Written Glory

by Id_flyifihad_wings

Summary

Alternate Universe;
The day you wake up as 18 is the day you will find writing on your body. The first words your soul mate will speak to you that day. And the day Dean wakes up on his 18th birthday, he finds his words.

Suddenly he is cast into a melee of mysteries that all lead back to one person. Will he be able to save them, or will it ruin everything he's ever known?
Fright

All his life Dean knew that the day he woke up on his 18th birthday, he'd find words on his body. They could be anywhere, and could say anything, but they meant only one thing. They were the first words your soul mate would say to you. And tomorrow was Dean's 18th birthday.

His parents always enforced that when he found his soul mate, he'd bring her straight home. To meet them and his little brother Sam of course. His mother always worried she'd never get to meet the 'lucky girl' of Dean's. And he never knew why.

Sam was four years younger than him but still somehow growing. He already reached Dean's shoulders, and his hair grew with him. It was never shorter than his ears anymore it seemed.

But then disaster struck. His mother had developed a tumor in her brain. She had frequent headaches, and she ended up blacking out one day. It only took two weeks for the tumor to grow to a size the doctor couldn't help. Not without harming her. And so another week later, she passed away without another word. At least, that's what Sam was told. In reality she was killed by a yellow-eyed demon named Azazel.

Their dad had gone into an alcoholic binge. Drinking heavily everyday and although he never beat them, he would yell at Sam for no reason.

Dean drove them both to school now in the old 1967 black Chevy Impala that their dad bought on a whim. Not that Dean was complaining, it was a nice car. But the fact that their dad didn't acknowledge them much anymore made his heart hurt.

Sam wasn't ever really fond of their father, but it was still depressing to see his little brother look so melancholic and despondent. Especially when their dad called him worthless and said he'd never get anywhere in life.

In reality it was Dean who would never get anywhere in his life. Sam was the smart one, the genius in their family. He wanted to go to Stanford Law, and Dean told him everyday he could. He was smart enough to.

The morning before his 18th birthday was a Sunday. It was uneventful and as Dean made his way to the kitchen for breakfast, he could hear the soft lull of the TV playing in his dad's room. Another few steps and he could make out the clink of plates and plinks of silverware in the kitchen.

"Sammy?" Dean called and the noises stopped for a moment before continuing.

"I'm in the kitchen. Making breakfast." Sam replied, his voice cracking. Dean enters the kitchen with a smile and sits down on the counter.

"What're you making for us today, Sammy?" he asked and Sam rolled his eyes.

"How many times do I hafta tell you not to call me Sammy? It's like I'm eight all over again." he said, causing Dean to laugh.

"And that's why I still call you that. You'll always be my little brother, and you better never forget that." Dean told him, and Sam shot him a glare.

A loud clatter echoes through the small kitchen and Dean whirs around to see their father standing there, looking bedraggled and hungover.
"You almost done with that food?" he asked and Sam nodded.

"Yessir." he replied softly. Dean stared down at the ground, staying silent and keeping his eyes off of his father.

John used to be a nice, loving, compassionate man. When their mother, Mary, was killed he turned bitter and dark. He was never the same, and even though he had gotten better, he'd never fully given up his drinking or defeated nature.

"When your done with that you can help Dean wash the car." he commanded and Sam nodded again.

"Yessir." he agreed, and John turned to leave the room. The sizzle of bacon made Dean's stomach rumble, and he chuckled awkwardly. "It's almost done, you pig." he added to Dean with a grin once his father had left the room.

"Bitch." Dean growled softly and Sam smiled as he looked over at him.

"Jerk." he shot back. Sam grabbed a spatula and scooped the bacon out of the pan with a look of disgust on his face. He gave Dean a plate and watched as he took the majority of the bacon before stuffing some into his mouth.

"How do you eat that?" Sam asked and Dean stood up, plate in hand.

"It's better than any of the rabbit food you eat." he retorted as he walked out of the kitchen and to the living room. Sam shook his head and made a plate for his dad.

"Here, dad." he said as he handed the food to his father. John looked up and met his gaze for a few seconds before standing with a small grunt.

"I'm not hungry." he said as he stumbled off back to his room. Sam sighed heavily and set the plate down with a hallow clunk. Dean stood up and set his plate down, putting a comforting hand on Sam's shoulder.

"Dean, don't." Sam said and shrugged it off as he turned and hurried to his own room on the other side of the house.

Dean sighed softly and rubbed his hand down his jaw, a habit he'd formed from his dad. Sam was only 14, but Dean knew he was more mature than most his age. He was probably more like 20 in his mind but that didn't mean dad's words didn't hurt.

It wasn't long before he was coming back to the living room for food. He didn't say a word to Dean as he walked by quickly, almost as if trying to avoid contact with others at all costs. Dean's eyes wondered back to the TV and he stayed quiet as Sam sat beside him and started eating a bowl of cereal.

"You ready for school tomorrow?" Sam finally broke the silence and Dean thought for a moment before answering.

"Honestly? No, I'm terrified. I'm gonna meet her tomorrow, Sammy. My soul mate, the person I'm destined to spend the rest of my life with." he said softly, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Oh, right. I forgot about that." Sam joked as he looked over at his brother. Dean looked genuinely afraid, his brow knitted together and his jaw tight. "Come on, Dean. It'll be fine. I mean, you've always been good with girls, man. This one shouldn't be any different." he added when he
saw his brother's worry.

"That's just the thing. It will be different. She's not just some girl, she's the one my heart is made for." Dean told him with concern.

Sam sighed softly and went back to eating his breakfast. "Just be yourself, Dean." he said quietly as he stood up and set his bowl in the sink.

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The daylight hours passed by slowly, and Dean found himself worrying more and more as the day went on. He laid in his bed, staring up at the ceiling wordlessly.

It was almost 11:30 at night, but Dean couldn't fall asleep. He was restless and couldn't close his eyes because as soon as he did the nightmares returned.

Screaming, black eyes, salt lines. It wasn't that he was afraid of demons, in fact he killed them on a daily basis. The nightmares were just there, and he never understood why.

The next thing he knew the alarm on his nightstand was waking him up with its screeching wail. He groaned softly and slammed his hand down on the off button, stopping it abruptly.

He stayed laying down for a few moments longer before standing up and moving to his closet. He grabbed a plain blue shirt, a pair of dark blue jeans, a button up flannel, and his leather jacket. He bent over and picked up his logger boots and threw the socks inside them on the floor.

His mind was slow and he didn't seem to register when he hit his shoulder hard against his dresser while getting a pair of socks. As he made his way to the only bathroom in the house a light coming from Sam's room threw him off.

He always had to wake Sam up, so why not now? He went over and knocked on the door softly, and the rustling he heard stopped. "Just a sec, Dean!" Sam called and Dean rolled his eyes and made his way to the bathroom without a word.

After he got dressed and fixed his hair he went back to Sam's room. The door was open and a note was left on it.

'Dean, first off, happy birthday! I know it's gonna be tough, but I also know you're strong and you'll get through this day. But just in case, come to the kitchen. I have a surprise for you.'

Dean's eyes bulged and he scrambled to the bathroom again, looking over his body for writing. He could find nothing until he lifted his shirt. There scrawled across his stomach were the words, italicized and in curvy writing. It read, 'Good morning, Dean.'

He stared at it in confusion and sighed. Surely anyone could say that to him. The fact that it was italicized meant it was said directly to him, and the curvy waves of the letter signified that Dean knew this person already.

Dean padded to the kitchen quickly, remembering Sam's note. He hurried around the corner and nearly laughed when he saw the mess. He would've laughed if his dad wasn't standing in the middle of it, yelling at Sam.

"Are you fucking stupid!? Do you even comprehend that now I'll have to clean all this shit up!?!" John was screaming, and Sam looked down at the ground, crestfallen.

"I was just trying to make Dean breakfast for his birthday." he whispered softly, John didn't hear, but Dean did.
"How about this, you don't go to school today!? You can clean this all up yourself you arrogant piece of sh-"

"Hey! Leave Sam alone, dad. The only reason he's doing this is for me, so if you want to put blame on someone it better be me!" Dean interrupted his father. John shot him a hard look that quickly softened.

"Fine. Happy birthday, Dean." John said and Dean relaxed slightly as his dad came over and handed him a small, square box.

He took it and smiled slightly. "Thanks." he told him and their dad shambled off. Dean opened the box and inside was a picture of their mother, Sam and himself. Tears sprouted in Dean's eyes but he quickly blinked them away.

Sam cleared his throat and handed Dean a plate full of pancakes that were drenched with syrup, just how he liked them. "Wow, Sammy, thank you." he scarfed them down in a few bites and then looked up, but Sam was gone.

There was writing in the flour on the counter.

'Dean, hope you enjoyed breakfast. Now, go into my room and look in the closet.' Dean chuckled softly and headed over to Sam's room again. The note that was there was gone, and replaced with a note that read 'Closet, in case you forgot.'

He went in and nearly ran into the pile of books Sam kept by his bed. As he opened the closet door, he saw a box on the floor. It was barely bigger than the one his dad had given him but Dean saw there were actually two.

He opened the first one to see a black cord. Attached was a charm that looked like a head with horns. There was another note inside.

'So, present number one! I like to call it the Samulet, it's supposed to bring good luck to the wearer. Quick, open the next box, we have to leave soon.' Dean hurriedly slipped the amulet around his neck and moved to the next box.

Inside were keys, but to what, Dean had no clue. There was no note inside this box so Dean stood up and walked to the garage. When he opened the door he saw Sam standing by a brand new, shiny 2015 Harley-Davidson Street 500 motorcycle.

"Oh...my...God! Sam did you buy this thing? How in the hell did you afford this fucking bike!?" Dean exclaimed and Sam chuckled happily.

'I thought you might like it! I've been saving my money for years now, because you always talked about how when you turned 18 you wanted one. And now you have one. Happy birthday!' Sam told him and Dean couldn't keep his eyes off of the bike.

"But...how much money was this, Sammy? I mean, shit, this is a brand new model too! No...no, take it back, get your money back! Save it for college Sammy, I'm not worth this!" Dean said and Sam scoffed in disbelief.

"I have been saving for college. Longer than I've been saving for your motorcycle, Dean. I'm not taking it back, it was hard enough to get it here without you knowing." Sam complained and Dean smiled. He hugged Sam tightly, squeezing the life out of him.

"I love it, Sammy. Thank you, it means a lot. And thanks for the good luck charm too." he said, pulling it out from under his shirt where he'd tucked it away. "You wanna ride this to school today
instead of the Impala?" he asked and Sam shot him a nervous glance.

"I mean, it's yours, so whatever is fine," he mumbled and Dean chuckled. He grabbed Sam's bag from the ground and handed it to him.

"You'll have to wear this while we ride. You got me a helmet, right?" Sam nodded and motioned to the helmet sitting in the shelf. Dean slipped it on Sam's head and climbed onto the bike. "You can wear it while I drive." he said.

"Wouldn't it make more sense for you to wear it, Dean?" Sam questioned but Dean blew off his words by starting the engine and revving it.

They raced out of the garage, Sam wrapping his arms tightly around his brother, hanging on for dear life. Dean sped down the road, his logger boots nearly touching the ground when he made his turns and Sam's desperate grip tightened every time they did.

They arrived at the school in a few minutes as they lived down the road and Dean parked his motorcycle in front of his group of friends. They all exclaimed happy birthday and said hi to Sam before he raced off, leaving the helmet on the seat. Dean was on high alert for the time being.

"Nice bike, Deano!" Gabriel said happily and clapped him on the back before running off to find Sam. They were the same age today.

"Did your dad get you that!?" Kevin yelled from across the parking lot as he raced over to them. Dean smiled and shook his head.

"Nah, my dad wouldn't ever buy me this. Sammy got it for me." he told them and Crowley rolled his eyes.

"Big deal. It's not like you got a Ferrari or something, it's just a cheap bike." he said and Dean would've punched him if he wasn't laughing at himself. "It's really nice, Dean. I can't believe Sam saved up for this thing." he added in disbelief.

"What'd your dad get you?" Adam piped up and Dean went to grab the picture from his back pocket. He showed it to them and they all looked somber.

"It's a nice memory. And Sam also got me this good luck charm." he said as he lifted his Samulet, stuffing the picture back in his pocket.

"Real cute, Dean-bean. Your little brother get you that?" Dean whirled around to see Michael, Lucifer, Raphael, Uriel, and his best friend Castiel standing there. He dropped his hand with the Samulet in it.

"Oh, bloody hell, Michael. Shut it!" Crowley growled, frowning at him and Michael focused his attention on him.

"It was an honest question, Frownly. Nice bike." he added to Dean who didn't say a word. The only reason Castiel was even here was because these people were his family. Balthazar wasn't here today, and Gabriel was related to him too. Their father was a doctor and their mother was a pharmacist so because of that Michael believed he was better than anyone. Of course, so did Uriel, Raphael, Metatron, Nathaniel, Bartholomew, Daniel, and Naomi.

Castiel, Gabriel, Balthazar, Anael, Asriel, Constantine, Ezekiel, Samandriel, and surprisingly Lucifer were not that way. And then there was Gadreel who went back and forth between good and bad. They knew that just because they were well off didn't mean they were better than anyone. They were all named after angels and Dean believed that was why he was so drawn to
They had hit it off the day Dean talked to him first. And his voice was much deeper and darker than he’d expected for such a small looking guy, but it was nice to have someone to talk to about meaningless things or even personal things. He could tell Castiel just about anything and he wouldn’t mind. Dean complained about how his dad treated Sam, he complained about how early he had to wake up, or about the weather.

And Cas told him everything. About what an anomaly his family was, how big the family was, how his dad acted when he was drinking. It went back and forth and they were best friends ever since.

"Hey! I'm talking to you, Dwean. I said nice bike." Michael spit out and Dean focused his attention back to him. Michael was the oldest in his family, so most of the others tended to follow him, but that didn't mean they agreed with him.

"Thanks, Michelle." he shot back and Crowley, Adam, Kevin, Lucifer, and Balthazar running up all started laughing. Even Cas cracked a smile, which was unusual for as serious as he was. Michael scrunched his nose up and glared at the group before walking off, Uriel, and Raphael following him.

Lucifer went off on his own way. True to his name, he was the rebel of the family. He and his dad had a falling out, and Lucifer almost got himself kicked out of the house. Despite that he was actually a pretty nice guy, he just had a sick sense of humor. He liked to mess with Sam's mind all the time, but Gabriel usually warded him off.

The others wondered off as the bell rang and Cas was left with Dean. Dean smiled and started walking off, knowing Cas would follow him.

"Howdy, Cas! What's new in the Hallelujah household?" he asked and Cas's eyes looked troubled for a moment. His mouth opened but nothing came out at first. When he finally spoke, he said three words.

"Good morning, Dean." he finally greeted Dean and he found himself freezing. Three simple words, scrawled across his stomach and Cas had said them. The only person who would, and Dean had said the words somewhere on Cas's body.

That's why he'd been so flustered after Dean had greeted him. This was bad, very, very bad. He could not, under any circumstances, bring home a guy.

He didn't understand at all. He was not gay and had never even been curious about a guy before.

"Dean..." Cas's voice was ringing through his head and it took him too long to realize he was speaking.

"Dammit, Cas! This can't be happening." Dean was frantic and he started pacing. Castiel was staring at him in either amazement or annoyance.

"I'm aware of the circumstances, Dean. I don't really believe it either, but it's true. Look." Cas lifted his slacks to show Dean the writing scrawled across his ankle. Italicized and curvy, it read 'Howdy, Cas! What's new in the Hallelujah household?'

Exactly what Dean had said. Dean sucked in a deep breath and blew out hard, blinking rapidly as if that would change the words.

"My dad is going to kill me, Cas. I can't...this can't..." he trailed off when he saw Cas watching
him with interest.

"My father would attempt to strangle me as well. He is very religious, of course. We simply cannot..." Cas shook his head and started walking off. Dean followed him closely on his heels.

"Cas, we need to talk about this." Dean announced and Cas shook his head, walking faster.

"No, Dean. We can't talk anymore. Chuck will kick me out if he finds out I'm destined to be with a man. It just can't happen. I'm sorry, Dean, but we can't see each other any more, or talk to each other. I'm sorry." Castiel turned a corner, leaving Dean standing alone in the middle of the hallway baffled.

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After school he waited silently at his motorcycle for Sam. Crowley, Kevin, Adam, Balthazar, Gabriel, Garth, Ed, Harry, Jodie, Lisa, Jo, Charlie, and Lucifer had all gone home already. Along with Michael and his crew.

Sam finally arrived at the motorcycle, looking happy. "So, who's the lucky girl!?" he asked excitedly and Dean shifted his gaze to the ground. Sam patted him on the back and frowned.

"Dean?"

"Yeah, Sam. I'm good. Let's just go home." he pleaded and Sam climbed onto the motorcycle behind him.

"Not good?" he asked softly and Dean shook his head.

"I'd rather not talk about it, Sammy." he answered, making Sam shut his mouth and stay quiet. He wrapped his arms around Dean's waist as he started the bike up. They raced away from the school and back home.

Once they reached the house, Sam ran upstairs to do his homework. He was a freshman this year, so it was a little harder than eight grade. He'd ended up getting lost on the first day but Dean took care of it.

Dean was a senior this year, so he had no homework to do. He even had two off periods in the school. As he was thinking his father came out of his room with the newspaper from this morning.

"Jimmy Novak's still missing. Such a shame, he seemed like a pretty nice guy." John said and Dean sighed half heartedly.

"What's it at, three months now?" he asked and John nodded. Dean shook his head and sat on the couch.


"All still missing. Three months for all of 'em, but thankfully no bodies yet." he said and Dean stood up with a sigh.

"That's weird." he muttered as he walked off to his room. He knocked on Sam's door and he opened it in a few seconds. "Remember those 18 people that went missing on like the same day?" he asked and Sam nodded.

"Of course I remember that. What about it?"
"They're all still missing. Three months, the same time Cas's family came here. And guess what...they have 18 people in their family." Dean told him and Sam rolled his eyes.

"Stop trying to make a case out of it. Cas's family had nothing to do with this, nothing supernatural is going on here, Dean. I mean they've found bodies for most of them, right?" Sam cuts him off before he can say anything else.

"No, Sammy. No bodies at all. And how is this not a case to you? Don't you find it weird no pictures were in the paper? Or the fact that literally the same day it happens Cas's family is here?" he asked and Sam sighed.

"Ok, fine you're right. But, Dean, we can't just barge into their house and kill them off. We don't know what they are, we don't know their powers, or even if this is just a really weird coincidence." Sam told him and Dean groaned softly.

"Sammy, what ever happened to shoot first, ask questions later? Remember when dad taught us that?" Dean reminded him and Sam rolled his eyes again.

"Yeah, I was nine. And I had just learned about what you and dad really were and how mom died, Dean. So forgive me if I didn't exactly take dad's lesson to heart." he retorted stubbornly and Dean just stared at him.

"Ok, well I'm going over there anyway. To talk, if you want to see Gabriel and Balthazar I suggest you get ready." he said and Sam nodded before shutting his door. Dean leaned against the doorframe a moment before heading to the garage, thinking about Cas.

He had to admit, for a guy he was attractive, but that didn't mean he was attracted to him. Yes, his eyes were hypnotic. Yes, the way his hair curled on the back of his neck was adorable. Yes, when he smiled it made Dean's heart flutter. Yes, the suit and trench coat he always wore made him look hot. Dean shook his head and sighed heavily.

He opened the door to the Impala and climbed into the drivers seat, sticking the key in and starting the engine. Sam ran out about two seconds later, scrambling quickly into the passenger seat and buckling his seat belt.

"Ok, I'm ready." he said and Dean nodded as he pulled out and sped down their street. Cas only lived about ten minutes away and he basically lived in a mansion. He had to with his family. They had 20 people including their mom and dad living with them.

Their house was a four story, 15,350 square foot house. It even had a huge backyard with a pool and they had a wrought iron gate surrounding the property. A large circle driveway sat in front of the house, circling around the fountain.

Everyone had their own room, except Chuck and their mother, who Dean had never personally met. They shared. He dug in his pocket, took the picture out of it and propped it up on the dashboard. Then he grabbed his phone and dialed Cas's number.

He answered after seven rings, longer than normal. "Dean, I told you we couldn't talk anymore."

"Me and Sammy are on the way over." Dean told him and the line went silent.

"No! You can't...my father's home. You can't...just go home." Castiel growled softly, and Dean smiled as if nothing was wrong even though inside he could feel his heart shattering.

"Ok, cool. Sam's really excited to see Gabriel, Balthazar, and Gadreel. We'll be there in like five more minutes." Dean answered, ignoring Cas's comment. He could hear Cas sigh and someone in
the background calling his name.

"Fine, I'll see you. Lucifer is calling me for dinner, you are welcome to stay and eat tonight. It'll be done at 6:30 or so. Unless your father would be angry." Cas told him and Dean could hear the slight hint of worry in the guy's voice. Not for inviting him, but worry about Dean's father and how he would react.

