right words, “Well, I barely know you and you are walking me to my car in the middle of the night. A girl’s gotta ask, ya know?”
A deep chuckle fell from his lips as he looked over at you.

“Don’t worry kid; I’m here for your safety.” The wink he gave you made you downright giddy. Down, girl!

“I’m not a kid” you replied pouting.

“Sure your not- I can totally see that under that adorable little pout ya got goin’ on there.”

Oooh back at flirting I see.

“I’m not adorable! “You scoffed.

“You are a lot of things and adorable is one of them, all wrapped up in 5ft package, “he said as his eyes did that thing again, eyeing you from head to toes.

You remained quiet for the rest of the walk, silently praying that your hand would stay dry. His was warm, but your nose instead was very frozen.

Once you approached the parking lot, you let go of his hand and started walking to your car, him following close behind you. He was looking left to right as you opened the door, sliding into your driver’s seat. You could hear church bells chime out midnight of in the distance.

“Thanks for escorting me, very gallant” you said looking up to him, a sly smirk on your face. Yep, he was still gorgeous. With the streetlamp light over his head, he almost looked like he had a halo when it stopped flickering.

“You are very welcome,” he said warmlingly, crouching down to eye level with you. Your brow furrowed in confusion when you could suddenly see his breath. Since when was it that cold out tonight?

Suddenly he froze, body tensing as his eyes locked on something behind you.

“Y/N,” his voice was low and steady, like that guy in Jurassic Park when he told Laura Derm to run, “Get out of the car- NOW!” You couldn’t even stutter out a confused, “what?!” as he suddenly grabbed hold of your coat, yanking you from the car.

“What the hell-“you barely managed to get out as you stumbled and fell. Before you could stand, a chilling cold gripped your bones as your eyes set on something you’d never forget.

Above you, beside your car, a bluish smoke-like figured flickered, choking Dean.

You froze.

What the fuck.

What the actual fuck was that.

“Y/N! G-grab,” Dean sputtered, trying to breath in a ragged breathe, “…something … iron… QUICK!” his hands clawed at his throat, desperate to clear the bruising force there but his fingers found nothing but his own skin. He couldn’t touch the figure.

Your body went on autopilot. Rising quickly to your feet, you ran, grabbing the tire iron you always keep in the trunk.

“What do I do? What do I do????” You shrieked, jumping from toe to toe, adrenaline rising and body ready to pounce.

“…hit…. it…. HIT IT!” Dean’s face was purple as he tried again to gasp in a breath.
Closing your eyes, you didn’t think- you just swung the iron before you, where the thing had Dean pinned to the side of the car. It felt like hitting air- there was no resistance so you kept swinging, as if you were trying to hit a piñata.

Suddenly, strong arms embraced you from behind; startling you as you spun around quickly prepared to swing again, but strong hands gently stops your kill shot.

“Woah, woah! Hey, it’s over-” Dean’s voice soothed, taking the iron gently from your hands, “It’s gone. You did it, killer- good job.” You relaxed in his arms, opening your eyes. You heard the iron hit the ground somewhere behind you both.

“What…wh- what the fuck was that? What” You were panting, words not working as the rush from the scare and struggle came to a head. Dean placed a hand on your shoulder, turning you around to face him as you shook slightly.

“I’ll tell you everything, promise. But first we need to get out of here. Gimme your keys! “

Automatically you gave him your car keys and in little to no time, you were in the passenger seat, sitting in a daze.

Your eyes stayed glued to the road ahead as Dean drove, his eyes continuously glancing over at you to make sure you were all right. Your mind was racing at 172849573km/h. When you began twisting your hands in your lap, he covered them with his right hand, eyes locking on your face this time. He noticed that you were pale and ice cold.

“That bad, huh?” he smiled worried.

You opened your mouth but no sound came out, confused your gaze fell on your joined hands and you squeezed.

“Am I high? I must be high…did you-did you drugged me?” you spoke under your breath, mostly to yourself honestly.

“WHAT?!?” the car swayed a little, making you jump. “Are you crazy? Of course I didn’t- Why would you- Look I understand that you don’t know me, but damn do I look like a psycho to you?”

Flinching at his heated tone, you shrunk in your seat. Your mind wasn’t able to process what was happening right now, it was all too much. And damn that man could be loud!

“Look,” he said softly, giving your hands a reassuring squeeze, “I promise, I will tell you everything- but you need to calm down first, okay?”

You snorted, “Yeah sure Mr-I-was being-strangled-by-a-fucking-ghost-but-you! Uh huh, yeah, whatever you say Lord of you-need-to-calm-down! ”

“You are not wrong there, actually” he chuckled, smirking at the road in front of you.

“You’re welcome by the way” your words were quiet in your snarky tone, looking towards your
window with a sly smile.

“Excuse me?” Dean looked perplex, head bouncing between walking the road and taking in your deminer, “You mean to tell me, you just saw a ghost. And you’re being sassing with me about thanking you?”

“You bet your ass that I am!” you were mostly joking when you replied, offended. Mostly. “Because frankly, the ghost part?…Kinda makes me want to lock myself in a loony bin.” Your head bobbed slightly as you snarled out your explanation. Dean was about to comment, but the way you began to shiver after giving him a stern look stopped him.

He pulled the car over and unbuckling your seatbelt, he moved one hand to the nape of your neck, pulling you towards him in an embrace. Your face pressed to his warm chest, you felt his arm wrapping around you gently, pulling close the rest of your body to his. His heart beating beneath your ear is what got you to relax, letting out a shaky breath as your hands went to grip his jacket.

You stayed like that, warm in his embrace, until the trembling stopped. When he finally pushed you back at arm’s length, the sincere look in his eyes took on such a pretty shade of light green as he stared down into yours.

“Yes that was a ghost,” he began quietly, his words measured and careful, “And yes, they are real. In fact, all the monsters you read about as myths or bedtime stories are real. My brother and I, we save people, hunt things. The family business you could say” You couldn’t help but notice for a second how his voice grew tighter when he spoke about his brother. But again, TMI, Y/N! Catalogued for later research.

He studied your reaction, which remained collected, until you let out a whimper.


“You ok?” his brow rose as he watched your eyes scan the dash before you.

“Actually, I feel kinda stupid” you murmured after a moment.

“You feel what?” that wasn’t the answer he had been expecting.

“God, I’m such an idiot!” Your eyes went wide, slapping your forehead as you looked back towards him. It was as if you saw him for the first time- as if you had met him just as the ghost had him by the throat, and you’d been too dazed until now to see him.

“Are you in shock?” he pressed a hand on your neck, feeling your pulse.

“No, I’m not in shock “you removed his hand with a scoff, “don’t be daft.” you gently slapped his chest.
“Uh okay, thanks for that” he blinked looking down at where you smacked him. He was really confused right now.

“Don’t you understand?” your eyes were huge as you stared up at him, looking like he’d just told you he didn’t know who the Beatles were, “I’m a researcher, a rational skeptic who is educated and clever. I mean, I’m not a genius or anything, but I believe in what science can prove and I am studying that. I’m graduating in that shit. I have degrees, man! This?” you gestured vaguely in the air around you, “this I don’t know. I don’t understand. What the fuck is this? What the actual fuck, dude? What the hell” You rambled on while Dean did his best not to laugh.

You were outraged, and it was adorable.

Also, the thought, what a nerd.

“Son of a bitch. I feel like I’ve been lied to all my life. Mother Nature just screwing me big time, fucking me sideways, what a…what a …bitch” your face crinkled in disgust by the end of your words.

Dean stood corrected- a dorky, outraged nerd.

He couldn’t hold back the genuine bout of throaty laughter.

“Are you- are you laughing at me? “You look outright scandalized, watching him covering his mouth with his fist, biting it to try and suppress another fit.

You looked at each other in silence as Dean shook with quiet laughter.

Feeling your eyes well up with tears, your face flushed from indignation as you sat there, unable to look away. Dean’s face, on the other hand, was red from trying not to laugh before you, and his lips were tightly pressed together. A snicker escaped your quivering lips; you slapped a hand on your mouth, eyes wide as he stared at you.

The dam broke, and both of you burst into hysterical fits of laughter.

“Why are you- why are you laughing at me, you ass- that is really rude! “You were gasping for breath at each word, your own laugh cutting you off.
“You- you looked ridiculous- I’m sorry!” Dean had tears in his eyes as he tried to steady himself, “Like an- like an angry-an angry puppy!” both of you laughed harder at his words, feeling the burn in your sides as you both rolled.

You began hitting him playfully in the chest as you both continued to laugh. You hit him again when his laughter intensified; giving him multiple backhands and jabs until he finally, he grabbed your wrists, stopping you. Unable to control yourself you snorted, dropping your forehead on his chest

“Y/N you stop that right now oh so help me God- “he was out of breath like you while the last fits of laughter shifted to something else.

Both of you let out a breath, falling silent. When you lifted your head, your eyes glistened with the kind of delight that only genuine enjoyment could give.

Both of you still breathing heavily, his eyes fell down to your mouth, the realization of which made you quickly lick like at your bottom lip. The action caused his eyes darken, and you felt him draw a steadying breath in. His grip softened guiding your arms down gently, moving his gaze to yours. You felt yourself draw in towards him, and you could see the freckles that decorated his handsome features.

Just when his breath caressed your skin, your phone rang, causing you both to jump. Almost knocking his nose with your head, you hastily reached for it.

“Oh shit…Yes dad, No I just closed up. Yes, I’ll text you when I’m in the car. Yes. All right. Yes. Uh huh….I know ok ,ok bye, later.” Dean watched your expressions change as you spoke, waiting until you dropped the phone to your lap to speak.

“Overprotective parents?”

“…yep” you said popping the p while you stared blankly ahead.

“Must be nice,” he muttered quietly, mostly to himself. You were too embarrassed to notice it. Eventually, you cleared your voice.

“I should probably go home. I can give you a ride to your motel“

“Fine by me,” he smiled softly, buckling his seatbelt as you did yours, “But I’ll drive “

“…okay”

“Also…what’s up with this clown car? I can barely fit “

You smacked his arm at the offense.

“Hey now- that’s MY baby you talking about. Watch it!”

“Ridiculous “he murmured, his lips ticking up in a smile as he shifted, trying to stretch his legs.

The ride to his motel was short and uncomfortable; your heart was still beating like crazy and not exactly for the ghost and the life-changing new bout of knowledge.

Sneaking a glance at him, you caught him doing the same. Your eyes quickly averted as you blushed, and biting your lips like you always did when you were nervous. Your mom always joked that no amount of chapstick could keep you from ruining your lips.

“Right, this is me,” Dean broke the silence, turning off the car and opening the door. He rushed around the front of the vehicle, doing a little sprint so he could open yours too.
You thanked him, stepping out while taking his hand outstretched to help you. Your legs felt a little wobbly, and you gripped his bicep for support.

“Are you gonna be alright?” he asked, face full of concern.

“Yeah I think so,” you spoke quietly, looking up at him to add with a snarky smile, “Eventually.”

His mouth twitched, almost a smile before he asked, “Thank you can drive alright? “

“Yes, yes I can, your motel it’s just a couple km from my home, actually,” you did your best to reassure him with a soft smile, “I’ll be fine, Dean. “

“I don’t know how much that is, but I’ll take your word for it “he smiled cheekily. You tried to quickly convert km in miles in your head for him. Dean, sensing what the pondering look on your face meant, quickly placed his hand on your head, fluffing your hair.

“Don’t worry about it kid. Just go home and try to sleep.”

You pushed his hand off from you hair, “I don’t think I will actually…,” you said biting your thumbnail and peering at him from under your eyelashes. Now you really felt like a child.

He looked at you for a moment before taking out his phone.

“Tell me your number”

“…why?”

“Just- trust me. Number?”

You told him and he immediately called you.

“Save it,” He said, putting his phone away, “And if you ever need to talk you can call me. I’ll answer. Well, if I’m not being strangled by another ghost or sumthing” he joked, smiling at your laugh as he turned and walked towards the motel.

“Dean!”

He stopped, looking at you as you stood beside your car, clutching your phone to your chest.

“Yeah, Sweetheart?”

“Thank you.”

Dean blinked, taking a moment before he replied.

“Ah no worries. In fact, I should be thanking you! After all, you saved my ass. “He grinned.

“I mean-I mean thank you for,” you paused, thinking about how to word your meaning, “For saving us. Humanity. Human people who don’t have a clue …”You smiled brightly and shifted your gaze to the ground embarrassed as you lost the words.

Dean stayed silent, watching your hands torture the hem of your shirt and then promptly shoving them into your pockets. With a quick nod, you hurried to the drive side of your car, sliding in and quickly turning it on. Without looking back at Dean, you pulled away and headed home.

You couldn’t see the expression his face held, but you saw in the rear-view mirror that he kept looking at you until you turn the corner.

“You are very welcome …Y/N.” Dean whispered, his words getting lost in the night.
prev:
“Dean!”
He stopped, looking at you clutching your phone to your chest.
“Yeah sweetheart?”
“Thank you”
“Ahh no worries, in fact I should be thanking you. You saved my ass “he grinned.
“I mean…I mean thank you for…saving us…human people who don’t have a clue …err “You smiled brightly and shifted your gaze to the ground embarrassed.
He stayed silent, your hands torturing the hem of your shirt and then you promptly
put them in your pocket hurrying to the drive side, you slid in, quickly turned on the
car, and hit the road home.
You did not see his expression, but you saw, in the rear mirror, that he kept looking at
you until you turn the corner.
“You are very welcome …Y/N “he whispered.

next morning:

Chapter Notes

This is my first Supernatural fanfic. Heck the first fanfic in years and the first in
english.
If you have time to post some review it'll be great, just to know how it's doing. I'm
having fun writing it and I'd like to know if you too are at reading it
Not english native and this is not beta-tested, so if there are mistakes along the way
I'm sorry. I'm trying to improve on my written english.
I imagined this to go a long way just because I have lots of ideas, the first act will not
be set in the USA, but in my country (you’ll discover it pretty soon).
This is written with the Y/N formula.

The bright light of the morning sun came way too quickly, judging by the monstrous groan that
escaped you. You opened one eye, glaring at the cursed burning orb as you woke.You always
prefered to wake up with natural light, dreading the unnatural sound of your alarm on your phone
each morning. You already went through every single one of them.

“…ooOOH MY GOD” you groaned tiredly as you yawned, stretching your limbs under the
warm duvet and hearing your joints pop into life again. Rolling on your stomach, your hand
reached for your phone under the pillow.

“Ugh,” you groaned, one eye still shut as you stared at the too-bright screen,”ook how many
emails from uni…” You were hating the sight of your university’s name you skipped gingerly
through your inbox notification on the lock screen, really not in the mood to care about any of the
words listed in the subject lines of the messages. Still tucked safely under the covers, you
unlocked your phone and went through the morning news, trying to wake up completely and
running on autopilot. While scrolling, the sleep-induced hazy on your mind cleared and everything
that happened the night before came rushing in full force.
Your phone dropped to the pillow from your hand as you stared wide-eyed into space, “…fuck… that was no dream.” You blinked, recalling a moment from the night before. Snatching your phone up again, you closed the news tab, you quickly searched your missed calls. You felt your face on fire, there it was, clear as day.

Chewing on your lips you stared at the call button, thumb hovering precariously over it.

“Fuck it,” you pressed the green icon, curiosity surpassing your social anxiety.

The phone rang out a dial tone, assuring you that at least the number was real, even if the tone continued to ring on and on. Maybe— static rustled through the phone’s speaker, followed by some cursing and a thud.

“Son of—” Dean’s deep voice came through the phone, groggy with sleep as a yawn cut off his words, “yep I’m up. Cass, what is it?” You squirmed under the covers, your feet curling as you suddenly felt very awake. How could he sound adorable and sexy at the same time?

“Who is Cass?” you chirped, a smile evident in your voice, “Girlfriend?” “…” Dean’s silence filled the line and you could almost picture his confused face, lips in a full on sleep pout as he looked at the phone screen frowning, trying to remember your familiar voice.

“Wow,” you tried to mask you disappointment, giving him a laugh with a not-so-fake hurt tone, “this is awkward…”

“…Y/N?” he tried, still sleepy and uncertain

Ding ding ding! we have a winner! You scoffed internally, an unseen eye roll accompanying it.

“Good morning, sunshine,” you confirmed, glad he remembered your name.

“…Good morning to you, too,” he said flirty. Well at least he remembered and who is this flirty so early in the morning anyway? You could picture the sly smile turning up the corners of his handsome lips.

You sat up, hugging your knees to your chest as you began to feel awkward, “So…uhm…sorry for waking you, but I didn’t… I wouldn’t have called—”

“Are you ok?” he interrupt, voice now wide awake.

“I,” you stuttered, “I uh…”

“Y/N?” he asked again with a bit more force, beginning to sound alarm as you heard the swishing
of covers across the line. He was getting out of bed now, “Is everything-“

“Am I crazy?” you blurted out.

Silence settled again for a moment before Dean responded, “What?“

“What happened last night?…Was it real?”

“I know I’m that good sweetheart, no need for flattery” Dean chuckled, trying to ease the mood now that he knew you were safe. You stayed silent, pressing the phone to your ear as your unsteady breathing probably reached across the line to him.

“Yes,” he said, his tone sincere and low, ”Everything that happened was real. And You are not crazy.“ you could hear the small smile in his words as they ended.

You let yourself fall back down onto your pillow, letting out a long breath you didn’t know you had been holding.

“Oh thank god” you groaned closing your eyes, throwing an arm across them in relief.

“…no, just Dean…” he began, but you quickly sat up, cutting him off again “I have questions!”

“I would have been worried if you didn’t” he began chuckling, but you stopped him.

“I’m coming over.” You stated firmly, throwing your legs over the edge of the bed as you closed the call, not waiting for his reply. You didn’t care, really. You had questions that needed answers, and wanted to see this through.

The duvet scattered on the floor with the other pillows as you grabbed the first things you found in the cleaned messy pile on your chair that functioned as your wardrobe.

You were filling a thermos with your daily coffee when you heard a ping from your phone:

- Room 25

At his room’s door, you hesitated.

the motel room you were facing was of a stranger you just met; an American stranger, a stranger with a great face, impossible green eyes, awesome car and is, apparently, a modern Ghostbuster.

What the fuck?

Shaking your head, you pushed aside your hesitation and knocked.

“Coming!” you heard him calling from beyond the door, and you clutched the thermos in your hands nervously, weight shifting from toe to toe as you waited.

“Please don’t be naked, please don’t be naked, please don-“ you chanted softly The last thing you needed that cheap rom-com trope.

The door opened suddenly, your chant dying on your lips as you squeaked

“I’m not, but that can change if you’d like” Dean smirked, leaning smugly against the door frame. His hair was damp and messy while a towel draped on his shoulder.

“…I brought breakfast “you stated quickly, holding up the thermos and a paper bag in an attempt to cover your reddening face.

“Aren’t you just after my heart now,” Dean chuckled as he stepped aside to let you in.
He shut the door behind you, throwing the lock as you surveyed the room. It was a mess, a duffel bag laid abandoned and half empty, discarded in a corner while books and papers were scattered everywhere. A laptop was open on the desk, surrounded by several empty bottles. The sheets on the bed were messy and a blanket of newspapers and printouts covered most of them.

You watched silently as Dean plopped down on the bed, tying his boots, “I…” Dean’s eyes raised to yours while he slipped on the other boot. You opened your mouth, trying to find the words to continue, “I don’t normally do this…”

“Do what?” Dean grinned while his boot hit the floor with an audible thunk.

Turning around, you feigned interest in the beer bottles lining the desk. Clearing your throat awkwardly, you avoided his stare, “Well, you know,” you peeked over at him quickly as you spoke before quickly returning your gaze to the tabletop again, “going to a stranger’s motel room right the next day I’ve met him, that kinda thing?”

Dean chuckled as you stood there, avoiding his eyes and awkwardly shifting the papers on the tabletop with your fingertips. As the papers moved, you began to take notice of what was written on them, your brow furrowed in confusion at the words.

“You understand those?” you asked pointing blinding at the newspapers on the bed, raising the cover of a book you didn’t see the title of, but you recognize some Latin.

“Not a word,” Dean said standing up again while rubbing his hair with the towel, “But I have a friend here who I hope can help me”

“Oh…good” you said, trying to mask your disappointment by moving the bottles and laptop to make space for the thermos and bag.

“That meant you.” Your head snapped up blushing while Dean chuckled.

“Oh, yeah! I, uh…” You were stammering. Stop stammering Y/N! “Sure! I can help with that!”

Dean flashed a dazzling smile before he vanished into the bathroom. Shaking your head, you began pouring the coffee in the motel’s mugs.

Seconds later, Dean’s head popped out of the door.

“That smell amazing by the way”

“I know right? There this new bakery, I don’t know your taste so I just grabbed what I like”.

Finishing up with the mugs, you stood there in the middle of the room, looking around and not knowing exactly what to do. The smell of coffee filled the room like a warm hug while you turned aimlessly where you stood, nowhere to go.

When Dean finally came out fresh, dry and all smiles, you handed him a mug and watched as he sat on the bed. You stayed rooted on your feet, rocking slightly as Dean stared at you for a moment. Blinking, he patted the mattress beside him. You beamed at him as your legs ungluing from the floor and slowly made their way to him, Sitting down, you pushed the bag with the breakfast to him. You giggled slightly as he opened it, stuffing his face inside and inhaling deeply. A pleased look appeared on his face as he resurfaced, scanning the contents. His hand dove into the bag, digging and picking up a heavily sugar covered Spongada. His nose crinkled adorably as he sniffed it, turning his head to you while some granulated sugar covered his nose.

“What’s this?” His green eyes were bright like a child’s as he stared at the sugar-coated treat.

“That’s a…” you paused, trying to find some sort of American equivalent, “…a sweet focaccia, covered in granulated sugar, it tastes like…” you reached over, flicking the sugar from his face “… 
Pandoro, but I guess you don’t know what that tastes like, do you?”

“So…it’s a doughnut?” he changed the holding hand and licked the sugar crystals from his thumb.

oh, come on, really?

“hmm…kinda…yeah…close” you said clearing your voice “…but it’s baked, not fried. “

You grabbed the bag from him, choosing a simple mini apple tart before setting the bag down on the floor. Dean eyed your choice approvingly while taking a sip of coffee.

“Son of a bitch,” he moaned, eyes closing while he took another sip, “this is strong.”

“I didn’t know how you like your coffee,” you stated, watching him as he took another drink and seemed to be having a spiritual awakening, “But knowing you Americans like drinking it diluted and in big ass mugs, I tried to imitate it,” Your face pinched in disgust as you eyed your own mug, “It felt painful. And wrong.“

“Judging much?” he chuckled

“Yes,” you stated firmly, “That’s not coffee.”

“Hey!”

“I mean, what is wrong with you all? This is horrible“ you laughed, scrunching your nose after taking a sip of yours and fake gagging, “Yeah, no.You need to try a real cup of coffee” you said putting your mug on the nightstand, where it will definitely stay.

“It’s just coffee” Dean mumbled, taking a big bite of his pastry and making a mess of sugar on his face and shirt.

“And it’s cute how you think saying such things to me is not offensive or a blasphemy at all! “ you handed him a tissue, “Try dunking it in” you nodded at the mug.

Dean eye’d you for a moment, before he slowly followed your advice. Slowly retrieving the pastry, now heavy and soaked in coffee, he took a careful bite into it.

“Oh, shut up!” he groaned with his mouth full.

You smiled, watching him finish the rest of the breakfast greedily. Your own went forgotten in your lap as you watched him savor his with joy. Slurping the rest of his coffee, you followed his eyes as they longingly glanced at the apple tart hovering mid air towards your mouth. Throwing
him your best in-your-fucking-dreams glare, you finish it in one bite.

“So..” Dean said, clapping his hand and rubbing them together to get rid of the rest of the sugar, “questions?”

“Ah, yes,” you frowned, swallowing the last big bite of pastry, “I, uh, I swear I knew what I was gonna ask before coming here uhm… I have no idea where to start”.

Dean stared for a moment before settling back on the bed. An ankle of his long legs came up to rest on the other’s knee, his hands clasping to his jean covered calf as he raised a patient eyebrow at you, “How about from the beginning?”

“That can work…,” you gave a small grateful smile to the American as your body turns to him, eyes bright and hands clasped as you draw yourself up to sit cross legged next to him, “Who are you again?”

“Dean Winchester” he said straightening up “me and my brother, Sam, we hunt and, preferably, kill monsters.”

“Winchester? Like ..like the rifle?” Your head tilted slightly as you asked.

“Yeah…if that’s what you want to focus on, sure.” his lopsided grin appearing again.

“I like it,” You stated simply, “It’s very ….American.”

Dean shook his head smiling as you continued.

“You mention monsters before, right? As in there are more of them then…?” you gestured vaguely towards the door, hoping he understood your meaning.

“All of them, ghouls, wendigos, werewolf, vamps, shapeshifters, djinn, rugaru, demons…” Your eye grew bigger and bigger as Dean listed creature after creature, counting them on his fingers.

“…thirsty disgusting worms, fairies, vetalas, angels..” he continued the list almost lost in himself “…a-angels , what?” you squeaked, cutting him off at that one.

“Oh yeah but they are dicks, also…” Dean’s voice grew ominous as he raised a brow, leaning into you, “The Lochness monster? Totally real.” he smiled cocky at your small gasp, “…dragons, gods, ghosts and witches…” he shuddered, “which are just…eww , and so on. I mean I could stay here all day really” Dean stopped, studying your face as you took it all in, “you ok there kid?”.

You stood up and began pacing through the room, mumbling to yourself as you traced your steps back and forth.
“What was that?”

You raised a finger at him “Don’t call me kid,” you corrected him, not making eye contact and resumed your maniac pacing, “I said, …this is great!” Dean seemed taken aback at your response, your eyes sparkling.

“No I mean, it’s horrible and frankly terrifying, but ..oh this is gold”.

He looked positively confused now, his brows knitting together.

“Remember I told you about my studies right? Genetics, biology, biotechnology and so on, this is awesome!” you were slightly bouncing up and down excited, your enthusiasm almost contagious. At least someone can see a positive angle to this, he thought, a morbid one, but still…

“Has anyone studied them? I’m talking about anatomy, DNAs mapping, biology, tissues samples…oooh there so much to know “

“ok ok” his eyes crinkled as a chuckled reached them as he got up and stopped your excited bouncing, placing both his hands on your arms. “I kinda get your enthusiasm, but remember kid, they are monsters and hurt people you know?”

That seemed to shatter your craze, and he almost felt bad.

“Yeah…what’s up with that?… “

“… because they need it to survive, or they can’t help it. Some are provoked, but most of the times…” his eyes looked in the distance, and you noticed how his jaw clenched, concealing his rage, before refocusing and looking at you “most of the times because it’s fun. They can live without harming people, but some choose to do that anyway”

“But aren’t they living things too? I get that they are not human anymore or they never were in the first place, but can’t we cohabit?…shouldn’t it be like….aren’t we all god’s creations?”

“Damn Sam would love to have this discussion with you, believe me “he said half serious half joking. “I don’t have all the answers Y/N, I just do my job, and trust me, I’m seriously underpaid”.

“Wait, before, you mentioned angels and demons, so is there…is there really a God and a Devil? …”

“He prefers Chuck and mostly he doesn’t care , but yes there is a God. As for Satan himself, yes he exists and he’s a nasty son of a bitch that just don’t want to stay in his cage. You’ve probably seen him on the news, he was the USA President for a fun while ”

Your eyes went wide again and from your mouth escaped one of the worst profanities your language had, immediately slapping a hand on your mouth.

“I’m so sorry I didn’t mean that G- Chuck” you said to the ceiling

“Trust me he doesn’t care, he’s on holiday with his sister “

“I’m starting to think you are fucking with me there but…alright, Dean, I think it’s enough for one day, I need to go and confess my sins asap “you snorted,almost believing yourself. Dean’s grip on your arms weakened and his hands went to rest on your hips bringing you to him. You squeaked surprised.

“Oh?…and what kind of sins do you feel the need to be forgiven?” he said making it sounds so filthy. You knew he said that to change the focus of the conversation, but damn that man knew how to press the right buttons.
You blushed furiously and gently pushed against his, you took time to indulging, very firm chest, he let you go chuckling.

“I-I was joking, I’m an agnostic. I mean …I was.” Ignoring the heat from your cheeks you decided that stopping babbling was a great idea. “Anyway if it’s your job, what are you doing here?”

Letting you go he walked to the stack of newspapers, picking them up and waving them at you.

“I’m searching for signs “

“What signs?”

“Witch signs”

“oh ok, are you hunting a witch?”

He slumped on the bed, papers in hands, scratching his head. “Me and Sam, we were hunting this witch. Nothing serious, she didn’t hurt people, at least not knowingly. I don’t know what happened but we were running after her, when she and Sam disappeared. One moment they were right in front of me and the next poof, gone”. He passed a hand on his face tiredly and you sat near him, putting a hand on his shoulder, you could feel the stiffness in his muscles and you squeezed, trying to give some comfort.

“Cass couldn’t locate them, but could only tell me they weren’t in the continent,” he peered at you hesitantly, “Cass is an angel you know… and he can use some of his… angel mojo”

Your hand froze.

His what now?

“You… you have an angel as a friend? As in… Angel-angel, fluffy wings, chubby, halo and harp? Or is he just a really good friend?”

He let out a laugh “oh hell no, I did not need that image,” then still with a chuckled on his voice he said “Castiel’s family “.

You blinked, “… you ar- that’s awesome… that’s … ok”

“Anyway, probably they weren’t in America, so here I am “

“And how do you know that, this was, is the right place?”

He scratched behind his head and lowered his eyes embarrassed, “the witch, she err… she had a spaghet-… err a particular heavy accent”.

You looked silently at him stunned for a moment and then broke down laughing, “That is
incredibly insulting, “you tried to sound offended.

He groaned and looked at you mortified. Still chuckling you looked at the pile of newspapers around you.

“Ok tell me what are you looking for, I’ll help you.”

The next two hours were spent with you translating every piece of articles that Dean pushed in your face. He listened to you, pacing up and down the little room, hands on hips, brows furrowed, and mindlessly biting his lips, pausing to digit something on his laptop or refill his cup. After the fourth one, he sighed heavily, fingers pinching the bridge of his nose, placing the mug on the table, and went to inspect the various bottles, picking them up and shaking one at the time, to test if they were all empty or not.

“You might wanna go for new ones maybe?” you asked rubbing your tired eyes.

He smirked, one eye closed and the other squinting to look down the neck of the bottle, “why, no ‘it’s 10 am and you want alcohol’ nagging?” shrugging he took a sip. He shuddered, setting down the bottle again, his face badly concealing the disgust for stale warm beer left open too long.

You saw all of that while looking at him bored, legs crossed on the bed, a hand cradling your head, mushed against your cheek.

“Dude, need a reminder of where you are? 10 am it’s morning aperitivo’s time here”

“Aperi-what?”

You huffed stretching your arms over your head, “A-P-E-R-I-T-I-V-O”; you spelled tiredly, falling back onto the bed, some papers sliding off. Suddenly feeling the effects of the restless night you had.

“A great excuse to drink alcohol, eat potato chips and salted roasted peanuts mid-morning”. Rolling on your side, you curled up, newspapers crinkling under you. Your face nuzzled the space between the pillow and the mattress, they smelled like him. That unique mixture left you baffled, you knew this smell, inhaling it deeply, and you pushed your head further under the pillow, signing contently. You almost doze off when you felt the mattress dip and a warm hand squeezed your shoulder gently, you groaned.

“Yeah yeah, I’m awake, sorry” you said slowly sitting up, rubbing both hands on your face, yawning.

“Guess you didn’t sleep much last night”

“Not really. I kept thinking about what happened” you frowned as some details resurfaced “I remember you asked for iron, right? Why?”

“When touched by iron or salt the spirit vanish for a couple of minutes”

“…a couple of minutes?” panic started to settle in, “you mean ….” you got up on your knees, eye levelled with him, “you mean it’s not over yet? That… it’s still there?”

“Yep, ghost’s still kicking” he slapped the mattress getting up and walking to the chair, causing more paper sheets to slide down.

“But …all those people that disappeared!” you gasped, following him, suddenly very awake, “we have to do something!” you swatted his chest.

“Huh ouch…?” He said raising his eyebrows at you, “I know Y/N! I planned to ask you about that too” massaging his offended pecks “what do you know?”
You looked up frowning, puzzled, “know what?”

He rolled his eyes, “about the ghost, what else?”

“…why are you asking me? I don’t know, people began disappearing last month,” you mumbled as he slipped on his leather jacket, smoothing down the collar.

“So or it’s someone that recently died “he looked at you and you shook your head “…oor someone who died many, many years ago and…” he clicked his fingers “…just snapped”, your eyes focused on the leather journals that he tucked into the jacket.

This was too much craziness to assimilate in…not even half a day.

“I need a drink” you whispered, sitting down on the bed, bouncing slightly, Dean pointed at you, grinning approvingly, extending his hand he pulled you off and against his chest.

“And I, need to gank some monsters to clear my mind, do you have some musty, old ass, library in this charming little town of yours?”

After a quick trip in your car, an endless search for a parking spot, grunts and whining background sounds from the American, you were finally in front of the oldest public library in town. Founded in 1747, bombarded in 1944, it was one of your favourite spots.

When your house felt claustrophobic, you always found peace in those XVIII frescoes decorating the halls and the old branch corridors and old books’ smell. You guided Dean up the marble staircases and through the main study hall, where the oldest books were kept behind bars and lockets, for safety. Your eyes scanned the shelves as you walked to the main hall; 1256-1280, 1280-1310, 1310-1340…. the dates were insane; your hands itched to just grab those old volumes and graze the old handwritten words in faded oxidized ink. They could have been dictionaries, encyclopedias or groceries lists for all you cared.

Dean let out a low whistle, “damn this place’s old” he said looking up at the antique crystal chandelier hanging down the biggest fresco of the place. Numerous murdering eyes lifted up to the source of the noise.

“Shhh “you tugged his arm, lowering him to your level, finger on your lips, “you have to lower your voice in here” you whispered. He turned his head, “hot librarian is more of my brother’s kink, but I can see the appeal “he whispered in your ear sounding low and dangerous, hot shivers ran down your neck. Clearing your throat, you made him turn around and pushed on his back with both your hands, hiding your blushing face.

“Just….shut up, let’s go.”

Once in the archives hall you went to the librarian asking for records and articles on the Castle’s history, you gave your student ID and pointed at where you were going to sit.

Dean was slumped on the chair, where you had left him, long legs stretched under the table, hands folded on his lap and head looking up. Following his eyes, you saw that he was looking at the old fresco on the ceiling.

“Like it?” you asked looking down at him from behind, your smiling proud face hovering over his.

“I’m appreciating, but…” his eyes clouding, “Sam’s the one who would be geeking out if he was here,” he said lost in thoughts.

“You’ll find him” you patted his shoulder, his hand casually covered yours, squeezing.

“I always do “he smiled sadly and your heart hurt a little.
“So, in your free time you hunt too?” you chirped trying to ease the atmosphere a bit, “I mean we could have continued to search for the witch “

“Naaah it’s ok” he sat composed “beside we found no signs and I have an angel on it. I can’t do more for now, and if I don’t focus on something else I’ll go crazy” he grabbed the chair next to him, dragging it back for you to sit down. “Luckily, you have ghosts here too. Now that I mention it….where are your hunters? Don’t you have them here?”

“How should I know? Until yesterday, I was just another clueless human and next thing I know I’m playing piñata with a ghost. My entire world just went crazier”

“Yeah sorry for that” he sounded remorseful, jaw clenched and his throat pulsing.

“Are you kidding? I always sensed that there was something more to this life” you squeezed his arm, feeling how soft and worn the leather felt under your skin,

“Dean you just kicked down a door that was already unlocked. I feel like my life has taken a new turn, that was exactly what I needed after this year” you had said the last few words softer.

“Why? What happened?” his gaze focused on you once again. You opened your mouth to change subject, and you saw the librarian come back with a cart of books and documents. He gave both of you a pair of white gloves and instructed you how to open and handle the documents.

Dean eyed the gloves you were handing him; rolling your eyes you wiggled them at him.

“These are old and precious; you can’t just go and touch them with your greasy hands”

“Sam and you, bossing me around, terrifying” he mumbled while sliding on the gloves.

The gloves were too big and you had trouble flipping the pages with all that extra fabric obstructing your fingers’ movements, so Dean had to help you with that, leaning closer to you, his arm passing in front of your face as he turned the pages.

“The ghost appeared near the castle so I guess that’s where we should search for information?” you asked for confirmation, Dean nodded.

“You remember how it was dressed? She was a woman that’s all I saw, while choking”, his voice was low and near, his breath tickling your skin, you already felt the warmth spreading up your neck and a great need to scratch your neck made you incline your neck a bit toward him.

“Not clearly, I think she was wearing some sort of nightgown?” you grimaced “oh god that’s so cliché, a ghost of a woman in a white nightgown”.

He chuckled “At least we know that she didn’t die in this century, it’s a start. How old is the castle?”

“…the structure itself or the first settlement on that hill? because here says that the first ever human settlement dates back at the Bronze Age”

Dean’s eyes widened.

“Friggin’ Europeans,” he mouthed.

The search moved to more recent records, and you found some witnesses from the early 1800. You smacked Dean’s arm with your gloved hands claiming his annoyed attention.

“Is this hitting me every time you have something to say a habit of yours or this extend to all of you in this country?”
“Here “you whispered ignoring him, bending the lamp down to the scribbled elegant words in front of you. “It says that there was a strange death near the same spot.”

You bent over the book squinting your eyes, trying see. Huffing in annoyance, you rummage through your purse, fishing out a pair of big reading glasses. Dean watched as you put them on.

“What?” you asked bashfully.

“I don’t know if I want to pack your lunch or let you smack my ass because I forgot my homework at home”

“…”

His laugh died.

“As soon as you got out of the library, and the crisp, kinda clean air cleared your lungs, both your stomach growled. You looked at each other with pained expressions.

“So where can I eat a decent cheeseburger here?”
You sneered at that, “you wanna eat a cheeseburger? …really?” your arms opened wide before dropping down your side, turning around you began walking to in the opposite direction.

“What’s wrong with a cheeseburger? They are the best thing “he called out, “ever! “.

You stopped and turned to him, hands on hips, “you, sir, are in for a treat” you said smiling cockily “come “you motion him to follow you.

After streets, little alleys and secret squares with Dean right behind, you stopped in front of yet another old building’s wooden door. You grabbed the handle and turned to look a Dean.

“This is one of my favourite places “you pushed open the door.
A noisy warm little room, with few, little and old battered wooden tables opened in front of you. Soon you were warmly greeted by who, Dean assumed, was the owner, with big loud words, a tight hug and kissing both your cheeks, he saw as you pointed at him saying his name, the man gripped Dean’s hand strongly smiling. Entwining his arm with yours, he guided you to a little table for two, near the window, leaving the menus on the table and a pitcher of fresh mineral water.

“Do you always greet or get greeted like that by everyone?” Dean asked

“Like what?” you said distracted scanning the menu.

“…Like they are all past lovers”

“If they were past lovers I would have ignored them “you said peering at him.

“…cold “he scanned the menu but soon gave up “no English around here?” he asked annoyed.

“Not in this little place no, don’t worry I got you “

“No rabbit food “he grumbled.

“You really don’t like having no control” you said hiding a smirk behind the menu

“And you like having too much of it “he retorted.

“That I do … “you gestured at the waiter.

Placing the order for the both of you, you handed the menus back and stretched against the backrest of the chair.

“Tired?” he asked staring at his phone.

“Oh my god yes, I mean that was fun but my eyes are burning and my back hurt from bending over the books”.

“That was the easy part, I have to do the hard and sweaty one tonight “he said smirking, leaning back stretching his own back.

“You are really going to dig up those poor bones and torch them?” you studied his face, ready to call out bullshit.

“Yep”, with a popped P.

“That sound nasty….can I come?” you asked eagerly perching over the table.

“What? Of course not, what are you thinking?” his face appalled.

Your excited smile fell in a confused pout, “why?”
“You are a civilian “

“But-“

“I said no” his tone sharp and dry.

“You know that I know where she’s buried, right?” you crossed your arms leaning in, cocking an eyebrow in defiance.

“Listen to me “ he said raising a finger at you, “ tonight you go to work, and after that you go home or you go and have fun with your friends, boyfriend or girlfriend, I don’t judge and definitely curious to know the answer, but…” he said tapping your forehead with his finger at each word “ YOU. STAY. PUT”

The subject fell when the waiter came back with bread and your favourite red wine, and you sat back pouting.

“It’s just wine Dean, don’t need to make a fuss about it “you said picking up the pitcher, pouring a generous amount in his glass, Dean eyed the wine suspiciously.

“You pouring me alcohol is becoming a habit I see”

“It’s what I do best” you clicked your glass to his and gulped the whole thing down. Ugh bad decision, you felt almost immediately the effect in your now empty stomach.

“Shouldn’t you enjoy it?” Dean said teasing.

“I had quite the morning, don’t judge “you voice hoarse from the rich bitterness of the wine, and you reached for a slice of homemade rustic stone oven cooked bread.

“I never do “

took a generous sip, him too reaching for a slice, bumping into your hand. You quickly retreated yours with the bread slipping from your fingers and covering part of the table with flower that sparsely covered the carbs loaded miracle.

Swearing you blow off the powder, that flew right against Dean.

“I’m….I’m so sorry” you cried out embarrassed, already midway off your chair to help him clean himself.

He just chuckled, “you are a clumsy one” waving his hand and patting himself with the other, “I bet you’ll just stumble your way in a graveyard at night”

The guilty feeling vanished in .2 second as you snatched the olive oil bottle and covered your
bread with it, taking a bite and chewing violently looking out the windows offended.

Suddenly a riff of guitar came from his phone, his expression grew serious.

“Cass!” your ears perked up at the name “tell me you have news” you watched as he listened, his expression growing from serious to annoyed.

“Okay keep looking. How are you? You good now?” he listened to the answer and from his expression it seemed good news.

“Good, that’s good. You and Jack keep working on it, I found a hunt here in the meantime.” he paused and, eyeing you munching, did the same thing you did with the bread. “No I’m not alone. No she’s not a hunter.” he sniffed the oil covered slice, shrugged and took a bite, munching happily, until he almost choked.

“What!? No, I’m not gonna-” he peered at you and a slight blush crept on his cheeks. “It’s just a salt and burn, I don’t need help. Keep in touch “he hastily closed the call.

“Was that the angel? An angel who use a phone that’s funny .Who’s Jack? “

“You ask a lot of questions you know?” he said, eyes still watery.

The waiter interrupted the banter, placing a big oval serving dish in the middle of the table. You watched across the fumes a Dean’s face coming alive as the smell of food reached his nose, your own mouth watered knowing the delicious food you were about to eat.

“That is one of the best things in this restaurant…take a bite” you offered the first bite

He picked up a forkful, sniffing it before putting it in his mouth. He grimaced at the temperature, opening his mouth to suck in air, after cooling it.

Groaning, he chewed enthusiastically, pointing to the dish with his fork, his mouth full and smiling he raised an ‘ok’ sign.

You smiled pleased, “go easy on it, you need space for the rest,” you said taking some of it in your plate.

Dean drank some wine, swallowing the rest of the bite, “What rest?” he croaked eyeing the massive portion of the plate in front of him.

Tilting your head you smiled slowly, Dean’s hand slowly put back the bread in the basket.
[edited]Salt,fuel,matches . It’s simple

Chapter Summary

prev:
“good, that’s good. You and Jack keep working on it, I found a hunt here in the meantime. No I’m not alone. No she’s not a hunter. What!? No I’m not gonna-“ he peered at you and a slight blush crept on his cheeks. “it’s just a salt and burn, I don’t need help. Keep in touch “ he hastily closed the call .

“Was that the angel? An angel who use a phone that’s funny .Who’s Jack “

“You ask a lot of questions you know?”

Chapter Notes

This is my first Supernatural fanfic. Heck the first fanfic in years and the first in english.
If you have time to post some review it’ll be great, just to know how it’s doing. I’m having fun writing it and I’d like to know if you too are at reading it
Not english native and this is not beta-tested, so if there are mistakes along the way I’m sorry. I’m trying to improve on my written english.
I imagined this to go a long way just because I have lots of ideas, the first act will not be set in the USA, but in my country (you’ll discover it pretty soon).
This is written with the Y/N formula.

You both insisted on paying, and the polite banter quickly degenerated into an animated, wine fueled argument during the walk back at the car;

“Why you-” Dean halted, after minutes in petty silence, raising a finger at you and a fist to his mouth, covering a silent burp followed by a little hiccup. Adorable you thought, but crossed your arms annoyed, waiting.

…“you are so stubborn” he finally finished.

“look who’s talking!” you barked, shaking your head resuming the walk “ why would you insist on paying?”

Dean made a little sprint to catch up with you , “ and why in the hell wouldn’t you let me?”

Waving your hand in dismissal, you side glanced him “ because there was no need for that”

“No need fo-”

“Look, I’m the one that invited you,and ordered a 3 course meal. You think I’d make you pay for it?…you—” , your turn to be interrupted by an alcohol induced hiccup, you covered your mouth with your fingers closing your eyes and took a deep breath, “—know how rude that sounds?”

Your steps were brisk and energetic but he didn’t have any problem keeping up. “I only accepted you to pay half because I didn’t want to make a scene”, you blushed recalling the argument at the
“What did he said?” he asked curious.”I saw those wiggling eyebrows he made at you”

Not gonna tell him that in the owner’s eyes we needed to resolve the issue in private, preferable wrapped in sheets, “nothing”

“mmh mmh” He mused as we approached a big open square, “my belly is too full to argue anyway”.

You slowed down and raised your face to the warm winter sun and enjoyed how it tingled on your skin. The wine were making you feel drowsy and you started leaning slightly to Dean’s side, he noticed your growing unsteady pace and gently reached for your arm, entwining it with his.

“Sweetheart, I think you should rest, you’re sleepwalking“

“Mmm I know “ you yawned, stretching, “ but I wanna help” , he chuckled and tugged you, walking faster.

The car wasn’t that distant and you soon reached it, he silently asked for the keys which, with little resistance, you threw at him before slipping in the passenger seat groaning like an old man. Dean struggling with the seat, trying to fit in, grunting when finally it moved back and started the car.

As the car rolled onto the traffic, a persistent beeping sound was drilling into both your ears.

“You need to wear the seat-belt you crazy ass american” you murmured and at the first red traffic light, you unfastened yours and propped on your knees, slowly reaching across him.

You thought you heard a sharp intake of breath near your ear,as you used his tight to balance yourself to grab the hook and fastening his seat belt just as the red light turned into green.

The muffled sound of the engine and the background music from the radio lulled you, sunlight dancing on your eyelids, and after the third time that your head dropped, you heard Dean chuckle, saying something about being a child or something. Even for the season the sun still felt warm at that hour, and your head turned toward that warm rays that were settling on him. He peered down at you as you made yourself comfortable on his shoulder and he didn’t seem to mind when you started to drift off. His voice reached you muffled, like you were underwater, but you still babbled some kind of answer at his unheard question, nuzzling your cheek against him. You stayed like this, between sleep and reality until you felt the car stops.

“Good nap?” he asked you as you unbuckle your seatbelt.

“Comfy” you cracked your neck stretching, “I’m awake, I’m awake,“ you said yawning, you could feel the little tears at the corner of your eyes.

“So at what time you start tonight?” he asked worried as you barely climbed out the car.

“Mm 18…no sorry-” you mumbled, “…it’s…6 PM “ putting emphasis on pm “ right…?”

“Hey ..hmm , listen “, you squinted your eyes as he scratched the back of his head, playing with
your car keys, “don’t take this the wrong way, but you seem pretty tired to drive home”,
“‘s fine, really,” you were definitely not fine, your eyes barely stayed open.
“How about you rest for a bit… in my room?”
Your eyes widened and you blushed furiously “huh? “
“D-don’t give me that look! you just…” he fisted one hand in his pockets, fingers rubbing his ear,
“…just take a nap while I do my stuff ,other stuff, hunting stuff”.
“You won’t touch me?”
He eyed you uncertain “…is that one of those tricky questions with no right answers?

Once in the room, legs dragged you directly to the bed, sighing with relief when you fell forward, face squashed on the sheets. The room hasn’t improved since this morning.
“How come they didn’t clean the room? “You asked with your face pressed on the mattress, letting out only muffled sounds.
“Come again?” You could hear Dean moving around the room, picking up stuff and throwing bottles in the trash can. You turned your head to the noises; your face covered in your tangled hair, blowing some of them out your mouth and repeated the question.
“I can’t have people tidying my crap. They could find something not safe finding. Well…I don’t have my weapons here but I guess it has become an habit now.”
“That’s not an excuse for his dump” you chuckled weakly and did not hear his offended answer.
You woke up to the sound of a metallic thud. Groaning and stretching you found yourself tangled up in Dean’s scented sheets, he must have covered you.
“Rise and shine” he chanted.
Poking your head from under the covers, you smoothed down the bird nest you now had on your head, your eyes focused on him. He was sitting on the chair, legs crossed and propped up on the desk, a beer in one hand and the leather diary in the other. You quickly checked if you had drooled and climbed out of the bed, running in the bathroom to see the state of your face.
Meh could be worse.
Once in the room again, with decent hair, you noticed a bag from the store across the street and a —
“Is that a shovel? “You pointed at the object casually leaning on the wall. Dean followed your finger.
“I sure hope so”
“Oh my god you are really gonna dig up a grave” you laughed and quickly covered your mouth with your sleeve, “I’m sorry I don’t know why I laughed, it’s just so…. what’s in the bag?”

“Salt, lighter fluid and matches”.

You peeked inside “ and what have we here? “ you chuckled reaching to grab a handful of candies and chocolate bars, letting them fall into the bag one by one, “Is this to lure the ghost too, Dean?”.

“…I’m testing the local products “ he replied on the defensive. You selected your favourite, unwrapping it and took a bite while eyeing the diary in his hand.

“Can I see what’s up with that now?” He peered at you again and handed it to you. You could feel it was something of great importance to him, putting down the snack, rubbing your hands on your jeans, you took it with both hands.

You caressed the cover, it was good quality leather, time, hands and god knows what else had made it smooth and soft. You opened the first page and on the left, you found several military medals, one that read Rifle expert.

“Are you military?” a feel of dread bubbled up inside you, but you quickly dismissed it.

“No, my father was a Marine “

You noticed a black and white photo of a man with a rifle, you took it out to read behind it and you saw two letters printed on the leather.

“H.W…is this your father’s journal?”