"Yeah, that'll be great. Dad's working tonight so we'll be able to stay. Thanks." he said and Cas hung up. "We're staying there for dinner, 'k, Sammy?"

"Really? Awesome, a home cooked meal tonight. I'm sick of frozen and canned food." Sam said happily and Dean nearly frowned. His father never cooked for them, which left Dean to warm up leftovers all the time along with frozen dinners and canned goods.

"Me too." he agreed and Sam busied himself looking out the window. The houses got nicer and nicer as they drove on. They arrived at the gate to Cas's house and Dean entered the four digit password Cas had given him for guests. '2-0-1-8,' which Cas said signified the total number of people, and the kids.

Although Michael was 20 now, so technically not a kid anymore. But then again, neither was Cas, Naomi, and Metatron who were all 18 now.

The gate slid open with ease and Dean pulled up and around the driveway, parking in front of the huge house. Before he could turn the car off, Sam was out and racing to the door. Dean shook his head slightly and Castiel opened the door and welcomed Sam in happily before glaring out at Dean.

He went up to the door and returned the glare. "Cas." he muttered and Castiel couldn't help but falter, his gaze softening at Dean's despairing tone.

"Dean. Welcome again to our humble abode." he greeted and Dean cracked a smile.

"This house is anything but humble, Cas." he shot back and Cas stepped to the side to let him in. Dean could feel his heart racing as he waltzed past the tall, mahogany, wooden door and into the grand house. The scent of honey and lavender hit his nose instantly, just like last time he was here. And just like last time, there was music playing softly through out the entire house. "Dean! What a nice surprise!" Anael exclaimed as she walked past and stopped. Her auburn hair was extremely shiny today and as she gave Dean a hug, the smell of strawberries wafted off of it in waves.

He tried to ignore the hint of jealousy in Cas's gaze as he hugged her back. "It's nice to see you again too, Anael. I've missed you now that we don't have any classes together." he said and smiled at her.

"Speaking of, how's everything going? Need my tutoring again?" she asked and Dean found himself blushing slightly. He shook his head quickly and gave her another grin as she rolled her eyes and walked off.

"You were passing your classes when she tutored you." Castiel commented out and Dean shrugged.

"I know." he said and Cas squinted his eyes and tilted his head in confusion. Dean felt his heart skip a beat at the look, and he couldn't keep the blush away as Cas eyed him.

"Castiel!" a voice called, almost singing and Cas turned to see Lucifer coming around the corner. "Dinner." he added with a pointed look. "Now." he said again and gestured to the kitchen.
"I cooked last night though, Lucifer. Isn't it Metatron's turn?" Cas asked and Lucifer crossed his arms, rolling his eyes sassily. Dean could feel the sarcasm trying to escape.

"Yes, it is Metatron's turn, but you don't want him poisoning us, do you? So it's your turn." Lucifer growled out and Cas's fists clenched tightly, the knuckles turning white.

"Fine." he said through gritted teeth, stomping past his brother with a heavy sigh. "Hopefully I don't poison you." he added softly.

"You're such a drama queen, Cassie!" Gabriel remarked as he and Sam ran past him and upstairs to Balthazar's room.

"You should see him when guests aren't here." Samandriel piped up from the nearby couch. Lucifer chuckled menacingly and a sparkled lit in his eyes.

"Oh, Samandriel? Would you be a dear, and do me a favor?" he asked and Samandriel set his book down.

"I'm not doing anything for you, Lucifer. Last time I did something for you, I almost got killed." Samandriel replied haughtily.

"Those are just details, my brother, details. Come on, don't you want to be on my good side? Oh, that's right, I don't have one!" he burst into laughter and Dean couldn't hide his smile.

Samandriel stood up and walked off upstairs to his room.

"And another one bites the dust." Lucifer calls out happily as he dances around Dean. Raphael was suddenly beside him and grabbing the collar of his shirt.

"Enough! You may be older than me, but you are not acting like it. Either go be an idiot somewhere else or I'll make you." he said coldly and Lucifer frowned.

"But Raphael..." he pouted and Raphael crossed his arms.

"Lucifer Austin Hallelujah, listen to your brother please." Their father had come down, and he seemed to be glowing with happiness.

"I know you don't necessarily like me, but your brother is right." he added gently and Lucifer huffed before walking off.

"Mr. Hallelujah, nice to see you again." Dean greeted and Chuck smiled widely.

"Dean Winchester! Call me Chuck. Castiel didn't tell me you were coming over today. Are you staying for dinner? It should be ready soon." Chuck said and Dean returned the smile.

"Yessir, I am staying, if that's all right with you." he replied and Chuck nodded.

"Of course it's ok. Any friend of Castiel's is a friend of mine. It's kind of like a Thanksgiving feast here everyday, so I hope you two can eat." he told Dean and Dean found his grin growing wider.

"Oh, man, we can definitely eat. My dad is out working a lot so we usually eat canned and frozen food. This'll be a nice change. Thank you for having us." Dean was surprised when Chuck hugged him, patting him on the back.

"Of course. Anything for you, Dean Winchester." he whispered softly before walking off to check on everyone. Ezekiel passed by with a silent nod, he wasn't much for talking.
"Hey! Uhm, can you get Sammy for me?" he asked Constantine as he rounded the corner quickly, looking bewildered. His shirt was buttoned unevenly and Dean could see he'd started at the wrong one.

"Not right now, Dean! I have to get this done. If it's late father will be angry. Asariel is still down here, ask her." he exclaimed as he rushed away.

"Asariel?" Dean called as he finally moved away from the entrance to the living room. She was laying on the ground stretching when Dean looked down at her.

"Yes? What can I help you with, Dean?" she asked and Dean cleared his throat softly.

"I was just wondering if you could get Sammy for me?" She told her and she sat up, smiling.

"You are welcome to go upstairs and get him if needed. It is not like you are not welcome here. The stairs are there."

Dean! Come quick, it's Sam!" he exclaimed and Dean's eyes widened as he chased after the younger guy. He climbed the stairs two at a time and followed Gadreel down the hallway leading to Balthazar's room. Shouts of protest could be heard and Dean shoved Gadreel out of the way as he barreled into the room.

Sam was laying on the floor, seemingly unconscious and Gabriel was yelling his name while Balthazar screamed at him to, "stop moving the poor boy." Sam's breathing was raspy and his face looked slightly swollen.

"Sam!" Dean called and collapsed on his knees by his brother. "What the hell happened?!" he screeched, causing the two boys to stop screaming and look at him.

"Sam ate a candy bar Gabriel gave him." Balthazar piped in and Gabriel flushed as he looked away.

"Ok, it's fine...it's ok. Did it have almonds in it?" he asked and Gabriel nodded. Dean sighed softly in relief. "Gabriel, you're faster than me. Run to my car and get the gray pack from the glove box. It's unlocked. Hurry!" he ordered and Gabriel took off as fast as he could.

It was only a few seconds before he was back, panting heavily and sweating. Dean opened it quickly and took out the EpiPen, scrambling to take off the protective case from the needle. He flicked it once and then jabbed it into Sam's thigh, pressing down on the plunger hurriedly.

Gabriel stood over him worriedly, pacing the room and Balthazar watched calmly from the doorway. Sam suddenly shot up, gasping for breath and coughing.

"Hey, you're ok, Sammy." Dean called softly as Sam looked over at him and panted. Sam hugged his brother as he stood up.

"Thank you for keeping that, Dean. I was worried-"

"You're my brother. Of course I kept something that would protect you." he muttered and Sam smiled slightly. He turned to see Gabriel with concern plain on his face and regret etched in his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Sam. I didn't know." he whispered sadly and Sam placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder.
"It's ok, Gabriel. It's not your fault. I should've looked at what was in it first." Sam shrugged it off and Dean stood up, grabbing the EpiPen pack and stuffing the syringe back in it.

Balthazar stopped him at the door and looked up at him. "Gabriel was really worried he'd killed your brother." he told him and Dean scoffed softly.

"That's ridiculous. Gabriel's fine, it wasn't his fault. I'm honestly kind of surprise Sam didn't tell him about this." Dean admitted and Balthazar nodded.

"He didn't want to appear weak in front of his friend, I'm sure." he reassured him and Dean nodded as he left the room.

"I'm sorry about that, Gadreel. I was just trying to get to my brother." he apologized to Gadreel for shoving him, but the younger boy shook his head.

"It is fine, Dean. I would have acted the same had it been my own brother." he said and Dean nodded. As he turned Cas was standing in front of him and Gadreel had disappeared quickly.

"Are you ok, Dean? I heard you screaming. I would've come sooner but Lucifer wouldn't let me leave until dinner was finished." Castiel told him and Dean sighed softly.

"Yeah, Cas, I'm fine. Sammy just had an allergic reaction is all." Dean answered. Cas's eyes widened slightly and he tilted his head.

"I wasn't aware Sam was allergic to anything." he remarked and Dean chuckled.

"Yeah, it wasn't my thing to share. But, yeah, he's allergic to almonds. Gabriel feels horrible, but Sam reassured him it wasn't his fault." Dean said and Cas looked at him in confusion again.

"Why would Gabriel have any reason to think he was at fault?" he asked.

"He gave him a candy bar." Cas rolled his eyes and groaned softly.

"Gabriel is always eating candy. I keep telling him he's going to hurt himself one day, but instead he hurt someone else. I'm sorry about this, Dean." his voice was annoyed, furious, morose, and terrified at all the same time. Dean always wondered how he always managed to get so much emotion in his voice.

"No, Cas. It's not something to be sorry for. It wasn't Gabe's fault, I already told you that. And Gadreel got me super fast so I was able to help him. Don't apologize for it." Dean told him quickly. He had to admit, he had been scared and furious at the time, but in reality it wasn't Gabriel's fault.

"Dean, I..." Cas trailed off and shifted his eyes to the ground quickly. He wouldn't meet Dean's gaze for anything. Dean realized just how close they were standing, he could feel Cas's breath on his lips, and could smell the scent of jasmine radiating off of him.

He could see each individual strand in his hair, and could see the slight scruff around his mouth and down his neck. The swoop of his shoulders was hidden by his trench coat and suit, and his tie was backwards was usual.

"I..." he tried again but failed. He shook his head and looked up at him. Dean could see each fleck of the ocean in his eyes and his breath hitched. "Dinner's ready." he finally said, stepping away and turning to the stairs.

Dean was left looking crestfallen and dejected as Cas scrambled down the stairs, shoulders
hunched. Everyone filed past him. Michael, Raphael, Uriel, Anael, Lucifer, Balthazar, Gabriel, Sam, Asriel, Samandriel, Gadreel, Ezekiel, Nathaniel, Daniel, Constantine, Naomi, Metatron, and Bartholomew all scrambled down the stairs, vying to be the first one for food.

Dean followed behind slowly, shuffling down the stairs not worried about food. He could hear the music clearly now, it wasn't classical like he'd thought.

'I'm sorry, I'm really a mess right now.' Dean arrived in the living room and saw everyone sitting at the table already.

'I'm trying my best to keep this together somehow.' Dean stood there for a moment, blinking rapidly to keep himself from screaming.

'I can't see this way, locked up in this pain that you left me in. I'm unraveling, looking for things that'll never be.' Dean's gaze shifted to Cas who was staring at him.

'Stars fade away, they just crash into space. Disappear from the night like you and I.' Dean felt tears speed down his face and Cas's gaze grew concerned.

'Tell me where love goes when it's gone. Tell me where hearts go when they go wrong. Suddenly someone is no one. I've come undone, undone, undone.' Dean felt tears speed down his face and Cas's gaze grew concerned.

'Tell me where love goes when it's gone. Tell me where hearts go when they go wrong. Suddenly someone is no one. I've come undone, undone, undone.' Dean turned and raced out of the room and the telltale sound of silver wear clattering and the table moving was heard as footsteps followed him.

'Undone, undone, undone.' Dean just wanted the music to stop, it hit too close to home for comfort.

'I'm sorry I let me fall for you.' Dean tripped over a stack of newspapers and fell to the ground, groaning in pain as he curled into a ball and lied there, squeezing his eyes shut and clapping his hand over his ears. He shut the music out and felt tears running down his face.

A hand in his back made him flinch and he sits up. Cas's bright blue eyes stared back at him and when Dean removed his hands he could hear murmuring from the kitchen. "Dean, I'm sorry." he said softly and brought him into a tight, comforting hug.

Dean wrapped his arms desperately around Cas's waist, clinging to him hopelessly. Michael, Raphael, Uriel, Naomi, and Metatron followed in Cas's wake.

"What the hell is going on, Castiel? We're trying to have dinner and your friend isn't helping!" Michael growled as Sam ran around the corner and to his brother.

"Shut up, Michael! You screaming at him isn't helping!" Cas snarled, baring his teeth. Raphael and Uriel both took a step back, leaving Michael alone to face Castiel.

"Castiel Novak Hallelujah! That is enough! I understand that Dean is having trouble dealing with something, but yelling at your brother is not the appropriate way to get through this." a woman's voice echoed through the house.

Castiel tensed and the others all did too, only Sam and Dean were staring at the others in confusion. Michael took a step back, Raphael had disappeared, Uriel was standing against the wall, Naomi was shaking in her shoes, and Metatron was stepping back. Even Castiel looked frightened and his eyes were wide.

A woman clad in all white and black stiletto heels came down the stairs, her hair was pulled back into a bun and her straight nose looked thin and her face was stern and tense. Her perfect nails were painted a stark red and her big eyes were a bright green. Her face seemed tiny in such a large
"And you! Michael Milligant Hallelujah! Do not yell at your brother just because he is trying to comfort his friend. You are not helping the situation either. Uriel Tyler Hallelujah, Metatron Sicily Hallelujah, and Naomi O'Connell Hallelujah! Leave the room and let me deal with this." she growled and the three left quickly.

Michael looked taken aback at being called out and Sam was standing there awkwardly. "Dean and Samuel Whinchester, it is so nice to finally meet you. My name is Becky Hallelujah. Castiel, stand up please. Michael, leave my presence and I will deal with you later." she added to him and turned and walked off as quickly as he could, stumbling around the wall.

"Dean, are you ok?" Sam asked, ignoring the glare Becky shot to Castiel. Dean looked up at him and nodded slightly.

"Please, Dean. Stand up so I can see you." Dean did as he was told and noticed Cas seemed almost reluctant to let him go. "May I ask why you were....troubled?" she questioned gently and Dean looked at the ground.

"No reason, ma'am," he mumbled and Becky raised an eyebrow.

"Don't lie to me, Dean Winchester." she said and Dean gulped softly, watching as Cas stood and shifted in his feet worriedly.

"It's a personal problem, with all due respect." he answered and Becky crossed her arms, looking annoyed.

"I'm sure. Sam, please go back to dinner and tell Chuck I'll have them out in a moment and then we can eat." she said and Sam nodded before padding back to the dining room.

"I know this about the soul mate. I'm not sure exactly happened between you two, but please we have to resolve this. You two are friends." she told them and Cas actually blushed as he glared at the ground.

"Oh. Oh." her eyes widened and she took a step back, nearly tripping over the newspapers. "Your father will want to know. Ooh, this is...he's been waiting for this." she added as she grabbed Cas and Dean's arms, dragging them to the dining room.

"I have an announcement!" she yelled over the commotion and fighting over what had just happened. Chuck looked at her and nodded.

"Becky, tell us your news. Everyone listen to your mother." he called and every eyes turned to her. Silence fell over everyone, and Dean could feel his face flushing and his palms sweating.

Castiel wasn't much better. His eyes were wide and frantic and his normally calm demeanor was wearing thin to show off frayed nerves and fear.

"Castiel Novak Hallelujah has been souled to Dean Winchester." she finally said, and somehow the silence was even quieter. No one breathed and no one moved, until finally Michael, Raphael, Uriel, Naomi, Metatron, Nathaniel, Daniel, Bartholomew, Gadreel, Gabriel, Lucifer, and Balthazar all burst into laughter.

Only Chuck, Castiel, Sam, Dean, Ezekiel, Constantine, Asariel, Anael, Samandriel, and Becky stayed silent. Dean's ears were bright red and his cheeks were as hot as he sun. Castiel was staring at the ground despondently, his ears red too.
"What?" Chuck stood up and silence fell over the table again. A rumble rattled the silverware and everyone looked scared now. "He's souled to... Dean Winchester?" he asked again and Becky nodded.

Cas took a few steps back as his father came out from his chair and walked up to Castiel. He raised a hand and slapped him. Dean lunged at him, but Becky, Lucifer, Gabriel, Sam, and Gadreel and held him back as if they had predicted the outcome.

The blow made Cas cry out and Dean struggled against the other five people. "Chuck. Later, now we have guests." Becky said and Chuck turned his glare to her.

"Eat quickly my sons and daughters. I'll deal with you later." he snarled at Cas as he turned away and sat back down. Cas and the other four kids all sat down too. Becky took her seat next to Chuck, placing her hand over his gently.

They whispered to each other and the only sound was the clink of spoons and forks on the plates. The food was great, and would've been better if Chuck hadn't soured Dean's mood. When the food was gone and the laughter and conversation had died down to a few minuscule smiles, Chuck stood up again.

"Sam and Dean. Thank you for staying, but you really should be getting home. I'm sure your father will be getting worried by now. Drive safe." he told them happily and as Dean stood up he glared at Chuck.

"If you lay a single hand on him I will personally hunt you down." he growled but just before he could say anything else Sam was dragging him by his shirt sleeve out the door.

"Castiel. Upstairs, room, now." he growled as soon as the door closed. Castiel stood up and walked away, frowning slightly.

"Chuck please don't do this with the kids home." Becky pleaded softly and Chuck looked at her.

"Everyone, go outside and hang out in the pool. No questions." he said and they all filed outside to the pool. Anael took one look back, but thought better of it as her father sighed heavily and headed to the staircase.

Dean drove home as quickly as he could, pressing down on the gas pedal harshly. They arrived home in a record breaking six minutes.

He barely gave himself time to unlock the door before he was barging in and to his room. John was passed out on the couch, snoring and with a beer in his hand.

Dean grabbed his phone and hurriedly dialed Cas's number. It rings three times before he picks up. "Dean." his voice seemed different, but he couldn't quiet out his finger on what it was.

"Castiel, are you ok?" he asked immediately and he heard Cas chuckle.

"Define ok, Dean." he said and Dean closed his eyes, trying not to imagine his father beating him.

"God, Cas. I'm so sorry. Why did your mom tell him?" he asked softly, sniffling slightly.

"She knew it would be best to get it over with now rather than later." he admitted quietly. Dean didn't speak for a while and neither did Cas, but they were ok with the silence.

"Dean?" Cas whispered and Dean startled at the sound.
"Yeah, what's wrong?" he questioned gently. Cas didn't answer and Dean began to wonder if he was still there or if he'd fallen asleep.

"Nothing, never mind. I'll see you tomorrow." he said and Dean answered with his own goodbyes before laying down and closing his eyes. It had been a long day, and even though it was only 9:30, he was asleep in almost seconds.

He only had to get the through the night and then this long, extraordinary day would be over. Dean knew it was for the better, but he was also scared of what Chuck had done to Castiel.

All he could do was hope and pray that Castiel would be ok and that Chuck didn't hurt him again.
Morning came too quickly for Dean's liking, but as he slammed his hand down on the alarm and stood up he remembered the events of last night. God, he hoped Cas was ok.

He got changed in his room before finishing in the bathroom. He went over and knocked on Sam's door rapidly. Rustling and a small groan of protest found its way to Dean's ears as Sam opened the door.

"Come on, get ready fast. I'll make your breakfast." he told him and Sam closed his door to change. Dean headed downstairs and was about to head to the kitchen when a clatter from his dad's room caught his attention.

Normally he wouldn't have payed it any mind, but the sound wasn't just normal. It was the sound of a fight and Dean would know. He went over and tried to open his dad's door, but it was locked. He took and step back and then kicked it open.

"Dean, help!" John yelled when he sees Dean standing there. It was a kitsune, the same one they'd been hunting a while back. The one Sam had let go.

"Don't move, or I'll kill him!" she shouted as she raised her hand for Dean to stop. "Please, just listen. I want you both to leave me alone, let me leave. Please, I won't harm anyone anymore. I, gonna get a job as a mortician so I can feed." she said and Dean chuckled, glancing at the ground.

"Yeah, I'm sure you will." he told her and her eyes stretched wide.

"Dean! Stop!" Sam screamed as he got in between her, you and John. "Let her go. It's not a big deal, it's just one creature." he added and John started laughing.

"Why'd she break into our house then? Why'd she come in here, 'cause it sure as hell wasn't to tell us to let her go." he pointed out and she looked at the ground.

"It's true at first I wanted revenge, but then I changed my mind. I don't want to be that one thing that you're always hunting. I just want to be free to make my own decisions. Without any of you."