“Grandfather, Henry Winchester, he never got to use it so it passed onto my dad”.

You placed the photo back with care in its place and turned your attention on the pages on the right.

Page after page you realized that this was a monsters manual.

How to kill your monster 101.

There were so many information, so many details, drawing, schemes, and probably many other gruesome things. You tried to register all that you could while absent minded walking to the bed, sitting down, never taking your eyes off that gold mine.
Dean sat silently watching you hungrily reading his father’s diary. He snorted thinking of how similar to Sam’s, your expression was.

He studied you.

You seemed pretty normal to him, a short, cute, funny girl, like many others, surprisingly easygoing and open-minded. He knew you were smart, you shamelessly told him that and he actually believed you. However, he shifted in his seat, there was something else; you were brave and curious and he could see how much you wanted a way out of your little world. A terrifying thought came in his mind…you could fit the life, hunter or woman of letters, you would be just fine and he didn’t like it one bit.

He shook his head. No no, you had a life, he couldn’t take it from you, and he would never do such a thing voluntary.

“Dean! Are you listening?”

“Uh what? Yes, no sorry…. what?” His eyes followed you around the room as you picked up your things.

“I said that I have to go home “ you whined, facing him.

“Aww already miss me?” his legs came down, resting wide open like the stupid grin on his face.

You smiled walking up to him, your hand on the desk for leverage, you bent down, your face closing in on his. Letting your lips graze past his ear as you placed the diary behind him. Backing up you stared at his eyes, God you wanted to kiss him so badly, lips lusciously parted and you could see his tongue slightly peaking out, daring you to give in.

No you could not; you knew you would just hurt yourself, again. You settled on his cheek, lingering more than necessary, his light scruff grazing your lips.

“Thank you” you said moving back slowly.

“For what?” he whispered dazed.

“I think today was the best day I had in… a really long time” , you paused straightening up, “it was great to feel useful to someone, again,” you smiled sadly, “I really need to go or I’ll be late for work”.

Before opening the door, you turned your head a little, watching him above your shoulder, “if you’ll need help again, just call…please.”

After closing the door, you stood still a moment, looking back at it again, squeezing the leather strap of your bag you started walking out of the motel.
“Y/N!” Y/N called you for the third time, waving the rag she was using to clean the counter top in front of you.

“…WHAT? “ You snapped back.

“Woah hey there” she backed with her hands up, “welcome back, where were you?”

“I...what?” You felt the beer foam dribbling down the glass you were filling, you swore and angrily cleaned the mess before placing the glass violently on the tray, spilling things around again.

“What’s happening? You are not yourself tonight”

“…” you avoided her eyes, cleaning your work station.

She looked at you while you were searching for an excuse, but you knew you couldn’t fool her. “I’ve met someone” you caved in, flinching knowing the reaction it would cause.

As you had expected, the rag swatted in your face, followed by a little smack on your ass.

“YES! FINALLY, WHO? WHERE? WHEN? HE CUTE?” She almost shouted, making several head turning in your direction.

“Shhh… here bring these to table 6, and then I’ll tell you “you said pushing the drinks in her direction.

“Bitch, an American?!?!?” she spluttered later when you were on a smoke break. “Damn girl, I am jealous. What is he doing here, like...here?”

You told her how you came to meet Dean Winchester, not mentioning the ghost part.

“err...He is here for a job...with his brother” You said trying not to laugh.

“Sooooo ...come on girl, describe him, gimme something” she said stealing back your shared cigarette from you.

“Uhm let’s see….obviously he’s taller, like, uh...this” standing on your tiptoes, with your hand up to were his head would be, “…and something. Dark blonde or light brown hair I can’t decide. Green eyes.” She made a dreamy face, “like...really green.” you stole the halfway cigarette back, “ I didn’t even know a shade like that existed”. You didn’t see it but her eyes softened, “…and he has freckles “

“Oh my god “she faked a swoon, leaning on the brick wall behind her.

“I know!” You paused and then chuckled to yourself, “you know how the terms ‘cute’ and ‘delicate features’ for a guy, are not usually followed by ‘ I want to spend the rest of my life in bed with him’ and ‘I wanna have all his green eyed babies?’ You said, letting your tongue loose just for that little bit, nicotine induced low pressure being at fault, “well all of that ” you gestured at nothing, “can be applied to him, it’s ridiculous. You know Emma Stone in Crazy Stupid Love when Ryan Gosling takes off his shirt and she’s all outraged and offended that he looks so good?”

She whistle “ fuck if I know”

“Well same...fucking relatable. ”
“I have to see him; I need a piece of that” she said grabbing your shoulder.

“You have a boyfriend Y/F/N”

“…oh shut up, you no fun“

During the rest of the shift, you did your best to describe the rest of Dean to her, between orders. You found all the others little details that you didn’t even knew you knew.

Slightly pointy canine teeth, the way his eyes crinkled when he smiled and his mouth, oh lord, those lips were illegal. His bowed legs nicely wrapped in those lived washout jeans.

You remembered how his muscle flexed when he was fighting the ghost, how he smelled and how firm his chest was when he held you. How his voice did things to your heart and how his lust-filled flirting eyes did things to other things. You unconsciously squeezed your legs, biting your lips.

Damn it hormones and abstinence were a dangerous pair.

Yeah, he was definitely pleasing to the eyes but that wasn’t all that there was. He was also hilarious and flirty and you could feel that there was so much more behind that. Judging from his line of work, he had to be brave, strong and smart, and his eyes, apart for that otherworldly colour, hid something else, a certain awareness, secrets and knowledge beyond your comprehension, and you sensed he just gave you a speck of what he really knew.

It was not enough, it was definitely not enough, and you wanted more.

Looking at your watch, out of the bar windows and at your friend, your mind was made up.

“Y F/N take my place“you called at her while ripping the apron from your waist and dashing behind the counter to grab your things.

“What?”

“I need to go” you whispered rushing past her and to the door, opening it violently and running out.

“Where are you going?” she yelled, running after you.

You stopped, turned and grabbed her shoulders.

“You don’t understand I NEED TO GO “You laughed brightly, out of breath. She nodded confused and you took off again.

“Text me!” she shouted.

The car tires screeched and you jumped out, running past the desk and you were in front of Dean’s room. Catching your breath, you knocked vehemently a couple of times, no answer.

“Fuck, he’s already there”

You couldn’t drive faster, it was a miracle that you arrived at the cemetery in one piece, but smiled when you saw another car there.

Taking off your coat for practicality, you were now in t-shirt and jeans, the late winter cold still making you shiver, you remembered the iron rule and went to grab the crowbar you had found in the garage at home this afternoon. Walking around the perimeter, you saw that a branch from the tree near the entry, went over the fence.

Throwing your weapon over the wall to the other side, you rubbed your sweaty nervous palms on
your shirt, as you prepared to attempt to climb the tree. You were lucky there was a trashcan right under it, you used it like a step.

Climbing on top of it hadn’t be hard and you wobbling prepared to take the leap, “ok Y/N on the count of three. 1…..” you swung your arms back and forth “ 2…… and 3!” . You halted yourself, “ dammit, come on “ you scolded, slapping your thighs.

1…2….3!

You hit the branch with your chest, the impact knocking all the air off you. You managed to not fall by clinging on with your elbows,scraping them.

“Shit “ hissing as the stinging pain that flared up your arms and hip you wiggled your dangling legs comically. Earning enough momentum you squeezed your abs and lifted your body, straddling the branch, “definitely need to do more push up”.

Crawling on all fours, you crossed the fence carefully.

Finally over the other side, you collapsed on the branch, taking a break to catch your breath, all four limbs dangling, the strong smell of humidity, wood and moss relaxed you a bit. Pushing with your hand you sat and looked down, rubbing the back of your wrist over your cheek, “ok, that doesn’t look so high”.

Taking a deep breath you swung to the side, fingers digging into the tree bark, and you were now a few feet from the ground, hanging.

The fingers slipped on wet moss before you could prepared to the landing on the ground beneath, where your chucks slipped and your ass kissed the wet grass.

“Great !” you stayed there, laying on the grass that was soaking your shirt and looking at the dark clouds as they moved, revealing the half moon shining. “ I’m breaking and entering, in a cemetery, police station just around the corner… it’s cool Y/N, it’s cool”.

With a groan you rolled over and got up using the light from your phone, to scan the ground for the crowbar, “Ah there you are!” .

You picked it up and with the other hand opened the map on your phone, where you had marked the grave.

“Find the bones, find the American”.

Ever been in a graveyard in winter? at night? It’s fucking creepy. This was a bad idea, a very bad idea. Who made me do this?
You know who, you thirsty bitch

Come on you know why! adventure, mysteries, the supernatural!

Shut up the both of you!

Every statue looked like a person, a creepy person, or a ghost or whatever else lurked in the dark, now that you knew that was a possibility.

You tripped over everything you couldn’t see and scolded at your traitors feet, Dean’s words ‘I bet you’ll just stumble your way in a graveyard at night’, echoed in your mind.

Holding on the crowbar as if your life depends on it, which in this case it was, you started walking down the dark path deep into the ancient part of the graveyard. After the 5th root you stumbled on, your eyes finally got used to the dark and you could see things better, you heard some noises, grave digging ones, you hid behind a tombstone but didn’t see anyone or anything but a mound of dirt near a marble tombstone, shining in the moonlight.

Suddenly you heard wood cracking sounds and right after a figure climbing out from the hole. The shadow stretched and groaned when it bent down to pick something from the ground.

At that moment, you felt your skin shiver as you recognize the same flickering form of the last time. Before you could even think, your legs moved on their own and came out from your hiding spot, running toward the ghost. You had time to see who you hoped was Dean, launching to the side, while you swung the crowbar. This time you didn’t close your eyes and you watched as the spirit disappeared, and in his place a very stunned Dean.

You stared at the crowbar in your hands, and at Dean again, stupefied.

“That…. was…. AWESOME “you said excited, jumping a little. “Did you see that? Oh my God “.

Dean blinked as you helped him up, his face turned sour , “what the hell are you doing here?” he barked, snatching the crowbar from your hands.

“…saving your ass?”, you sassed back concealing the hurt and surprise at his outburst

He approached you menacing, and you took a step back, he was faster and his hand closed on your upper arm with a steel grip.

“Didn’t I tell you to stay put?” his grip tightened painfully, fingers digging.

“Dean you are hurting me, let me go” you shook your arm.

“WHAT DID I TELL YOU?” he didn’t listen and shook you slightly dragging you closer, his face looming close to yours.

“STOP YELLING AT ME” you barked back, raising your chin even if your legs were shaking. His fiery eyes boring holes into yours, his breath was warm on your cold skin, you were close, so close. Both angry and out of breath, you saw his eyes quickly focusing down on your mouth, you did the same as he licked his lips , his grip loosened, shifting down, where you scratched yourself on the tree and you cried out at the stinging pain.

Dean immediately let you go as if your skin burned him, at the same time you both felt colder and you saw the spirit appear again.

“I’ll take care of this; you take care of the bones. Salt, fuel, matches” He instructed you.

You didn’t need him to repeat it twice, scrambling to the grave, slipping on the fresh dirt patches
that covered the ground.

Looking down the hole you barely made up some pale bones kept together by the ratty, worn out yellow nightgown, pouring the salt on them, you quickly emptied the can of flammable fluid onto it, then lit the matches.

“Should I say something?” you called out to Dean who was trying to not get strangled again.

“Just… grill the bitch!” he yelled back.

“Burn, Baby Burn “you sang letting the lit matches fall down the hole.

As soon as the bones caught fire, the girl screamed and disappeared in a ball of fire, leaving nothing behind.

Dean was catching his breath, hands on his knees and ,when he shifted his gaze on you with a hard angry look, you felt like a child that got caught stealing cookies.

“Well that was easy”, you joked nervously, trying to lighten the mood. He clearly wasn’t feeling it as he retrieved your weapon from the ground in silence. He strode past you and picked up his shovel, tossing both of them in his duffel bag that was laying on the grass.

“..Dean “you began, but he silenced you lifting up a finger, not looking at you, his jaw clenched. He threw the bag on his shoulder and started walking. You stood there like a fool, near a dug up tomb, freezing your ass off.

“ let’s go” he ordered and you quickly scurried to him, stumbling over some rock again.

You walked silently side by side, with you stealing glances at him while his stare remained hard and fixed ahead, you could see the tension in his stance.

God this is awkward, you thought, you couldn’t take it, picking up your steps you stood in front of him, blocking his path.

“Listen Dean, I’m sorry I disobeyed you” you said air quoting the ‘disobeyed’ part, because fuck that honestly, “but really… can you blame me?”

He dodged you and resumed walking.

Sighing heavily you grabbed his arm trying to make him turn to face you, but his stance was solid rock and he didn’t even move an inch.

“Oh per Dio, why are you being like this? “ you asked frustrated throwing your hands up in the air.
“I told you to stay out of this,” he snapped, turning to look at you.

“Yeah, so? You are not the boss of me, and this is a public space,” you waved your hand around “I…kinda”.

He let his eyes assessing your conditions now that there was more light, provided from the lampposts, your jeans were muddied and probably a bit wet from the dewy grass, your white sneaker were no longer so, you had only a humid T-shirt covering your torso and you were shivering, he noticed the bloody scrapes on your arms when he followed your hands as you tried to rub the cold away. Your face was flushed and he could see you were trying to control your breath, your left cheek had a streak of mud,your eyes shining and dark with excitement and adrenaline, but your expression was hurt and confused. He lifted his hand and you flinched, he paused before reaching up to rub your cheek, wiping off the mud and the pieces of bark. Staring at you again, he let the bag slips from his shoulder to the ground and he shrugged off his jacked handing it to you.

“…Thanks “you said softly as you engulfed yourself in his scent and warmth.

“You look like a kid playing dress up.” He chuckled softly as you whacked his chest,offended, with the sleeve that fell way past your hand.

“Let’s go” he said picking up the bag and motion you to go ahead.

“Am I forgiven?…not that there is anything to forgive, I mean–”

“shut up “ he said trying to sound angry.

“ok…..” you said trying to walk at his pace “I did well tho “you said bumping into him.

“Yeah…yeah you did “He granted you, turning his head to hide a smile.

Once at the gate, he helped you climb the fence.

Your feet slipped on the wet iron and lost balance falling back into Dean, who had his hands up to catch you, and he did catch you…he caught your ass specifically.

“Err sorry, I slipped “you babbled embarrassed.

“By all mean slip anytime you want” he chuckled, squeezing hard; yelping you quickly grabbed the fence once more, and clumsily landed on the other side. He threw the duffel bag, that landed beside you with a metallic sound and then made a big spectacle of agility with which he landed right next to you, not breaking a sweat, wiping his hands on his shirt.

“I gather you are used to break and entering?”
“Kid, you have no idea”

“So” he began “that was a quick salt and burn, things should be back to normal now“

“Thank you“

“No…ah.. I should be thanking you… again”

An awkward silence fell between you two. Dean scratched his head, while you tighten the jacket around you, looking at the ground, your back pressed against the car door.

He cleared his throat. “…look, I’m sorry I snapped at you before. I freaked out a bit, usually people I like don’t end up in pretty places”

A pool of hot blood rushed to your face, “you barely know me”.

His cocky grin made a great comeback, his hand came to rest on the car, beside your head, the other busy holding the duffel bag straps over his shoulder.

“That can be easily fixed sweetheart” he said leaning in, and you pressed yourself against the car, eyes growing wide

Your fingers fidgeted with the jacket lapels before slowly peeling it off, Dean’s surprised but interested gaze followed your hands. With the heavy fabric slipping down your shoulders, pooling at your elbows, you reached out to touch his chest. Dean’s smile faltered a bit before widening as he lowered his head to meet yours. “I…” you whispered “should give this back” and gently pushed him back.

He blinked as if finally focused on you handing him his jacket.

“This jacket, it’s your Dad’s right? It looks a bit big on you; I can’t use something so important”.

His eyes lost all the confusion and were now both soft and sad, “keep it until we go back to the motel,” he said, throwing the bag in the trunk.

You froze “a-at the motel?”

“I need to clean those, Y/N “ he said pointing with his head at your arms.

“I can do tha-“

“Please…humour me, ok?”

“…Alright”

You looked at yourself in the motel bathroom’s mirror, your t-shirt was covered in moss and pieces of bark from the tree, your braided hair were a mess, the loose strands sticking out in every direction, as you disentangle that mess, twigs, and little leaves, trapped between the strands, fell into the sink.

Noticing a cut under your chin that you didn’t felt before, you washed your face from the dirt, the stinging sensation on your arms caught your attention, and you let the water run warm, you took off your top letting it fall on the ground and grimaced once you noticed that you also scraped your right hip bone, jeans’ fabric rubbed against it.

Unfastening your jeans, you pushed them down a little so they wouldn’t chafe on the scrapes. Wetting a towel under the warm water with soap, you tried to clean what you could.

“Y/N, here I brought you a cle-” Dean walked in without knocking and froze once his eyes set on you, wearing only loose jeans pushed a bit down and bra.
“…” you blushed seeing how he let his eyes ranking your body with a little pleased smile, and waited for him to stop staring, until you cleared your throat.

“…I- here a clean shirt “eyes glued to the ground he came closer and handed you a dark grey plaid flannel shirt.

Saying the shirt was big is not enough, the sleeves were inches past your hands, the hem reached almost past mid-tight, and the fabric at the top kept sliding off your shoulder, but it was dry, warm, comfy and smelled like him. When you walked into the room, you saw Dean sitting in the chair that he dragged to the end of the bed, he motioned you to sit down in front of him.

“Let me look at those ”

“It’s nothing really, they don’t even sting” you lied, but his face made you obey him anyway.

Lifting your arms, you wiggled them, letting the fabric slide up almost to the shoulders, exposing the scrapes.

His warm hand kept you still while he cleaned the cuts, he was extremely gentle and thorough.

“Are you used to this?” you asked peering at his focused face.

“Are you kidding? With my work? This is nothing” he chuckled, letting go of your arm, he lifted his left sleeve and you could see faint white silvery scars and more recent ones.

You shifted to look closely, the movement made your jeans rub the hip wound, and you hissed.

“Stand up”

You comply and nervously rubbed the hem of your shirt before slowly pulling it up until you bared your skin, your underwear visible with your jeans unclasped and pulled down. You looked at the ceiling shifting on your feet, embarrassed.

“How did you manage this?” he asked and your breath hitched when you felt his thumb caressing just under your hip bone, he pulled you closer, between his legs, both his hands gripping your hips.

“I forgot that I was too short to climb a tree, used a trash can to gain some height but still ended up dangling like an ass from the branch, trying to– “

He snorted, bending his head forward, his hair tickling your skin, shoulders trembling as he laughed.

“–yeah so funny, thanks”
He lifted his head, peering up at you, “it is pretty funny, yes”.

“shut up” you covered your mouth with the shirtsleeve looking away embarrassed, both because it was funny and because seeing him down there looking hot as hell, affected you, no lie.

Still chuckling, after he treated the area, he carefully pulled the shirt back down and pulled you down to sit on the bed, gently took your chin between his finger and examined that too. With his face so close you could almost count all the freckles, and the slight shadow beard really looked good on him, you almost whimpered when he bit his lips in concentration while taking care of the scrapes on your face.

He shifted his gaze to yours winking “There all clean and disinfected properly”

“Thank you Doctor” you said faking immense relieve and you saw his head perking up and his gaze changing to a lewd one.

“You’re welcome”.

Now that you were almost at the same eye level, he closed in on you again and whispered in your ear, “I don’t have any candy for you I’m afraid”, his light scruff gently scraping your skin and you squeaked, pushing him away by reflex, a surprised look on his face.

“Y-your beard, it tickles,” you saw him feeling his jaw with his hand “but it suits you, I mean … you look ho- nice, you look nice…uhm I should go now”you quickly added blushing and sitting up. You scrambled around the room picking up your stuff, but Dean’s voice stopped you cold.

“Why did you come?” he asked neutrally, you felt he wasn’t angry anymore, just curious.

“…I don’t know “you stood there in the middle of the room, your bag, coat and shirt piled on your arms, looking at the floor, “ I just felt like…. I had to “.

“Had to?”
You met his gaze; he was staring as if he was testing you, bent toward you, elbows on his knees and hands entwined under his chin. You almost felt like this was a decisive moment, suddenly you prayed that your answer, at whatever the real question was, would be the right one.

“What you told me about the things that hide in the dark; I did not took it lightly. I spent the entire night thinking about it.” you raised your eyes, “now that I know that, what do I do with this knowledge?” Passing a hand through your hair you started to get emotional, the adrenaline wearing off, “I mean I can’t keep seeing the world as it was before” you said using one arm to gesture the whole room, “I shouldn’t ignore this, I can’t ignore this. It’s like… I have a duty now, an obligation to the rest of the world and the people who will never know.” you were pacing back and forth now, he followed you with his eyes.

“I have this incredible knowledge, I should do something about it and not waste it. I own that much …I think”.

You lifted your eyes to him, he didn’t move a muscles but he was studying you. When you started to feel uncomfortable under his gaze, he stood up, walking slow and cautious, toward you.

“This life, my life, the hunting life, it’s hard.” his voice low and dangerous. “There is no apple pie routine. It’s constant travel, it’s creepy, disgusting motels stops and cheap food. It’s plaid shirts, and whatever dispensable cheap clothes you can put your hands on, it’s dirty and gruesome.”

His eyes looked distant, “it’s not always kill the monster, sometimes it’s kill the child monster or an entire family. It’s having to always look at your back because someone got away and maybe they want revenge.”

He stopped inches from you, your gaze captured by his.

“And it’s lonely; you can’t have a family or a partner and expect to keep them out of this, it
never…ever works .”

You saw it in his eyes that he knew what he was talking about. “Everything this life touch, considered it soiled, ruined.” His gaze fell on his raised palms like they were stained, “… and it’s not a long life either, it’s painful,” he touched your scraped chin with his fingers, “ it’s having to sew your own wounds, and it’s lies on lies and breaking laws. And it’s underpaid, don’t expect medals or to be thanked for your work. Also…” he continued with a sad smirk, reaching out behind you, “ alcohol …” he said dangling a cheap whiskey bottle in front of you “ lots of it “

You adsorbed everything he said and kept quiet for a moment while you searched the right words that were dancing in your mind.

He took your silence as a change of mind and he walked past you to open the door for you, a chance to get out now, and he was startled by how much he was regretting that already.

You followed him and before he could open the door completely you slammed it shut by placing yourself in between, your back against the door.

“That sounds unpleasant, but it’s not all there is right?” you placed a hand on his chest.

“You help people” you kept your eyes down, “you help people when they think they are going crazy, you are there when their worlds and lives change, when they think no one would ever believe them , you give them an explanation, a reason for what they are experiencing, an explanation that no one else could give them.”

Shit I’m getting emotional you thought as you heard your voice crack.

“ It’s not about what this life does for you, is it?” you decided to raise your eyes to his, and fuck that hasn’t be a great idea, you blinked trying to dry your eyes. “It’s also what you do to make this world a better place, not looking for glory or rewards but staying and living in the shadows because if the whole world knew, I think that would freak some people out . We are lucky to have people like you and your brother to save our asses, sacrificing yours. And… “

You gently took his hand in yours, lowering your eyes again, thumb drawing circles on his skin.

“…. I ‘m so very very grateful Dean Winchester” you said, looking him in his eyes again, because he needed to see.

Dean avoided your grateful gaze like he had burned him, like he was not worth it. You placed a hand on his cheek, turning his face to look at you.

“You saved my life that night Dean, and I will forever be in your debt”

You thought you saw his eyes shine before he bent his head, placing his forehead against the door.
with a thud. You heard him taking in a shaky breath and you shifted your hand down on his chest. Next thing you know you were engulf in a breath-taking hug that trapped your arms between your bodies, the only thing you could do was balancing on the tips of your toes and placing your head in the crook of his neck.
Chapter Summary

“You saved my life that night Dean and I will forever be in your debt”

You thought you saw his eyes almost teary before he closed the space between you, placing his forehead against the door. You heard him taking in a shaky breath and you shifted your hand down on his chest. Next thing you know you were engulf in a breath-taking hug that trapped your arms between your bodies, the only thing you could do was balancing on the tips of your toes and placing your head in the crook of his neck.

Chapter Notes

This is my first Supernatural fanfic. Heck the first fanfic in years and the first in english.
If you have time to post some review it'll be great, just to know how it's doing. I'm having fun writing it and I'd like to know if you too are at reading it
Not english native and this is not beta-tested, so if there are mistakes along the way I'm sorry. I'm trying to improve on my written english.
I imagined this to go a long way just because I have lots of ideas, the first act will not be set in the USA, but in my country (you’ll discover it pretty soon).
This is written with the Y/N formula.

You felt Dean moving, freeing you from that bear hug, looking up you found but a wall of your hair blocking the view, the strands caught in his short beard and he chuckled, tucking them behind your ear.

Pressed between Dean and the door, his arms around you, lips inches apart, you couldn’t help but feeling your knees trembling, here it is again, that moment in which nobody know what to do. Watching the ‘will they or will they not’ scene from above, you scoffed at the cliche of the situation.

Your sharp intake of breath when you saw his eyes studying you carefully, brought you down to earth. He was trying to read something you wasn’t sure was there, but you knew that you would certainly die there on the spot if he kissed you.

You wanted it? Hell yeah!

Were you ready? Hell no!

Were you going to stop him? …Yeah..?

Were you strong enough to stop him? Fuck no!

You were panicking when the phone rang, distraction.

Oh thank sweet baby Jesus!, “…sorry it’s- it’s my colleague” you said and slipped out of his arms.
Dean silently leaned on the door, crossing his arm and looking at you while you answered the phone, flustered and agitated during the call. He watched as you paced around the room back and forth, gesturing wildly, his shirt dangling long past her hands made the whole scene comical and he had to cover his mouth, hiding a chuckle.

“Everything’s alright?” He asked once you slipped the phone back in your bag.

“Yeah, just my boss freaking out because I left work like that. My friend covered for me, so I’m good” you began to put on your jacket “I… need to go, early morning tomorrow. I have class.” you said without looking at him, “thanks for…. taking care of the cuts and the shirt, and the rest.. um” ,you picked up your stuff on the way to the door. He mocked a bow, sliding to the side, opening the door for you and you stuck out your tongue.

You turned thrusting a finger in his face.

“Don’t go anywhere; I have to give you back the shirt”

“I’m not going anywhere “

“Ok”

“Ok”

“Good night”

“Good night” he chuckled as he watched you stumbling down the corridor.

Next morning you woke up horribly, nothing new there, you were not a morning person, but add the nightmares and discomfort caused by the cuts, and you won the ‘i slept like shit ‘ package.

You couldn’t lie to yourself, what you saw the night before, creeped the fuck out of you as much as it thrilled you. Setting fire to a 1800 skeleton, its friendly ghost going out in flames screaming? helluva first date.

That was not a first date Y/N

So yeah … nightmares, well at least you didn’t have wet dream about Dean …yet, that would be disastrous.
Sliding out of the bed, you went about your morning routine like always and in 50 min you were on your way to the train station. Trains were late and disgusting as always, you found your usual seat near the window, earphones on, gaze out as the train left the station.

“If what happened yesterday had to keep me awake, I should try to profit from it.”

You pulled out a notebook and a pen from your bag and the next hour was spent trying to write down everything that happened, methodically just like any other lab report you always had to compile.

-“The form which they appear is the one they had when the death occurred” also, form wasn’t transparent, it looked solid and pale.

-“Possibility of touching the living and harming them”

-‘Observed heightened strength and teleportation powers’

-‘Method of manifestation witnessed: sudden temperature drop, flickering of present electric devices’

You left blank spaces here and there for comments and future addictions, and sides note where you needed to ask Dean for clarifications. He did give you a brief introduction on the subject. How and why dead people become ghosts, where they stay when they couldn’t pass on, and how they are not all bad, but eventually they all go crazy, after decades in the veil.

-‘Weak spots: iron and salt to keep them away’

Why those two compounds? How those two elements could possibly harm a ghost that way? Was it something in the molecular structure? Maybe the binding energy between the atoms? What about the physical form? Would salt and iron in other form still harm them? What about mixing them together? or was it only for what they represented? You grew frustrated with how many unanswered questions you had.

-‘Best way to take care of them is in the form of fire. Find the remains of the deceased, cover them with salt and anything flammable and set them on fire.’

Dean also told you that if the spirit still haunts after burning the body, it means that it was attached to something else, like an object or even a person, same methods for that too.

Once you were satisfied with what you gather you created the outline of a list, and as first entry,
you wrote:

-Catalina Vivenzi: died in 1873
cause of death: unknown, but death occurred by heart attack

Manifested: solid form.

Could interact with the living and ambiance, didn’t speak. Even if the cause of death is unknown, the passing was probably violent, causing the soul to be trapped in the veil and, overtime, the inexorable switch to a vengeful nature.

Aftermath: 3 disappearances, probably deceased. (Check for possible ghosts, ask Dean!)

Method: Salt & Burn of remains

Outcome: Positive

You sighed, closing the notepad, caressing it and looking at the landscape outside. There was still so much to learn.

Dean was pacing in his hotel room, constantly glancing at his phone. “Come on Cass!” Just then, the angel name appeared on the screen.

“Dean “

He looked at the screen again frowning, he shrugged, “Jack, any news?”

“Yes, Castiel and I found something. It’s actually very fascin-“, Dean heard some noises and a curse. “um…Jack?”

“Dean” Castiel’s raw voice replaced Jack’s.

“Hey Cass, I’ll put you on speaker,” he said rubbing his eyes.

“So what are you after is not a witch” Castiel stated “not like the one we have here, I mean” “ok… I’m listening”

“It’s a coven, called Old Religion; they are witches but not evil ones”

“So… wiccans?”

“No. They follow slightly different myths and are culturally different from Wiccans. Their rituals are very structured and reflect a philosophy of adding but never removing elements.” “Yes but they are friggin’ witches and she has Sam “Dean snapped.
“Just …listen to me her-“

“They do not draw first blood with the art of magic. However, they do practice magical binding when the need to defend against a real threat. They have no intent to harm with an act of binding” Jack interjected. “What he said” concluded Cass.

“Ok ok let’s say these witches are fairly godmothers who dress you up and find you a prince, why she took Sam? “

“…imagine minding your own business, doing no harm and two guys with knives and guns barge in your shop, full hunt mode on…” Castiel said

Dean paused “…ok fair enough, but why take Sam?”

“I think he was just closer than you when she bailed “ Dean’s head fell in his hands, frustrated.

“So how do I find these Wiccans? “

“They are not W-“Jack began, “they are an underground society and continues to remain in the shadows. You’ll need to find one of their teachers for more information.” Castiel said interrupting Jack.

“Um, okay, send the contacts and I’ll work on that, Thank Cass, Jack”

Dean closed the call, opened the laptop and cracked his knuckles, ready to do some research. His eyes fell on his phone and you popped in his mind, his arm already reaching for the device.

No, he should let you out of this, he thought, focusing again on the screen, but…. it was also true that this didn’t seem something dangerous, and you looked so eager to help.

Groaning he glared at the phone again and picked it up.

“Y/N! Wait for me” your lab partner called after you when he saw you sneaking off the lab.

“I’m going ahead; just tell me now what you want!” you were going to take your midday coffee break and you had no time to waste.

“Cappuccino” he yelled back at your thumb up.

While you were waiting for the disgusting machine’s coffee, you heard a ping from your phone forgotten in your pocket, tangled in your blue latex spare gloves, you dropped it trying to see the text.

“Oh for fuck sake “you cried exasperated

“Language!” your partner chuckled approaching, picking up the phone, he peeked at the screen and smirked ,handing it to you “Who’s Dean?”.

You snatched the phone quickly from his grasp blushing, turning to pick up your coffee; you inserted some coins and pressed for his drink.

“N-no one “you mumbled taking a big gulp of the scorching hot coffee, your tongue screamed and your eyes watered.

“Sure…” he said unconvinced “so about the trials, have you prepared the Eppendorfs pipette? They need to be calibrated “

“Yeah I did, but we are missing one, virology must have stolen the 50µ one “
“Again? Those fuckers sons of bitches”

“I stole their multi-channel tho “you high fived and handed him his macchiato.

“I’m gonna head back now, I already put your samples in the PCP, so you can take it easy and answer ‘no one’ ”. Before you could said anything he walked away. You signed and looked at your phone;

-Have some time?

-Yeah I have 10

Almost immediately, your phone rang.

“Hello”

“Morning sunshine, slept well? ”

“It’s past noon Dean, and I had to wake up at 5, so don’t even ask “ but your voice had a smile in it smiled.

“I have news…if you’re still in ..? “

The coffee went in the wrong pipe, and Dean waited patiently as you struggled to get your breathing to normal.

“I’m …” your voice strained “ I’m all ears”

Next thing you knew you were in front of the lab computer, Dean talked you through what to search for, especially on non english sites so you could translate the contents for him.

-I think I got the most of it, but I’m not sure what’s useful and what not.

-Anything can be useful. I need you tonight-

Your phone almost slipped, eyes wide watching those 3 dots blinking.

- to make some calls and could use your help-

oh my god, fucking warn a girl, you flirt.

-Yeah sure, I’ll be back at 17 but I’ll be at work all night.

-I’ll be there

You sent the thumb up emoji without thinking, regretting it immediately, thumping your forehead on your desk. A fucking thumb up emoticon….really?

Tonight you had the lone shift,and it hasn’t been a crowded evening, all the customers were served,drunk and happy, and you had time to going through what you had found when you saw Dean sitting in front of you at the counter.

“You know you could sit at one of the tables, be more comfortable… have more space” you used your hands as always while talking.

“Aaah I’m fine here” he said slapping the counter grinning “ I like a seat with a view and by view
I mean” he winked while clicking his tongue at you.

You snorted blushing, not even going to hide this time, he knew perfectly well his effect. Bending behind the counter, you retrieved two glasses and a bottle of something special.

“What that’s? “ Dean asked leaning over to watch you.

“This…” you said grinning and patting the unlabeled bottle, “ this is something my friend’s father made, in his basement” you said placing the glasses in front of him.

“Oh I already love it.” He said smacking his lips, pouting deliciously, you observed how , the crinkled that formed at the sides of his eyes, suited him.

You poured the muddy green liquid to a half of his shot glass and he looked at you disappointed.

“Don’t look at me like that, it’s your first taste” you said smirking and bending over to whisper in his ear “…I’ll be gentle”.

He eyes followed you as you drowned it all down, lifting an eyebrow. He smirked, his cocky attitude turned up to the higher level, as he picked up his glass. Before drinking it he made a scene of sniffing the liquid as it was the most expensive wine and then he followed your example.

He looked fine for a hot second, before his eyes widened, fist covering his mouth as he tried to stifle a cough, blinking and patting his chest, his shaky smile found your amused face.

“That was lovely…. thanks” he said breathless, shaking his head.

Snorting you brought up an already opened beer from under the bar that you had already prepared.

“So what can I help you with Dean?” you said putting the glasses in the sink and under the water stream.

“I need to speak to this…prof.McGonagall for wiccans. It seems they are good witches and usually stay underground so it’s difficult to locate them. I first need to speak to their teachers. Yeah sooo…”
“Sooo…?”

“Sooo…I don’t think they’ll be open to speak to an American, I need your mouth”

“It’s yours,” you said without second thoughts, and before you could blush, a customer caught your attention.

Dean watched you working and could not stop wondering if you were really that clueless about how you moved and talked.

Clearly the girl next-door type, you also had an air of…he didn’t know what, but you certainly woke some parts of him without even trying hard. It’s like you were flirting but at the same time you were not and he could not grasp what were passing in your mind. He was actually surprised that he could stop before being too forward with you, not that he didn’t want to, hell he couldn’t think about anything else last night, but he knew you deserve something better than an itch to be scratch.

He saw how you bent over the table, to greet a regular customer, with your usual show of kisses and hugs, almost leaning all your body on it, your shirt riding up a bit, and he cursed remembering when he took care of the scratches on your hip. His shirt looking gigantic on you, and your jeans pulled down…Okay Dean you should stop right there, you are in public, you do not want to be in public when you think about that.

“How come you don’t greet me that way? Do I smell bad?” you heard him say, while you went to tap the beer behind the counter.

“…what?” you choked, your hand slipping on the tap handle, “you…um…well you are from a totally different country…place, I mean..I didn’t kno-“

“Relax I was joking” he laughed, taking a sip of his beer.

“You….. are a tease Mr. Winchester!!” and looking like that is no help at all, you scolded at his grinning face. “So….about that call…”

“Ah yes “ he seemed to re-focus on the pressing problem, “I just need you to impersonate a…” he pouted thinking, his fingers drumming on the wood counter, “ eeh I guess a reported could work”, eyeing you.

“really…you had to think about it?” you both leaned forward, “what’s your excuse then?”

His lopsided smile made you weak again, damn it!, “I’m FBI ,sweetheart”.

“I’m tired of thinking you are fucking with me, so I’m just gonna roll with it”

“the best decision really”

You extended your hand, he stared at it and grabbed it grinning, “No I mean…” you giggled softly smacking it away, “ give me the number Dean!“.

“So the call went well, right?” you asked Dean who was busy texting.

“Hmm hmm “he nodded “you did great. So now I have an appointment for tomorrow morning”
“About that….” you asked “can I come?”

There it is, Dean thought, throwing a glance in her way. She looked all eager, tail wagging like a puppy. Damn, that’s a solid 7/10 on Sam’s puppy eyes scale.

If he say no it’s almost as if he had used her, if he let her come, it’s like he’s pulling her into this world.

“Pleeeease….you don’t even know the place, I can drive you there” you plead.

“…alright, but just because you asked politely” he gave in, rolling his eyes.

“Yay Thanks” you jumped forward, hugging what you could with the counter between you two. You kissed his cheek and went to clear some table.

He watched you walking like you were floating and he placed a hand on his cheek, “oh Chuck…I think I’m in trouble”

The bar became busy and you had just time to grab your research and slide it over the counter to Dean, “that’s all I got!” you yelled disappearing in a sea of drunk people.

Waiting for the closing hour, he examined the binder and was surprised, very surprised, this could almost be Sam approved, you were able to pick facts, myths and call out bullshits, while keeping your focus on what was important. He noticed that you had also found a trail of strange cases similar to the one that brought him and Sam on the witch trail back at home. Lodged between the pages and the hardcover, he noticed a notebook, flipping through the pages written in your big, rounded mixture of cursive and not flowing on the pages, it was not in English but he could easily make out that this was a hunter journal, or the beginning of one. He chuckled at your poor attempt to draw the ghost but before he could turn the page, a hand snatched the book from his grasp. He found you, red as a tomato, clutching the newbie journal to your chest.

“… cute drawing “

“Shut your face” you lift a finger at him threatening before scurry in the back to put the journal back in your purse. Clearing your throat and straightening your blouse, you found him leaning smugly to an empty table. Collecting the bill from the last costumers, you waved them goodnight, cleaned their table and closed the door before switching off the lights of the main room.

Walking back behind the counter, you grabbed two glasses and ,turning to Dean, you asked what he wanted to drink.

“Our Whiskey would do just fine “

“So what do you think?” you sat across from him, legs propped up on the table and sliding the
bottle to him.

“About …?” He filled both glasses and handed one to you.

“You know what, don’t be coy “ you raised an eyebrow, staring at him above the glass rim.

“Solid work “he said curtly, hiding a smile behind the glass.

“I’ll take that as a compliment. “ He grunted while emptying his glass and you shook your head, “tell me about you and Sam,” you asked suddenly and he choked.

“Why?”

“Because I want to know more about you two, what do you mean why?”

“Why would you want to know about us?”

“Are you gonna make me beg?” you started to see a stupid face “don’t!”.

Crossing his legs on the table diagonally to yours; he raised both hands in surrender and let them fall on his lap.

“What do you wanna know?”

“How did you two became” you indicating all of him “that…”

He drew a long, a very long breath and Dean began to narrate his and Sam’s life. How everything began with the death of their mother, by the hand of a demon as a result of a deal with her to save his father’s life.

How, from that night, his life consisted in taking care of Sam and learning to hunt, his dad making it his life mission, the family business, he practically never had a childhood and your heart broke. You caught a sort of resentment towards his father, John, for being so hard on him and absent most of the time, consumed by revenge.

Then he told you how hard he tried to keep his brother out of the life as long as possible but, eventually as he grew up, he too needed to help out. Until Sam wanted out of the life and went to Stanford to study law, and you could tell how that had hurt him more than he wanted to let know.

“Sam is …” he smiled slowly looking into his glass, “ is so smart Y/N. I hated that he was leaving me behind because hunting is all I know, but I’ve always been so proud of him.”. Years later he asked his help to find their dad who didn’t came home from a hunt it took a while but they finally found him but that didn’t last long. John made a deal with the same demon who killed his wife, to save Dean, giving up his revenge, in exchange for a killing monster gun, John gave his life.
You filled up your glasses again and the movement snapped Dean out of a trance. He thanked you, and resumed the story. He told you the last words of his father and your eyes widened.

“What do you mean kill him?” he eyed you pausing, conflicted, but this was actually feeling good, unload all of this.

“Before the demon killed our mother, he made Sam drink some of his blood when he was still in his crib.” he emptied his glass and slammed it back on the table, “BAM half baby demon half baby human. And just like that, Sam had special powers. And that, let me tell you” he whistle, “brought so many problems later. So…” he fell back slouching on the chair “…somewhat along the way someone killed Sam and I sold my soul to make him come back”

Your hand that was lifting the glass to your lips stopped mid air, before taking a trembling sip from it.

“…aaand a year later I was mauled by a hell-hound, an invisible dog, and died,” you choked on the whiskey, but didn’t dare to interrupt him, “spent 40 years of hell time, where I was tortured and…” he paused ,peering at you and then grabbed the bottle , drinking directly from it.

“Anyway…” he cleared his throat, “Castiel brought me back, he just ‘gripped me tight and raised me from perdition,’” he said, his voice changing tone, sounding graver and hoarse.

“Is that how he speaks?” you asked fascinated and he laughed.

“First contact with angels man” you opened your mouth, “yes they have wings but you can’t see them”.

“I discovered that, while I was in hell, my brother got frisky with a demon. She made him think that drinking demon blood would have make him powerful enough to kill this Lilith demon which he did in the end and unleashed Lucifer from his cage. Ruby played us good, it was a pleasure to sink that knife into her”.  

Now it was your turn to the bottle.

“So the archangels wanted our meat suits. Michael mine, Lucifer Sam’s. I said no, Sam said yes, we had a plan , it backfired and he fell in the cage with him.”

You pinched the bridge of your nose; Dean looked at you with pity because there were so much more.

“Fast forward a year, Sam’s back, but soulless, which made him a functional sociopath. Heaven was having its own civil war; Cass overdosed on purgatory’s souls, acted like god and popped, releasing Leviathans. Ah! I talked to Death and made him give Sam his soul back, putting up a wall to protect him from the memories of the cage and Lucifer. hell memories aren’t unicorns and rainbows. That wall crumbled and Sam went crazy and locked himself in a loony bin. Then Cass was back, made Sam not crazy anymore, becoming crazy himself.”

The bottle was almost empty by now. You were pacing back and forth freaking out. Dean lazily sprawled on the table, playing with a coaster.

“We began a war against these new slimy nasty motherfuckers, killed their leader with a bone of a saint through the neck and me and Cass were sent to Purgatory instead for a year”

“Purgatory? I always thought that if all this religion crap was true, that’s where I’m going”

“Oh I don’t think you’d want that. That’s where these creatures’ souls went .It’s bloody,messy,31 flavors of bottom dwelling nasties” he got up and walked to you, leaning to the counter beside, “but it was also pure. Kill or be killed” he handed you the bottle and you finished it.

“Then came a prophet of the lord who could read the word of God and he helped us find a way to
close the gates of hell forever” he slid down, slumping on the floor, back against the counter, you grabbed two bottles of beer and handed him one.

“He’s dead now, Kevin freaking Tran, that son of a bitch played even the King of Hell” raising his bottle, like a silent cheer he took a long sip. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes, his jaw tensed.

You sat beside him and squeezed his shoulder; he seemed particularly haunted by this death. He opened his eyes and turned his head to you. “He’s dead because of me, Sam took it upon himself to close the gates but that ended almost killing him when I stopped him. So I set up the Angel bat signal. Ah yes all the angel had fallen by then, thanks to the scribe of god Metatron, bundle of kittens and joy that one. Anyway, this angel, Gadreel possessed Sam, healing him. Metatron made Gadreel kill Kevin in Sam’s body.”

There was a long silence now.

“Dean it’s ok you don’t have to tell me eve-“

“By then Sam’s health was better and he expelled Gadreel, he was pissed at me and left. I found myself with Crowley, the king of hell, and I obtained this mark, this….curse from Cain himself so I could kill a knight of hell” you saw him grazing the inside of his upper arm. “I did that, Metatron killed me and I came back as a demon, a knight of hell,” your head snapped at him and you saw him smiling bitterly “Sam cured me and found a way to free me of the mark, and I released the darkness, God’s sister”

“Oh don’t fuck with me” you snapped at him, but he looked at you dead serious “…what the actual fuck”

“Mm so Lucifer possessed Castiel to kill the darkness. Me and Sam met Chuck “

“…God “you whispered, “What’s he like?” you asked softly cuddling to his side.

“A nerd, writer, lazy motherfucker “he barked looking up, and you looked honestly scared, fearing a lightning would zap him dead. “Anyway, we managed to stop the bickering between god and his sister, and now they are holding hands and drinking margaritas or whatever. Before disappearing she thanked me by bringing back mum from the dead “

“Your family have a very complicated relationship with death you know? “

“Eh you tell me, I killed him,” he said cocking an eyebrow at you.

“…cool “
The alcohol was rushing through your veins and you could feel yourself become more relaxed, warm, your vision glazed. You leaned against Dean with all your body, nuzzling his shoulder. He looked down at you.

“I can stop if you are tired “

“Don’t you dare, spill it all “you said crossing your arm with his, holding on to it.

“So Mum’s back, Sam’s ok, I’m ok, the world is saved, Castiel’s hunting Lucifer with the king of hell. Mum’s not ok anymore, she needs to find herself, she’s been dead for decades and had trouble readjusting. We find out you have man of letters in Europe, British men of letters, bigger dicks than angels. Bad choices were made. Lucifer pops his cherry to a human, and she’s pregnant with a Nephilim, Jack. Castiel became mother hen. When this ‘thing’ was born, he created a rift to another dimension. Lucifer killed –”

He took your bottle, that was dangling from your finger, and finished in one gulp,”he killed Cass, and he was definitely going to kill us too, but mum punched him back in the rift, which closed. So mum’s trapped there now”.

You pressed your body more against him and you felt him relaxing a bit.

“So me and Sam are stuck with this creature, born for a couple of minutes, imagine our shock when we found a naked twenties something something looking boy with glowing golden eyes, and apparently he is clueless of his power and likes nougat. He is powerful…. so powerful he brought Cass back from a place no one can come back from, where not even God has power. Now Cass is Daddy, and we have our personal Nephilim mascot. Our next task is saving mum from the other dimension.” He breathe out and closed his eyes. “That …was a journey, I felt old.”

“ You know that no amount of alcohol could have prepared me for that shitshow right?” you murmured “ and I honestly almost think you are making shit up, because , what the fuck dude”.

He chuckled low “You can take your liquor, but I think you’ve met your limit,” he said standing up groaning a little unsteady.

“You can talk “you replied. He laughed looking down, you took his extended hand, he pulled you up. He pulled too hard and you slammed against his chest, his arm flung up, while yours sneaked around his waist snuggling your entire body to his.

“Dean…” you said, voice muffled in his shirt “I feel… I need to hold you and tell you that everything’s gonna be alright”

“Aww thanks sweetheart “he joked, rubbing one hand on your back. You lifted your face to look at him and he stiffened.

Hot tears were sliding down your cheek, your eyes were red and pained, “I’m sorry Dean” you let out in a sob, new big tears falling down as you blinked “I’m so sorry. What you and Sam went through…it’s just…. horrible “

He didn’t know what to do, his hands went to rest on your shoulder, squeezing “It’s okay Y/N, it’s not your fault”.

“But I feel like it is… our fault” he looked at you confused, you opened your eyes

“You all suffered so much, for our sake, for humanity, for the world, and nobody knows,” you sniffled ,“It-it’s not fair, how can you bear it?”

“I don’t, that’s why I’m the one still standing after a bottle of whiskey”.

You pressed you face in his shirt again “Details…” his chest vibrated with his chuckle.
“I’ll do it” you murmured

“What?”

Stepping back, sliding your hands to his forearms you looked at him dead in the eyes. “Every time you’ll kill a monster, every time you’ll sacrifice something, every wound you’ll suffer, every person you’ll lose, every time you’ll save the world again and again, hell… every time you’ll die for us again.” you tighten your grip. “I’ll say: thank you Castiel, thank you Sam… thank you Dean, humanity doesn’t deserve you.”

He was looking down at you stunned “ and when you’ll have do something bad because you have to, I’ll forgive you. I will always forgive you” your nails digging in his skin.

It wasn’t often that people expressed gratitude to him, they always met him on the worst day of their life and here you were…trembling with emotions, mascara running down your eyes, red wet cheeks and stuffy nose, telling him he mattered.

Thanking him for every sacrifice, forgiving him for every sin.

He felt his heart light, something he hasn’t felt in a long time, as if, in that moment, your tears and your words washed away his guilt, and for that one moment, he felt like he was worth it, like everything he’s been through has been worth it.

“You can’t do this to me Y/N” he whispered bottom lips trembling; you snapped out of your daze and looked at him confused.

“I don’t und-“you couldn’t finish because you were once again in his arm. He squeezed hard, making you gasping for air. You felt him pushing into you, bending your back and you slowly began to slide to the floor, and he followed, kneeling on the cold tiles; your hands gripped the shirt fabric on his back, holding onto him. As much as you liked his hugs, he was squeezing you so hard that you could feel every inch of his body molding into yours. You could feel his strong firm thighs pressed against your softer ones, and you couldn’t ignore what that was waking up and it was really a bad idea. Still you clung to him as strongly as he was, until your fingers hurt, you face hidden in the curve of his neck, your lips so close to his skin, so tempted to feel the warmth of it. You could feel his chin digging, pressed in middle of your shoulder blade, and how his thumbs were rubbing your sides, in an intimate and comforting way and you felt like crying again.

You couldn’t tell how much time has passed, but your knees were starting to hurt, shifting your weight to try and ease the pain, he seemed to notice it too.

Loosening his arms, his hands cupped your face, thumbs cleaning the black streaks of mascara under your eyes. You stared at him mesmerized; his eyes were glossy and a bit red.
“Did I made you cry?” you chuckled wetly.