She jumped out and Dean couldn't believe his father had gone along with that as well as he had.

"Dammit, Sam! We can't just let ever fucking monster go! We're not a charity, we're fucking hunters and you need to start acting like one!" John yelled and then punched him, right across the face.

Dean dragged his father away and got between them, fury making him reckless. "Stop touching him! Just fucking leave him alone and let us go to school." he said as he bent to help Sam up. The side of Sam's face was already turning red and starting to bruise.

John had left the room which was good. "Come on, Sammy. You want some toast or something?" he asked and Sam nodded his agreement. Dean sighed softly and helped Sam to the kitchen. It was already later than he wanted to leave in order to see Cas, but Dean blew that off. His brother had gotten hurt, all because he had too kind a heart.

Dean made him two pieces of toast and then made himself a few strips of bacon. It took longer than normally to eat. Mostly because Dean was anxious to get to school and see Cas.
"Let me look at that when you're done eating, all right?" Dean asked and Sam nodded halfheartedly. Dean finished first, setting his plate in the sink and then took Sam's when he finished.

Sam came over and Dean inspected the bruise gently. "It's not too bad. Just tell everyone you ran into a wall or something," he muttered and Sam sighed.

"Ok. I'll tell everyone I ran into a wall....again." he mumbled as he went to get in the car. Dean sighed heavily and grabbed his keys and his bag before walking out to the Impala.

He started the car and then sped off quickly down the street toward the school. Sam was silent the whole way, and Dean couldn't be bothered to see what was on his little brother's mind so he stayed quiet too.

When they pulled up to the school it seemed deserted. The only cars that were there were Cas's family. Dean sighed softly and got out, followed by Sam.

"You could always tell them the truth. That you're a hunter and a kitsune was attacking us." he said and Sam snorted.

"Yeah I'm sure that'll go over well with Gabriel and Balthazar." he rolled his eyes and shot Dean a cold, serious look.

"Because I'm sure you've told Cas, right?" he shot back and Dean shrugged.

"Told me what?" a familiar gravelly voice behind him made Dean jump and he whirled around.

"For fuck's sake, Cas! Don't scare me like that." he growled and Cas tilted his head slightly, squinting his eyes.

"My apologies, Dean. I didn't mean to scare you." he said and Dean rolled his eyes. Sam had left so Dean took this as his opportunity to inspect Cas.

He grabbed his face and pulled him a little closer, looking him over for any cuts and bruises. "Your dad didn't really hurt you that much, that's good." he pointed out when all he saw was a small cut on one of Cas's cheeks.

"He hurt me in a way you can't see." Cas answered softly and Dean blinked.

"What'd he do? Clip your wings?" he teased quietly keeping his hand around the back of Cas's neck as he acted like he was still inspecting him. He noticed that his blue eyes turned dark and they widened.

"What? Why would you say that?" Cas asked frantically and Dean shrugs slightly, watching Cas with astonishment.

"Sorry, it was a joke." he says quickly and Castiel relaxes under his fingers. "What did he do to you?" he asked again but Cas just gives him that rare smile that only Dean got.

The one that showed off his perfectly white teeth. The one that made his eyes crinkle at the edges with happiness. "It doesn't matter." he answered softly and Dean felt the need to comfort his friend. He pulls him into a hug, hiding his smile when he feels Cas's arms around his waist.

"What happened to Sam?" he asked and Dean pulled away, lingering his hands on Cas's
"Our dad. He...did something dad didn't like." Dean admitted, sighing heavily and looking down at the ground.

"I'm sorry. Sam doesn't deserve that." Cas mumbled gently and Dean nodded in reply. They stayed like that for a while, just silent and not meeting the other's gaze.

"Are we gonna talked about the whole...souled thing?" Dean finally breaks the heavy silence over them. Cas sighed and took a step toward Dean.

"You saw what happened last night. Call me later and I'll come over to your house. I'll say Gabriel and Sam are working on a project, and that you and I have one too." he told him and Dean sighed.

"Ok, yeah. Sure." he agreed, running a hand down his jaw as Cas finally looked up at him. Cas must not have realized how close they were because his breath hitches slightly.

Dean could smell the sweetness on his breath and his pupils dilated as he stared at Dean. The hunter felt something might happen but just as he was about to speak, someone cleared their throat.

"Dean?" it was Jodie calling his name. Dean looked over at her and Cas took a few steps back. "It's important." she added and Dean nodded, grabbing his bag and heading over to her.

"What's up?" he asked her and she sighed heavily, turning to lead him away.

"You remember what Michael said yesterday to Crowley?" she asked and Dean's heart skipped a beat. If Michael had hurt his friend Dean knew he'd kill him for it.

"Is he ok? What happened?" he asked frantically and realized Castiel was following them now.

"He's...fine. In a way, I guess." Jodie answered and Dean's fists clenched at his side. He felt a hand on his shoulder and relaxed immediately when he realized it was Cas.

Jodie sighed and sped up. As she rounded the corner Dean saw Michael there beating up Crowley still. Dean emitted a growl in his throat and he stomped over, grabbing the collar of Michael's shirt and glaring at him.

"Dean-bean. How nice to see you again!" he grinned and Dean raised his fists and punched him. Michael fell to the ground with a grunt and Dean helped Crowley stand up. He spit out a small glob of blood, panting softly and nodding at Dean thankfully.

Michael stood again and Dean punched him in the jaw, sending him to the floor again. "Don't touch my friends again, Michael!" he yelled as he kneeled over him and poised his fist again.

Castiel was there in an instant, grabbing Dean's hand and pulling him to his feet. "Dean, stop." he said calmly and Dean blinked, shaking his head to clear the daze. Michael stood up and glared at the two, noticing how Cas's hand lingered on Dean's fists.

"Come on, Deany, what're you afraid of? Hurting me?" he questioned and Dean felt his anger flare up again. Cas shot him a dark look and shook his head slightly.

"I bet you're afraid of getting caught. Afraid of what your father would do to you if he found out you got in trouble for beating up someone. Am I right? Daddy's boy can't handle disappointing his father, now can he?" Michael taunted and Dean's fists clenched until the knuckles were white.
"You're just a great big ball of daddy issues. Because if you disappoint him you know you'll have no where to go. Hell, he'll abandon you won't he? Leave you on the streets to rot and decay. He'll leave you defenseless. Alone, weak, hungry. And then what? He'll beat little Samm for what you did, he'll beat him senseless!" Michael yelled and Dean whirled on him, about to tackle him when Castiel intervened.

"That's enough Michael." he snarled defensively and Michael turned toward him.

"Or what, Cas? You gonna tell dad about how you defended your little boyfriend instead of taking his advice. You gonna tell him how you defied his orders, again? He'll do worse than take away your flightiness." Michael retorted and Cas could almost feel the nervous energy flowing from Dean.

Everyone was here. Crowley, Jodie, Jo, Lisa, Garth, Ed, Harry, Charlie, Kevin...everyone. Dean was glancing at everyone as they started mumbling with each other.

"Oh, yes, I forgot. You haven't told anyone yet! No one knows that you and Deany are souled, I completely forgot we were keeping it a secret. Sorry." Michael said and Dean tensed, obviously uncomfortable with the situation.

"Michael, that's enough. Leave before I make you!" a voice rang out and Michael froze. Lucifer appeared and Michael took a step away from him. Lucifer wasn't older than Michael, but Michael was terrified of what he would do.

"I said leave, Michael. I can always tell dad about how you're promoting Castiel's soul mate to everyone." Lucifer pointed out and Michael frowned before turning and leaving.

Crowley was the first to speak up. "Is that why you didn't tell us you were souled? You knew Cas would get in trouble?" he asked and Dean nodded once.

"Yeah. I didn't tell you guys because of that...and also because I was kind of embarrassed about it." he muttered and Charlie bursted into laughter.

"This is great! You all owe my $10 bucks each!" she exclaimed and Dean's head shot up in confusion. "We all made a bet the day before your birthday about who you'd be souled with. And I guessed right! Pay up, bitches!" she said happily and they all moved for their wallets.

Kevin was the first to fork over the money, followed by Harry, then Ed, then Jodie, Lisa, Garth, Jo, and finally Crowley.

"Wait, seriously? You guys made a bet about this and didn't tell me?" Dean questioned and they all nodded at him.

"Most of us figured it'd be Lisa...but Charlie's little fantasy seemed to pay off." Kevin answered as Charlie stuck all $80 in her back pocket.

"I guessed Jodie." Crowley piped in and Dean groaned.

"You guys! That's not the point! What if someone caught you talking about this and told Michael? Cas would've been in even more trouble than he already was." Dean exclaimed and they hung their heads in shame.

"Eh, wrong! Word would've never gotten out about it!" Harry said quickly, making everyone turn to look at him.

"Why?" Dean asked and Ed snorted.
"There wasn't anyone else there. It was over text." he defended his friend and Dean breathed a sigh of relief.

"If I may intervene, is it such a horrible thing that you are souled to me? You said you were embarrassed about it, am I not good enough for you?" Castiel spoke up and the entire mood of the party changed. The air grew tense as Dean turned to look at Cas and everyone's eyes seemed to follow their every move.

"I didn't say that, Cas." Dean told him and Cas raised an eyebrow.

"Actually, you did." Lucifer pointed out hurriedly, as if to spite Dean for hurting his brother.

"No one's asking you, Lucifer!" he shot back and then turned to Cas again. Dean set his hands on Cas's arms, pulling him closer. He could hear Charlie squealing softly but he ignored it.

Cas looked up at him in fear and worry. "Dean?" he asked softly and Dean shook his head slightly.

"I'm not embarrassed to be souled to you, Castiel. I'm embarrassed because despite how much I want to, I can't do anything about it." he breathed out, and Cas's cheeks brightened with a deep splash of red. His eyes grew wide and the blue seemed brighter as his lips slightly parted. But suddenly his eyes were hard and dark.

"Please...don't make this any harder for me than it already is, Dean." Cas responded just as quiet, and Dean felt his heart fall as Cas broke free of his grasp and walked off without another word. Lucifer had disappeared, and Jodie, Jo, and Lisa had all left after they payed Charlie, who had left the moment Cas had blown Dean off.

Dean stared after Cas with a downtrodden sigh, his shoulders drooping slightly. "Hey, it's ok, man." Harry tried but Dean shook his head.

"Shut up, Harry." he growled softly and walked off. Crowley and Kevin were quick to follow him.

"Dean, come on! He'll come around, right? You gotta know he's afraid to get hurt by his father." Kevin told him and Dean stopped, whirling around to face them.

"Don't give me that crap, Kevin. You don't know how it feels, your soul mate accepted you right away! And so did yours, Crowley! I just need to think and be alone right now, all right?" he pleaded and they let him trod away.

"I hope Castiel comes around, I hate seeing him like this." Crowley told Kevin who nodded in agreement.

"Me too." he said as they watched Dean plod into the school. The bell hadn't even rung yet, but already the parking lot was full and kids were weaving in and out of others to get inside and escape the sweltering heat.

Dean walked fast, avoiding the library and the lecture hall. They were both places Castiel liked to hang out at. Anael came up to him and greeted him happily.

"Hello, Dean! Michael told me what happened in the parking lot, and I must say I'm glad you got him back." she said and Dean managed a smile. "What's wrong?" she asked, picking up on his mood almost immediately.
"It's Cas. I don't really wanna talk about it." he admitted and she nodded.

"Are you ready for the physics final, because I know I'm not. Dr. Addarapt said he pushed it back to next Tuesday so I'll get to study more for it." she told him, changing the subject quickly.

"Really? I'm excited for it. Physics and I get along pretty well. And Dr. Addarapt didn't tell us that. I think ours is still this Thursday." Dean answered and she laughed at him.

"That sucks then. But, hey, if you think you've got it then I guess all the better for you." she replied and Dean shot her a grateful smile. "Oh, and tonight I heard Gabriel and Sam have a project to work on?" she added, giving him a wink before walking off.

Dean sighed heavily and ran his hand along his jaw. He'd almost forgotten he and Cas were getting together tonight to talk about the whole soul mate mess.

The bell finally rang, and suddenly the halls seemed almost empty. Dean hurried off to his first class, which was some weird computer class he couldn't even remember the name of.

The rest of Dean's day was spent avoiding Castiel at any cost. Unfortunately, as fate would have it, Physics was his class with Cas. And he sat by him.

Once he opened the door, he found Dr. Adarapt talking to Castiel about something quietly. Dean went to sit down, but he called him over.

Dean turned and headed over to him, a wide smile on his face. "Yessir?" he asked as he sent Castiel away.

"You and Castiel will not be sitting by each other for the remainder of the year. You can sit by Holly, and her partner will sit by Castiel." he told him and Dean blinked in surprise.

"Wait, what?" he asked and Dr. Adarapt nodded.

"I'm sorry, Dean. That's the way it is." he said and Dean gulped softly as he turned to look at Castiel who's eyes hurriedly darted somewhere else in the room.

Dean went up to sit by Holly, a pretty girl with black, cropped hair and bright blue eyes. She looked too much like Cas for it to be a coincidence, and he glanced at Dr. Adarapt who winked at him.

He'd sat him there on purpose. Had Cas told their professor they were souled? Dean shook his head and plopped down into his seat.

"Hello, Dean." she greeted and her voice seemed rougher than he remembered. She sounded like the girl version of Castiel.

"Hey, Holly." he said back and flashed her his signature smile. She grinned back and then looked away as their professor started the lesson.

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When Dean got home and Sam had run up to his room, their father called him into his room. Dean sighed softly and opened the door to see their dad packing.

"We need to leave this town. Our location has been compromised, so we're leaving." John told him and Dean chuckled shortly.

"And go where? Back to the crappy motels? Dad, we just payed this piece of crap place off, and now you want to spend more money everyday because one thing knows where we live? What
about Sammy, how's he supposed to go to school?" he asked and John snorted.

"You know what, if your so adamant about staying here, then fine. I'll leave and you two can protect yourselves. Have fun." he growled as he lifted his bag to his shoulder and waltzed out the door.

"Dad! Just, come on. Let us finish out the school year and then we can move wherever you want." he pleaded and John turned on him.

"Dean Winchester this better not be about a girl." he growled and Dean shook his head. "Fine, we can stay for three more weeks, but that's it. As soon as the years over, we're gone." John added and Dean sighed in relief.

"Thanks, dad. Also I'm having a friend over, is that ok?" Dean asked and John nodded as he headed to the door.

"I'm going to work a case. I'm not sure when I'll be back, look out for Sammy. Shoot first, ask questions later, all right?" he reminded him and Dean shot him a wide smile.

"You got it." he agreed as John went out the door and to the Impala Dean had parked on the street. He climbed in and drove off without so much as a goodbye.

Dean immediately grabbed his phone and dialed Cas's number. He didn't answer the first time but just as Dean was about to call again it rang and he saw Cas's name on the screen.

"Hey." he greeted and heard Cas sigh in relief.

"My apologies, my father called me downstairs so I left my phone in my room. Are you ready for me and Gabriel to come over?" he asked and Dean chuckled warmly.

"It's fine, Cas, I figured as much. Yeah, my dad left for work but he said it'd be fine if you came over." he answered and Cas cleared his throat before speaking.

"Very well, we'll be there momentarily." he told him and then hung up. Dean rolled his eyes slightly at Cas's use of words. He'd always had a wide range of vocabulary, much more than Dean's. That being said, his sentence structure was always so proper.

Ten minutes later, a knock at the door was heard. Dean opened it and saw Gabriel there with a happy smile on his face. Dean glanced around and then settled his gaze back on Gabriel.

"Hello! Cassie's is getting something from the car." he said and Dean let out a breath he hadn't known he was holding.

"Thanks, Gabriel. Sam's in his room, you can head up." he told him. Gabriel flashed him a smirk and raced past him to Sam's room.

Castiel arrived in a few more seconds, holding a box. "What's that for?" he asked as Cas arrived at the door and walked through.

"In order for my father to believe me, I had to bring a bunch of things. It's just a box of markers, styrofoam, fabrics. You know, stuff like that." Cas answered as Dean took the box from him.

"Do you need to take it back home?" he asked and Cas shook his head.

"I told him you would need everything for your half of the project." he replied. Dean opened the box and pulled out a paintbrush with a slight smile.
"Do you paint?" he asked and Castiel shook his head.

"No, I haven't ever been into it. Although I do like to admire it. Lets just say I've seen a lot of art over the years." he said as Dean set the brush back into the box.

"We can talk out back. I'd rather Sammy not hear us while he's hanging out with Gabriel. Sorry about the mess." he told him.

"It's fine, Dean. My house is rather messy most times as well." he admitted and Dean snorted. He highly doubted Cas's mansion was ever messy. He opened the back door and let Cas out before following him and closing it behind them.

"I'm sorry about what I did at the school. It's just that Lucifer was right there, and he tends to like screwing people over." Cas started as Dean sat down and motioned for Cas to follow his lead.

"It's fine, Cas. What I said was a little out of line." Dean answered and realized Cas was laughing that perfect, melodic laugh. The one that racked his whole body.

"What you said was not out of line, Dean. It was perfectly fine, I just reacted in a way that wasn't...aesthetically pleasing." he said, lightening Dean's mood considerably.

"I gotta tell you something." Dean said at the same time Cas said, "I need tell you something." They looked at each other for a moment before Dean finally motioned to Cas.

"You go first." Cas said in reply and Dean nodded slightly.

"My dad's work...is, uhm, forcing us to move in a few weeks. After the school year ends, I mean. So I've only got three weeks left." Dean told him and Cas's eyes widened with some unknown emotion.

"What? No, you....you can't leave." Cas pleaded, voice quiet and breaking with emotion. Dean felt his heart shatter at the need and desperateness in his tone.

"I'm sorry, Cas. It's just how it is. We'll just have to enjoy what time we have together." Dean answered softly. Cas looked up at him and closed his eyes, moving his head to look down at the floor.

Dean cupped his cheek and made him look into his eyes, ocean meeting forest. "Cas, please don't shut me out." he whispered. Unexpectedly, Cas reached up and put his hand over Dean's, the slender fingers soft but freezing cold.

"I don't want you to leave me, Dean." he breathed out. Cas's blue eyes were wide as Dean leaned down and pressed their foreheads together.

"I wish I didn't have to leave, Castiel." Dean answered him. He could hear Cas's heart beating faster, and his pupils dilated as he stared into Dean's green eyes. Dean could feel his own heartbeat racing to synch with Cas's, making his fingers tremble.

Cas's lips parted and he tilted his head up ever so slightly. "Sam, you were right! They are making
out!” Gabriel's voice rang through the house and Castiel's cheeks filled with red as he darted away from Dean's grip.

Dean glared at the window where Gabriel's head was poking through. His golden eyes widened and he quickly left, footsteps growing quieter as he went back to Sam's room.

"I'm sorry about him." Castiel spoke up, voice still filled with embarrassment. Dean shook it off and flashed him a small smile.

"What were you going to tell me?" he asked and Cas cleared his throat.

"This morning with Dr. Adarapt... I didn't ask to have your seat changed. I was seeking advice about what to do now that we are souled. I thought he was telling you what I'd asked and that's why I wouldn't meet your eyes. Then when you didn't come to sit by me I realized I'd made a mistake." Castiel sighed and Dean blinked in surprise.

"That's actually really nice to know. I thought you were just trying to avoid me." Dean admitted sheepishly, rubbing his hand down his jawline.

"I would never attempt to avoid you." Cas whispered and Dean felt his cheeks heat up. Cas bit his lip and looked up at Dean with worry. "Do you really have to leave? Couldn't you stay with my family?" he asked shyly.

"Cas, you know that wouldn't work. Your dad hates me now, and my dad would never leave without his favorite hunting buddy." he said, and then froze when he realized what he'd said.

"You're a hunter?" Cas asked, eyes widening. "What are some things you and your father go after?" he asked curiously and Dean shrugged slightly.

"It's not important. The point is, I can't come live with you. It wouldn't work out." Dean changed the subject quickly but Cas didn't say anything against it.

"I know. It was stupid of me to even ask." he agreed and Dean shook his head.

"You're not stupid, Cas. Wanna take a walk?" he asked as he stood up, and Cas glanced at him.

"Gabriel and Sam would be alone though. Is that wise?" Castiel pointed out and Dean sighed.

"Yeah, you're probably right." Dean agreed, chuckling at the thought of what Gabriel and Sam could do to the house. They stayed in silence for a long time, neither of them speaking.

Sharing glances and small smiles of some unshed emotion neither of them wanted to talk about. Dean was the first to break the comfortable silence.

"What do you think Michael meant by what he said?" he asked and Cas looked at him in confusion. He tilted his head slightly, squinting his ocean eyes and furrowing his brow.

"I'm afraid I don't understand what you mean." he answered and Dean sighed heavily.

"He said your father would do more than take away your flightiness, but your not flighty. It kind of fits into when I made that joke about clipped wings." he finally told him. Cas averted his gaze with a small, awkward smile.