“W-what? “He scoffed “I don’t cry “.

“You are a big softy under all that, am I right?” you giggled ,pushing him and he fell backwards on his ass.

“Shut up “he joined in your laugh.

Dean helped you close the bar, it wasn’t late and you almost sobered up by then, but he insisted on walking you to your car. Silence fell between you as you walked through the deserted streets, and you peeked at his face. There was still that stoic look but his eyes were almost softer. Feeling you gaze he smiled “What are you looking at?”

Startled you focused on the road again, “t-tomorrow at what time do you want me to pick you up?”

“You are not picking me up “and before you could say something he added, “I’m picking you up, 9 sharp. You’ll be my co-pilot”

“…fine, can I pick the music?”

He laughed.

“Hell no.”
prev:
You stared at him mesmerized; his eyes were glossy and a bit red.

“Did I made you cry?”

“W-what? “He scoffed “I don’t cry “ he said outraged

“You are a big softy under all that am I right?” you giggled ,pushing him and he fell backwards on his ass.

“Shut up “he said laughing

Chapter Notes

This is my first Supernatural fanfic. Heck the first fanfic in years and the first in english.
If you have time to post some review it'll be great, just to know how it's doing. I'm having fun writing it and I'd like to know if you too are at reading it
Not english native and this is not beta-tested, so if there are mistakes along the way I'm sorry. I'm trying to improve on my written english.
I imagined this to go a long way just because I have lots of ideas, the first act will not be set in the USA, but in my country (you’ll discover it pretty soon).
This is written with the Y/N formula.

You paced nervously in front of the window, looking at your phone for the tenth time, it was still way too early for Dean to shows up.

“Stop walking around like a maniac, sit down you are making me nauseous with your back and forth” Mom annoyed voice reaches your ears as you shuffles to the kitchen again.

“Sorry” sitting down you fiddled with the hem of your Henley flare dress and picked at imaginary fluff off your tights.

Nine sharp, and you were already tying your leather boots and, with a spring in your step you walked out the door, you couldn’t just stay sitting, waiting at home… like a normal person.

Walking down the street you saw a black Peugeot 308 blasting classic rock music, slowing down and stopping beside you, window glass rolling down.

“How you doing ?” he winked from the driver seat.

Smiling brightly you bend down, tucking your hair behind your ear, “pretty hungover thanks to you”

“eh nothing that some bacon can cure”
Chuckling you sat inside, “really? I thought it was coffee” you said wiggling the thermos that you took out the little leather backpack you had propped on your knees.

“.hell yeah it is, gimmie that” he said taking a sip, first ,completely ignoring the empty cup you had in your hand and then sputtering embarrassed when he did, and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand he reached to take the cup. Shaking your head smiling, you grabbed the thermos and took a sip too.

“So, tell me, how you like an European’s car?” You were now just entering the highway, after Dean lamented the fact that you had to pay for it.

“It’s trash”

“Oh well “you scoffed.

“Look at this “he gestured the interior ,“it’s all plastic and… and technology. There’s even a touchscreen. And look, no tapes! really? what the hell man”

“Ah yes you like old ass cars” you shook your head “ tsk tsk , these young people, with their technology and demand for basic comforts “

“You are on the verge of blasphemy woman, I’m warning you. “He peeked at you sheepishly,”I thought you liked Baby”.

“She has her charm,” you stated flatly, taking in his horrified expression and snorted, “I’m just messing with you, I don’t care for cars in general but if I have to choose, an old vintage car wins “.

Nodding approvingly, “I know right?….now…what’s up with all these turns? can’t y’all build straight roads?”

“This car it too silent, I can hear my own thoughts over the music. I miss Baby’s purring,” he said moping. He is adorable, you thought, hiding your grin turning to look out the window, an adorable grumpy old man.

“How about we go through this Wicca thing?” Dean lowered the volume.

“Not Wicca “you said watching the scenery you knew by memory passing by “and yes, we should, how are we going to get information? I mean, the woman on the phone seemed just happy to have someone interested in what she do, that she didn’t asked who we were and why we wanted to talk to her”

“oh don’t worry about that I’ve got it covered” he reached in the inside pocket of his coat and pulled out a FBI badge,holding it between his two fingers, looking all smug and pleased.
You snatched and examined it.

“Is this a fake badge?” you brought it closer to your face, shocked. “Isn’t this a federal crime?”

“Yes aaand yes”

Now that you took a good look at him, you pulled at the lapel of his dark coat and revealed a FBI looking suit underneath, letting your eyes ranked him shamelessly from head to toe. You noticed how the pants clung and pulled to his thighs when he moved them, suddenly the feeling of those pressed along yours hit you right in the non-stomach, he had shaved and his hair were neatly combed.

The man cleaned up nicely and you prayed that his eyes stayed on the road.

“Are we going undercover? Are you kidding me? I’m not dressed for that,” you whined panicked tugging at your dress.

He grinned smoothly and reaching in the same breast pocket, “say hello to Special Agent Martell and…”, he handed you a business card, “Y/N Russo, a zealous young journalist and interpreter”.

Mouth hanging you turned your alias between your fingers, “this is crazy and seriously…Agent Martell? Really? Lannister was already taken?” you giggled, “anyway, where should I begin?”

In the next drive hour, you both created a plausible cover story. You remembered from your research that the Old Religion had expanded in North America, so you’ll start there to explain FBI’s presence and from there you could link those cases to here. Your newspaper had been contacted by Agent Martell concerning some rituals ended with homicide, to help him in his investigation in exchange for the exclusive on the article and also helping with translation, was your cover story.

“It’s a bit vague Dean,” you said nervous.

“Don’t worry you’ll do fine, just connect with your character and the rest will come naturally”

“You mean lying will come naturally?”

“That too”

After a painful quest for a parking spot in that jungle of a city, you were now finally at the witch coach’s studio situated in a…pretty normal looking house.

“I really expected some….” your thoughts remained unfinished as you took in the clean and neat entrance.

“Spiders, black cats, webs, gross things hanging around?”

“…yeah”

A beautiful middle-aged woman opened the door welcoming you, Dean’s face scanned her, approvingly and you rolled your eyes. You introduce yourself with your alias, while flashing her your false credentials. She looked surprised seeing the FBI badge but quickly smiled letting you both in. A strong smell of incense pervaded the house, she led you to what you make was her little witch arts & crafts studio, indicating you the love-seat.

“Mrs. De Luca, Special agent Martell” Dean showed the badge in a way that you almost believed him too.

“Miss. Cassandra De Luca, but you can call me Cas” you translated to Dean, trying to stifle a chuckle, and felt him elbowing your side and you faked a coughing fit.
“…Cas…err this is Miss. Russo, I believe you spoke on the phone”

“Hello” you waved.

“Before we begin, I’m bound by my faith to test you for the Evil Eye, if you could please wait a moment” she disappeared leaving you alone.

“What?” he leaned into you, whispering.

“She’s going to test us, to see if we are cursed “you whispered back and he rolled his eyes

“Oh don’t be rude” you bumped your shoulder into him and he did the same, hearing her coming back into the room you both recomposed yourself.

She came back holding two bowls, a vial, a little bag and matches. Placing in front of you one bowl and in front of Dean a coppery one, she filled yours with water and Dean’s with the contents of the bag, which by the smell was incense. You exchanged a look with Dean, whose eyebrows were reaching his hairline before she went to close the curtains and lit a pure white candle that was on the table. Handing you the vial she told you to stick your index finger in it, sniffing it you identified the viscous fluid as fine and normal olive oil. Following her instructions, you let three drops fall from your finger into the bowl. You watched as she examined the water, lifting her head she smiled at you.

“You are clean”

Then it was Dean’s turn and you watched as he stiffened when her eyes sat on him. She pushed the copper bowl closer to him and used all of the matched to set fire to the incense.

Once the fire died, she bent down to watch the intense black smoke that rose from the ashes. Her expression changed and she looked at Dean worried.

She circled the table, grabbed his face and looked intensely in his eyes; you held your breath and were sure he did too.

“I don’t understand “she said freeing him, “the burn trial say cursed, but I can see my reflection in your pupils, even if not clear like I’d like. Have you been in contact with dark power?”

“What she’s saying?” he said leaning into you, his arm reaching instinctively behind his back.

“…she wants to know if you’ve been near …dark powerful entities…”

“Ah…” he smiled sarcastically.

You told her that in his line of work it was common to cross paths with horrible things, which was
not a lie at all. She nodded gravely and went to her desk, retrieving a charm, handing it to Dean.

When he lifted it to his face, you saw it was a little red coral horn “it’s for protection “, you told him.

“Just what I needed, a piece of dead animal” he strained a smile, looked at you skeptical letting the little horn fall in his pocket.

“Back to business “

With your crafted mix of lies and truths, you both explained why the FBI wanted information on the Old Religion. She obviously denied that one of the practice’s students could cause something so evil.

“What the FBI needs are some names, they tracked the –“ you searched a better word for ‘fucking witch’, “they have proof some American branches of witches fled here to escape justice”.

She seemed unconvinced.

“Please Miss De Luca, a little boy disappeared, the FBI thinks that he’s been kidnapped by some twisted faction of your organization. If that’s the case I’m sure you wouldn’t want them to be linked to your practice.”

You watched as she lowered her eyes, you a little nudge then you thought.

“His name is Sammy, and his brother miss him very much. They are doing everything they can but, as you can imagine, being so hidden from public eyes, this makes things more difficult, and we don’t have much time. I know your magic is good and a true Aradia follower would never do such things.” you paused letting the words sink in, “I wouldn’t want to irate the goddess Diana and I would protect my coven by punishing those who threat its peace”.

Moved and pleased by your pleading and knowledge, she rose from her seat and grabbed a notebook from the same desk as before. You launch a hopeful glance a Dean who responded with a quick and low thumb up. She handed the notebook to Dean, who raised from his seat, you mirrored him.

“Please, find that boy. We don’t want to be stained with this awful use of our magic.”

“That was impressive, I didn’t understand a word but I saw puppy eyes almost as powerful as Sam’s, didn’t you mention him?”
“..Yeah I said that a witch kidnapped a little boy named Sammy, and his brother misses him very much”

He was still laughing once you hit the road.

He ditched the jacket and the tie, the shirt’s sleeves were rolled up and your eyes kept darting between the flex of the muscles on his forearm and the pulse of his neck. “All we have to do now is pass these names through angel radar and wait. I could go through each one of them but that will take time, and I want to find Sam as soon as possible, even if he is not in danger.”

He said snapping you out of your dream state, and changed gear entering the highway, his words seemed calm, but you noticed a certain hastiness in his movements, his teeth biting his lips.

“Angel-radar. Is that an angel power? What else can they do?”

“Oh you know the usual, possess people, smiting things”

“P-possess?” you splutter shocked “I thought demons did that”

“Nah angel too, but they are nice enough to ask you before”

“Why the hell do they need to possess humans?”

“In order to speak to us or screw with us, whatever. We puny humans cannot see their true form without getting our eyes popped”

“Oh..is that why we can’t see their wings? I mean if there are occupying a human flesh body, it would make sense. Two different physical form coexisting at the same time in the same container, sounds confining. And not even mentioning all the physic and biology laws, I mean what if-”

You went on rambling about this concept in your mind not wanting to bore Dean, and he glanced at you quickly before refocusing on the road.

“You are adapting surprisingly well to all of this” he said after sometime.

“hmmmm?” you mused still lost in your thoughts

“I told you about biblical entities and supernatural beings and you just look like you want them on a metal table to dissect them”

“You and your brother died and came back a couple of times; right now I want you on that table too”.
“… that’s a first “he said horrified.

Right then, the sound of the radio in the speaker was replaced by the ringing of the phone.

“What the hell “Dean exclaimed when on the touchscreen appeared the angel’s name.

“Oh, your phone must have connected itself with the car Bluetooth,” you pressed on the screen to take the call.

“Dean “a gruff and raspy warm voice filled the car.

“Cass”

“I sensed your longing, did you find something?” Dean looked at you awkwardly and you grinned mouthing the world ‘longing’ an eyebrow raised high, he cleared his voice.

“Yes, we have a list of witches located in the search zone you found”

“We?” , a suddenly wary tone and you tensed in your seat.

“Y/N…” he looked at me again winking , “the one I told you about, helped me with the job”

“H-hello Castiel “you gawked.

“Hello Y/N”

“Hi” you repeated shyly

“Dean told me you’ve been a great help”

“…n-no problem at all, it was my..my pleasure “you whispered trying to be swallowed by the seat.

“aww look at that, you’ve embarrassed her” Dean chuckled while you hid you face turning it to the window.

“Anyway Cass I’m going to send you those names as soon as possible. How are you now?”

“My powers are almost fully charged. I’ll be ready when you’ll need me”

“Great”

“You’re welcome Dean”
“Thank you Castiel” you said, forgetting to use English.

“Goodbye Y/N” he answered using your own language, Dean closed the call.

You turned to him amazed “I just spoke to an angel”.

“Congratulations, wanna ask why he knew your language?” he asked smugly.

“He’s an Angel, Dean, of course he speaks every languages” you eye rolled “shall I send him the list now?”

“Yeah you do that “ he said sour.

Dean gave you Castiel’s contact and now you were typing the names and addresses of the list all of this while smiling like an idiot.

“I can’t believe I’m texting an angel!” you entered the last digits and pressed send , “ I have an angel in my contact list. Never dreamed of saying that”

“Cass has a groupie “

“hmm what did you say?” you asked engrossed in your task as the ping from your cell took all your attention.

“Nothing”

Almost dropping the cell you doubled over laughing, Dean -scared by the outburst- made the car swerve into traffic and you squealed being thrown around on your seat.

“Y/N …what the hell?!”

Still laughing you raised the screen to his face, “did an angel of the lord just sent me an emoji?! “

Parking not to distant from your house, you jumped out of the car after closing the door, you leaned forward, your hands clutching the edge of the rolled down window.

“Dean ,can I ask you something? Are you busy this evening?”

“Not really, I have to wait for Castiel to give me the all clear…… why?”

“well….I have the night off and I kinda thought of …coming over…to…your place, I mean hotel room….?” you asked blushing, knowing how that sounded, Dean blinked taken aback, then grinned slowly -and apparently he did too-.

“Sure, 8pm’s fine?”

“Perfect, ok bye” you quickly turned on your feet and skipped home, the cold winter air cooling your hot face.

“Hey girl where have you been?”

Not even past the bar’s door , your friends greeted you with a chorus of shouts and whistles .

“Hi guys!” you walked faster to reach them,trying to shush them with your hands embarrassed.

“Tell us again why are you bailing us tonight”
“I am not “you retorted scandalized, then you lowered your voice “I’m just going home after the aperitif”.

“Y/N you lying little shit! “ tensing you heard your colleague behind you and blushed, “I’ll tell you all why she needs to go ‘home’ “ she said air quoting.

“…Y F/N “you pleaded.

“This one… “she said grabbing your shoulders from behind “is gonna have another kind of dinner tonight” she said the last words slowly with a hint of dirty.

They all squealed loudly, one of them came to cradle your head on her chest, caressing your hair. “I’m so proud of you finally getting some,” she said dabbing fake tears.

“Oh my god guys, stop it “blushing furiously “it’s not like that “you mumbled gulping down a generous sip of your drink, hiding a little smile behind the glass.

Balancing pizza cartons, wine and glasses, you knocked at Dean’s door.

“It’s open” he called out.

You turned around lowering the handle with your elbow and pushing the the door with your backside, “I didn’t know if you already had dinner, so I brought pizza…” you turned around “I hope cheese and sausag-“you choked on your words.

There he was, in the middle of the room, giving you a nice view of his shirtless back, hands rubbing a towel on his head.

Oh god damn! , your insides twisted.

You watched as he bend over grabbing a t-shirt, he turned around and you had to stifle a groan.

Yep, ok, now you were definitely going to have those wet dreams.

Standing there frozen while he put on another plaid shirt , he looked down at your arms and his face lit up.
“Are you the delivery pizza girl?” he said grabbing some stuff for you to help you.

“Mmm what?” you came back on earth. “yes sure “you said clearing your throat, not having heard what he said. He looked at you strangely while you took off your coat.

“You going somewhere?” he said plucking his lips approvingly at your outfit. You were wearing faux leather leggings, oversize gray sweater that hung on one shoulder and a black beret.

“Ah…no I went drinking with my friends before coming here “

“You had pregame drinking before having dinner?” he asked confused, while sniffing the pizza carton, before setting up the little motel table.

“It’s called aperitif, because ‘let’s get shitfaced while pretending to eat appetizers before going to dinner’ was too long” you opened the cartons while Dean popped the wine, sniffing it curiously.

“I like how y’all thinking here” , he took the first bite of food and smiled pleased when you saw him closing his eyes, pausing

“This is the best pizza I’ve ever had” he spoke with his mouth full, taking another bite and chewing happily. He glanced at you again from head to toes, “there’s something different” You looked down at yourself and back at him “I’m wearing heels” you lifted your leg to show your Lita black boots.

“That’s why I could talk to your face without having neck pain”

“Oh wow never heard that before, ah- ah so funny“ but you laughed behind your own glass of wine.

“What’s in the bag?” Dean asked pushing the last large piece of pizza in his mouth, rubbing his hands with a tissue paper. You swallowed down your bite and leaned back to reach the paper bag, and a grey plaid t-shirt landed on his face, “I washed it”.

You also pulled out your journal and propped it down on your knees, picking at its angles nervously .

Dean smirked knowingly “aah this is an ambush, the pizza was the bait”

Blushing ashamed, you smoothed down the cover of the notebook, “I wanted…hoped you could help me with something “

“Let me guess” he said signing “you want to start a hunter journal?”
“yes…but more like a…scientific one…”

“I could help you with monsters knowledge, but for the rest I can go as far as I can. I kill them, not autopsy them “

“Yeah but after years of killing, you ought to catch up on some anatomy details. I just need a base to start “

He seemed taken aback, “…start what? You better not thinking what I think you are thinking”

You stared at your hands holding the journal “I don’t want to hunt, not really, I mean I’m not trained for that, -yet-” you looked up at him slightly biting your lips, “anyway I, at least, want to study them, it could be useful.”

Dean signed, an hand passing through his short hair before scratching at his chin, “….ok “ he said at last, trying not to smile as your head shot up all happy and cute, he raised a hand reaching for the notebook, “I hope you slept well last night and we should call room service, this is gonna take all night”. 
prev:
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Dean signed in relief “Ok ,I hope you slept well last night and we should call room service, this is gonna take all night”

Chapter Notes

This is my first Supernatural fanfic. Heck the first fanfic in years and the first in english.
If you have time to post some review it'll be great, just to know how it's doing. I'm having fun writing it and I'd like to know if you too are at reading it
Not english native and this is not beta-tested, so if there are mistakes along the way I'm sorry. I'm trying to improve on my written english.
I imagined this to go a long way just because I have lots of ideas, the first act will not be set in the USA, but in my country (you’ll discover it pretty soon).
This is written with the Y/N formula.

“..ok so, skinwalkers and werewolves are the same thing?”

“More like cousins “

You scribbled something in your journal; thanks to Dean’s help, you had already covered half of the pages, concentrating on the basic information, and sometimes asking for details. He didn’t always have a straigt answer but he had lots of little trivia facts that would surely help create a more complete profile.

“Werewolves go all howling to the moon when it’s full and they transform only into a half-hybrid wolf, skinwalkers can become full canine whenever they want. Both drop dead with bullets, knives, stabby things in general, you name it, but they have to be silver” .
He had listed all the powers they had and mentioned their infectious bite.

“Is there a cure for the bite? “

“There is one for the werewolf and we have used it”.

You shifted from your sitting position, your legs starting to feel numb. “Is it ok if I sit on the bed?” you asked stretching, Dean nodded and went to refill his second cup of coffee.

You let yourself fall on the mattress, bending down to free yourself from those traps with heels, sighing contently while massaging your feet.

Dean handed you another cup, you thanked him, cradling it between your palms, its warmth seeping through your aching fingers.

“How much is left?” you asked groaning when the hot, bitter liquid pooled in your belly.

“A lot and I skipped demons and angels because that’s just…a lot “ he finished after a pause for the dramatic.

You watched as he walked to where you were, kneeling in front of you, his hand on your thigh, squeezing lightly. You hoped he didn’t notice the way you sucked in your breath, hiding behind your cup.

“I get that you eager to do this, but I’m not going anywhere, I mean…there is no rush”.

You looked down at his tired green eyes just to let your gaze slip even lower, to his lips.

“Dean, we are close to finding your brother, right?” He nodded. “Once we do, you have a place to go back to. I do not want you to stay here more than necessary”.

Before he could say anything, you leaned back, stretching on the bed to reach the nightstand where you placed the half-empty mug. “I need a break” you got up and walked to the bathroom.

Dean stood there, still kneeling and staring at the door you had just closed behind you.

He cursed himself.

Was touching you before really necessary? He did it without thinking, and liked it. It had been an innocent touch but he had felt the warmth of your skin through the fabric and for a moment, he had been tempted to slide that hand slowly up to your waist, sneaking his body between your legs and pulling your flush against him.
He forced himself to put that scenario aside, remembering what you had said before. Eventually he was going to go back home and you had no plan or obligation to follow him. He also noticed how you held your breath when he touched you, and that complicated things, at least for him. He heard the sounds of the bathroom sink.

Quickly sitting on the bed, back against the headboard and legs stretched and crossed at the ankles.

Coming out you pulled off the beret that was still resting on your head and threw it somewhere in the room. You shook your head before staring at yourself in the mirror, making a face that stirred a chuckle from him. You huffed and ruffled your hair angrily, still not happy. He stared as you took off the bordeaux scrunchie you wore at your wrist with a defeated face. Pulling your hair high up, you fiddled with them until you ended up with what looked like a bird nest, with some hair falling out framing your face. You looked cute.

Everything you just did looked cute.

Coming out of the bathroom you almost stumbled when you saw him on the bed, you were still feeling warm just from his touch on you. Oh how you had imagined it sliding up, gripping your things and…oh God!! You needed to cool it. What you said before was a weak attempt to draw the line. You knew he would be gone in a few days, he barely knew you and he obviously had no reason to stay longer. He had a home somewhere else.

“Ready to continue?” he asked.

“Yeah, and for your information” you said crawling on the bed, lying on your stomach parallel to Dean, your feet dangling off the end of the bed “I want to get to the demons fast”

“Yes ma’am”

A muffled, vibrating sound half awoke you. Brain still foggy, you patted the mattress in search for your phone, groaning when the light from the screen assaulted your eyes.

Frowning and with one eye open you scrolled through some missed calls and texts from your parents. As the digits telling the times actually registered, a sense of dread washed over you like cold water and your eyes were now wide open.
Fuck, it was almost 4 am.

Quickly unlocking the phone your finger hovered over the call button -sure that calling your parents at this hour would be the same as signing your own death- when another text arrived. This one from Y F/N.

-Babe. Text me u r ok. Your dad called, because you weren’t answering your phone, u little minx. I told him you were sleeping at my house, so u r good now.Have fun XX

and before I could answer…

- But srsly tell me you are alright.

-Thanks, u saved my ass. I’m ok, text u 2morrow X

Oh, thank God!! You lifted your head looking for Dean and you found him where he had been before, slumped, half laying down and half propped against the headboard. He was out cold,and he was snoring in the cutest way so you saw no reason to wake him.

Ah shit, what to do?

You were already drifting off, your eyes dropping, the sheets smelled like him and you were already so warm and comfortable. Throwing your better judgment out of the window, you shimmed out of your leggings. Hotel rooms were always so damn hot, especially in winter. Moving as little as possible, you slowly dragged yourself up the bed to the pillow, pulling along with you the little blanket that was placed at the foot of the bed, covering your midriff and tights, carefully doing the same to Dean. Holding your breath you propped yourself on your side and switched off the main light. Signing with relief you nuzzled the fresh pillow and closed your eyes.

You were two adults that just happened to fall asleep in the same bed. What could go wrong?.

The sunlight knocked at your eyelids and you had barely begun to wake up when you felt warm,snuggled and perfectly content. Stirring a bit to stretch your limbs, you heard a muffled protesting groan and you froze.

WHAT??!!

You were suddenly wide-awake; opening your eyes, you saw the same motel room. Ok, ok. You and Dean had fallen asleep while writing the journal. Then you had woken up in the middle of the night and ….decided to stay anyway…?

Oh God!
You tensed again causing another protesting sound near your ear. The rest of your body woke soon after and looking down you saw two muscular arms, clad in plaid, wrapped around you. Your legs were trapped too. Dean must have sneaked a leg between yours. Trying to untangle them the movement made your lower body rub against his. Dean stirred in his sleep and you stopped breathing when his free arm slid down your side and his hand sneaked under your sweater grazing your skin. You felt his warm, calloused hand drawing circles on your ribs and you whimpered as he buried his head deeper in your hair and you felt his lips brushing on your neck.

You twitched, feeling a long hot shiver running from where he touched, to your core.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. This is bad. This is dangerous and feels so damn good.

Sensing you moving again, he nestled into your back, and you felt something hard pressing into your butt. Sliding his leg up, it brushed against your heated core. You let out a moan and your body betrayed you by arching against him, causing him to respond.

“Y/N” You heard him groan. Your eyes widened. Was he awake?