"Yes, well...let's just say my family isn't the most normal family, in more ways than one, and we can leave it at that." Cas replied hurriedly.
Dean shot him a look of defiance, about to open his mouth when the back door opened. "Dean, I'm hungry." Sam said and Dean stood up.

"What do ya' want?" he asked and Sam shrugged. "How am I supposed to make dinner if you don't know what you want?" he questioned and Sam shrugged again.

Dean scoffed in disbelief as he slipped past Sam and into the tiny kitchen. Castiel followed him wordlessly. Sam went and opened the pantry door to look at everything.

"Can you make me spaghetti?" he asked and Dean groaned softly before nodding.

"Yeah, Sammy, I'll make some. You want the white sauce?" he asked in disgust. Sam shot him a happy smile as he nodded.

"Of course I want the white sauce, Dean. Gabriel's not hungry." he added before racing off back to his room. Castiel watched as Dean grabbed a pot and everything else he'd need.

"I wasn't aware you cooked. I mean....that didn't come out right. I meant-" Cas was cut off as Dean flicked him with water after washing his hand.

"It's fine, Cas. Most people don't know I can cook, and I'd like to keep it that way." the tone of his voice was teasing, but the serious look on his face told Castiel he wasn't joking.

Dean made everything and Cas watched him. He admired the way Dean's lithe fingers worked, the way his eyes darted off to whatever he was doing, the way his strong arms flexed when he picked up the heavy pot. He even admired the musky, woody scent wafting off of him and around the kitchen.

"Sammy!" Dean called and in a matter of seconds, Sam was back and grabbing the plate from Dean. "We ran out of white sauce, sorry." he said as Sam looked at the plate with sadness.

"It's ok. Thank you, Dean." he said, taking a fork from Dean's hands and then racing off again to his room. Dean sighed and wiped at his forehead with the back of his hand.

It left a smeared trail of red spaghetti sauce and Cas started laughing. "What?" Dean asked as he turned to look at Cas.

"Come here, let me clean it." he said and picked up a rag from the sink as Dean walked closer. Cas grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled him down so he could reach his head. He gently wiped at the sauce on Dean's forehead, trying not to focus on how perfect his features were. Trying not to focus on how plush and soft his lips looked, or the way his eyes sparkled, or the minty smell of his toothpaste still on his breath. He realized he'd stopped, and was just holding Dean in place now.

Dean didn't seem to mind as he grabbed Cas's hand that was holding the rag and pulled it away. He stared in Cas's eyes, quiet, unmoving.

Cas returned the gaze, his blue eyes wide. Dean's eyes were working over Cas's own. Every space had a different shade of blue. Aquas and azures, steels and ceruleans, periwinkles and cobalts, teals, sapphires, and navies. So many blues, too many to count, but Dean didn't mind starting.

Dean's eyes moved to Cas's lips. Cas's breath hitched softly, too quiet for Dean to notice. The Winchester pressed forward, about to close the gap when Cas shied away at the last second. He set the rag on the counter and let out a jumping breath of air.
"It's getting late." he spoke up and Dean glanced at the clock. It was only 6:47.

"I'm sorry, Cas. I'm not trying to push you to do something you're not ready for." he said and Cas shook his head hurriedly.

"No, I want this. I'm just...scared." he admitted and Dean pulled him into a tight hug. Cas buried his face in Dean's chest, breathing in the oaky scent of his shirt and skin.

"If you want it, you shouldn't be scared, Cas. If you're scared than you're not ready." he told him gently. Cas pulled away and looked up into Dean's forest eyes.

"It's not that late." he finally managed to say through his large smile. Dean chuckled and moved to the back door again, opening it as Cas followed him.

"The sun should be out a while longer," he said. Cas sat down on the cement, legs draped into the grass. Dean noticed he was staring at Cas's slender, built form, the way his long legs folded underneath his body.

Sitting down by Cas wasn't hard, but his knees cracked and popped loudly as he bent down and took the spot next to him. Cas glanced over at him but didn't say anything.

"It's nice out here. Our father doesn't usually leave us at home alone. It's rather disheartening at times." Cas said quietly and Dean snorted.

"Sammy and I are hardly ever not alone," he muttered unhappily as Cas flicked his gaze to him.

"Perhaps when your father is out you could come over." Cas suggested, smiling peacefully.

"My dad's usually gone at night, I don't think your dad wants me spending the night." Dean shot back and Cas looked down at the ground, his smile faltering.

"He leaves at night? What exactly does your father do?" Cas asked, leaving Dean silent this time. Cas didn't prompt him to answer and Dean realized he didn't need to answer.

Maybe Cas already knew they were hunters, maybe he figured his dad worked better at night. Or maybe Cas knew what a hunter was. Not the one that kills deer, or things like that. The hunter the kills the evil. Shapeshifters, vampires, werewolves. All of them.

It took Dean a while for him to realize Cas's head was resting on his shoulder. Dean reached around and wrapped his arm around Cas's shoulder, resting his hand in the dip of his waist. Dean could feel the prominent hip bones at his fingertips, and tried not to think about how nice their skin would feel pressing against each other.

It seemed nothing could take away this moment, until of course Sam's voice rang through the house. "DEAN!" he screamed, a clatter following his cries.

Dean bolted to his feet and raced into the house, Castiel following him closely. Running after Sam was a poltergeist. The only reason Dean knew it was one instead of just a phantom, is because it was freezing in the house.

He rushed to his dad's room, grabbed the shotgun and loaded it with rock salt bullets. When he got back out, he aimed.

"A gun won't do any good against that!" Cas yelled just as Dean shot and the poltergeist disappeared. Sam ran over to Dean and looked up at him.
"There's another shotgun in dad's room. Get extra bullets, get the iron too!" he yelled as Sam nodded and hurriedly went to get everything.

"How'd you do that with just a gun?" Cas asked with worry and Dean looked him over with just as much concern.

"Rock salt, Cas. It repels-"

"Repels ghosts, I know. But how'd you know that?" he questioned as Dean raised an eyebrow.

"Like I said, hunter. How the hell'd you know that?" he wondered, but Cas wasn't able to reply because the poltergeist grabbed him from behind and dragged him away. Suddenly a knife whizzed past Cas's head and into the poltergeist which quickly burst into smoke and disappeared again.

"Nice shot, Sammy!" Dean called once he noticed it was an iron knife. He went over and inspected Cas for any wounds, but he found none. Dean whirled around at Gabriel's frantic voice.

"Cas we gotta fly the coop! Now! That poltergeist is just gonna keep coming back until someone burns the bones!" he cried as he raced around the corner to Cas and grabbed his arm.

"We can't leave Sam and Dean here, Gabriel! We need to help them." Cas answered stubbornly.

"Dean, this is the case dad's working. That poltergeist is that guy he told us about last week that died....what was his name?" Sam pointed out and Dean nodded in agreement.

"You're right, Sam. His name was Roy Harmmy, I remember dad telling us about this." he said as he went over and stepped by Sam protectively.

"Dean!" Cas yelled, but arms wrapped around Dean's waist and pulled him back.

"Winchester," it hissed evilly, preparing to strike. Just as its hand was about to come down into Dean's stomach, it burst into flames and started screeching.

Sam pulled Dean away as the poltergeist disappeared. "Dad got it." Dean muttered as he set his hand on the couch.

"Ok, what the literal hell!? Are you guys hunters too?" Dean asked them but he got no response. "I mean, you knew how to kill that thing and you knew a normal gun wouldn't work." he added and Cas sighed.

"We're not hunters, Dean. We're-"

"If you tell him, dad will do worse than kill you." Gabriel interrupted Cas quickly and stepped in front of him. Dean scoffed, watching as Cas thought about what to tell them.

"Are you...are you monsters?" Dean asked, voice breaking and growing soft at the possibility. Sam looked at Gabriel with a hurt expression, his brow furrowing sadly.

"No. We're not anything you hunt. In fact most hunters don't know we exist." Castiel answered before Gabriel clapped a hand over his mouth.

"We're gonna go. Cassie needs a visit to atone for his mistakes." he growled and Cas's eyes widened with fear.

"Fuck that! Just tell us what you are, and we'll leave it alone. You know we're hunters. Cas, were
souled, don't you think I deserve to know what you are?" Dean pleaded, looking crestfallen when Cas shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Dean. I can't tell you. Gabriel's right. If I told you, nothing good would come of it. We need to leave." Cas replied in a rush as Gabriel shoved him to the front door.

Dean raced after them, but once he got outside there was no sign of them. There wasn't a car on the road and it didn't look like there ever had been.

"What can disappear quickly, be that real? What can you touch, that can do that, Sam?" he demanded to know once he got back inside.

"I don't know, man. Sounds like a phantom to me." Sam answered quietly, yawning. Dean realized it was already close to 10:30, more time had passed while they were fighting the poltergeist than he thought.

"Go get some sleep, Sammy. We've got school tomorrow," he said and Sam nodded as he walked off to his room. Dean heard the mattress squeak as Sam laid down and he rubbed a hand down his jaw.

He locked the back door and then the front, leaving the deadbolt unlocked for their dad when he got back. The house was quiet without the gravelly voice of Cas to fill it. Dean made his way to his room and collapsed on his bed.

One arm draped off the side of the bed, one was slung above his head and he worked his shoes off with his feet. He fell asleep on his stomach, snoring softly.

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Dean's alarm didn't go off the next morning, so Sam shook him awake. "Dean, come on. We're gonna be late if you don't get your lazy ass out of bed, you jerk." Sam groaned as he shoved at Dean's back.

"Hell, why didn't you go off? Stop touching me, bitch." he shot back with a smile.

Sam rolled his eyes and went to the kitchen while Dean got dressed and then went to the bathroom to fix his hair and brush his teeth. When he finished he rushed downstairs. He didn't bother grabbing breakfast as he headed to the garage. John hadn't come home last night, but Dean knew he was probably at some bar passed out.

Sam followed him and grabbed the helmet from Dean's hand. Dean climbed onto his motorcycle and revved the engine once he'd started it, waiting for Sam to get on. Sam finally scrambled on, resting his face against Dean's back with a small yawn.

When they arrived at the school, the parking lot was already filled. Dean still managed to find a fairly good spot and clambered off, helping Sam unbuckle the helmet.

"Someone get help!" Dean stood up as he heard the familiar voices of Lisa and Harry screaming. He jogged over to where they were to see Cas being dragged away by Bartholomew and Balthazar.

"Cas!" Dean ran over to him and slid on his knees to him, scuffing up his boots and tearing a hole in the knee of his jeans.

"Dean! Thank god you're here!" Balthazar exclaimed as he motioned for him to stand. "Help Bartholomew and I get him into the truck. He's fine, just a bit...uhm... Help us carry him." he said.

Dean nodded and buried his arms under Cas's body, lifting him easily. "What the hell happened to
"We need to get him home." Bartholomew said as he led Dean to his truck. He didn't answer Dean's question.

"But what happened?" he asked again. Bartholomew ignored him as he walked faster, grabbing his keys from his pocket and unlocking the truck.

"Lay him down between us. There isn't a back." he said and Dean looked up at him in confusion.

"Why are you helping him? You've never been nice to Cas." he pointed out and Bartholomew shot him a dry look.

"He's still family. The others walked today, and Balthazar drove with me. I'm the only with a car today." he retorted. "And this is something you have to do." he added too quiet for Dean to hear.

Dean watched as Bartholomew climbed into the truck and then reached over and helped Dean pull Cas into the car. "Castiel is going through some difficulties with himself right now. Once he gets home he will feel better." he told Dean as he clambered in after Cas.

"Will he be ok?" he asked worriedly, even though Bartholomew had just answered that question.

"Yes," he replied yet again, giving Dean a small smile. "He will be fine." he added with a slight nod of his head. "Metatron, Naomi, Michael, Constantine, and Daniel all stayed home today, but they shouldn't be a problem."

"I don't understand why Michael still goes here, isn't he like 20?" Dean asked, making Bartholomew shift uncomfortably in his seat.

"No. Everyone in our family is at most 19. Michael skipped out on a whole grade when he was younger, so he had to retake it." he answered quickly.

When they rounded a corner, Cas's head lolled over to rest on Dean's shoulder. He was about to move him but Bartholomew didn't seem to mind. "Why did I have to come back with you?" Dean questioned, trying to chase away the awkward silences with them.

"Would you have wanted to stay at the school knowing Castiel could be in danger? Besides, our father will take of your attendance at the school today." Bartholomew said haughtily.

"My dads gonna kill me if he finds out I skipped school today." he muttered unhappily. "Bart? Can I call you Bart?" he asked and Bartholomew nodded.

"I thought after what happened with Cas, that your dad hated me." he said and Bart chuckled as they pulled up into the driveway of Cas's house.

"He doesn't hate you. He was just surprised, to know that Castiel was souled to a Winchester." he said and Dean wasn't sure if that was a complement or an insult.

"What's so bad about us Winchester's?" he asked. Bart helped Dean lift Cas into his arms and opened the door for him.

"Nothing. You're a Winchester, that's all you need to know. Just come on." Bart shot as he motioned for Dean to come in. "Dad! We brought him home!" he yelled upstairs and shuffling feet answered him.

Chuck came down, looking tired and bedraggled. "Oh, Bartholomew, I wish you'd have told me
we'd be having company. I would've been looking a little more presentable. Set him here.” Chuck motions him upstairs.

Dean climbs the stairs and sets him down on his bed. Chuck places the blankets over him and calls for Naomi. "Please, bring me a warm rag." he told her, and she rolled her eyes but sauntered off to get one.

"Dean, you can sit with him. I'll be right back. Just put the rag over his head, like this." he places his hands sideways over his head and Dean nods as he walks off.

He looks down at Cas, frowning with worry and his brow furrowing in concern. He silently wondered why Chuck was suddenly accepting him being with Cas, as far as he was concerned everything was going wrong.

"Cas, please wake up." he murmurs gently, taking the rag from Naomi when she finally brings it. He places it over Cas's head. He hadn't needed Chuck to show him what to do, he'd fixed up Sam and John plenty of times before.

Just as he was starting to wonder, Chuck came back. "No change?” he asked with concern. Dean shook his head and sighed heavily.

"Do you know what's wrong with him?” he questioned. Chuck looked expressionless for a moment, until his eyes flashed with something Dean didn't know.

"Yes, I do. But it's not your concern.” he answered gently. Dean bolted to his feet and turned on Chuck.

"Of course it's my concern! He's my best friend, my only friend! Not to mention my fucking soul mate!” he exclaimed softly. Chuck crossed his arms and waited for Dean to calm down.

"Please, understand me when I say that I know how worried you are. But this is something Castiel must come to terms with on his own.” he answered quietly.

Dean opened his mouth to speak, but a scream of agony erupted from Cas's mouth as he sat up. Dean whirled around as Cas clawed his shirt off and clutched at the sheets on his bed until his knuckles went paper white.

"Castiel, it's ok. Let it happen!” Chuck said, grabbing Dean's arm to hold him back. Cas cried out in pain as he climbed out from under the covers and arched his back.

Dean watched, unable to do anything as Cas squeezed his eyes shut and clawed mercilessly at his back with one hand. "Father, make it stop! It hurts!” he yelled at the top of his lungs, his arms shaking as he braced himself on the bed.

Two lumps moved under his skin on his back and Dean took a step back, eyes widening with worry. "What the..."

Cas moaned and bawled in anguish, tears pouring from his eyes as the protrusions on his back grew and stretched. Finally, just as Cas seemed about to burst, two luxuriously magnificent wings bursted out and extended to touch each side of the huge room.

His eyes glowed bright blue. The wings themselves seemed to glow with a blue light although they were an almost inhuman black. The only part that wasn't black was a single feather on the underside that was a pure white.

"What the fuck!?” Dean exclaimed in awe and exasperation, glancing between Chuck but always
returning to Cas's glorious wings. Cas panted softly and then sat back, furling his wings closer to run a hand over the top of them.

He unfurled them, stretching them out and then bringing them back to his body. "Dean, Castiel has something he needs to tell you." Chuck finally speaks up, causing Cas to meet Dean's gaze with a worried expression.

"Yeah, you think?" Dean's eyes widened as the wings suddenly disappeared and Cas stood up to walk closer. Chuck wasn't beside him anymore, the door was closed, and all Dean could think about was that Cas was shirtless.
Cas looked at Dean with a smile and sighed. "Well, I'm an angel. So are all of my brothers and sisters. And my father is God." he said easily, shooting Dean a skeptical look.

"Right. Sure, I don't believe that." he growled out, glaring at Cas. "What the hell are you, really?" he asked and Castiel frowned.

"Honestly, Dean. You'd think I lie to you all the time, but I'm telling you the complete truth. Why else would I suddenly sprout wings? Why don't you believe me?" he questioned.

"You expect me to believe there's a God when everyday people get hurt by the evil out there? You can't tell me it's God's will for innocent people to die. After all this time, if Sam and I and my dad hunting this shit down, and not once did we ever get a miracle." Dean answered, nearly spitting out the words.

"How can you believe in all that bad, and think there isn't good in the world? I mean, it's a miracle your family survives everything they do. It's a miracle you moved here and met your soul mate. It's a miracle that you didn't get hurt by that poltergeist." Cas shot back, crossing his arms and returning the glare.

"None of those are miracles, that's just life." Dean retorted, taking a step closer and looking down at Cas.

"Your life is a miracle. Don't deny the fact you wanted to kill yourself everyday after your mother died because you couldn't save her! You were a child, you didn't deserve that kind of pain!" Castiel yelled, following Dean and taking a step closer. They were now only inches away from each other.

"How did you know that?" Dean exclaimed softly, eyes widening. Cas blinks and then gulps quietly, he hadn't meant to say that.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean that." he apologized quickly, grabbing Dean's arm in desperation. He didn't need to though, Dean didn't move from his spot.

"How did-" his voice breaks and he shakes his head. He doesn't continue, and Cas doesn't prompt him to.

Finally Dean pulled Cas into a hug, burying his face in the crook of Cas's neck. Cas hugged him back, wrapping his arms around Dean's waist. He didn't realize Dean's hand was reaching out to stroke his wing until he felt the pleasurable sensation running up the feathers. He let out a small moan before he managed to shove Dean away.

Dean looked surprised, but not by the pushing. Cas blushed wildly and cleared his throat. "I'm sorry. You shouldn't touch them." he told him. Dean blinked and then his cheeks brightened with color as he looked at the ground and mumbled out an apology.
"So, how do you hide them?" Dean asked, changing the subject.

"It's different for every angel. For Michael he only has to snap and they retract. Naomi and Metatron both have to conceal theirs with an article of clothing. They usually come through at 15, but as you saw I'm a late bloomer. Nathaniel and Bartholomew hide theirs with a spell. Gadreel can simply will his to retract. Anael's wings have never come through." Cas replied, craning his head around to look at his wings.

He liked that they were different. Everyone else's was a solid color. Michael had pure white wings, Balthazar's were a dusty brown, Gadreel's were a dark greenish. Lucifer's were of course, red. Naomi and Metatron shared a wing color of a creamy gray. Bartholomew's were a light shade of purple, Nathaniel had sunset orange wings, Gabriel had bloomed early and had bright golden wings. Uriel's were a steely gray, Raphael's were a dull yellow, Constantine had honey color, Ezekiel's were tawny, and Daniel had a bright shade of blue. Asariel just turned 15 so they hadn't come in, and Samandriel's wings hadn't come in either as he'd just turned 15.

"It's just about trial and error. I won't be going back to school until I can figure out how to hide them." Cas finally broke the silence.

"You won't be at school? That's not ok, Cas. I won't get to see you." he complained.

"Is your father still working a case?" Castiel asked, changing the subject and making Dean falter.

"Uh...yeah, why?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"My father knows about him being a hunter. He said if you ever needed to, you could stay here for a night. Would you like to tonight?" Castiel informed him, leaving Dean nervous.

"Where would I sleep?" he asked. "And where would Sam sleep?" he questioned, trying not to think about Cas's body moving against his own.

"You would sleep with me. And Sam could be with Gabriel." Cas answered quickly. Dean looked at the bed and then sighed heavily.

"Let me call my dad." he finally answered as he grabbed his phone and dialed his dad's number. He didn't answer, but Dean left a message. "Hey dad. Sam and I are staying at my friend's house tonight, so we'll see you sometime..." Dean didn't leave a specific day before he hung up.

"Sam and Dean will be staying with us tonight." Cas said, to no one in particular and Dean looked at him in confusion.

"I was telling my father. He shares a special connection with each of us. He knows." Cas explained, leaving Dean even more confused. Dean checked the time to see school had been out for about an hour.

"I'm gonna go tell Sammy that we're staying." he said as he opened the door and left the room. Cas's shirtless body filled his mind. All he could think about was the sharp dip of his hips, the curving lines of his biceps, the low sweep of his neck. It was enough to drive him crazy.

He knocked on Gabriel's door and then opened it. He saw Sam scrambling away from Gabriel and to the bed quickly. He pretended not to notice as he cleared his throat. "We're staying here tonight." he told him.

"Seriously? Wait, how'd you know I was here?" Sam asked in a rush, glancing at Gabriel. Dean chuckled and then shook his head.
"Sammy, where do you usually go after school on Fridays?" he asked as an answer and Sam shrugged.

"Fine. Thanks for telling me." he said happily and Dean nodded.

"Oh, and if you're gonna make out, you might want to be more stealthy than that. Keep it PG, Gabriel." he said before he closed the door. The boys' shouts of protest followed him all the way back to Cas's room.

Before he could enter the room though, a hand on his shoulder pulled him away and to another part of the house. When they twirled him around, it revealed a dark room, with black curtains and paint on the wall. He looked to the person to see not Lucifer as he'd expected, but Asariel and her twin, Samandriel.

"We have to tell you something." she announced, glancing at her brother.

"I would like to say that if you do anything to Cas that he doesn't want to do, I will know and I will gladly kill you." Asariel finally told him, smiling as she said it. Dean chuckled nervously and then looked over at Samandriel.

"And I would like to say that I will not tolerate loud obscenities, so keep whatever you do tonight to a minimum." Samandriel growled, making Dean flush from his cheeks to his ears. Castiel suddenly opened the door and grabbed Dean's arm, pulling him away from the twins.

"That's enough, the both of you. I expect this from Michael, Uriel, Raphael, or Lucifer, not either of you." he growled at them, causing Asariel and Samandriel to both shrug and then head to their beds.

Castiel took Dean's hand in his and lead him back to his room. "I'm sorry about them. They aren't usually that protective." he said quickly.

"Usually? So you've brought other people to spend the night in your room?" Dean asked, jealousy filling his voice.

"No. I've never done that. You're the first person besides me who will ever sleep in my bed." he answered easily. Dean smiled and before he could think about it, let go of Cas's hand and went over to lie in his bed.

"This is a very comfy bed." Dean told him happily.

"I agree." Cas followed Dean's lead and lied down beside him, facing him with a small smile. Dean wrapped his arm around Cas's waist and pulled him closer.

"Is it uncomfortable to lay on them?" he asked when he saw Cas grimace and shift his wings.

"A bit, yes. Perhaps we could spend today figuring out what hides them." the angel points out, lifting his head to look up at Dean.

"Yeah. We probably should." Dean doesn't move though. His fingers brushed against the dimples on Cas's back, and he remembered Cas was still shirtless.

"Can you fly with these?" he suddenly asked, remembering all the times Cas had disappeared so quickly.

"Of course. Gabriel was an early bloomer, so when I left your house he flew us back. He quite literally meant, 'fly the coop.'" Cas told him with a soft laugh.
"Why are they so sensitive?" Dean questioned. He wanted to learn everything about them as he could.

"It’s only like that for the angel's soul mate. They're not sensitive to anyone else's touch. And they don't get hurt easily, they're rather durable." he replied quietly.

"Why are yours so...beautiful?" Dean asked with a disbelieving scoff. Castiel tilted his head slightly and squinted his eyes, giving Dean that look that made his heart skip a beat.

Cas doesn't answer for a while and that leaves Dean slightly embarrassed by his question. His brain doesn't register Cas's hands moving up his chest to his neck because all he can think about is that the angel's lips are slightly parted and his eyes are closing.

Dean blinked in surprise before pulling Cas's closer and planting his lips firmly on the angel's. Cas's wings flapped once before stilling again. Dean surprised them both by grabbing his arms and pulling him closer. He licked at Cas's bottom lip and the angel granted him entrance quickly, deepening the kiss.

It felt amazing; the movement of Cas's lips against his, and how they seemed to perfectly fit into Dean's. In fact it felt better than Dean could've imagined.

Cas must have felt the same because when Dean pulled away, he pressed against him and let out a disappointed sound. He blushed suddenly at his brashness and then realized how close he was, but didn't seem to mind. Before Dean's eyes, the wings on Cas's back disappeared, leaving nothing but a slight shimmering veil.

"Your wings are gone." he said happily, and Cas blinked in surprise as he turned to look at them with a smile.

"So a kiss. That's what hides them." he mumbled under his breath as he sat up to inspect the invisible wings. "And to answer your question, that's just you. Because you're the only who can see them in their true form. People that are not my soul mate would simply see a pair of plain, boring wings. You're the only person who can see all the details and colors and patterns." he added for explanation.

"Oh. How long do they stay hidden?" Dean asked him quietly. Castiel shrugged in reply and lied back down next to Dean.

His phone rang suddenly and he grabbed it from his pocket. "What?" he answered and his dad was screaming at him loud enough for Cas to hear.

"You're not staying the fucking night at a guy's house! For God's sake, you're not some little faggot, get your ass back home this fucking instant or I'll drive over there and drag your sorry ass to hell myself!" John screamed, and Dean finds himself flinching when he curses God's name.

"Dad, I'm already here, and I'm not staying in the same room as him. His dad already has a room set up for both Sammy and me, it's not a problem." Dean said.

"I don't fucking care if he has a second house set up for you two, you're not staying there! You've got 20 minutes to get home or I'm driving up there and I swear to God, Dean, I will fucking cut you a new one, don't fucking test me!" he yells back.

"Yeah. Ok, got it. I'm staying here though, I'm sorry. You're not home, I can tell by the wind, and we've got..." he paused and then glanced at Cas before standing and heading over to window. "We don't have any food left at home. And you took the money with you." he whispered, hoping
Cas wouldn't hear.

"So stay for dinner and then get the fuck out! I don't give a single fuck if I'm not home, and don't fucking talk to me like that, you disrespectful piece of shit! And you can forget about staying that extra three weeks if you're not fucking home when I get there!" John shouted, his voice stern and final.

"When are you getting home?" Dean questioned, needing to know a time.

"I don't fucking know. Sometime tomorrow probably, I'm going to stay in a motel tonight to save a little on gas." he answered. Dean grinned and then nodded his head.

"Yeah, ok. We'll be back by tomorrow." he said. A scream of protest followed his answer before he hung up with a heavy sigh. "He's gonna be so pissed at me tomorrow." he pointed out as he sat back down on the bed.

"What was the part you said about food?" Castiel asked him in concern.

"Nothing." Dean answered a little too quickly. Cas gave him a disbelieving look but didn't ask again. "It's just...my family's kinda broke. We ran out of food and my dad spent money on his stupid fucking alcohol and poker games and then took the little we had with him." he growled.

Cas stared down at the floor in silence. "Sorry, I didn't mean to curse." Dean told him hurriedly, but Cas shook his head.

"It isn't that. I just would never have guessed you and Sam were treated so badly by your father. I do not think I like him calling you that." he replied softly.

"Calling me what?" Dean wondered.

"That vile name he called you." Cas growled forcefully, clenching his fists and bunching up the sheets in his hands. Dean blinked in shock, not aware such a sound could come from the angel.

"That's just how my dad is. You should hear what he calls Sammy if you think what he calls me is bad." he joked, trying to smile. Cas glared at him and crossed his arms.

"This isn't something to poke fun at, Dean. This is a serious problem that needs to be solved." Cas shot back, shaking his head slightly.

"Woah, ok, I'm sorry." Dean said quickly.

"Has he ever...hit you? Will he hurt you tomorrow?" Cas wondered softly. Dean looked away, down at the floor and doesn't answer.

"No. He won't." he answered with as much conviction he could muster. Cas sighed softly and nodded once.

"We should head downstairs, dinner should be ready." he told him as he stood up and grabbed a clean shirt on his way to the door. Dean followed him closely behind.

His brothers and sisters were all heading downstairs too. He caught Gadreel's eyes and then his twin brother's Ezekiel who both smiled at him.

"Hey, Cassie. Know what's for dinner?" a voice asked, and Dean turned to find Gabriel and Sam walking up together.
"By the smell of it I'd some kind of pasta and....breadsticks." Castiel replied as he raised his nose and sniffed the air. Sam glanced at Dean, a blush appearing on his face as he called him to the side.

"Dad called, and he's pissed at us. Tomorrow when we see him, don't say a word. I'm gonna take the blame." he told him softly, making sure Gabriel and Castiel wouldn't overhear their conversation.

"No, dea, you can't take all of the blame. I'm at fault too!" Sam exclaimed quietly, but Dean gave him a stern look.

"Don't argue with me on this. Please, I don't want you to get hurt. Just let me take the blame." Dean snapped, causing Cas and Gabriel to look over at him. Sam nodded and then went back to stand by Gabriel.

The boy grabbed Sam's hands and squeezed it gently before letting go and heading downstairs. Sam followed him silently, glancing back at Dean once before racing down the stairs after Gabriel.

Castiel waited for Dean at the stairs, and gently takes his hand as they walked side by side down them. The music in the background wasn't playing for once, and it seemed eerily quiet in the house.

Dinner was uneventful and the rest of the night was just as quiet. Dean and Cas cuddled close that night, curling into each other with smiles on their faces.

The next morning when Dean woke up, it was only 5:30. He bolted to his feet and grabbed his phone from the nightstand, startling Cas.

"Dean?" he asked softly, rubbing at his eyes.

"Cas, I gotta go. My dad'll probably be home soon, I gotta beat him. Tell Gabriel to wake Sammy up for me." he says quickly.

Cas relayed the message and in a few minutes Sam was knocking at Cas's door. "Ok, I'll see you at school." he said, leaning in to kiss him. The wings had appeared again.

He pulled away in time to see them disappear before racing out the door and grabbing Sam's hand. He nearly dragged Sam down the stairs, shoving him out the door before snatching his jacket from the coat rack.

'We took the liberty of bringing your bike, do not ask.' his phone flashed the message from Gadreel as he spotted the motorcycle.

Sam hopped on, not bothering with the helmet as Dean revved the engine. They raced off just as Dean's phone rang. He answered it quickly to find his dad on the other end.

"You better hope you're fucking home in about 10 fucking minutes." he growled. Dean couldn't hide his smile as he listened.

"Yeah, we'll be there." he answered before hanging up. They were back at the house in a record five minutes. Dean helped Sam off and into the house. "Go back to bed. I'll wake you up for breakfast later."

Sam gave him a tight hug before racing off to his room. Dean sighed heavily and locked the garage door. He went to sit on the couch, but he heard the Impala pull up into the driveway. The
front door rattled as John forced it open and then slammed it shut.

"Where's Sam?" he asked.

"I sent him back to bed. Dad, listen, it wasn't his fault. I'm the one that accepted the offer and I wasn't thinking when I did." Dean told him, pleading for him to understand.

"Do you like that bike Sam got you?" John questioned suddenly, making Dean stutter in surprise.

"Yeah, I love that thing." he replied in confusion. John nodded slightly and then looked at Dean with a cold glare. He didn't say anything before walking off to his room without a second look at Dean.

John turned back around suddenly and walked up to Dean, grabbing the collar of his shirt and dragging him closer. "Don't ever fucking disrespect me again, you worthless pile of shit." he growled calmly, before letting go. Dean nearly fell backwards but managed to stay standing until John's fist connected with his cheek.

He saw stars and fell forward, slamming his forehead into the coffee table as he went. Dean groaned in pain, surprised he hadn't blacked out from the impact. His head swam and his mouth felt fuzzy as he met his father's eyes.

John blinked once before disappearing into his room. An arm grabbed Dean around his waist and heaved him to his feet. "Sammy...I told yuh t'go ta bed..." he slurred, clutching at his jaw gently.

"Are you ok?" he asked, ignoring Dean's remark. Dean nodded once, his cheeks flushing as pain raced through his head. Sam helped him lay down in his bed and then turned to walk off. "I'll get you a cold rag." he said as he got to the door.

Dean didn't answer until Sam came back and gently lay the rag on his forehead. "Thanks Sammy," he said softly. Sam gave him a small smile before walking off back to his room.

Dean didn't sleep, the pain was too unbearable. Without realizing it, he had drifted into a dazed and dreamlike state.

He was startled by his phone ringing, making his head rattle. He answered it and heard Cas's voice on the other end.

"Dean, how are you? Are you ok?" he asked quickly, and Dean found himself smiling.

"Yeah, Cas. I'm nishe n'well." he answered with a yawn. He could almost hear Cas's anger through the receiver.

"What did he do to you? Are you all right, do you need me to come up there?" he questioned in a rush.

"Nah, man. I'm really fine." Dean replied quickly. Cas hung up without another word and then suddenly was standing in front of him with a ruffle of wings. "What th'hell, Cas! Don't do that, man!" he exclaimed.

"My apologies." Cas whispered, glaring down at Dean's already bruising cheek. There was a ragged cut too, and his eye was swelling and turning black. "What did he do?"

"Well, the forehead and eye are from me ramming my head into the coffee table when I fell." he said, lifting the rag to show Cas a huge, angry gash before looking away. "The cheek's his damage." he added as he replaced the rag.
Cas didn't meet his gaze. Dean sat up, stars and spots dancing in his vision. "You said he wouldn't
hit you." Cas said softly, finally looking up at meet Dean's stare.

"I didn't think he would at first." he admitted. Cas laughed silently, shaking his head. "You should
go back home before he sees you're here," he added with a disappointed look. A clatter came from
the garage, the twisted sound of metal grating metal.

Cas looked over at for an explanation but he shrugged as a reply. It wasn't until Sam's cries
reached his ears that he bolted to his feet and staggered to the garage. He flung the door open to
see his dad standing there, a crowbar in his hand and his bike destroyed.

Sam was sobbing his eyes out, screaming something incoherently about money and time. Dean
wasn't as upset as he expected, he was livid. His fists clenched so tight the knuckles turned white
and the pain from his head seemed to disappear as the adrenaline pumped through him.

He didn't realize Cas was standing there behind him. "You son of a bitch." he growled out and
John turned around to glare at him. "How dare you ruin this! Sam spent a hell of a lot of money
on this thing, do you even realize how important this thing was to me!?" he demanded to know,
taking a step forward.

"Yeah, I do. That's why I fucking did it, for God's sake." John told him.

"You fucking dick!" Dean snarled, lunging forward and tackling him. John landed on the ground
with a groan and struggled under his son's grip. Dean grabbed his jacket, pulling him up to give
him a cold look. "I fucking hate you!" he added just before he raised his fist to punch him.

John grabbed his fist and kicked him off into the bike. Dean fell back into it with a startled noise
as he tripped over it. "Don't ever talk to me like that! I'll deal with that fact that your faggot
boyfriend is here later, but for know you're the one who's the fucking problem!" he shouted
cruelly.

Dean scrambled to his feet and squared his shoulders. "Sam come here." John growled, and
Dean's eyes stretched wide.

"No! I'm the problem, not him. Let him go back inside." Dean pleaded softly, looking frantically
at his brother.

"Sam, go inside while I discipline your brother." John finally agreed. Sam stood and gave Dean a
puppy-dog look, frowning with worry before walking off. "Unless you want me to teach you a
lesson, you'll keep your mouth shut and listen to what I have to say." he added with a snarl.

Dean closed his mouth and nodded obediently. Cas gazed at him in surprise, he'd never seen Dean
following orders so well.

"You take this bike to Bobby's and he'll help you fix it. You're still going to school on Monday.
And I expect you to behave from now until I fucking decide you're responsible enough to go
anywhere alone." John told him harshly.

"Yessir." Dean mumbled quietly, keeping his stare at his dad's shoes instead of his face. He'd
learned not to make eye contact when he was talking like this.

"And you need to leave. Dean won't be seeing you outside of school anymore." John said, turning
his attention to Cas.

Castiel narrowed his eyes and glared at John. "Dean is an adult how, it's his decision to see me
outside of school if he chooses, not yours." he told him. He was surprisingly calm despite the rage coming off of him in waves that Dean could see in the slight shift of his feet. It looked as if he was ready for a fight and was steeling himself in anticipation.

"Excuse me? You have no fucking right to talk to me like that. I may not be your fucking dad but I will beat the living shit out of you." John growled coldly.

"I don't believe you will. The only reason you even beat Dean and Sam is because you are a cowardly man. You're so filled with your own grief you can't grasp that other people you love may be in pain too. Perhaps if your eyes were opened you would see that you are wrong and weak." Cas snarled back, jaw set and eyes blazing with a fury Dean had never known he possessed.

"I'm not weak! Just fucking leave and get out of my sight before I shoot you!" John screamed as he lunged blindly toward Castiel. Cas sidestepped and John ended up nearly ramming his head into the door. "Get out of my fucking house!" he shrieked cruelly and Cas took a step closer to Dean.

"So you can beat Dean again? I'd prefer not to leave." Cas answered calmly. John was seething with anger, his knuckles bone white.

"Get the fuck out now." John yelled, breathing heavily as Cas took another step closer to Dean.

"I will leave when you promise you won't hurt Dean or Sam again. And if you break that promise, I will know and I will hunt you down." Castiel said. John's eyes widened slightly and he raised his hand, the gun from his jeans cocked and aimed at Cas's chest.

"Dad, stop!" Dean yelled, grabbing Cas's arm and pulling him behind his body to protect him. John glared at Dean and frowned as Dean held out his arm slightly like he did to Sam, to keep him back.

"Get out of my house." John finally said calmly. Dean turned to look at Cas, patting him on the shoulder.

"Please, just go. I'll be fine." he pleaded desperately. Castiel turned his icy glare to John before walking back into the house and out the front door. John uncocked the gun and lowered it back to the ground.

"And you." he growled, turning back to Dean once he heard the front door slam shut. "You're a fucking disgrace." he told him with shame in his voice. Dean hadn't noticed before, but John was slurring his words together.

He was drunk, which in of itself was not a surprise. It was the fact that he'd been driving that way that came as a surprise to Dean. His father had never driven drunk before that he knew of.

Dean didn't answer, which in hindsight probably made John madder than ever. John walked up to him and punched him again, sending him sprawling to the floor again, a sudden burst of pain shooting through his mouth. Dean knelt down and coughed, a splatter of blood spilling onto the ground by John's feet.

He tried to stand, but John dragged him up before he could find his footing, slamming him against the garage wall. He raised his fist and punched him again, making Dean's head whip back and hit the wall with a deafening crack.

Everything went black, he could hear nothing, see nothing, feel nothing.
Screaming, crying, more yelling, sobs. Dean opened his eyes to see a bright light along with a white ceiling. He sat up and noticed he was hooked up to an IV and in a hospital bed. Outside the door he could the shadow of his father fighting with someone he thought looked vaguely familiar. Sam was beside him, still sobbing about the bike and now about the fact that Dean was hurt.

The hospital gown clung to his body in all the wrong places and he scratched at it to fix it. The door opened for a moment and he briefly heard his dad yelling at a man. "John, please calm down. This doesn't require-" he was shut off as the door closed.

"Dean, you're awake!" Sam exclaimed happily as he ran over and jumped into the bed. Dean groaned and pulled him into a tight, loving hug. Sam sniffled, and wipes away his tears.

"Heya, Sammy. My head is pounding, man." he answered as he gripped his temples, squeeze his eyes shut. He felt like he had a bad hangover, which had only happened once in his life.

"Yeah, dad got you pretty good." Sam replied softly so no one else would hear.

"What's the story?" he asked and Sam blinked in confusion.

"Oh. That, well, I mean, there isn't one. We haven't come up with one, and dad just called an ambulance as soon as it happened. I'm assuming he's gonna say it was a wreck, since the bike looks like crap too." Sam told him, looking away.

"I'm sorry about that bike, Sammy. I know how much you spent on it, and I loved it." Dean said gently. Sam smiled and burrowed his face in Dean's chest for comfort.

"That's Cas's dad. God, or Chuck I mean." Sam told Dean quietly. Dean found himself smiling despite everything. The door opened again and in stepped a burly, bearded man wearing a worn ball cap.

"Bobby!" Dean exclaimed hoarsely, shifting so he could give the man a hug.

"That man out there's about t'get himself killed talkin' to your father like that." Bobby said good naturedly as he returned the hug and ruffled Sam's hair.

"Chuck's a good man, he can handle himself." Dean answered with a small smile. Bobby leaned against a nearby chair and crossed his arms.

"How'd it start this time?" he asked gently.

"I spent the night at my friend's house. I should've come home, I shouldn't have stayed, it was my fault. And then when we got home he hit me and my friend came to talk. Dad trashed my bike and my friend got mad and started talking shit about him and then dad made him leave and now I'm here." Dean told him.

"Your friend's mighty brave if he stood up t'your dad. S'he ok?" Bobby questioned and Dean nodded.

"Castiel is his name. He's..." Dean gulped softly and looked away. Sam nudged him to prompt him to continue while Bobby stared at him with a cocked eyebrow. "My soul mate. He's my soul mate. Dad doesn't know, but he suspects." he finally said.

"Well, ain't that a bummer. Boy, your daddy's gonna kill you when he finds out you been keeping this a secret from him." Bobby said, shaking his head.