However, he didn’t move and his breathing was shallow and regular. No, he was still sleeping. Was he…dreaming about you? His hand sneaked up again, going under your bra, and was now squeezed between your breasts. You were torn between the need for him to do something since it was there and trying to wake him in the least embarrassing way.

You know what Y/N? You are a grown ass woman. It’s nothing to be embarrassed about and it’s been a long time since someone held you like this. You were going to enjoy it a little bit. You relaxed and closed your eyes again savoring how good it felt, secretly hoping he would wake up and do the awkward ‘what the hell am I doing, I need to go to the bathroom and make some noise so she wakes up and nobody will know’ thing.

However, he never did..

Plan B, faking being asleep, turning over so his hard-on wouldn’t poke you, making things less mortifying for him.

You gradually wriggled around turning to face him. And boy, was that a vision, It was like seeing his face in HD.

His hair was messy and spiky, all over the place, sunlight danced on his skin, and you knew how warm it was by his hands on yours. You chuckled when you saw his nose almost squashed in the pillow and how his mouth was slightly open. Eyelids fluttering and lashes grazing his cheeks. You could count all his freckles and lines by how close you were, the temptation to trace them making you bite your lips. Raising a free hand you gently brushed his eyebrow with your fingertips and moving it to the back, you softly drove it through his hair. He exhaled and nuzzled his face deeper in the pillow, a contented smile tugging at his lips. You tightened yours as a grin threatened to break your face and something pulled at your heart.

Despite everything else, you felt so comfortable that you thought you could easily let him smother you, right here and right now and fall asleep again.

No Y/N, this wasn’t right, he wasn’t conscious. With regret, you removed your hand, making his face furrow, his head sliding forward in search of your touch again, an expression that intensified when you slowly traced his eyelashes with your finger. This was always the way you woke up your boyfriend…ex-boyfriend, and it always did the trick. After two or three more strokes, you saw his eyes beginning to move under the eyelids so you moved your hand back, giving him space.
Dean slowly opened his eyes, sight still blurred. Something stirred him, almost like a caress but it could have been trails from the dream he was having.

Aah yes, great dream, definitely to remember, terrible idea.

The rest of his body started to crawl back from the fantasy, everything except one thing but that could be taken care of later. He felt his hands trapped between something incredibly warm and pleasantly soft.

What the hell? he thought.

His sight focused and took in your image, comfortably sleeping beside him. His eyes traced your sleeping form and widened when he saw where his hand was.

‘son of a bitch’

Trying to stay relaxed, you felt his limbs come to life, and his hand under the sweater twitched, brushing your skin. Trying not to be too obvious, you slowly moved to a semi-supine position, moving your arm across your belly, so he could swiftly remove his hand without problems.

He stopped breathing when he felt you moving, watching as you laid on your back. His hand was free now. It would be easy to remove it, and he really should do that.

‘Right….maybe in a bit’.

You felt him stiffen, so you knew he was finally awake and aware, but the hand remained there.
Uh ok, this backfired.

His hand relaxed and it started retreating slowly, too slowly and in the wrong direction! You felt it moving to the side instead going down and …’yep that’s my nipple’.

When his rough palm grazed against it, the feel elicited a stifled moan from you and you arched involuntarily into his touch.

Love it when my body has a brain of his own. Great!! Just great!! That felt fantastic. Ok time to wake up.

Dean saw how you responded to his touch and that moan did nothing to relax him. He hastily removed his hand when you rolled on your belly, tucking your arms under the pillow, sighing deeply and you slowly opened your eyes.

You stared at each other baffled and then you both sat up abruptly.

“We must have fal-” noticing now your naked legs, his words died in his throat while his eyes roamed over you.

“-fallen asleep, yes it would seem that’s what happened”, you finished for him.

“Why-” he began, and then closed his eyes and his jaw tensed “where are your pants?”

“I took them off “

“I can see that but-” he lifted his hands, “doesn’t matter “ he said tired “, what time is it?”

You turned around on all fours and fished your phone from under the blanket at the foot of the bed.

“It’s-” you faced him again and when you saw him place a pillow on his lap, you swallowed. “It’s 8 “

“You may want to shower and, I don’t know, do your morning things, while I go for a breakfast run?”

“I can do the breakfast part” you offered and you watched as he gripped the pillow tightly.

“I think you should go and take a shower” he said, raising an eyebrow .

“Yes sir” you jumped out of the bed, picked up your leggings and ran in the bathroom.

You stayed under the cold stream of water longer that you needed, deliberating not touching where he touched you for fear of exploding.

“Dean, I’m not sure I can stay for breakfast. I have work at the lab and-” you came out of the bathroom dressed, drying your hair with a towel, and your steps halted when you saw someone else on the bed, casually turning pages of your journal.
“W-who are you? What are you doing in here? Who let you in? “ You hid yourself behind the bathroom’s door.

“Hello Y/N” the stranger said. Recognizing the voice, you opened the door more quickly than light speed.

“Castiel …” you cried thrilled, closing the gap between you and stopping inches from him.

“Y/N” he repeated nodding.

“Hi”

“Hello”

“I don’t know what else to say, honestly “

The angel tilted his head to the side, staring at you, his piercing blue eyes boring into your soul, and you felt naked “D-do you shake hands?” you asked lifting a hand; he smiled softly and took it.

“Where’s Dean?” he asked gravely.

“…breakfast run” your eyes fell to his other hand which held your journal and he followed your gaze.

“I hope you don’t mind “ he said lifting the journal.

“N-not at all” you quickly stated shaking your head “…maybe you could help me with the angel section…you know your biology and other…stuff “

“Your thirst for knowledge is admirable, and you motives are sincere. I’ll try helping you within the best of my ability”

“Err…I thank you… kindly “ you attempted a curtsy, feeling rather stupid right after.

Dean delayed the breakfast run on purpose; he needed to calm the fuck down.

No seriously! What the hell was he thinking? He acted like a horny teenager. It felt good. Your warm, velvety and sof-.

No! He looked at his hand scornfully. You weren’t awake and that wasn’t fair, he scolded himself.
Once in front of the door he heard you talking and laughing. Perplexed, he remembered closing the door. No one could have entered. Suddenly alarmed, he put down the tray and barged in the room ready to take on whoever was in there.

A sudden noise erupted in the room and you saw Castiel’s arm lifting in front of you in defense, but he lowered it almost instantly

“Cass, what the hell?”

Your head popped out from behind the angel, your face the incarnation of ecstatic joy

“Hi Dean! Look who’s here!” you squealed waving your arm frantically, indicating the angel.

“Hello, Dean”

“Cass you can’t just zap in here when I’m not present. She could have had a heart attack. Use those people skills!” Dean said retrieving the breakfast tray and closing the door.

“I’m too young to have a heart attack.”

“How would I know if you had sexual intercourse before I materialized”

You and Castiel said at the same time causing Dean to almost drop the platter.

“WAIT, WHAT!!?” you asked blushing and looking at the angel, who stared back squinting his eyes.

“Cass, nothing happened here” Dean said panicking, putting down the food on the table

“My apologies. I sensed sexual tension and I jumped to conclusions” You and Dean choked.

“Now I sense you are both very uncomfortable”

“Alright, Cass” Dean came to the rescue, “Did, did you find the witch?”

You busied yourself with raiding the breakfast tray to let them talk.

“Yes, I used a spell that Jack found in the lore, to locate Sam in a more restricted area thanks to those names you provided”

“Perfect, where?”

“It’s actually pretty close” He handed Dean a piece of a burnt map. He turned the piece to you “You know this place?”

You got up, half a croissant sticking out of your mouth; you took the piece of map to look at it closely.

“Oh, wow” you returned the piece “Yeah! I know that place, never been there but I always wondered what it was about” you said chewing. You took a sip of coffee and felt their gaze on you “What?”

“Care to elaborate Y/N?” Dean asked impatiently.

“Oh…Oh yeah sorry, my brain is still asleep” You swallowed the last piece of pastry and washed it down with the rest of the coffee. “So…” you said, cleaning the crumbs on your sweater “…that place is on an island”

“An island? You don’t have an island this small ”

“It’s an island, near another island, in the middle of a lake, 30km from here”
“Good, Y/N, let’s go” Dean said, already grabbing his jacket.

“Wait…WAIT…” you said and he stopped, turning to you “I can’t come” you whined “I… I have work to do at the lab”

“Dean, we actually can’t go there now. This island? I bet it’s guarded, shouldn’t we go there prepared?”

Dean looked at both of you defeated, tossing his jacket on the bed and scratching his head. “Cass, tell me what we need. And you… “he said pointing, “…how much time do you need?”

“Hmm, I guess I can let F/N do most of it so a couple of hours should be enough. I need to take a train tho, so make it four”

“Nah I’ll drive you. Cass find those ingredients!”.

Before you could speak, Castiel vanished with a soft rustling of feathers and you turned to Dean mouth hanging open pointing to where the angel had been seconds ago.

“Yeah, it’s cool, I know, let’s go“, he said grabbing his jacket and filling his mouth with a whole jam tart.

“I-I need to pick up some stuff at home first” you said, barely finishing tying your boots before he grabbed your hand and dragged you out of the motel.
Lab gossip & Spells

Chapter Summary

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This is written with the Y/N formula.

“So what is that couldn’t be done later?”

“mm well for started I need to change the cells’ medium because the old one is full of cell’s waste.
I have to prepare a new buffer to wash them and a new medium to make them stay alive. But that’s routine and my colleague can do that. What couldn’t wait is me preparing up the polyacrylamide gel, insert the samples and setting up the PFGE for the 24h cycle”

“…”

“…you did ask,” you snorted “Anyway…Castiel uh? “you asked faking nonchalance

“What about him?” he said gruffly

“What do you mean ‘what about him’?” you parrot him “he looks so –“

“Innocent? Like a baby deer? “

“I was gonna say hot, but that too “

“You know that’s not really him? That’s his vessel…well I guess that’s just him now, he grew fond of that meat suit, and so did we. That’s Cass,” he peeked at you “you think he’s hot? Why
everybody thinks he’s hot? They see an angel and they go ‘that’s an angel of the lord and you know what? He’s hot’

“…so hot” you said dreamily.

Dean rolled his eyes “his true form is the size of the empire state building ya know?” You looked at him shocked “shut your face!”

“No I’m serious, he told us”

“I have so many questions,” you whispered, scribbling something on your hunter journal in progress.

“How is that coming along after last night?” Dean asked

“I think I’m on the right track actually.” You went through the past pages, and you stopped at the last one, you saw a phrase interrupted by a pencil’s line going down the page marking the exact moment you fell asleep. Everything that happened came rushing back, you felt his hand on you, his embrace, and his legs tangled with yours and something hard and lon- you snapped the journal close blushing.

Dean who followed your gaze came to the same conclusion and he too remembered. How warm and soft you were, how he felt content holding you and how your body responded to his touch, the low and husky moan that came out of .. Maybe not the best time to think about that, re-adjusting his posture.

“Almost there” you announced nervously.

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

You led Dean down the narrow corridors of the Uni lab building, stopping to say hi to people along the way, Dean looking around and peeking through open rooms.

“Y/N! you’re late this morning, how are you” your colleague head popped out one of the door having heard your voice.

“Hey, sorry I missed the train and had to –“

“is that Pretty boy?”

Dean’s attention shifted to Y F/N. You let out a high-pitched short laugh and pushed your friend back into the office, ‘not a peep’ you said threatening him, he lifted his hands in surrender. You saw Dean peeking in and you smiled at him.

“You can wait here while I’m gone, that’s my station, the computer password is right under the keyboard, have fun! “You said dragging your lab partner out.

Once you’ve done half the tasks and avoided half the questions from the entire building, you went to check on Dean. Removing your latex gloves, stuffing them in your lab pockets you peeked inside the office. Dean was slumped at your desk, staring at the computer and you could tell he was bored as hell.

“How is it going? “ His head turned to you and you saw his eyes wandering, his mouth twitching into his now usual smirk.

“Love the lab coat” he said giving you the finger gun, winking

You blushed looking down at yourself “it’s just a white coat…mm anyway I’m almost done and then we’re free”

“Great “
“I’m sorry you must be bored, there was no need to come with me”

“Hey I didn’t want to involve you in this, but you are helping, voluntarily for some reasons, and I get the vibe that unless I don’t keep an eye on you, that little clever brain of yours will do whatever it wants”

“Was that a compliment?” you smiled

“It’s whatever you want it to be”. Before you could respond, Y F/N’s head popped in, “If y’all have finished flirting, Y/N I need you to read the DNA profiles then I’ll let you go, I’ll keep Pretty Boy company, I have to wait for the pcr cycles anyway”

Startled you sent a mean look at him and scurried off. You dreaded leaving Dean with him knowing you would regret it but the faster you finish the job the better.

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

Humming while saving yet another profile, you opened the next one. “Y/N who is that American hottie talking to Y F/N in the office?” You looked up and a bunch of your female colleagues were surrounding you, looking like vultures.

“…a friend…?” sounding unconvincing.

“Is that why you were late this morning? You go girl”

“I wish I had a reason that looked like that to making me late”

“Where did you find him?”

“Does he have a brother? A twin maybe?”

“Woah woah down girls, it’s not like that! I’m…it’s a foreign exchange, yes” you panicked.

They stared at you not buying it one bit. “Honey, he’s a little old for that, he looks amaze, but we can tell he’s older than you”

“Well he started late ok?” You clicked the print button and got up. “I’m finished here, could you bring the files to Y F/N? I need to go”

“Have fun for us too!” they yelled at your back.

Shrugging off the lab coat, your ears perked at the sound of laughing coming from the office and you really not looked forward to what was waiting for you inside.

“What have you been lying to him about?”

“Oh you know Y/N, how clumsy you are, about that time you’ve managed to blow up the-“

“There so no need to go into details!”

“Oh? Would you prefer I told him about that time you got drunk at that karaoke party and proceeded to start a Burlesque number” You froze; Dean stopped laughing and looked at you interested.

“Oh please do tell, “He said leaning toward Y F/N.

“You had to say that in English of course! Don’t you dare open your mouth!” you raised a finger at him “and you didn’t hear anything” pointing at Dean with the other hand
You changed quickly; flushed and grabbed your bag, motioning Dean to get up as you glared at Y/F/N. “Mica will bring you the results, I’m outta of here bye”

“You know you love me Y/N!” he shouted back.

Once in the elevator Dean leaned into you, “He seems nice”

“He is”

“Is he your…”

“Nope but he wants to be yours”

“Oh…” he said surprised, but then you saw a smug smirk “well can’t blame him, I mean…”

You gave him your best bitchface. He’s so deliciously arrogant ugh.

“So about that party, can I-” he began

“No”

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

“Oh good you’re back. Y/N how was work?” Castiel was waiting for you.

“Enlightening” Dean answered, receiving a glare from you and squinting eyes from the angel.

“Fine, Castiel, thanks”

“I’ll transport us to the nearest point possible and we’ll use this spell to free the place from its warding and find a way in”.

“Sounds like a plan”. You observed how Dean and the angel prepared the ingredients and put them in a bowl, taking note of every steps.

“Ok we are ready, Cass you have the angel blades?” Dean asked

“The wha-“ from Castiel’s trench coat sleeve slid down a long, silver, triple-edged dagger, it was beautiful, with a shine that looked pure and otherworldly. You approached Castiel, your eyes asking for permission. He flicked the blade offering the handle. It was strangely cool at the touch and your body heat seemed to not reach it.

“It’s beautiful” you gasped, stroking it.

“Do you want one?” asked the angel.

“Oh…no…mmm better not I don’t know how to handle a knife, much less a blade” you said giving it back reluctantly. “Besides do we really need weapons? She is a good witch, can’t we just….talk to her?”

“Never be too careful and better be armed than not” Dean said, grabbing a silver gun and snapping in the magazine.

“Yeah I guess…but still”

“It’s ok Y/N, it’s just for precaution” Castiel reassure you, sensing your distress “and I’ll keep you safe in case something goes wrong”

You squeezed his arm “Thank you Castiel”

“Right, ok, sorry to barge in your little moment. Cass ready to zap us there?” Dean said snappy
putting a hand on Castiel’s shoulder.

The angel looked down at you “Hold on tight,” he said. You heard the same rustling of feathers and in a blur, you found yourself out in open air, gravel beneath your feet and the scent of lake water replacing the stuffy motel’s one. You were still taking in your surroundings shocked while the other two were setting up the spell, Dean looked at you;

“You alright there?”

“Ask me again in a few minutes” you approached them unstable “So what now?”

“Now we say some Latin mumble jumble and poof magic door to witch’s den”. You saw Castiel raising the bowl and recite what you made to be the spell:

-Ingressum domi dona mihi- ‘Give me a home entry?’ you translated in your head and gasped when from the bowl a column of flames rise up.

“There!” you heard Dean say, pointing to your left. An almost invisible distortion rippled few feet in the water.

You watched how the angel went forward not caring one bit about getting his clothed legs wet, on the contrary, Dean didn’t looked too happy and cursed when the water reached his hips.

Grimacing you too stepped into the water, happy that you weren’t wearing jeans and you favourite shoes and keeping your phone way up your head.

You saw Castiel disappearing and you froze. Dean was half way visible when he turned holding out his hand, you held on it tight when he pulled you through the ripple.

It felt like passing through a wall of fog and you were still holding your breath when you suddenly found yourself on dry land, looking behind you, you saw the shore you were just standing in the distant.

“This is fucking amazing,” you cried gripping Dean’s arm with your other hand, “Pretty standard for us “he brag

“I can sense Sam strongly now, he’s definitely here. Follow me” Castiel guided you across the luscious garden, you and Dean grimacing at the squelching sounds of your soaked shoes.

“This garden can’t be this green in this time of year, those flowers shouldn’t be blooming yet, and is it just me or it’s warmer here?”

“You are right Y/N; this is the witch’s magic. She created an endless spring, and since this island is so little, it doesn’t destabilize the rest of the area’’

“Oh that’s lovely”

“I agree, it’s very pleasant”

“Guys! Less praising the witch and more finding Sam” Dean said giving you a gently pull when you dwelt to sniff at a rich bush of Jasmine.

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

Finally, after passing under a wisteria tunnel, where you had to be pulled again by Dean because you walked with your eyes up,you found the building, completely covered in Ivy and others sweet smelling flowers, Cass walked straight to the side, finding the main entrance. Dean took out from his pockets a …lock pick kit?

“Really?” you eyed him disapproving.

“What? You want to just knock and say ‘hi we tracked you down, used a spell to break into your domain, I’m the one who wanted to kill you back in America, give me back my brother’?”

“We could at least try? I don’t think she’ll be happy if we break in her home too”. Saying that you
knocked firmly. You heard something crashing, curses and steps closing in. The door opened and a little, well … your height, girl stared at you.

“Hi”

“What”

“Hello “you repeated

“How-“ she began then her gaze locked on Dean, she paled and started to close the door, his arm reached over your head, blocking it, “Hi sweetheart, remember me?” he pushed against the door forcing it open while grabbing your shoulder, pushing you behind him, Castiel at your side.

“Wait please! “The witch cried when Dean grabbed her neck “Please don’t hurt me”

“Where is my brother?” the cold stillness of his voice, sending shiver down your spine.

“.Dean” you put a hand on his back and he looked at you from the corner of his eye, he let her go and she stumbled back against the wall sliding to the floor. You approached her cautiously, crunching down “We are not here to hurt you, we just want you to tell us where is Sam “

She looked at you frightened, and then nodded at Dean “Keep him away from me”

“Deal” you helped her on her feet.

“Follow me,” she said guiding you through numerous rooms in silence.

“I expected more like a dungeon design, this is pretty normal,” you said to break the tension. She turned to you, keeping a nervous eye on Dean behind you.

“I like natural light and pastel colours, sue me” and she resumed walking. You observed her, slightly taller than you; she had fair skin, freckles, blue eyes and light brown curly hair. She looked like a fairy o a little elf. Nothing in her seemed dangerous.

“Yeah well, you get us to my brother and you get to continue to enjoy it”. You throw Dean a bitch face and he shrugged mouthing a ‘what?’

Suddenly she stopped in front of a door, “In here” she stepped to the side and before you could open the door, Dean stopped you, Cass pushing you behind him.

“There better be no surprises”

“What could I possible had time to prepare? This is my home, you are the one trespassing, and I was making tea for Diana’s sake!”

Dean opened the door ready to take whatever he was expecting.

“Sam?! Sammy!” the witch followed Dean inside bored, you and Castiel followed. You looked around; this place was so normal that you were almost disappointed. A normal room, with normal walls, normal furniture, and windows open to let in the sun and the smells of flower in. This was like… any other country house, cozy and warm. The only thing out of place was a little altar in a corner of the room, but even that was so no witchy… It was full of flowers, crystals, herbs and incense.

“Where is my brother bitch?” you heard Dean bark

“He’ll be here in a moment, relax”

Castiel came to your side examining what grabbed your attention. Between the crystals, one caught your eyes and you were tempted to grab it, but the angel stopped you.
“Y/N let me, it might be hexed”

“It’s not, pal” you heard from her.

His hand covered it as to scanning it “it’s safe but I sense some magic in it, I don’t know what”

“It’s pretty “you said attracted by it but before you could touch it, the door opened. You watched as a giant plaid cladded long haired hunk came into view. He was turned on his side and you could only see his profile but still…”

Hot damn.

“Sam!” you heard Dean call out to him and closing the gap between them.

The hunky giant looked at him confused.

“Dean? what are you doing here?”
Quartz & Alcohol

Chapter Summary

prev:
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The hunky giant looked at him confused.
“Dean? what are you doing here?”

Chapter Notes

This is my first Supernatural fanfic. Heck the first fanfic in years and the first in english.
If you have time to post some review it'll be great, just to know how it's doing. I'm having fun writing it and I'd like to know if you too are at reading it
Not english native and this is not beta-tested, so if there are mistakes along the way I'm sorry. I'm trying to improve on my written english.
I imagined this to go a long way just because I have lots of ideas, the first act will not be set in the USA, but in my country (you’ll discover it pretty soon).
This is written with the Y/N formula.

Without even blink, Dean’s hands grabbed the witch arms “What have you done to him?”
You watched as Sam came in her rescue, grabbing his brother and shoving him aside. Sam lowered to her asking if she was alright. Dean stared shocked at him.
“Sam, can you please go and fetch some water? I’ll put on some tea”
“Sure Thalia” The room eyes followed him.
“What the hell” Dean barked
“Please …just hear me out”
“No, freaking witch, you charmed my brother, I want him fixed NOW”
You could see her trembling under the hard stare of Dean, and you couldn’t blame her, it was the first time you saw him so angry. He actually looked menacing also…kinda hot , but that was not the time.
“Dean …hear her out”
“Y/N you stay out of this!” he snarled at you. You blinked in surprise.

“Actually I’m not gonna stay out of this” you said glacially calm “look at her, she’s terrified”

His jaws tensed, he spun around making a mock curtsy giving you the floor, leaning against the wall, arms crossed. You walked to the terrified witch and leaned your hand on the shoulder.

“Hey, it’s ok, we are not mad “you said, Dean scoffed “Well, he is, but you can’t blame him his brother vanished and he travelled so far to find him”

“I know I’m sorry! I’ve never meant to take him here, he grabbed me when I did the spell and he was dragged along.” She cried.

“Ok we understand…Thalia right?” she nodded sniffing “what’s wrong with Sam?”

“Nothing dangerous I swear! “

“Just, sit down and explain” Castiel came in your aid, moving a chair for her. Just then, Sam came back with a pitcher full of water, poured it in the kettle and switched on the stove. He then sat down mechanically beside Thalia who took a long breath.

“When I materialized here I didn’t know I wasn’t alone and I couldn’t aim properly because I was frightened. I end up zap us few feet in the air and we both fell down a flight of stairs. Sam was unharmed but I broke my arm, like really bad. I was alone, badly hurt and afraid of him so I did a little spell to bound his will to mine.”

“Why would you need to do that? You could have just zapped him back!” Dean roared and she flinched.

“I couldn’t, I needed both arms and I couldn’t move. So I had him help me with everything I couldn’t do while I felt better and could heal myself and that happened just this morning, if you didn’t came here I would have freed him anyway”

“Yeah you are gonna free him now then!”

“I’m gonna do that! “She shouted back at Dean, “it’s a long process ok? So sat back and relax”

“Is it possible to do things faster?” Castiel asked calmly

“…I guess we could”

“Great what do you need?” you asked gently

“Mm alcohol, a lot of it “

“mmm what?”

“He needs to drink and get drunk; the spell is not that strong I have no complete control on him. It’s working so well just because it’s in his nature to be kind and caring”

“Sam has always been a big softy,” Dean muttered

“I was lucky he was the one who grabbed me. On you, it wouldn’t have worked.” She snapped back at him

“That’s not true” “you’re wrong” both you and Castiel replied and looked at eachother impressed.

“…so we need to get him shitfaced” Dean coughed “Cass you go raid a liquor store, I’ll keep an eye on the witch…”

“Thalia” you said
“..On Thalia, Y/N watch my brother”. Cass vanished.

“Wha-“Thalia began “He’s an angel, it’s cool” you said getting up and stretching, she grabbed your hand “Please don’t leave me with him,” she said pointing at Dean, his eye rolled, opening his arms.

“I’m not leaving her with you “he said

“It’s ok Dean, look at her, she’s like my age if not younger “

“Actually I’m 100 years old”

“I’m sorry what?” you blinked at her

“Perks of magic”

In the end, Dean stayed with Sam , you and Thalia went to another room to prepare the spell.

You actually liked her; she was cute, sweet and made you laugh when she sassed Dean. “Dean told me about witches, you are a student right?”

“Not really, I pretended to be one ,to attract less attention from hunters, I’m a natural born witch. I have it in my blood. However, I never practiced dark magic, it’s not my thing. I like to use my power for my garden and sometimes I help people, I’m a nurse in a mental hospital I try to help calm the minds of the worst cases and I volunteer in a veterinarian clinic.”

“That’s beautiful Thalia, you’re the first witch I’ve met, I was a bit scared”

“You should be if you stay with the Winchesters”

“…I know they have a complicated history, but I mean they do what they can”

“I’m talking about the fact that they are dangerous and attracts problems. Back in America I just made some mistakes with ingredientes but nothing I couldn’t fix. They shoot first and ask question later.”

You didn’t know what to answer.

“Anyway, I saw you staring at my crystals before, see anything in particular?”

“..Ah sorry, no mmm there was a pretty rose quartz crystal that caught my attention…”

“This one?” she said materializing the pendant on her hand.

“Oh wow…yes that’s the one, it’s lovely”

“Keep it, “she said letting it slip around you head.

“What? no I couldn’t –“

“Once a crystals chooses you, it’s yours, I can’t sell or use it anymore, it’s bonded to you and you’ve been kind to me “she touched it and a gold light slipped from her hand in the quartz “It’s a protecting and good luck spell”. You fiddle with the pendant, observing it in backlight and you noticed that it was not completely clear; there was some cracks and rainbow spots.

“That’s a phantom” she explained and took it and examine it better. “That was not there when I had it”

“What does that mean?”
“See those little cracks? They emulate the one in your heart…or on your soul”

“Oh” well nothing new there

“You have suffered a lot, you should do a cleansing”

“She’s not gonna do anything, Y/N you done?” Dean’s voice made your head snapping to him, suddenly feeling a bit uneasy.

“Y-yeah I think so, Thalia?”

“Everything is ready; just need your brother to drink a liquor store”

“That can be done” Castiel voice came from the other room.

You all joined the angel; he was opening the first bottle of scotch of many others.

“It’s gonna be a long evening, anyone down for pizza?”

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

“Thalia what are we doing?” Sam asked.

“Having a party Sam; we are all having fun so drink up”. You chuckled, Sam was adorable and the scene was pretty funny. He was so tall that near Thalia made her look like a toddler, so that applied to you too.

“I still don’t understand why he needs to be drunk,” Dean asked, he soften a bit toward the little witch once he understood that Sam was in no danger.

“When we get drunk we lose some control and inhibitions, and so does the grip the spell has on his mind. A nice hangover and he’s like new.”

“This is the nicest way to break a spell I have ever seen, “he said throwing back his filled glass, and filling up again both his and Castiel glass. You watched as Cass gulped down his part.

“Angel drinks alcohol?”

“We generally don’t drink at all, we don’t need it. But after years of being around this two you build a habit”

“Hey! Thanks Cass now she thinks we are alcoholics” You burst out laughing and drowning down your glass, “But you a-“

“Here take another round,” He said filing he angel glass again.

You poured another round to Sam who was starting to doze off; he clearly did not have the same endurance as Dean. He wasn’t speaking much too, but that’s was because of the spell, once it’ll start to wear off we’ll know because he’ll probably talk more. You took a slice of pizza and nibbled on it, but you weren’t hungry. Every bite seemed to get stuck in your throat and you had to wash it down with a drop of whatever was in your drink now. Your head started to feel light.

“I need some air; Thalia is it ok if I take a stroll in your garden?”

“Not at all, maybe you’re lucky enough to see some firefly, you know thanks to my magic they are starting to thrive”

“Thanks” you mumbled grabbing your half-full glass you got up excusing yourself and went out, Dean’s eyes following you.

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

Thalia’s warm spring breeze caressed you and you took a big mouthful of air, looking around you
found the same path that’ll take you to that beautiful wisteria tunnel. Following it, you discovered a little clear water pond with rocks around it. You slumped down on one of them. Looking closely the water seemed clean; you took off your shoes and socks and rolled up your leggings still damp. The water was crisp but pleasant. Remembering, you patted your still humid parka’s pockets and fished out a pack of cigarettes and your faithful lighter. 

What Thalia said affected you more than you wanted. Of course, you knew what you endured during the years but seeing it represented on a crystal was something else. You picked the pendant around your neck and lifted it to watch it with the light of dusk. God it looked so broken, almost as if it would snap in pieces. Signing you let it fall on your chest, and try to light a one of the least damp cigarettes.

You tried once

You tried twice

And again and again.

Irritated you shook you lighter but nope, dead. You lowered your hand to put it away when you found a light up zip in front of you.

“Smocking it’s for bad girls”

You let the smoke fill your lungs and exhaled slowly, feeling your blood pressure lowering fast. That made your head lighter than before, but at least now, you felt more relaxed.

“Maybe I am, Dean”

“Naaah no, you are not” he said instantly, sitting next to you looking at the mirror of water in front of you. You peeked at him trying to decipher his face. You snorted and he turned to look at you and you dodged his gaze, watching the first stars coming out.

“No…no I’m not” you smiled slowly and closed your eyes when another gust of warm wind stroked your skin. You took another long draft of smoke, dousing the cigarette in the water; you put the rest back in his packet. You swung your feet, creating multiple ripples in the water and took a long gulp from your glass, rinsing your mouth. You always hated the aftertaste of smoke.

“You’re alright?”

“Aces” involuntary you grabbed your pendant again, stroking it.

“What’s that?”

“This?” you lifted it to his face “Apparently this crystal choose me and I broke it “

“What do you mean?” He asked confused, he fiddle with it.

“Thalia …see those little cracks? They appeared when I wore it, Thalia said those reflect the ones on my heart…or soul….whatever,” You said staring at the pond.

“Ah don’t listen to that, this is just a piece of rock”

“I think she’s right Dean, I don’t know entirely if it’s true but I’m sure as hell that if it was true that’s exactly what it would like”

You shared silence.

“You know who you are talking to right?” he let out a strained laugh “I mean not to brag or diminish your hardships, but I think me and Sammy win the gold”
You chuckled “You are not wrong there”

“And beside, look” he said lifting the crystal “this part it’s still flawless but it’s not as beautiful as the part whit the cracks. It’s what makes this unique, there’s no one crystal like this” he brought the pendant to his lips.

Oh good lord in heaven. ‘Who is this guy? The death of me, that’s who’ you thought while blushing furiously.

“Y/N, Dean! It’s working” Castiel called from the house.

“We should…”

“Yes we should” Dean helped you stand up, you picked up your socks, stuffing them in your shoes and you walked swaying, back to the house, barefoot.

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

“How drunk is he?”

“We are getting there”. You watched as Sam was slumped on an armchair, face flushed, and eyes unfocused and head lolling. At his feet a bottle of tequila almost empty. You saw Castiel sitting across from him, 3 bottle empty on the little table at his side, looking like the picture or sobriety.

“How can you still be ok?” you asked

“I literally drank a liquor store once” . Grabbing from him the fourth bottle from his grasp and took a sip.

“Eew what the hell are you drinking?” you gave him back the offending alcohol and washed it down with the beer Dean offered you.

“Mmm” Cass squinty eyes read “strawberry flavoured vodka”

“That’s disgusting”

“It tastes like molecules”

“Still disgusting”

“I like it” Sam said, standing up and not being good at it.

“Shame on you” you pointed at him and Dean nodded hiding a smirk.

“Gimme that Cass” Sam stretched his arm trying to take the bottle but you intercepted his hands and gave him what was left of the tequila.

“No Sam, finish this,” you said

“But~”

“Now” He looked down at you and you up at him. Dean watching between you two, entertained.

“If you don’t sit down now I’m going to have a stiff neck tomorrow,” you said putting your hands on your hips. Sam snatched the bottle from your grasp and sagged down on the chair.

“You’re bossy…” he looked at you and snickered “…and short”.

Dean spat his beer and bent in two laughing“Yeah I think we’re good”.

As for a clue, Sam seemed to space out for a moment, his head lollled down. Dean approached
him and shook his shoulder, almost immediately Sam’s head shoot up and he looked around, focusing on his brother.

“Dean what the hell, where am I? “He looked down at his hand and gave Dean one of the best tilt-bitch face you have ever seen “Dean…why am I drinking tequila?”

“Get comfy Sammy, it’s a long story”
“You’re bossy…” he looked at you and snickered “…and short”.

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“Get comfy Sammy, it’s a long story”
“Sam, I’m sorry, I panicked. I wasn’t going to hurt you”

“I know…we are both at fault ok?” She nodded relieved.

I stared at him, Sam surely understood, and you were glad “The spells is gone, but you’ll still have a hangover tomorrow, so yeah…drink water err,” she added.

“Thanks I will” Sam turned to Dean and Cass “When are we leaving I feel I need a shower, coffee and a lot of Advil”

You all crossed the garden and now were near the ripple from where you came.”I took down the warding so it’ll be easier to make land,” Thalia said probably anxious to get rid of us. They all nodded at her and waited for you.

“Thank you Thalia, I’m glad you were my first witch, I’ll always have a fond memory of you. This place is amazing by the way, I love it.” She took your hands in hers and you saw Dean almost moving to you, but Castiel stopped him, while Sam looked at him confused.

“You can visit me if you want, It’s always spring here and I could use the company sometimes. Here just say this when you are on the shore. I’ll come and get you”

“I will” you hugged her and walked to the boys. One by one, they disappeared into the ripple and when it was your turn you saw Dean’s arm sticking out, wiggling for you to grab his hand. Again, you held your breath and you almost choked when the freezing water hit you. This time it was your turn to curse and Dean chuckled at the extent of your profanities. Once on dry land again, your teeth began to rattle.

“Everyone hold on tight,” Castiel said and you grabbed him for dear life, desiring only a scorching shower and a warm bed.

In a blink, you four were in the motel, wet, cold and tired.

“Ugh we smell like lake “Sam said sniffing himself, and called dibs on the shower. Castiel flew back home to recharge.

You and Dean were alone now “Everything went well in the end”

“You were great Y/N “

“But I didn’t do anything, I was rude to your brother, drink and talked” this thing of looking at the ground embarrassed in front of the Winchesters was becoming a habit.

“Give yourself some credit; even Sam thinks so, once I told him about these days. While we wait our turn, want to do some more pages?” He said walking to the discarded journal still on the bed.

“Yes, I don’t have much time before you guys fly back to the States” saying that now aloud, you felt a dull ache. You really did not want Dean to go, you instantly liked Sam and you had to say goodbye so soon.

“Let’s get to work, beer?”

“Hell no” you laugh

When Sam came out, he looked much better. Despise being tired and waiting for an epic hangover, he looked new. Dean offered the shower to you but you said you were going to finish
“Dean told me about your little project and if you want I can help, I think his exacts words were ‘You nerds should team up and do your nerdy stuff’”

You laughed and handed him your journal, while he sat on the bed near you. You had to admit, Winchester’s brothers had a very good pool of genes. They were different but at the same time similar. Both with striking eyes, and nice features, A+ on the body, and they were both smart and strong…and damn.

“This is what I have so far, I’m just copying everything I can while you are here, don’t know how much I can do before tomorrow but I’m at a good point.” Sam browsed through the pages while you nervously chewed on your lips. This person went to Stanford, to law school and now there he was in sweats evaluating your work.

“It’s not bad, nice drawing,” he said chuckling and lifting the page with the poorly drawn ghost

“Oh come on! Why is that still there?” you reached to snatch the page and he lifted the journal high, so there was no way you could reach it. You lifted yourself on your knees and Sam draw back the lifted arm, you following the diary, leaned over him, making him losing balance and fall back, out of the bed and on the floor. Dean came out of the bathroom right that moment, finding Sam on the floor with his head at his feet and you sprawled over him reaching for the journal. Both looked up to him and you blushed hard, scrambling to your feet, mortified.

“Sammy if you wanted another room you should’ve asked,” he said joking.

Sam must have read something else because he looked at you and at Dean and smiled knowingly.

“Well, my turn, thanks “you passed over Sam who was still half on the floor and shut the door.

“Dude”

“What?”

“Oh you know what “

“I don’t know whatcha talking about, shut up “

“Yeah ok “Sam said shaking his head smiling “Dean I was thinking…”

“Whenver you don’t?”

“I was thinking, maybe we could stay tomorrow, help Y/N finish the journal and call Cass the day after”

“Ok” and Sam scoffed blinking at Dean

“That was incredibly easy “

Dean shrugged walking to the little table and grabbed the room service menu, waving it at his brother, “Dude you have no idea how good the food is here”

“You are right I guess it’s the food that you like so much “

“See this? “Dean pointed at the discarded pizza cartons and wine from the night before “this made me cry”

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You finally felt warm again and not smelling of lake water anymore thank god. There was no need to wash your hair because who gives a crap right now and you already washed them that morning. Holy shit only this morning. How many days had passed…3, 4? To you it felt like a
week or two and now it was over.

“At least I did the most of the journal,” you thought about borrowing it, but you couldn’t bring yourself to ask Dean. He treasure it too much. “Oh well he told me I can find this shit on-line too, I just have to look for the hunter simbol”. You came out of the bathroom and saw the brothers sitting, waiting for you.

“.did something happened?”

“Y/N we decide to leave the day after tomorrow”


“As a thank you we’ll help you finish your journal and …”

“Before you do anything stupid by yourself, we are gonna look for some local hunters “Dean finished throwing the menu at you. “Now order some room service, you need to let Sam eat some magic….again “he chuckled pleased with himself. You watched Sam glaring at him with what you now were sure was his default react face to Dean’s bullshit

That’s it. That’s their entirely dynamic, and it was hilarious. “Sure” you said bending to pick up the menu “What’s your taste Sam?”

“Rabbit food”

Dean’s bullshit face on.

“He’s picking on you because he missed you so much “

“Shut up” Dean retorted and you both laughed.

“So Y/N, my brother didn’t say much, but I’m curious. He said that you are studying?”

“She does all that lab crap, in lab coats and gloves that even you don’t know” Dean said, mouth full.

“I’m graduating soon in Biotechnology “

“Wow that’s pretty tough”

“Yes, yes it is I’m sooo ready to get the fuck out of there, seriously “

“And after that…?”

“Oh my god Sam those are thanksgiving questions no one wants to answer to “

“It’s ok really…uhm I haven’t figured out yet actually. I mean I could work in any laboratory, but I don’t know. “

“You could work in the life, the hunter’s life,” Sam said tentatively and you heard Dean choke on his food “I mean not full time, but if we find other hunters from here you could be an asset, a scientific one perhaps if you figure out how ”

“You think I could?” your eyes shifted on Dean. You saw his conflicted expression, “I think you could be a valuable help to the cause, I guess, “he said reluctantly.

“I want to “

“Yeah?” Sam said sounding excited
“Yeah”

“Great” Sam clapped his hands “now… Dean told me there’s a dusty old library in this town”

Dean rolled his eyes.

“I’ve getting late and I think this day lasted a week,” you said standing up “Dean you remember the road to the library right? Thanks for tonight and the shower…I’ll see you both tomorrow then.” You walked to the door.

“I’ll walk you out” Dean said tailing you.

“There is n-“but he already closed the door behind him. You walked side by side down the corridor in an awkward silence.

“Why do we always walk in such awkward silence?” you asked giggling nervously trying to break this nerve wrecking quietness. He looked at you as if you just stepped on his feet

“Wh-what?”

“Did someone ever tell you that you are very direct?”

“In the last year? Yeah a lot. I grew tired of people who don’t say what it needs to be said when it needs to be said. Saves a lot of trouble and time. God, people tend to complicate things.” He opened the glass door, you smiled stepping into the chilling night.

“Oh god I miss Thalia’s spring “you rubbed your legs when a gush of wind made you shiver. You started walking to your car.

“I like you” you froze without turning.

WHAT

You heard him approach but didn’t move, your own beating heart in your head. He stopped beside you, peering down at your face, and you avoided his gaze.

No no no, oh god, what are you doing? You felt a cold grip on your heart, expanding slowly to your chest and it burned. Panic, you were panicking.

“Y/N…?” he called hesitantly.

Then you felt his fingers brush against yours. You hastily moved your hand away like it burned and looked at him, wide eyes. He looked away dejected lowering his hand.

“T-that …I’m sorry …I-I was surprised…” you blabbed. He stuck his hands in his pockets, rolling on his heels “It’s okay “.

You felt bad and angry at your body betraying you once again.

“I-I like you too Dean. I don’t know why I did that” you nibbled at your lips looking at him from underneath your lashes. He wasn’t looking at you.

“You are afraid of me,” he said tensing his jaw

“What? Of course not” you took a step forward but stopped, hands gripping your bag’s strap across your chest “not… how you think”. His eyes on you again. Still incapable of watching him in the eyes your looked everywhere but him.

“I think the world of you,” you whispered.
“But…” he continued for you.

“I….I have luggage that I still struggle to drag behind” you fiddled with your crystal “….I… I can’t” you breathed out and quickly walked to your car, without looking back, you started the car and drove away.

“…I… I can’t” you breathed out and quickly walked to your car, without looking back, you started the car and drove away.

“In the last year? Yeah a lot. I grew tired of people who don’t say what needs to be said when it needs to be said. Saves a lot of trouble and time. God, people tend to complicate things.”

That snapped something in him, and next he knew he blurted out “I like you “

He kicked himself right after, since when he regressed to high school freshman year? Seeing you froze made his heart jump, without even thinking his legs had a brain of his own. He approached you and tried to grab your hand but you snatched it away. His stomach dropped when you looked at him like a prey looks at his predator once caught. He had to look away.

‘Dean, you fucked up big time’

“I’m sorry …I-I was surprised…” he heard you saying, your voice trembling

“it’s okay” it was not ok! He scared you.

“I-I like you too Dean. I don’t know why I did that”

Liar. “You are afraid of me”

Her head snapped up and she took a step forward but stopped “what? Of course not, not… how you think”

She couldn’t even look at him, “I think the world of you” he barely heard her.

There was a ‘but’, somewhere floating between you two.

“I….I have luggage that I still struggle to drag behind and …I… I can’t”

He watched as she basically ran from him and stared until her car disappeared down the road.
Pie & Closure

Chapter Summary

prev:
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Chapter Notes

This is my first Supernatural fanfic. Heck the first fanfic in years and the first in english.
If you have time to post some review it'll be great, just to know how it's doing. I'm having fun writing it and I'd like to know if you too are at reading it Not english native and this is not beta-tested, so if there are mistakes along the way I'm sorry. I'm trying to improve on my written english.
I imagined this to go a long way just because I have lots of ideas, the first act will not be set in the USA, but in my country (you’ll discover it pretty soon).
This is written with the Y/N formula.

You didn’t sleep.
Not that you thought you could.
That was unbelievably pathetic and sad.

How in the hell were you going to meet them that morning? You groaned knocking your head on the bus’ window, you felt too tired to drive.
You almost missed your stop, pushing people you managed to get off just in time. It was a sunny day again but you couldn’t enjoy it, your mood was foul. Between lack of sleep, too many people around and a massive awkward time waiting, you couldn’t care less. From where you were, you could see them waiting for you on the other side of the road.

“Ok you can do it. There are monsters in this world, you fought a ghost and met a witch, and you can face one Dean Winchester”.

Balancing your journal and your trustful gigantic thermos full of hot coffee and milk, you took a deep breath and crossed the street.

“How guys!” you chirped behind them, they both spun around startled “gosh Sam you look awful, I brought you moka brewed coffee, you’ll thank me”

“Y/N ‘morning” Sam said weakly. Dean stayed silent but nodded at you, hands in his pockets. You nodded back and said nothing. Sam stared at both of you frowning.

“Alright I’m too hangover for this” he sighed, “Shall we?” he motioned you to go ahead.
Once inside Sam looked like a child in a candy store, you laughed tiredly and turned to Dean to make a joke, but it died in your throat, he stayed behind peering outside a window with a bored look on his face. Sam called after you, shifting your attention on him, you didn’t see Dean’s gaze fixing on you.

“Y/N we should ask for this book, this one, that one and that one too…also ask if they have some of these documents and these records” Sam gave you a long list of names and you went to the assistant, who after reading it looked at you strangely. When you came back to the table, Sam choose, you took out of your bag three mugs you brought from home and started to fill them, the aroma filling your nose. You plopped down on your seat bringing the mug to your mouth, inhaling, the hot coffee vapours giving you life again.

You took a long sip, eyes closed, you leaned your head back letting out a long groan of pleasure as the coffee already worked its magic. Coming back from your little moment of ecstasy, your eyes met Dean’s. He was looking at you longingly, and he instantly looked elsewhere. Sam again was caught between this exchange and eye rolled grabbing his mug taking a sip.

“This is great,” he said smiling contently, breaking the uneasy air, your haze snapped to him.

“I know right? I bought some for you to bring home” you said winking “Just remember to use the real thing ok?”

“Y/N here’s your books, and I found some of those records you asked. Anyway what kind of exam are you preparing?” The library clerk stopped by your table unloading the pile of dusty book.

“Hey, ehm they are not for me, I’m helping these two with something”

“Oh ok, well enjoy” he nodded at them “just remember to write the time you finish, here’s the gloves”

“Thanks”

You were nose deep in books and papers for hours, while Sam avidly asked you to translate every phrases, he helped you filling other blanks in your journal. Dean…Dean was gone. He announced after the first half hour that he was going to stretch his legs and breathe some real fresh air before ‘we could pass him the nerdiness’ he said. Every now and then, your eyes would search him.

“Y/N don’t worry he’s always like this”

“I’m afraid it’s my presence “

“I really don’t think so “Sam watched you nibbling your lips and sighed, “here, sooner we finish this and sooner we’ll join him”

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“And that should cover most of everything we encountered. You said you’ll ask Castiel for the angel part so I’ll shut up about that”

“But he’s not here, how can I ask him if he’s coming to pick you up tomorrow?”

“You can pray to him and if he’s free he’ll come”

“…texting is so 2017”

Sam chuckled while scrolling through papers and documents, you saw him stopping, and narrowing his eyes, he brought a yellowed page to his face.

“What it is?” you asked trying to see. He smiled and turned the document to you. “I don’t see it,”
you said.

Lifting a gloved finger he pointed at the corner of the page “Look closely”. Wearing your glasses, you peered where his finger was. There in the corner, there was a faded sigil.

“That’s not a hunter sign,” you said confused.

“No, but it’s a men of letters one. This proves there is a branch here too, there are a few names listed here. We can trace their legacies and hopefully we’ll find their locations. This way …”

“This way I’ll have someone to turn to “you whispered. This was exciting, your heart beat faster, and you looked at Sam, eyes glistening. You felt like you actually found something to look forward to.
At the end of the morning, you discovered there still were some families left that still exists, but if they were active, that was yours to find out.
You met with Dean outside the library.

“Dude, where have you been?”

“I took a stroll at the castle and since I was there I searched for ghost activities just in case” his eyes shifting on you “guess what? No more ghosts “ he smiled pleased.

“Nice “you smiled back, and then your tummy roared and Dean’s one followed, you both looked down at your stomachs.

“Nice to see you too getting along again”Sam chuckling.

So guys when are you going to call Cass?” You suggested having lunch where you worked so you could stay there directly until the evening shift started.

“First thing in the morning should be fine, we can take these few hours as a vacation. I don’t remember the last time we did this, Dean?”

“There was that time we went to that lake, I don’t remember, that lasted what? maybe less than a week? I don’t know”

Sam scoffed “oh yeah weren’t you just came back from the dead?”

“Yeah, which time was it?”

“Ah no right, I think I had just cured you from being a demon”

“And some monsters busted your arm”

“I swear you guys make the weirdest conversations” you interrupted “Here we are, is out ok?”

You sat down with your back at the entrance so you couldn’t see your friend jumping you from behind, Sam tensed and Dean stood up alarmed.

“Y/N! “She squealed in your ear “how did that night go? You didn’t texted me back”

“Hi Y F/N, sorry I forgot, I’ve been busy “

Her smile widened “I bet you were girl, sooo was he good to you? “ You blushed and looked briefly at Dean who luckily didn’t understand a thing, blushing even deeper. Y F/N eyes followed yours and she gasped seeing the two brothers.

“Is that …? He is! right?. Oh my god Y/N what the hell, he’s a snack, and who is the exquisite giant?”
“This is Dean and Sam Winchester. Guys this is Y F /N, my friend from work “ She pushed you back scrambling to hold their hands. Taking particular interest in Sam who just wanted his hand back.

“So Dean…I hope you gave my girl good time” she elbowed him and winked.“She needed it so bad you know, she taught me to give blow minding blo-”

“Y F/N! “You yelled in panic, grabbing her arm you dragged her away from Dean

“what the hell, nothing happened”

“Oh. Well maybe I can demostr-“

“Shut up and come back in a few minutes for our orders”

You turned to the boys embarrassed, Sam chuckling and Dean casually looking at the sky.

“..mmm. Sorry about that…” and you buried your face in the menu.

“That was amazing, I’m gonna miss this when we go back at our normal diet” You watched as Sam patted his tummy satisfied while Dean was still stuffing his face.

“Guys this is normal food here, it’s nothing special even I can cook this “Their idolization for homemade food was adorable. You called Y F /N and order something else.

“Y/N I can’t eat anymore please” Sam whined

“Don’t be rude Sammy”

“Pff please, I’m gonna treat you for helping me and as a goodbye gift”

Y F/N came back with the dessert.