"I know, Bobby. Man, I can't let him know though. It's not like Cas and I are fucking every
chance we get, or at all for that matter. He's just pissed 'cause for once in my life I'm not following his orders." Dean shot back frantically. 'Cas... I wish you were here.' he thought to himself.

"Yeah, well, you might wanna tell 'em and get it over with. It might be easier now." Bobby told him but Dean shook his head quickly.

"I'm not telling him. Ever." he said.

The door flew open again and Castiel barged in, eyes frantic. John was screaming at him and grabbing the back of his trench coat, pulling him back out. "Let go of my son, please." they heard Chuck's voice say, calm but cold.

John retracted his hand and Cas shut the door before turning back to Dean, looking worried and filled with concern. Sam went to stand by Bobby who was watching the two with curiosity. Cas rushed to Dean then, hugging him with so much conviction and assurance, Dean had to close his eyes to stop the tears.

They didn't pull away until Bobby cleared his throat a few minutes later. "I'm gonna take a wild guess and say you're the mysterious Castiel." he said, holding out his hand.

"And I assume you are Bobby. Dean has told me much about you." Cas tilted his head slightly, looking at Bobby's outstretched hand in confusion. Dean shifted his feet to sit on the edge of the bed, nudging Cas.

"It's a handshake. Surely your dad's shown you how to do one." he said with a smile. Castiel smiled back but shook his head slightly.

"Unfortunately, I have never learned how to perform a proper handshake." he answered. Bobby dropped his hand with a glance at Sam. Dean scoffed and rolled his eyes as Cas sat down next to him and stared out at the figures at the window.

"What'd you think they're fighting about?" Dean asked but Cas didn't answer.

"Custody. Of you and Sam." Bobby finally broke the silence with the answer. Dean looked up at him in surprise and raised his eyebrows. "That's why I'm here, boy. I'm supposed to go for your father, but honestly I don't think he'd win whether I did or not." he added with a shrug.

"But..." Dean trailed off with shock.

"Well, I mean, technically John can't keep you if you left. You're 18 know, Dean, you're not his son anymore. You're an adult. Mostly they're fighting for Sam right now." Bobby told him.

"If I'm an adult I'll take Sam with me. Neither of them is getting my little brother, he's mine. I've taken care of him from day one. I've always been there for him, not dad or God for that matter." Dean growled as he stood.

He stumbled and made a grateful noise when Cas caught him before he could fall. He didn't realize his hand was resting on Cas's thigh until he opened his eyes. The pain was dull because of the medication, but it was there.

Bobby and Sam were talking about the fight, so thankfully neither of them had noticed. Dean yanked his hand away and flushed a bright red with embarrassment. "Sorry." he mumbled softly.

Castiel didn't respond, partly because he hadn't minded and partly because his father had just walked in with Dean's father. "Sam, please wait outside." John growled and Sam quickly left the room.
"Go on, Castiel, you too." Chuck added with a snap. Castiel helped Dean sit back down before leaving the room with a nod. Chuck watched as Cas went outside and sat in the chair by Sam right outside the door.

It closed and Bobby stood a little straighter. "Have you two idjits come to a decision yet?" he asked and Dean couldn't keep the smile off of his face. John crossed his arms and seemed to pout as Chuck nodded.

"John has agreed to let Dean leave the house and live where he pleases." Chuck told them. Dean furrowed his brow and set his jaw.

"Sammy, what about him?" he asked quickly.

"He will stay with John as agreed." Chuck answered with a slight frown.

"What? No, no I won't let you keep him! He'll starve, or worse! Let me take care of Sam, then you won't have to worry about either of us." Dean pleaded, giving his dad a glare.

"No, Sam is my son and I'll take care of him." John glowered. Dean stood up, using the bed to support himself.

"You taking care of him is what I'm worried about! Are you gonna beat him now too, is that the deal!? You gonna take all your issues and dump them on him like you did with me!? You gonna blame him for mom's death like you did to me!?" he screamed, tears blurring his vision.

His throat closed up and lips quivered as he sniffed. John gave him a cold look. Dean's closed his eyes, feeling the tears falling hot and fast down his cheeks. Bobby placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder, silent but comforting.

Dean turned away from them all and sobbed silently, his shoulders shaking. "Shut the fuck up! Your mother's death was your fault, if you'd taken Sam outside faster I'd could've helped her!" John exclaimed and suddenly a grunt echoed through the room.

Dean craned his head around to see his dad on the floor, Chuck standing above him with his fists clenched. "Don't talk to your son like that." he said calmly. John smirked and got to his feet.

"He's not my son anymore." he told him before he turned and left the room. "Sam, let's go." he called but Sam stayed by the door.

"Can't we stay with Dean?" he asked sheepishly, and Dean sighed heavily. Sam had asked the wrong question, and he knew it because he took a small step back.

"No, now come on!" John yelled, making the nurses on the floor stare at him with nervousness. Sam flinched, taking one last look back into Dean's room before following John out of the hospital. Castiel stood, walking back into the room with a placid expression.

"If you need a place to stay, you're always welcome at our residence." Chuck told Dean gently.

"Or mine." Bobby added with a slight nod. Dean managed to smile slightly, despite that fact that Sam was basically banished from seeing him.

"I think for now it'd be better if I stayed with you, Bobby. Is it all right if we go pick up my bike before we go?" he asked, sitting back down again on the bed. Bobby nodded and Cas was staring at him with surprise.

"You're leaving? But, Dean, I thought the whole point of this fight was so you could stay with
"No, Cas, the point of that fight wasn't to fucking stay with you. It was because I decided to break the rules and be an idiot. I think it would be better if it got out of this godforsaken town. No offense." he said, glancing at Chuck who waved it off.

"Just leave me, then. I don't want to see you like this, anyway. It's sickening." Cas answered. Dean tried not to show the hurt in his eyes as he kept Cas's gaze.

"You can't leave yet, though. The doctors are wantin' to keep you overnight for observation." Bobby told Dean quickly. "So you can see Castiel for a while longer. And you can always come visit him while he's up at my place." he added to Cas.

Cas didn't answer, but Chuck glanced at him with a slight expression of worry. "Robert and I are going to get to know each other by getting dinner." he finally broke the cloud of tension.

"Bobby's fine." Bobby muttered as he followed Chuck out of the room. Dean finally lied down and groaned in pain, clutching at his head.

"How bad is it?" Dean asked him softly. Castiel sat beside him, crossing his legs in front of him and resting his wrists on his knees.

"You look like you were recently run over." Cas told him truthfully. Dean scoffed and looked down at him.

"Would it kill you to lie, Cas?" he joked, smiling as Cas tilted his head and squinted his eyes.

"I feel as though it might. In certain situations telling the truth would be much more beneficial than lying, in my experience." Cas told him, not noticing his sarcasm.

"It was a joke, Cas. You ever heard o'those?" he teased as he sat up and scooted closer to Cas, dragging his IV closer too. "I'm sorry. Believe me, I want to stay, but I think it'd be safer if I didn't." he admitted gently.

"I agree, my judgement was just clouded because I know I will miss you to a very big extreme." Cas told him with a sigh. Dean smiled and leaned closer, resting his forehead on Cas's shoulder.

"Ow, shit!" he yelped, pulling back quickly and sending a wave of nausea through him. He reached his hand up and gently prodded at the cut. "Is this one from the table I told you about?" he asked.

"Yes. That is the only one on your forehead. I can help you to the bathroom if you would like to see." Cas told him. Dean snorted but nodded anyway and stood up taking Cas's arm to steady himself.

Castiel wrapped an arm around Dean's waist and helped him walk to the bathroom. Dean grunted with pain as the IV snagged at his skin, and Cas quickly grabbed it to wheel it along with them. He opened the bathroom door and managed to maneuver Dean, himself, and the IV through the doorway at the same time.

Dean sucked in a sharp breath and blinked in surprise. The gash on his forehead had a huge bruise forming around around it, and his black eye was extremely stark and vivid. His nose was crooked and a cut had scabbed over across it. The cut on his cheek was swollen and his bottom lip was busted. He furrowed his brow and opened his mouth, where his tongue seemed to have a huge chunk taken out of it.
He sighed and closed his eyes, dropping his head to face the sink. "I need to take a shower." he finally broke the silence.

"I am not completely sure that is such a good idea, considering your condition." Cas told him, concern plain in his voice. Dean looked up at him and rolled his eyes.

"I'm pretty sure I can take a shower without hurting myself." Dean shot back stubbornly. Castiel set a hand on Dean's shoulder and glared at him.

"Dean, please." Cas said softly. Dean met his gaze and sighed heavily.

"All right. I won't take a shower." he growled playfully, leaning against Cas for support as he helped him back to the bed. Dean sat down with a grunt and eyed Cas warily as he paced the room.

"I'm unaware of what to do in order to help ease your pain. That makes me upset, I don't believe I have ever been this useless." Cas said with worry.

"Woah, Cas! You're not useless! You're helping a hell of a lot right now. Come here and give me some attention." Dean interrupted him, holding out his arms and pouting. Castiel turned to him and tilted his head slightly before walking over and curling into Dean's arms.

Cas leaned into him heavily, nuzzling into his neck, closing his eyes and letting the hunter's arms wrap snugly around him. Dean kissed his temple gently and pulled him down until they were laying together, Castiel resting on top of him.

The door opened but neither of them noticed until one of the nurses spoke up. "Uhm...excuse me, sir?" she called and Dean's eyes opened.

"Hmm, yeah?" he asked as Cas helped him sit up. The nurse stood by the bed, glancing at Castiel with a barely noticeable blush on her cheeks.

"I'm just here to do the checkup and then I'll be out of your hair." she answered softly, not hiding her stares at Cas's flawless face and his bright blue eyes.

"Yeah, ok. Cas why don't you wait outside?" he said and Cas glanced at him with confusion, catching the jealous tone in his voice. He didn't argue thankfully as he left the room. Dean wasn't going to lie, the nurse was very attractive.

"So, Dean, how've you been feeling today? Any dizzy spells, nausea, vomiting, lightheadedness?" she asked him and Dean thought for a moment.

"Well..." he glanced at her name tag before continuing, "Ms. Moore, I have had a lot of nausea and dizzy spells. But other than that I'm great." he said, flashing her a huge smile. She blinked, not fazed by the look as she went back to her notes.

"Ok, we're going to up the morphine a bit and hopefully that will fade as the wounds start healing. And I am actually married, for your information." she said, showing off the golden band on her hand.

Dean chuckled and watched the door open again, another nurse poking her head in. "There you are, Jessica's asking for you, she says its very important. I'll take you to her?" he asked but she shook her head.

"She'll have to wait just a moment, I'm with a patient." she answered.
"But she said -"

"Jessica is my daughter, not my mother. Tell her I'll be there as soon as I can." she interrupted him, sarcasm making her voice rise in pitch.

"Jessica's your daughter, huh?" Dean asked her as she turned to look at us IV.

"Yes, she turned 12 earlier this week." she answered with a smile.

"Oh, really? I just turned 18 on Monday." Dean told her with a smile.

"That's when Jessica's birthday is. So I'm assuming that guy out there is your soul mate?" she asked and Dean's smile widened.

"Yeah, Cas and I are soul mates. He's perfect, but my dad doesn't like us being so close. He doesn't know that we're souled, but he'd probably kill me if he did."

The nurse stopped and glanced over at him before hooking up a new drip bag onto the IV. "Well, I think you two are a perfect match. You look great together, you know that?" she points out, smiling at him.

"Thank you."

"Ok, I up'ed the morphine so you might be out after a while. I'll tell your boyfriend so he'll know. Stay in bed unless you have to go to the bathroom, and get him to help you." she told him as she headed to the door. Dean was already feeling woozy and slow as he nodded.

"Ok, thanks." he called as she left the room. He saw her stop and talk to Cas before finally heading down the hallway.

"How are you feeling?" Castiel asked him as Dean blinked lazily.

"Really tired." he sighed, slurring his words together. Cas chuckled and curled into Dean's waiting arms. They lied back down again until they were in the same position. As soon as Dean closed his eyes he was out like a light, and didn't wake up until the next morning.
Dean woke up as Bobby was making his way back into the room. His gruff voice was mumbling something about him and Cas he couldn't quite catch. Cas was still sleeping peacefully, his head resting on Dean's chest and one of his arms curling around Dean's waist.

"Bobby, are we leaving now?" he asked softly.

"No, boy. I just came to check up on you. It's not even noon yet. You don't get to leave until five tonight, quit stressing out." Bobby answered quietly. Cas stirred, his eyes fluttering as he mumbled something that sounded like Dean's name.

Bobby sat in the chair next to the bed and glanced at Castiel's sleeping form, still glued to Dean's body. "Right, I forgot the overnight thing. You think they'd let Cas stay if I asked?" he wondered out loud.

"I don't think so. You know how they are about the visitor hours." Bobby told him. Dean sighed heavily and glanced at the door as it opened again. A little blonde haired girl walked in, a smile on her face.

"Are you Dean Winchester?" she asked shyly. She couldn't have been much more than 13 or so, maybe younger.

"Why, yes I am. It's a pleasure to meet you, Ms...?" Dean trailed off as he watched her walk into the room. She smiled and looked up at Castiel who was still sleeping.

"Jessica Moore. My mom did your check up earlier. She wanted- well not really- wanted me to come say hi to you. We have the same birthday." she answered.

"Well, Jessica, has anyone ever told you how pretty you are?" he asked, flashing her a kind smile. Jessica rolled her eyes and crossed her arms.

"I'm only 12, so you're technically kind of being a pervert right now." Jessica snapped. Dean chuckled, the sound disturbing Cas who grumbled.

"Stop talking, Dean. I'm tired." he complained as he clapped a hand over Dean's mouth. It was Bobby's turn to chuckle now, and Cas opened his eyes to see Jessica and Bobby in the room.

"Cas, this is Jessica. She's 12." Dean introduced her and Castiel smiled slightly.

"Hello." he grumbled before turning his head and closing his eyes again. Jessica giggled and then turned her attention back to Dean. He took a moment to study her features. Long blonde hair, rounded cheeks, big blue eyes, pearly white teeth, full lips, and a single beauty spot in between her eyebrows. She was very pretty.
"Jessica, what school high school will you be going to?" Dean asked her, making Cas grumble at him.

"I don't know. Some school up the street, Fallon Quinn High School?" she answered, glancing up at Dean's IV and heart rate.

"That's where my little brother and I go. And Cas here too, you'll have a friend next year in my brother I'm sure." he told her and she scoffed.

"I'm not going to even think about talking to anyone related to you. He's probably just as brazen and debauched as you." Jessica shot back, making Bobby's eyebrows shoot up and Dean to stare at her in confusion.

"You're.....brazen." Dean stuttered with shock.

"Nice comeback, you aberrant man." she growled out. Bobby bursted into laughter, clapping his knee and holding his stomach. Cas groaned in protest and finally rolled off of Dean.

"Your blood pressures high. Are you feeling dizzy or nauseous at all?" she asked him. Dean shook his head and she tapped at the screen. "Have a headache?" she questioned.

"Nah, I'm good. I think it's the morphine, your mom up'ed the amount." he told her, blinking his eyes lazily. Jessica shot her head around to look at him.

"She gave you more? You were already at the very top without it being lethal, why would she give you more? We need to take this out, now!" she exclaimed. Dean yanked his arm away and glared at her.

"No, it's fine. You're mom knows what she's doing, probably more than a 12 year old." he retorted slowly. He had to admit, his head felt fuzzy and his fingers and toes were going numb. Cas placed a hand on his but he barely felt it over the blood pounding in his ears.

Jessica was pushing the button to summon a nurse, switching off the IV and grabbing the needle from Dean's skin. A nurse rushed in just as Cas was starting to scream Dean's name to no avail.

Dean blinked once and then suddenly everything went black. He remembered Jessica's mother yelling about giving him too much but nothing after that.

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Castiel paced the room nervously, watching Dean with an intense gaze. Jessica's mother seemed different than when she'd first come in.

"I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me, I just....I'm so sorry." she apologized profusely, leaning against the bed.

"It's ok." Dean answered with a slight smile. "Can I ask you something?" he asked her and she nodded quickly. "Have you smelled any sulfur lately?"

"Yeah, the other day right before I came to check up on you actually. I thought it was just a topical. We have sulfur topicals to treat acne and dead skin." she answered.

"Do you remember checking up on Dean?" Bobby questioned her and she thought for a moment.
"Not necessarily. I remember walking up to the room." she told them, regret in her voice. The door opened and Jessica stepped in, looking up at her mother with a smile.

"Dean, you're brother's here." she informed them as the door opened again. Sam stepped in, holding a large vase filled with peonies, daffodils, azaleas, hydrangeas, pansies, yarrow, and a single white rose.

Sam looked up and his eyes immediately landed on Jessica, his breath hitching. She smiled shyly at him before racing out of the room. Sam looked after her for a moment before turning back to Dean. "These are- uh- from Chuck." he stumbled over his words.

"Flowers? Tell me, Sammy, do you know what all of those mean?" Dean asked him and Sam blushed as he nodded.

"Peonies mean health, daffodils for chivalry, azaleas for abundance, hydrangeas for perseverance, pansies for loving thoughts, yarrow for good health, and the white rose for purity." he recited, pausing for a moment too long after the yarrow.

Yarrow was also used in very powerful spells cast by witches, specifically age spells. "Nerd." Dean teased happily. Sam rolled his eyes and set the flowers on the table in his room.

"Mrs. Moore, thank you for answering our question." Bobby interrupted the boy's conversation. She smiled and left the room. Castiel finally came up with the courage to walk over and fold Dean into his arms, squeezing tightly and kissing his hairline.

"Do not scare me like that again." he whispered fiercely as he squeezed his eyes shut and hugged him tighter.

"Cas, I'm ok. I wasn't going to die." he reassured him. Despite what he'd said, he wrapped his arms around Cas's waist and pulled him closer. Bobby cleared his throat, but they didn't let go.

"Dean." Sam said, trying to grab his attention. "Bobby told me we have a case in this hospital." he added.

"No, we don't. We did, but the thing's long gone by now." Dean answered, letting go of Cas who sat on the bed beside him.

A knock at the door made them stop talking. "Yeah?" Dean asked, noticing a wide smile on Cas's face. The door opened to reveal Jodie. She walked in and more followed her. Kevin, Crowley, Ed, Harry, Jo, Lisa, Garth, Charlie, Gabriel, Balthazar, Samandriel, Lucifer, Constantine, Anael, Ezekiel, Gadreel, Asriel, and Bartholomew all seeped slowly into the room.

"How......" Dean laughed and trailed off, looking to Cas for an explanation.

"I called them all here. I believed they would like to say goodbye to you. Except Bartholomew, he's just here to give me a ride." Cas told them, making the group laugh.

"On behalf of all of us, Dean, Lisa has something to give you. To remember us all by." Charlie spoke up, prompting Lisa forward with a happy smile. Lisa smiled shyly, holding a large box out to Dean. He took it from her hands and blinked in surprise.

"And on our behalf, Gabriel has something to remember our family by." Ezekiel added softly. It was probably the first time Dean had ever heard him talk. His voice was deep, rough, and firm, almost like Cas's, except it had a rich bari-undertone to it.

Gabriel stepped up and handed him a small packages before going over to stand by Sam. "Thank
you guys, I don't know what to say." Dean told them happily.

He shifted into a better position and opened Gabriel's box with gentle, careful hands. He pulled out a large Bowie knife. "Holy shit! This is awesome!" he exclaimed happily, grinning wildly as the others stared at him like he was crazy. Engraved on the handle was each of the 18 angel's names, along with Chuck and Becky. "Thank you." he finally whispered graciously.

He handed the knife to Sam and then grabbed the other box. He opened it slowly, his hands shaking with nerves and sadness. Cas placed an assuring hand on his back and smiled sweetly. Dean carefully removed two books.

Both were by Kurt Vonnegut. Slaughterhouse-five, and Cat's Cradle. He chuckled and looked up at them to find them all smiling. "Well, what are you waiting for? Open them." Garth said hurriedly.

Dean opened both to see Kurt's signature inside, and the words, 'To Dean' printed in looping, curving letters.

"Son of a bitch. You got him to sign these? How the hell'd you manage this guys? This is..." he stuttered to a halt and dropped his head, sniffling. Sam grabbed the books from him, stuffing the Bowie knife back in his hand.

"Why'd they get you these, you don't read Vonnegut." Sam exclaimed as Dean tried to get them back.

"Watch the binding! Don't smear the writing, Sammy!" he exclaimed. Jodie, Crowley, and Kevin burst into laughter as Sam gave him a dark look. "I mean, uh, you know, just...be careful." he said, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly.

"Wait do you.... Do you read Vonnegut?" Sam asked him, smirking as Dean blushed and tried to grab the books from him again.

"Just give them back." he muttered coldly as he snatched them back from his brother. Sam laughed and danced away from Dean's grasp. The door opened and Jessica walked in again, looking in shock at all 22 people in the room.