“Is that pie?” Dean’s eyes sparkled discarding what was left of his meal to make space, and YF/N put the plate in front of him. “Oh hell yeah”

“This is the traditional pie of this state, you all like chocolate right?”

“You better order some more if you want to eat it too, because he’s gonna eat it all by himself”Sam warned eyeing his brother. The pie had a crunchy bottom with chocolate and almonds, and the filling was chocolate biscuit wetted with coffee and light mascarpone cream, all of this covered with a thin sheets of dark chocolate flakes. You both watched as Dean cut a thin slice and pushed it to Sam and dived in the ¾ left not even caring that his mouth was covered in chocolate.

“This is awesome” he said mouth full “sorry you wanted a slice too?” and by the look on his face you could tell he didn’t really mean it.

“I’m good “you chuckled, drinking your dark espresso.

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“Are you sure it’s okay? We could paid “

“Nonsense I invited you and you spent the morning babysitting me” You hushed Sam, looking at your watch “Well this is it, I’m gonna stay here and start my shift earlier. I’ll leave you to enjoy the rest of your ‘vacation’”

“We could come for a drink later,” Dean said “if…if you want, that is” You couldn’t help the wide smile that cut your face. You really were not ready to say goodbye.
“I…I’d love that” You watched their backs as they walked away. Dean glanced back and you smiled brightly waving, he smiled back and all seemed back to normal…well for how normal these last days had been.

Y F/N hugged you from behind, her chin laying on the top of your head.

“Damn Y/N” she said dreamily and clearly watching their asses “Where did you find them?”

You both sighed.

She grabbed your shoulder and spun you around to face her.

“…what the hell is wrong with you? What did not happened with Mr Freckles?”

“…I don’t know I froze, and he just tried to grab my hand. I’m hopeless, I’m still hung up on you know who”

“Yeah the fact that you can’t even say his name it’s a clear signal” now her face was serious.

“How can you be? It’s been months!”

“YF/N after almost 7 years, I’m sorry if I just can’t switch off things easily “your voice broke.

“Yeah but you are also doing nothing about it” She grabbed your face, “I know it’s hard but, believe me, you need to start living again, he sure as hell is. You are so stuck in this hole you dug yourself and I don’t want you to suffocate in it and lose your chance at happiness.”

Tears pricked at your eyes and you felt a lump in your throat.

She hugged you tightly and whispered in your ear “I love you too much to let you do that to yourself; you are an amazingly kind person and deserve the world that he wouldn’t give you. So make your own happiness, okay?”

“Okay” you smiled weakly.

“Promise me “she said grabbing your shoulder and shaking you hard.

You laughed, cried, and sniffled… whatever.

“I promise”

“But first, tell me something….is Sam single?” You pushed her away laughing and went inside.

“Hey I’m serious!”

It was the middle of a busy shift and both you and Y F/N were juggling around the tables, not a moment to catch your breaths, when in the corner of your eyes you saw them coming in. Seeing you they waved, you waved back and almost crashed into a chair. Embarrassed, you indicated the bar stools, the only seats available.

Once you finished taking orders you walked towards them, you heart leaping in your throat at the site of Dean looking gorgeous as ever.

You on the other hand looked like a mess, probably sweaty and flushed, your apron covered in stains, part of your shirt wet with beer that spilled over you and pretty sure your braid hanged sad and dishevelled on your shoulder.

“Hey guys! sorry busy night but it’s going to quiet down soon”

“No problem” Sam smiled at you.

“What can I get you?”

“Beer’s fine for now”

“Coming right up”
You were able to spend some moments chatting with them when you heard the door opening again, before you could turn to greet the new customer, Y F/N stopped you.

“Eer, don’t worry about that Y/N, I got them.”

“Oh don’t worry you have already too many orders to serve”

“No I- “You didn’t let her finish and grabbing the menu you walked away.

“Oh shit” Dean heard YF/N say, “What is it?” he asked.

“The ones that came in….Y/N’s ex is one of them”

“Oh they both mouthed.

“No this is bad, it’s her first time seeing him after..” she scratched her head “…after 8 months, fuck” she began panicking “I shouldn’t have let her go”

“Hey guys, you already know what you want or I leave th-”

“Y/N”

You froze.

That voice.

No.

“..Hey” you managed to say. You felt your entire ex-group of friends’ eyes on you.

“Ehm…w-what you all want to order?” You took their drinks orders mechanically and turned. He grabbed your wrist preventing you from getting away. In that moment, you crossed eyes with Dean.

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

Dean watched how she stiffened, even from behind, he could tell she was uncomfortable and her body screamed to run. She still took their orders professionally, but when she turned to walk away, the bloke grabbed her wrist blocking her.

She locked her eyes on him.

He leaped from his seat instinctively seeing the state of her face.

She was livid, her bottom lip trembled and her eyes were hollow. He wanted nothing but to go there, twist his hand and let her free, but before he could do anything, he saw her closing her eyes, take a big breath and turn around.

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

“Please don’t …,” you said whispering, but he didn’t let go.

“Wait, it’s been a long time.” He got up, his hand still around you pulse, you draw back.

“I have to work, please let me go” you tried to squirm from his grip, but he was as if he didn’t hear you.

“How have you been? I didn’t know you worked here”

“Yes you knew I did” you turned to the others “you all did” they stay silent avoiding your gaze.

“Oh come on we are just here to grab a drink”
“There are plenty of other places where you could have gone, why here?”

Please don’t cry, please don’t cry, please don’t cry….

“…I wanted to see how you were doing” he said.

“I’m great, bye” you tried to wriggle out your hand again more forcefully and he squeezed on reflex, hurting you a bit and you flinched. Please let me go, please.

“HEY BARTENDER WE’RE DRY HERE” Dean voice soared above all the rest of the noises.

“I-I need to go” with a last yank you pulled free and scuttled away.

”Why doesn’t he let her go? “ Dean roared

“I don’t know, they look like they are talking”

“Y F/N right? Does she look like she want to talk to him to you?” Sam asked worried.

“..No, I don’t know what to do, I can’t go there and pull her out, she’ll hate me”

Dean saw as she squirmed under his grip again, more fervently and then he saw her flinching in pain.

“HEY BARTENDER WE’RE DRY HERE” he shouted. He saw her pulling free and run to them.

He had time to just look at her expression, she looked like a caged animal, but before he could, said or do something, she passed past him and disappeared in the back room. He made move to follow her but YF/N stopped him “Give her time, she doesn’t want to be seen like that, trust me”

Dean sat back slowly, him and Sam sharing a worried look.

“Get a grip, get a grip, get a grip Y/N “you were pacing in the middle of the storage room, your chest felt tight and tears threatened to spill. Huffing you stopped and threw your head back hoping for the help of gravity. When the buzzing in your head stopped, you smacked your cheeks with both hands and took a long shaky breath.

“Ok girl you got this” You walked out and met the others.

“Hey, you ok girl? I’m sorry I should have gone instead of you”

“YF/N please, this is my job. Beside it would have happen eventually right? We live in the same city”

She gave you a quick hug and resumed her work. You walked behind the counter, stopping in front of the boys, you quickly glanced at them and smiling weakly you grabbed the first bottle within reach, poured a generous amount of whatever that was and gulped it all down.

“Eww “you grimaced “That was disgusting….so where were we?”

“Err…Y/N you want…to talk about that?” Sam began

You laughed “nope”, Sam scoffed peering at Dean, which responded with a mouthed ‘what’.

“How was the rest of your day?” you continued rubbing without thinking your wrist, Dean’s eyes catching the gesture.

After talking with them you started to relax, they told you about the men’s of letters and the bunker that they call home, they also told you about Jack after you insisted.
“He sounds…nice,” you said not entirely convinced, he was still the son of Satan.

“Apparently the antichrist likes nougat,” Dean said sipping from his bottle.

“Y/N …”

Your face fell…boy can’t you take a hint? Sam and Dean turned to the source of the voice.

“Ex/N…” you acknowledged him “the bill? “

“Ah…yes thanks” you moved to the cash register and he handed you the orders, Dean watched how you rubbed your hand on your jeans before grabbing the piece of paper with shaky hands.

“It’s 40 in total, cash or card?” He could not understand what where you saying but your voice was steady and flat as you gave his card back.

“Thank you and goodnight” you said glad that this too was over.

“Wait Y/N!”

“NO” you snapped, few heads turned your way “no” you repeated lower.

“I don’t understand, I did nothing for you to be this angry”

You stared at him, you knew he was genuinely confused, like he always been, never did anything, nothing was ever his fault; the others can’t understands, all the bad in the world was on his shoulders. Humph what a drama queen.

“Exactly, you did absolutely nothing “you peered at Dean who sat closer to where you were, evaluating the situation.

“Listen…just go please “

“God you didn’t change a bit “Y ex/N scoffed unpleasantly, that blow went straight to your stomach and suddenly it was hard to breathe.

“Is there a problem here pal?” both your head snapped up to Dean who stood up, towering him "Dean it’s ok –“

“No it’s not, I don’t understand what he is saying, but I can tell it’s making you uncomfortable, so…,” he snarled back looking down at him, smiling tightly “what’s up?”

Yex/N looked at him and then at you, he made a knowing smile “Oh I see” he leaned to you “Is this your kink? You must be thrilled. Tell me do you speak in English when you f-“

“Hey!” Dean grabbed his upper arm stopping him from leaning further into you, Sam startled stood up too “You paid, time to go “

Yex/N tried to wriggle out Dean’s grip, unsuccessfully “Tell your lap dog to keep his hands off me “

You put a hand on his arm “It’s ok Dean, he’s going, right?” Dean’s grip softened

“Yeah yeah, I’m going” he snatched his arm back, massaging it and walked away, he stopped at the door “I’m sorry “he said looking at you.

“No…No you are not, you never were “you smiled sadly, his face fell.

“Y/N…” you heard Dean’s voice close, but your eyes were glued to the door, now closed. He put a hand on your shoulder and you jumped startled.
“Y-yes?”

“You okay?” he asked peering at your face and his jaw clenched.

“Yeah, I’m fine”

He kept staring at you, lifted his hand cupping your face, his thumb wiping the wetness under your eye “Then why are you crying?”

“What? I- I’m not” you backed away and touched your cheeks. You were indeed crying, your face was wet and the tears wouldn’t stop, you maniacally wiped with your shirtsleeve fabric. “I’m… I’m sorry I don’t know why…I’m sorry” you run past him and out the door, Dean calling after you.

He found you nearby, sitting on the edge of the marble fountain facing the old church.

“Can I?” He asked, you shrugged. He sat beside you, his warmth radiating and you were suddenly very cold.

“So… uhm…the ex”

“Yep”

“Ah yeah break ups uh?” he bumped his shoulder into you “tough sons of bitches am I right?” he chuckled nervously.

“I wouldn’t know this is my first”

“Oh “his brows shot up.

“Yeah, maybe that’s why it’s so hard now, maybe with the next, it wouldn’t hurt this much”

He signed loudly “I’m not sure about that kid, they all sucks in their own way”

“Awesome” you saw his hands fidget, you smiled bumping into him too “It’s okay, I’m okay. In fact, I think that was the closure I needed “

“What, no smashing his car windows, trash his house, poop mails?”

“Nah I don’t need that and he doesn’t deserve it, really” He really didn’t. How can one punish someone who fell out of love? You could call it laziness, cowardice, immaturity probably, but he didn’t do it with malice. You rubbed your wrist again, lost in thoughts.

“Does it hurt?” He said reaching to grab it but he stopped and instead put his hand on his knee.

You peeked at his face, he was awkwardly watching anything else but you, and then to his hand. You stroked the crystal that was now constantly around your neck, holding your breath, you reached and intertwined your fingers with his.
Chapter Summary

You peeked at his face, he was awkwardly watching anything else but you, and then to his hand. You stroked the crystal that was now constantly around your neck, holding your breath, you reached and intertwined your fingers with his.

Chapter Notes

END OF ACT 1.
This is my first Supernatural fanfic. Heck the first fanfic in years and the first in english.
If you have time to post some review it'll be great, just to know how it's doing. I'm having fun writing it and I'd like to know if you too are at reading it
Not english native and this is not beta-tested, so if there are mistakes along the way
I'm sorry. I'm trying to improve on my written english.
I imagined this to go a long way just because I have lots of ideas, the first act will not be set in the USA, but in my country (you'll discover it pretty soon).
This is written with the Y/N formula.

Oh boy.

You hand disappeared in his as he squeezed back, thumb stroking your skin and your heart hurt with every beat it took. You timidly peeked at him and he was looking at you fondly, his eyes carrying such a heated look that took your breath away.

“You are staring at me like you did at the pie this morning, you gonna devour me too?”

His eyes grew wide and dark “I don’t think you meant that as I hope”

Now it was your eyes’ turn to pop out, you covered your face, blushing “Oh my god sometimes I forget these things”. Dean reached with his other hand, grabbing the one covering your face, lowering it over your already joined ones and his face grew serious and anxious.

You felt it, the moment with a capital T.

You were scared, but also eager as YF/N words from before echoed in your head.

Digging my own hole and suffocating in it, denying the chance to feel happiness. Sure Dean will be gone by tomorrow but in this moment….in this moment you wanted this piece of happiness.

You closed your eyes and lowered all your walls.

When her hands sneaked in his, Dean’s heart almost choked him in his throat, and it was not just an innocent friendly hand squeeze, no they were all palm to palm and fingers between fingers. Her hand was almost engulfed in his, such a tiny slender hand, he grazed her inner wrist softly and chuckled when he saw a worn out friendship bracelet around it. Focusing his eyes on her face his
heart couldn’t help another squeeze. Her braided hair were messy and strands escaped, framing her face, some clung to the damp skin on her neck where he could see her fast pulse, her chest rising and falling, after the quick sprint she took. Others image passed through his mind in which he could make her breath like that.

“You are staring at me like you did at the pie from this morning, you gonna devour me too?”

Son of a bitch, did she really said that? He looked at her face, no trace of flirtation. She officially wanted him dead. However, just to be sure…

“I don’t think you meant that as I hope”

Dean saw her hand almost smacking her blushing face after she realised what she said, could she be more adorable? He knew she wasn’t that innocent but damn these kind of missteps were going to be the end of him. From that mouth, the most dirty and sultry things could come out and she would still look like the girl next door that baked you a welcome pie. He groaned mentally when, again, his mind went wild with imagination.

He reached, wanting to see her face. Her eyes were still a bit wet, her cheeks red and her lips plump from her chewing on them. Then it felt it, the precise moment where there is no need for other words, she understood and he saw assent in her eyes, which she closed slowly, her eyelashes glistened.

He cupped her face and dipped his head.

“Dean!”

Your eyes flew open and pushed Dean away from you startled. Sam voice ripping you from your little bubble.

You heard Dean groaning.

“Sam… timing!” he snarled at his brother who was walking fast towards you, followed by Y F/N.

Sam looked at your face and how you were covering your face and avoiding his gaze. He shifted awkwardly.

 “…I-I’m sorry, but Dean… it’s Jack“

“What happened?” Dean said worried, standing up.

“He found a case and went alone“

“What the hell? Wasn’t Cass supposed to keep an eye on him?”

“I don’t know I guess he fle… moved fast,” Sam said eyeing YF/N “Anyway, Cass said he’ll come and get us as soon as we are ready,” He said sneaking a glance at you.

Welp there it is. Time’s over.

“You should go now then,” You said and they both looked at you, Sam apologetic and you couldn’t read Dean’s expression.

“Y/N…” He began.

“No really, it sounds important… beside I have your numbers, we’ll keep in touch” you began to walk back and you slammed against your friend. She pushed to your chest your purse and coat rolled in a bundle.
“Wha-“

“Your shift finished, you can go, I’ll cover the rest” you tried to protest but she stopped you “You should at least spent the rest of the night with your friends don’t you think?“ she asked you three.

You looked at each other and shrugged. “Perfect” she zipped you, and waved goodbye.

“Y F/N!” you called after her but as she disappeared behind the door.

The ride to the motel was quick, you chewed on your thumbnail, looking outside, while Sam and Dean conjecturing about the Nephilim whereabouts.

“That kid I swear, day by days he’s starting to resemble his Dad”

“Yeah, Cass on steroids“ said Dean

“I’m sure he is fine” Sam stole a glance at you “besides…he’s better now “

“Still the frigging antichrist”

“Y/N” you didn’t hear Sam, lost in your thoughts “Y/N!”

“UH? Y-yes what is it?”

“Once we are gone, can you return for us the car? I guess you don’t have a ride back home tonight right?”

You didn’t think of that.

“Right. Yeah I can do that”

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You were sitting on the bed; legs crossed watching the Winchesters packing frantically.

“Is this one of the ‘let’s go and save the world’? Should I go and… I don’t know…confess before …you know”

“What? No “ both said

“Oh so it’s like, rebel teen fly from home and dad and uncles freak out”

“Yes” “I’m not uncle!” Sam and Dean said at the same tim

You chuckled “I’m messing with you relax. I’m a bit sad that you’re going soon. It was nice meeting you”

“Me too” They both looked at each other “Dude stop” “Dude!”

“That “you indicated them both giggling “That I’ll miss “

“Bitch”

“Jerk”

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“Ok packing’s done. Dean pray “

“What do I always have to do this“Sam opened his mouth already smirking “Don’t” Dean interrupted him. You perched on the edge of the bed eager to witness this. Dean peered at you bashfully and then closed his eyes furrowing his brows.
“Dear Castiel and his dorky feathery ass, we are ready and waiting for the angel taxi”. You rolled back on the bed laughing, while you heard the now usual wings swoosh.

“Dean, your prayer are becoming more and m-” The angel gaze fell on you rolling on the bed and looked at Dean offended “You didn’t tell me Y/N was here” he said sounding embarrassed.

Jumping off the bed, you walked to Castiel, drying your eyes “Hello Cass”

“Hello Y/N”

“Do I have to pray like Dean if I’ll need you in the future?” Dean looked at you a face. “Why would you need to c-“

“Yes Y/N, I’ll hear you, though I would suggest rephrasing“

“Aaah this is exciting, I have an angel on speed dial”

“I also have a mobile phone you know,” he said taking it out and wiggling it at you. You squealed and exchanged numbers.

“Ok Cass I guess it’s time to go” Sam broke the happy bubble, and bringing you back to reality. You saw the brothers picking up their stuff and walking to you and Castiel.

Your eyes fell inevitably on Dean. You locked eyes and so many things passed between you two. Sam and Castiel exchanged a look.

“Well guys I guess this is it” you said smiling bitterly “This was fun and thank you for everything” They smiled warmly at you, except Dean which smile mirrored yours. You waited for them to disappear…like ‘come on before I cry in front of you all’ you thought. Instead, you saw Castiel turning his head to Dean and tilting it, Dean’s face stoic but he eyed him. The angel nodded and smiled at you on last time before disappear in a flutter of wings.

However, Dean was still there.

“Wh-“

“I asked Cass to give me a moment” you opened your mouth but he continued, “I still have some thing I want to make clear”

“About…?” you asked nervously

“About what are you going to do “

“Oh…?”

He walked to you. “You have to promise me that you’ll first finish what you are doing now, with college and stuff”

“… I promise. But you can’t tell me what to do after. I will not accept that” you said serious, your resolutions strong

“I know I can’t and I’ll go crazy knowing that you’ll probably will not always be safe, so please at least don’t do stuff alone.”

“I can’t do field stuff alone Dean! Do you think I’ll dive into hunting life like this? I’ll probably
just nerd around books andgross monsters parts “

“That’s my girl “he said ruffling your head.

Silence fell between you too. You fidget with your braid, while he looked at his watch.

“So…when he’s going to come back “you asked to break the silence.

“Any minute now, I think”

“oh”

“Yep”

This fucking awkward silence again. Your head buzzed and your heartbeat was in your ears. Ever felt like you want to do or say something and you try but you just can’t? Like something blocking you and all your body scream to give you courage but your mind just won’t connect to your mouth?

You are on the verge of this cliff, you know you just need a little push, but it’s that push you don’t have. So you stay like this, torn between wanting to do something so bad that it hurts but not doing it because your mind goes crazy bombarding you with tenth different scenarios of how things can happen or go down.

Plus …the imminent arrival of the angel, made you more desperate to just fucking unblock.

Wait…he is leaving, you know he is. You literally had nothing to lose.

You know what? Fuck it, fuck it!

You closed the distance between you two; slipped a hand behind his nape for leverage and standing on your tiptoes you clashed your lips to his.

It took Dean a second to re-function after the initial shock. When your hand went to his nape, he thought maybe he had a loose thread or something. Instead, he saw your face inches from his and he didn’t had time to process what was happening. When your lips touched his, he felt himself sucking in his breath as a spark ignited deep within him. He slightly dipped down to make it easier for you and raised a hand on your back, bringing you close. The move made your body press against his, strong arms around you made you feel even smaller compared to him, you felt safe, and content, his firm chest pushing yours up and just from that a moan escaped your lips.

When Dean heard that delicious sound, he almost lost it. He grabbed your shoulders and backend you against the wall, his thigh parting yours,pushing you up, the friction making you hiss.

You deepened the kiss, but only teasing his tongue with yours, he whimpered when you retreated in your mouth and he followed you and you let him explore. Best decision ever, that man could kiss.

“ah…Dean” you whispered completely enrapture by the kiss, your hands slid down to your sides searching for something to hold on but you didn’t find anything so you gripped his belt bringing him to you, making him grind against you.

He cursed and broke the kiss to lay his forehead on your shoulder, his hot elaborate breath lapping at your neck, his arm against the wall, on either side of your head, trapping you. Not that you were going anywhere.

You dipped your head a bit and closed your teeth on his earlobe, nibbling at it gently, while your hips rolled against his. His hands closed to fist and slammed down on the wall, you jumped at the noise letting go.

Dean, now freed, lifted his head to look at you and what he saw made him weak.

You were panting, just as he fantasized, your eyes glazed and dark with desire, you were flushed
in all the right places and he wanted to take his time to see which other parts of you blushed like that. That was something you both didn’t have.

Sliding down his arm to your hips, he pushed his thigh up again and you moaned, arching into him, your arms around his neck, your head rolled back giving him access to your neck which he attacked merciless. At this point, you were barely conscious, and while he worked miracles there, you slipped your hands on his, pushing them under your tights and he understood. Squeezing his hands tightly, almost hurting you, he lifted you up and you wrapped your legs around him, you both groaned when you felt his arousal pushed against yours. His hand were in your hair again, working wonders and tugging making you whimper in his mouth with every angle he guided you, back scratching on the wall, hands clutching his shirt so you could keep being grounded on this planet.

You pushed back his head to look at him and god what a vision, your hands had masterfully dishevelled his short hair and his lips were plump and parted. His laboured breath and his eyes semi closed made you regret that you had not time to see how far you could made him fall apart. Lifting a hand to cup his cheek, you grazed his skin trying to remember every single little freckle. His grow out short beard scraped the skin of your palm and you shivered, caressing his lips with your thumb you licked your lips and pulled him to you again, this time you kissed his slowly to burn this moment in your memory.

Dean seemed to do the same, letting you slip down; his hand cupped your face, changing your angle, and he kissed you back slowly.

You both separated for air, leaning your foreheads together, your nose slightly stroking his.

“mmm.” He hummed. Passion was still there but knowing that Cass could appear at any given moment you knew you should stop there before making an angel really uncomfortable. It was okay, this has been the best make out session of your life.

Dean laughed.

“I said that aloud, didn’t I?”

“You are welcome”.

You stepped out of his embrace, tidying yourself a bit, undoing what was left of your braid you walked to the bed sitting down, and he followed you.

“I…..if we had more time-“he began, but you shut him up with another deep kiss.

“It’s okay” you said, stroking his chest with your fingertips, he caught your hand in his squeezing searching your eyes with his and you lost yourself in that green forest.

“Don’t…don’t do anything stupid” he whispered

You hold his gaze “Don’t die…again” you both chuckled “I’m sorry I don’t want to be sad, but I am”

“Well, this doesn’t need to be a goodbye” he smiled, his eyes crinkled

“No, you are just an ocean away” you smiled back.

A fluttering of wings marked the end of your little moment, you both stood up to greet Castiel.

“Y/N” he nodded at you “Dean are you ready?”

Dean bent down to pick up his duffel bag; throwing it on his shoulder, he put a hand on the angel
shoulder.

Your eyes locked together one last time, he winked at you and he was gone.

a year later…

“Y/N time for the group photos, let go of the bottle!”

“Coming bitches!”

You walked unstable on your heels, readjusting your laurel wreath on your head and stood between all your friends smiling at the camera.

“So what’s next?” YF/N asked from behind you, while you posed.

“Uh?”

“You already sent your curriculums right?”

“Nope” you turned to grab the bouquet from your mum for posing.

“What? Why?” YF/N asked posing with you kissing her cheek.

“I have other plans for now” you passed the flowers to her and your eyes fell to the tattoo on your inner forearm, fingers lightly stroking it.

“I’m going to take a sabbatical, travelling “

“Nice, where?”

You spun around to look at her, a stupid smile on your face.

“America”

End Act 1.

[ Act 2 EPIPHANY is out !!!! ]
Hiya!

since I started the writing shit process I got more and more comfortable with it, and if it's true that there are still mistakes here and there, I think I got better at this gradually.
So get this....
I'm gonna edit and update the chapters one by one, not to change things, the story will remain the same but I know some needs some work done.
I'll warn you when I'll upload each edited and improved chapters.

For now chapter 1 is updated
update

chapter 6 edited

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!