"You can't all be in here. There's a limit of five visitors at a time. So all of you have to leave except for two. Now, please." she commanded, giving them all an annoyed look. Sam was staring, leaving Dean to notice the jealousy flaring in Gabriel's eyes.

"Sam and I'll leave so more of you can see Dean at a time." Bobby spoke up, digging his hands in the pockets of his jeans. Jessica glared at them, her gaze settling on Sam. She flashed him a smile before heading to the door.

"Oh, and Dean?" Jessica stopped and whirled back to face him. "My mother's coming in at 3:30 to do one last checkup before you're released." she told him.

"Thanks, Jessica." he said as she left the room.

Quickly, Bobby shuffled out of the room, beckoning Sam to follow. "Gabriel, you're welcome to come too." he said. Gabriel grinned and followed Sam out, taking his hand and intertwining their fingers.

They left without another word. Lisa motioned to Kevin, Crowley, Charlie, Jo, Jodie, Harry, Ed, and Garth. "We'll let Cas's family have a moment first." she told him softly. Bartholomew, Constantine, Lucifer, Asriel, and Samandriel left the room too.
Balthazar, Anael, Ezekiel, Gadreel, and of course Cas stayed beside to visit.

"Well I'd just like to say, your father is a righteous dick." Balthazar spoke up, breaking the silence. Dean scoffed and set the books on the table next to the vase of flowers.

"Don't talk about him like that." he growled out.

"I do not understand why you still love him. He was the one who put you in this hospital in the first place, was he not?" Gadreel pointed out with a slight tilt to his head.

"Yeah, plus, he's rude to you anyway. Did anyone else hear how he talked to him while Cas was broadcasting the situation. I mean, that's not ok, Dean. Your father shouldn't talk to you like that, you're his son, not his pawn." Anael spat cruelly, shaking her head with anger.

"It doesn't matter. I'm his son, yes, which means he can treat me however he wants. He's my father so I have to respect his decisions in everything." Dean snapped.

"Are you really so blinded? That you cannot possibly see the implications of what you are saying? Do you not understand the importance of respect and what it means for you and your father. Respect is a thing you must earn. If your father does this to you, he does not deserve your respect, or your love, for that matter. He does not deserve to see you any longer if he is going to hurt you in such ways." Ezekiel snarled, standing up and glaring at Dean, his fists clenched and eyes blazing.

Dean had never heard him talk so much, and never with such anger. "Yeah, but-"

"Our brother is correct, Dean. Your father does not deserve your respect if he is going to keep affecting you like this. Your father is a vile creation of our father, but nothing can change that. You will became an adult and your choices will reflect your upbringing. Be that as it may, you have the power and strength to destroy the chain. You do not have to be the same man your father is, you can become stronger and better than him." Gadreel interrupted him before he could protest.

"They aren't wrong, Dean. Your father is an abomination. Our father is not proud of him as a creation, but he gave him to you because he knew you were strong enough to face him. Our father makes every decision because he knows every outcome, and every possible way it could affect. But I do not think even our father could have predicted this." Castiel butted in, making Dean glare at him.

"I don't care what he did to me, he's still my father! Who, by the way, you're shit-talking in order to- what- get me to stay? Well I've got a newsflash for ya', I'm not staying in this fucking town! I'm leaving so I don't have to worry about respecting a man who's hated me since Sam was born!" Dean retaliated, gazing at all of them.

"Dean, can't you see the truth in their words?" Balthazar asked, leaning back in his chair and messing with the low cut of his shirt. "I mean, it's not exactly rocket science. Your father is a guy who takes his anger and guilt out on you." he added with a shrug.

"Just shut up, Balthazar. I don't need this from you, of all people." he retorted angrily. Dean shifted in the bed, smoothing down the fabric of the puke green hospital gown. His vision blurred for a moment, and then something flashed in his mind. An itch to tell them off, an overwhelming urge to kill them all.

His brain fogged up and he blinked once, his vision becoming sharp and clear. He screamed at himself to stop, but he seemed trapped in his own mind.
"Dean, please. We do not wish to fight on the matter. We just plead that you see our side as well." Gadreel said softly and Dean looked over at him, laughing.

"Your side? Which is what? To see how horrible my father is, as if I didn't already know. Your just mad because you've no doubt been touched in a bad place by your own daddy, am I right?" he said calmly, smirking as Gadreel's head shot up and he raised his eyebrows in confusion.

"Dean, stop." Anael snapped.

"Why? So you can defend him with your little whore mouth? So you can slut around all night with the sleazy guys in the dark alleyways and bars?" he asked her. She stood up and stormed out of the room, making Dean chortle.

"What's gotten into you Dean?" Balthazar asked furiously.

'A demon, I've been possessed! I don't mean this, please, come back!' he screamed silently as Gadreel and Ezekiel followed Anael out. "Can it, you piece of shit. You reek of daddy issues and fear. Your so soaked in your own selfishness you can't even-"

"That's enough, Dean." Castiel growled out, causing Dean to snap his attention to him. Balthazar stood up so abruptly the chair screeched on the linoleum. He slammed the door shut, and Dean could hear the murmurs from Crowley and Kevin.

They walked into the room in time to see Dean lunge at Castiel. "You're nothing to me! I'm leaving because I can't stand to be near you!" he shouted. Crowley and Kevin ran over and grabbed Dean, trying desperately to pull him away to no avail.

Dean tossed them away easily and then attacked Cas again, slamming him against the wall. "Nothing," he snarled, blinking in surprise when tears pricked at the edge of Cas's eyes. "Stop." he pleaded, squeezing his eyes shut and taking a step back.

"Dean." Cas's voice seemed distant. Kevin came to stand beside him, and Crowley took his place in front of Castiel protectively. "Leave the room. Dean and I need to sort this out." Cas begged them, shoving Crowley and Kevin toward the door quickly.

"We're not leaving you, Castiel!" Crowley exclaimed as he glared at Dean.

"Leave." Dean growled ferally, making Kevin creep towards the door.

"Think about this, Dean. You don't want to hurt Cas, he's your soul mate." Kevin pleaded with him. Dean gave him a cold look.

"If you don't leave I'll rip your throat out." he said coolly. Kevin stumbled toward the door, grabbing Crowley's arm and dragging him out too.

Castiel turned back to Dean and closed his eyes, taking a deep breath as the thinly veiled wings shimmered into existence. "Exorcizamus te, omnis immundis spiritus, omnis satanica protestas, omnis incursio infernalis advasarii, omnis legio, omnis congregatio et secta diabolica." he spoke an exorcism his father had taught him.

Dean chuckled and blinked, his eyes turning yellow. "Wrong one, little birdie. Sorry. I don't think you know the right one, shame. Well, for you and Dean anyway. For me it's an all night party. I'm gonna run your little fag ragged. He's gonna be so raw he won't remember what hit him. Maybe I can stretch him out for you too, though he might be a little sore when you get him back." he snickered.
Sam and Bobby burst into the room. Bobby raised a gun, and cocked the hammer. "All right, you bastard. Get out of 'em or I'll shoot you into oblivion." he growled and the demon laughed.

"You won't shoot me, if you do Dean's wasted too." he shrugged. Bobby pointed the gun down and shot, a direct hit to Dean's leg. Static radiated up into his abdomen and Dean opened his mouth in a scream as the demon smoked out.

Dean collapsed in a heap on the floor. Cas crouched by him, resting Dean's head in his lap. "I'll let my family know what happened." he said to Bobby.

He rested a hand on Dean's leg to stop the the bleeding, his eyes glowing a bright blue as he healed the wound. It took a lot out of him, and he had to squint in order to properly conjure his grace.

"Wings. You've got....wings. What the-" Bobby cut himself off and dropped the gun with a clatter.

"I can explain." he said simply. Bobby chuckled and shook his head.

"I don't want to know. Lets just forget I ever saw them." he said. Sam glanced at the clock.

"It's almost five. Jessica's mom never came to check up on you." Just as the words left his mouth she barged in quickly. She rushed to Dean and helped Cas put him on the bed.

"Does anyone else smell sulfur?" she asked, and they all nodded. The stench was overwhelming in the small room. "Put the colt away before anyone else sees it." she said suddenly, making Bobby shoot her a surprised look.

"How'd you know this was the colt?" he asked her.

"Doesn't matter, I got out of that life." she answered, flipping a few switches on the IV to get it back to life. She gently poked the needle into Dean's skin and then increased the drip flow. "He'll be up in about 20 minutes. When he wakes up, I'll check on him and release him."

"Thank you." Castiel mumbled as she left the room. He turned back to Dean and then sat on the bed beside him. His vision was still slightly blurry from using his healing powers to fix the bullet wound on Dean's leg. His father had told them all that they would have specialized powers as well as ones they each shared. Cas's specialized power was the healing, but it took a lot out of him. His father also said that using them would get easier each time he did it.

Dean stirred in his sleep, mumbling something none of them could catch. "I'm gonna go tell Anael, Gadreel, Balthazar, and Ezekiel what happened." Sam spoke up as he headed to the door.

"I've already let them know. They accepted the apology I gave them." Cas told him as he opened the door. Sam nodded, but left the room despite it.

Bobby sighed and ran a tired hand down his face, scratching at his beard and taking off his cap for a moment to fix his hair. "I'm sick of the place. I can't wait to get out of this piece of crap hospital." he yawned.

"I agree. This place seems to have an air of depression and sadness. I don't like it at all." Castiel answered softly. His head was throbbing now, and his wings ached from the weight of Dean's troubles and pain.

Jessica's mother walked in again and glanced at Dean. Just as she was about to speak, he opened his eyes and bolted into a sitting position, gasping. He grunted in pain and moved his hand down
to his leg, shock painting his face when he found the wound was scarred over now.

"Ok, Dean. I'm going to look you over one more time and then I'll fill out the release papers," she said as she walked over and patted his shoulder. He stared at her with disbelief, his green eyes wide and his lips slightly parted.

"Yeah, ok." he mumbled, looking over at Cas now. He didn't remember falling asleep, in fact the last thing he remembered was arguing with Ezekiel about his father.

She checked the IV, flipped off a few switches, and then glanced at the monitor to see his heart rate and blood pressure. "Your blood pressure is still high. Do you eat a lot of junk food? Burgers, fries, chips...things like that?" she asked him.

"Oh yeah, loads." he admitted without an ounce of shame in his voice.

"You may be pre-diabetic. You'll have to watch your diet, or you'll be back in here." she warned him gently. Dean gulped softly and nodded. "Ok, you're all set. I'll go fill out the release papers and then I'll be back to let you go," she told him before turning and leaving the room.

"When did I fall asleep?" he asked them as soon as the door closed.

"You didn't. You were possessed. Said some pretty nasty things to your friends out there, too," Bobby told him bluntly. Dean looked over at him and groaned, running a hand down his face.

"I apologized on your behalf to some of my brothers and sisters. I informed them what truly happened," Cas added.

"Sam left to wonder the hospital, I haven't seen him for about a half hour now." Bobby said suddenly. Dean scrambled to his feet and shot toward the door, about to open it until Cas barged in front of him.

"Gabriel is with him. They are fine," he told him softly.

"Cas, I want to see if anyone is still here," Dean answered as he reached toward the door handle.

"Samandriel is the only one left. I told your other friends to leave, and apologized for your behavior. They accepted it, but you must remain in this room until the doctor comes back to release you," he replied quickly.

"Ok, fine. I'll go sit back down," he muttered unhappily. He sat back down and then his stomach rumbled. Dean didn't remember when he'd eaten last, and it was hitting him now. "I'm starving," he said.

"We'll go out for food after this," Bobby told him as Jessica's mother came back.

"Ok, Dean, you're free to go. Here are your clothes back, they may be a little bloody, but you know... I thought you might want these boots back, they're pretty expensive," she said, handing him everything. Dean gave her a grateful smile before getting up and heading to the bathroom.

After he'd changed back into his clothes, everything seemed to feel better, except his stomach. He was still starving. He glanced at Bobby who was standing up and grabbing his coat to slip it on. "John came and picked up Sam, so he's back home," Castiel said. Dean thanked him for letting him know.

"You ready, boy?" he asked, earning a nod from Dean. They left the room and Dean noticed Samandriel sitting outside the door.
"Alfie." Dean said, startling him. He stood and flashed a kind smile.

"Dean, it's nice to see you up again." he responded with an outstretched hand. Dean scoffed and held his arms out for a hug.

"I know I didn't say anything to you personally, but I'm sorry." he whispered as he patted Samandriel's back.

"It's ok, Dean. I understand the situation now." he answered softly.

"I'll see you, kiddo. Stay safe. Alfie." Dean told him as he pulled away and added one last pat to his shoulder. Samandriel nodded and flashed him another smile.

"You as well, Dean."

They walked out of the hospital without a problem. Dean wiggled his toes in his boots, enjoying the feel of the leather against his feet again. He dug in his pockets for something, and then realized it wasn't there.

"Shit, Sam's necklace he gave me! I lost it, it's gone!" he exclaimed as he dig in his pockets again. Bobby cleared his throat and held up the Samulet, holding it out to him.

"This thing? Sam gave it to me to pass onto you. Here." he said and Dean shot him an appreciative look as he slipped it over his head.

"Thanks, Bobby." he said softly as he looked down at it. He felt complete now, like another part of him had been filled. Castiel reached out to him and Dean took his hand without another word. He'd missed this, the soft contours of Cas's hand in his own.

"Where do you wanna go for food?" Bobby asked as he unlocked his car. Dean shrugged and opened the door for Cas who shot him an annoyed look.

"Your choice." he answered. Bobby chuckled softly as he clambered into the drivers seat. Dean went around and opened the other door, slipping in to sit by Cas. They gravitated toward each other, holding hands in the backseat while Bobby pulled away from the hospital.

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Bobby had chosen a steakhouse. It was excellent, but super expensive. Cas had offered to pay, but Bobby refused his help. They talked, but Bobby steered the conversation away every time it went toward Cas's wings. After they'd finished eating, they drove to Cas's house. The pit in Dean's heart grew the closer they got, he didn't want to leave Cas.

When they arrived, Bobby allowed Dean to say his goodbyes. "God, Cas, I'm gonna miss you." he whispered as he hugged him tightly. Castiel didn't answer, tears stinging his eyes as he clung to Dean desperately.

When Cas finally pulled away, Dean dragged him back, planting a firm kiss on his lips. Cas ran his hands through the tiny hairs at the base of his neck, pulling him closer for as long as he could. Dean licked at his bottom lip, earning access to Cas's mouth. He explored every inch of him, memorizing every crevice and texture.

They pulled away with a smack, both panting softly. "Be safe, Dean." Castiel mumbled as he kissed him quickly, blinking away his tears as he turned and walked into the house without a single look back.

Dean watched until Cas's frame disappeared behind the door. His shoulders slumped as he
climbed into the front seat of Bobby's car. Bobby looked over at him but didn't say a word.

"Let's go, Bobby." Dean muttered as he buckled his seat belt. Bobby punched the gas and sped away, letting Dean take control of the music despite his rule of 'driver picks the music, shotgun shuts his cakehole.'

Dean was quiet. The whole ride, didn't say a word and sat staring out the window at the passing trees and fields. Bobby didn't ask him to talk, whether it was out of fear or respect he wasn't sure.

Dean did finally allow Bobby to control the radio. He didn't ask why he'd finally relinquished control, didn't ask why he'd shut down. He knew. Bobby knew. Even if Dean wouldn't tell him, or even talk to him about it, he knew.

They arrived at Bobby's house at around midnight. It was quiet except for the crickets chirping and the soft buzz of Bobby's glowing bug zapper. "I brought your stuff over yesterday. So you're all set up in the guest room, you know which one." Bobby told Dean as they clambered out of the car.

Dean nodded silently and headed into the house without another word. Bobby sighed softly and leaned against his car door, watching the lights slowly seep on as Dean made his way into the living room.

He didn't want to put Dean under pressure, but he needed to finish the school year. Maybe Bobby could convince him to go to school. He'd get an extra day off tomorrow, as was the rule in South Dakota.

And if he didn't it would be fine. It wasn't like many hunters went on to collage, in fact the majority of them dropped out of high school. Bobby didn't want that for Dean though, he wanted him to finish his senior year. Wanted him to do something meaningful with his life besides just kill ghosts and demons.

Bobby noticed the light in the guest bedroom flick on, and the shadow of Dean passed by. He seemed smaller than before, huddled there in the tiny room. He stuffed his keys into his pockets and then walked inside. He locked the door behind him and muttered something under his breath.

Making his way to the kitchen, he made sure to check all the salt lines at the windows and doors before fixing the small scratch through his devil's trap. Nothing was getting into this house that he didn't want to. And nothing was going to hurt Dean on his watch.

Bobby lied his keys on the counter and then started heading upstairs. He could hear sobs from Dean's room, heart wrenching, blood curdling sobs of loneliness. He was screaming Castiel's name and begging to go back, begging to see him. He hung his head and sighed softly. If only Bobby could do something to make him feel better, perhaps Dean would enjoy doing something human for once.

He didn't knock on the door. As much as he wanted to comfort Dean, he knew the green eyed hunter wouldn't appreciate Bobby eavesdropping on his desperate pleas. So Bobby made his way to his own room with silent footfalls and a barely audible groan. The pain in his back was becoming more frequent, that's why he tended to stay at his home. Tended to let the boys and John do most of the hunting now.

It wasn't anything he couldn't handle. Just a slight pang here or there, never lasting longer than a few seconds. He opened his bedroom door, setting his hand on the frame for support. This one was different. This pain lasted longer, felt more aggressive, it almost burned.
And still Bobby muscled through it, like always. It wasn't until he was laying down in his bed that he realized what it was that was happening. The cold spots, and the sudden chills up his spine made perfect sense. He hadn't opened the guest room since his wife had passed.

Not since she'd been possessed and he'd had to kill her. Had he angered her spirit somehow? 'Dammit, Bobby, stop thinking and just do.' he told himself as he climbed back to his feet and grabbed his shotgun.

A figure appeared, dark and shadowed. It wasn't a woman, it was a man. "Boy, you're in a lot of trouble." the figure growled out. Bobby knew that voice, would know that voice anywhere. But hadn't his father been cremated, and Bobby had made sure that there was nothing tying him here.

And yet here his father stood before him. In all his druken, dazed glory. "You think I'm here for you?" he asked, making Bobby breath stutter as the figure disappeared. And suddenly the constant sobbing in Dean's room disappeared. Bobby raced over and flung the door open, but he was gone. The only thing left was his logger boots, one of them flung across the room. His father had taken Dean.

Chapter End Notes

Surprise! Wonder how Bobby's gonna get self out of that with John....
Mystery

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for the short chapter and month long hiatus. I've been really busy, and this is all I could handle for right now. Finally starting to get into the mysteries of the Hallelujah household...

Bobby didn't know what to do. Dean was gone, and his father had stolen him. What was he going to do now that he was gone? Bobby grabbed his shotgun and yanked it open, loading it with salt filled bullets.

"Dammit, that fucking coward. If he hadn't been such a bitch I wouldn't be in this shit situation." he growled to himself as he looked around for a crowbar. Anything iron would do.

He climbed into his truck and took off, he had a pretty good feeling where his father had taken Dean. So with nothing but a hunch Bobby drove all day and all night. It wasn't until he'd reached Missouri he realized he needed to call John.

He grabbed his phone and dialed the number. He'd only been driving for eight hours now, but Georgia was still another 14 or so hours away. John didn't answer, which was typical so he called Sam instead.

"Bobby, what's up?" Sam answered after a few rings.

"John home?" Bobby asked him. Sam told him that he was out on a hunt, and Bobby let out a sigh. "Tell him the party's been cancelled, all right?"

"What party, Bobby?" Sam asked him with confusion plain in his voice. Bobby snapped at him and Sam told him he'd let John know.

"Look, boy. Tell him as soon as you can, all right?" Bobby told him, and Sam grunted his answer. They ended the call and Bobby started up his truck again.

A few hours later once he'd reached Tennessee John called back. "You lost my damn son!? You son of a bitch, Bobby! I brought him to you so you'd fucking watch him, and now he's gone!?"

"Shut up, John. I didn't lose him, I'm going after him now. Someone took him." Bobby answered, cutting John off before he could continue.

"Someone? Or something, Bobby?" John asked to clarify.

"Shut your damn yap and listen t'me, you bastard. I'm getting him back right now, so I'd appreciate if you didn't shit where the flies don't land," Bobby growled at him, effectively cutting off anything more John might say.

"I'll call soon as I get him back. In the mean time, I want you to let Sam stay at that boy Gabriel's house. Until I come back with Dean." Bobby sighed out. He heard a somewhat strangled sound from John.
"You're bringing him back here? Bobby-"

"That place is best for him. He's got friends there, John, and family. He needs that more than anything I could give him." Bobby shot back. John reluctantly agreed and they hung up.

Bobby sighed and continued down the road. It was the next morning when he reached Georgia. He stopped and looked out at the old, abandoned house. His first case after Rufus had trained him. Bobby had taken his dad's rifle with him, and it had gotten lost somewhere inside.

Rufus had been too afraid to go in with him, which was uncharacteristic for him. Bobby went in alone, and because of that he hadn't known about the rifle. Not until now.

Bobby opened the door and grabbed his shotgun, loading it with rock salt bullets as he walked up to the house. With a sigh he closed his fist around the doorknob, and turned it. Suddenly the door flew open and Bobby was yanked inside.

He was breathless by the time the door had closed and he was let go of. "Dean?" he called cautiously. He looked around, walking forward to find Dean. Bobby sighed softly as he headed to the stairs. He had forgotten his EMF meter, which wasn't a big deal since there were power lines near.

He tightened his grip on his gun and took a few more steps farther from the door. Dean was nowhere to be found, but he heard the laugh of his father from upstairs.

He turned to the stairs, tentatively continuing up them, his shotgun still raised. Once he reached the landing upstairs, the laugh seemed to echo through his skull.

"He's not here." someone said, and Bobby whirled around to face his father.

"Bullshit." he growled back. His father flickered, making Bobby raise his shotgun and point it straight at his chest.

"You can't kill what's already dead, Bobby." he told him.

"Killed you before, I'll do it again." Bobby retorted. His father rolled his eyes, the air growing cold. Bobby gulped softly and shot, sending his father away. He quickly searched the nearest room for Dean, but he found only cobwebs.

He headed to the next room, about to open the door when he was thrown across the room. He landed on the floor with a groan of pain. He grabbed for the crowbar in his jacket, only to be thrown across the room again.

Bobby stood up with a slight grunt, raising the crowbar. His father flickered beside him, and he swung. He disappeared again, and Bobby hurried to the room. He opened the door to see Dean, passed out and tied up.

His face was bloody and bruised up. Bobby rushed in, grabbing at the ropes and getting rid of the gag in his mouth. Dean mumbled Cas's name, and then Bobby was being pinned against the wall with force.

He gasped for air, grabbing at his throat as he struggled. His father had a sneer on his face, twisting his hand a bit more. Suddenly he disappeared in a fiery, screaming mist. Bobby collapsed on the ground with a ragged gasp, looking over at Dean where the gun had been tossed into the fire.

Bobby held up a hand as Dean came to help him up. "I got it, boy!" he exclaimed as he staggered
to his feet. Dean looked him up and down, concern painted clear on his face.

"You alright?" Dean wondered. Bobby nodded, panting softly as he straightened and looked at Dean's face.

"On the other hand, you look terrible." he said, slapping his shoulder as he set his other hand in his waist. Dean chuckled wryly, shaking his head as he followed Bobby out to the car.

"Thanks, Bobby." he retorted sarcastically.

"Shut up, ya idjit." Bobby muttered and climbed into the car. Dean scrambled in beside him and they took off back toward home.

Dean had fallen asleep during the long drive. Bobby was so used to being up all hours of the day he hardly needed sleep anymore. Bobby pulled up in front of Dean's house, slamming on the breaks and making Dean's hand fly out in shock to stead himself on the dash.

"Wakey, wakey, princess." Bobby muttered. Dean shot him a glare, but couldn't hide his smile as he perked up.

"Why are we at my house?" Dean asked suddenly, his eyes filled with both happiness and fear. Bobby shrugged and turned off his truck.

"Thought you'd enjoy being here until you graduate. See Castiel?" he said. Dean turned to him and shook his head frantically.

"No, no, go back! I'll never be able to be with Castiel as long as dad is alive!" Dean exclaimed sadly.

"Then shoot him. I shot mine." Bobby told him harshly, rolling his eyes.

"I can't just shoot my dad!" Dean said loudly, looking surprised that Bobby would even suggest it. Bobby sighed and looked over at him.

"Then you'll have to put up with him, 'cause I ain't taking you back to my home." Bobby growled out, making Dean frown.

"Fine. Let me just murder my father, then. The man who protected me from everything my entire life." Dean shot back, his anger taking root and showing his stubbornness. Bobby snorted, shaking his head.

"Just get outta my damn car and go see your damn boyfriend." Bobby said, unlocking the door and shoving Dean toward the door. "Go!" he added hurriedly as he saw the door open. Sam's head poked out, and Dean couldn't stop the smile as he ran out to see him.

He hopped out of the trunk, and was about to hug his brother when he noticed the black eye. "What the hell happened? Who did this to you!?” he exclaimed, looking at the house and glaring as if his father could see him.

"Relax, it wasn't dad. It was someone at school, ok?" Sam told him quickly. That just made Dean even more pissed off.

"Someone at school decided that as soon as I'm gone they were gonna beat you? They're dead, I'll rip their throats out." Dean growled out, making Sam roll his eyes.

"Yeah, right. Whatever. You look like crap too." he muttered. Dean noticed the newspaper in
Sam's hand. Sam handed it to him. "That Novak guy's in it." he said.

Dean thought for a moment, and then realization hit him. "Isn't Cas's middle name Novak?" he asked. He scanned through the paper and found other names. "Donnie Finnerman? Finnerman is Raphael's middle name. Sam, are you seeing this!?" he exclaimed.

"Yeah, that's why I gave it to you." Sam said. Dean looked up, confused suddenly. He didn't remember walking inside, but he was standing inside their tiny house.

"And look. There's a picture of the alleged murderer." Sam added as he grabbed the paper and flipped a few pages. He gave it back to Dean who's eyes widened.

"This is Chuck!" Dean yelled, dropping the newspaper with shock. "What the hell?" he asked in disbelief, making Sam shrug.

"You know, maybe it's a coincidence?" Sam suggested hopefully. Dean read over the article, shaking his head suddenly.

"No, no, Sam. This is- this is real, man. These angels murdered these people and then possessed them or something. We need to go investigate this, like now." Dean said, racing to his room to grab something.

"Dean! You can't investigate something when you look like that!" Sam exclaimed as he hurried after his brother. Dean stopped and turned to Sam, looking surprised. He had almost forgotten the ghost had beaten him up and given him a black eye and split lip.

"It's fine, Sammy, let's go!" Dean exclaimed, looking back at Sam as he lead him to his room. "We can ask Cas what the hell is goin' on here, get some intel." he added, grabbing a clean shirt and slipping it over his head while Sam sighed heavily.

"Yeah, ok. Let's just go investigate our boyfriends and ruin their fantastic family name. Not to mention all the bad publicity they'd get if we're wrong and still try to accuse them, Dean.

"No big deal, yeah, let's just go yell to the whole damn world that the Hallelujah's are a bunch of fucking murders." Sam growled out, making Dean roll his eyes at his language.

"Watch your tongue, Sammy, you know how dad feels about that." he shot back as he ruffled Sam's hair and then walked past him to the garage. "Let's go, little brother!"

When they arrived at Castiel's house, they saw Gabriel, Gadreel, Ezekiel, Samandriel, Lucifer, Cas, Balthazar, and Anael outside washing three different cars in the driveway. Cas didn't look up, not even when Dean got out and Anael ran over to hug him. Not even when Gabriel, Gadreel, Ezekiel, and Balthazar raced over to Sam and pulled him over to help them.

Lucifer glanced at Dean, his eyes wide as Samandriel nudged Castiel. The dark-haired man looked up, his head craning around to look at the Impala. His bright blue eyes widened and he dropped the rag, hurrying over and careening into Dean's open arms.

Dean stumbled back from the force of it, clinging to Cas like his life depended on it, and perhaps for them it did. Dean would never let go of him again, not like that. His dad would have to drag him away from his love to get him anywhere.

When Cas pulled away Dean realized he was crying. The hunter quickly wiped his tears away, bringing him into a passionate kiss, tongues meeting in a rush and hands dragging through hair. No one else was there, not until Lucifer wolf whistled and ruined the moment.
"That was hotter than hell." Lucifer teased, a happy, gentle grin on his face. Dean groaned and rolled his eyes and Cas turned to look at his brother. The angel's face ignited with fire, and Dean chuckled at his reddening cheeks.

"Shut the hell up, damn, Lucifer." Dean muttered, making Lucifer glare at him, his eyes seeming to glow crimson. Sam had finally managed to get away from Gabriel's death grip, and Samandriel had run off to tell everyone inside the enormous house.

Sam seemed content on just letting Gabriel yank him around, because Dean realized they were already halfway inside. And then he remembered why they were here in the first place. His smile faded and he cleared his throat.

"Hey, Cas, you mind if I talk to you about something? Alone?" Dean wondered, barely able to hold Cas's intense gaze as he nodded. He took Dean's hand, linking their fingers together and gently dragging him behind him.

Dean smiled at the back of Cas's head, the way his hair curled around his ears made him happy. He'd missed Castiel so much, and this just proved his theory. Cas took him to his room, closing the door and moving to his bed. He pulled his soaking wet shirt off, grabbing one from his closet. Dean couldn't help but stare at the defined pecs and the sharp cut of his hips and the dark trail of hair that raced up to his stomach and then stopped. Cas met his gaze, causing Dean to flush as he quickly looked away.

"Speak, Dean, please." Cas told him, slipping the other shirt on. Dean admired the way his biceps and abs rippled with the movement.

"So my dad and I have been keeping up with this case about these people going missing. They released a picture of what the alleged kidnapper looks like." Dean started, feeling nervous all of a sudden. This was Cas's dad after all.

"Kidnapper? Why not a murderer?" Castiel asked, turning his head to look at him as he leaned back against the dresser.

"No bodies have been found." Dean told him quickly. Cas tilted his head slightly.

"How many people?" he wondered.

"It's not important, the point is; the full names were released too." Dean changed the subject, making Cas give him a slight confused look.

"Dean, how many were there?" Cas asked again, causing Dean to sigh and drop his head in shame.

"Eighteen." he answered softly. Dean faintly heard Cas suck in a harsh breath, and then he was standing right in front of him.

"Who was the alleged kidnapper?" he questioned quietly.

"It was a picture of your dad. It was Chuck. And it's funny, 'cause I swear your middle name is Novak and that's the last name of one of the guys. And Matthew Pike, isn't Pike Samandriel's middle name? And Donnie Finerman, that's Raphael's middle name. Your entire family moved into this damn town the same day they all went missing, Cas." Dean could barely keep his voice from rising.

"Not to mention all the goddamn fucking problems you've been having. Cas, eventually someone
"Dean, you must understand in order for an angel to come to earth they must take a vessel. Chuck did not kill any of those people." Cas reassured him in a rush.

"So you're possessing this guy? Doesn't he have a family? You can't just take someone away from their family, dammit." Dean growled out, glaring at Cas.

"It is hard to explain, Dean. I cannot tell you anymore, I'm sorry." Cas told him, glancing at the door. He could feel his father outside it, listening in on their conversation. Cas couldn't tell Dean, it would ruin everything.

Dean scoffed and turned to the door. "Yeah, well, until you can trust me enough to tell me, I don't wanna see you. You can't just possess some poor bastard, the guy has a family. Just like the seventeen others, man. You're entire family is basically acting like demons, and my dad and I hunt demons. Don't think for a second that I won't hunt you down if any problems come up from this." he said harshly, opening the door and storming out.

Cas's gaze hardened as he heard Sam and Dean arguing on their way to the Impala. He despised that car, and the way the engine purred as Dean turned it on. The sleek black vehicle pulled away from the house, and somehow Cas knew he wouldn't be seeing Dean too soon.

School was hell without Dean to look out for. Dean hadn't shown up in Dr. Addarapt's class all week. Cas began to wonder if he had left without saying goodbye, but when he called it went straight to the hunter's voicemail.

One time he received a call back from him. The message simple said, "It's not a good time." Cas often found himself replaying the message to hear Dean's voice again.

It had been two weeks before Castiel finally saw him again. His face was bruised, and when Cas hurried to give him a hug, he flinched.

"What's wrong? Who did this to you?" Cas asked almost immediately. Dean doesn't answer at first, just glaring down at the concrete.

"Doesn't matter. I'm fine now, so let's just go to class." he muttered harshly, roughly taking Cas's hand in his own. The angel seemed surprised when he leaned down and kissed him.

"What was that for?" he wondered with confusion.

"The wings." Dean answered simply, retracting his hand and then walking away. Cas felt his heart deflate as he watched the retreating figure of Dean's silhouette.

After a long day of nothing but simple glances Dean's way, Cas was forced to walk home alone. The others of his family had skipped, mostly because many of them didn't care for school. They'd lived through all of the history and languages and arts anyway.

Cas couldn't find the courage to talk to Dean, even as he waltzed past him on the way to his car. It wasn't like he was afraid, he was just worried the hunter would reject him.

It didn't take long for Cas's phone to ring as he walked. "Hello?" he answered cautiously. Dean's voice sounded distant in the speaker.

"Cas, I'm leaving today. Dad, Sam, and I. Tomorrow's that last day of school, and I can't stay. So this is my goodbye. Cas, I want you to know I love you. I never stopped, but I don't know when I'll see you again." Dean's voice broke as he sniffled.
"You cannot leave without seeing me in person, Dean. That is not fair at all." Cas told him bitterly. Dean had already hung up though. He shouldn't have cared. Dean was never good with goodbyes, and this just proved Cas's thoughts.

He was right to think he wouldn't see Dean too soon. It made his wings quiver as he arrived home and stumbled to his room. "Father? I am going to journey back to heaven. I will stay there until I am ready to travel back to earth." Castiel spoke up, seeing Chuck in his room.

"You didn't tell Dean about us, did you?" Chuck asked, ignoring everything else.

"No, I did not. I cannot tell him, he would never want to see me again. If I told him, he would hunt down our entire family." Cas replied quickly, shaking his head. Chuck turned to look at him.

"Then you may go where ever you wish, my son. Be safe traveling back." he told him, smiling reassuringly. Castiel nodded, his mouth opening as a blue light streamed from it and into the ceiling. It made its way toward the window and then trailed out before disappearing.

Castiel's vessel collapsed on the floor, writhing in pain as he groaned. Chuck knelt by him, feeling sorry for the kid. He pressed his fingers to his forehead, and Jimmy Novak vanished.

Chuck stood again, sighing heavily as he did. Poor Jimmy would probably never be the same again, but each vessel was different. If Raphael left the Finnerman, he would likely die.

It was just the way it went. All of the vessels were different, but perhaps Jimmy would be ok. Maybe Cas's grace would save him. Maybe.
Chapter Summary

Warning, because there are a lot of triggers in this chapter.

Chapter Notes

A chapter update!? And in less than a month this time!? It's a miracle!!! Hope you enjoy this one, guys.

Sam looked up at Dean as he drove. "I sorry we have to leave like this, man. I know how much Cas meant to you." he told him gently.

"Doesn't matter, Sam." Dean said bitterly. Sam sighed, but didn't say another word. Dean just drove in the silence, not speaking.

They were supposed to meet John at home, and then they would all go off to their next case. Dean could feel his mind muddling with all the thoughts he had. He could also feel his James numbing as the car grew colder in the growing winter.

When they arrived home and sorted everything out into their bags, they left the tiny house. John drove now, making the car ride tense and full of unwanted silence that left Sam sighing.

John eventually turned on the music, relieving some of the awkward tension between them all. "You ever gonna apologize for what you said to me this morning?" John finally spoke up, looking over at Dean.

"Nope." Dean said simply, still staring out the window. They passed a sign that said 'Welcome to Wisconsin' and Dean could feel every fiber of his being begging to turn and run back to Cas. He'd left on such short notice, not even bothering to say goodbye.

It made his eyes tear up, but he sure as hell wasn't going to cry in front of his dad. That would be weak and childish and stupid. John already thought Dean was worthless, so he didn't want to make it worse.

It wasn't until another hour passed and they were entering a tiny town that didn't have a welcome sign that Sam said anything. After a five hour hiatus, he finally spoke again.

"I'm hungry." he complained, and it was echoed by an energetic growl from his stomach, only further proving his point.

"Alright. Where you thinking of?" their father asked, glancing at him through the review mirror. Sam shrugged and sighed softly. He didn't answer, and John didn't ask anything else.

He took the next exit and then pulled into a Waffle House, killing the engine. Dean smiled
slightly, getting out. He was followed quickly by John and they were joined by Sam as they walked together up to the door.

"Last name?" the hostess asked. She looked up expectantly, a kind smile on her face. Dean saw her name was Robin. "Villanova. Party of three." John answered confidently as he returned the smile.

"Ok, you'll be seated in a moment, sir." she told them. John went to lean against the wall, crossing his arms and inspecting the restaurant.

"See anything?" he asked Dean. Dean turned to look, focusing in on the husband and wife laughing together, a child running freely through the door after his parents, a waiter bringing food to another table, and a busboy cleaning a table despondently.

"Seems fine, dad. You see anything?" he wondered as he looked back at John who shook his head.

"Nothing's off. Picked a good place, I think." he said with a triumphant smile. The hostess called their fake last names, and they followed a waiter to their table.

"Hello, my name is Aaron, and I'll be your waiter today. Can I start you off with some drinks?" he asked, looking down at the pad he had in his hands.

"Root beer for all of us." John told him, and Aaron quickly wrote it down before looking back up.

"Would you like to try our new-"

"No, thanks." John interrupted him before he could even finish. Dean rolled his eyes and sighed as he opened his menu to browse all the waffles. Aaron walked off, his gait a little unsteady, like there was a small limp there.

"Why'd you have to interrupt him like that?" Sam asks once he'd gotten far enough way. John didn't answer but turned to look at him with hard eyes. "He's just trying to do his job." he added to soften the harsh words.

"So am I. Which is keeping us safe." John snapped harshly. The couple a few tables over glanced at John with a worried look.

"Yeah, ok." Sam agreed, though it wasn't convinced enough. He wasn't quite sure what was happening to their father, but he didn't like it. Aaron came back with the drinks, and John thanked him.

Dean sipped methodically at his root beer, his eyes a little sad. Root beer had been Cas's favorite drink, the only one he'd ever ordered anywhere.

Dean didn't remember them ordering, but their food was coming out soon. He looked down at the stack of waffles, thick, sugary syrup drenching them along with the butter. He cut into one with his fork and ate quickly, earning a disgusted look from Sam. John seemed indifferent to him as he ate.

Sam finished his food first, just staring down at the plate without a care. Dean grabbed his phone and opened it to see a text from Cas sitting there. And it had apparently been there for six hours, a little bit before they'd left the house.

He read it, a smile spreading on his face.
'I love you, Dean Winchester. If you ever forget me, I will kill you myself. I will remember you, but I am leaving this world. I am going to return to heaven, which means Jimmy Novak will be sent back to his family. Goodbye, Dean.'

Dean almost sent a reply. Except that Cas wasn't on "this world" anymore. He stood, excusing himself to go to the bathroom and saying he was done with his food. He knew John would pay while he was gone.

He locked himself in a stall, leaning against the door with a heavy sigh. He hadn't wanted to leave Cas, surely he knew that? That only reason he had left was because his father had threatened to kill Castiel if he didn't come with him.

Dean knew to leave well enough alone so he agreed to leave. The only condition was that he couldn't tell Cas what the deal had been. He opened the stall, heading back to his table. John and Sam were gone when he got back, so he went to find Aaron.

"Hey, uh, did my dad and little brother leave? The Villanova's?" he asked the waiter.

"Yeah, they payed and booked it outta here. You were with them, I thought." Aaron answered with confusion. Dean shook his head, sniffing the air. He could smell sulfur and a mixture of blood.

"Mind helpin' me for a second?" Dean questioned suddenly.

"Oh, uh, sure, I guess, man." he replied as he followed Dean out back. "What exactly are we doing?" he wondered.

"Christo." Dean growled out, and Aaron blinked, his eyes turning from hazel to black. Dean shoved him against the wall, frowning. "Where the hell's my family!?" he exclaimed, pushing him back into the wall as he did.

"Long gone, by now, I'm sure of it. It wasn't hard to convince them you'd run off back to your little whore boyfriend." Aaron sneered, grinning wickedly.

"Don't call him that, you dick!" Dean yelled, grabbing the collar of the demon's shirt and throwing him across the alley. Aaron landed ungracefully on his side, grunting as he stood up and glared at Dean.

"You'll regret ever coming here." he snarled, lunging at Dean with a rabid look in his eyes. Dean stepped back, throwing a punch that missed. Aaron tackled him and pulled him to the ground as Dean struggled beneath him.

The demon pinned his arms down and smirked, staring hungrily down at the hunter. Dean's gaze turned fearful as Aaron descended and kissed him roughly. Dean shook his head, managing to get away. Aaron snapped, and Dean's limps fell limp at his side, including his entire torso. He couldn't move a thing, but every touch of Aaron's fingers on his skin sent a disturbing, burning fire up into his stomach.

Aaron scooted down and grabbed at Dean's belt to unbuckle it. "No, no, please stop!" Dean cried out, the fire growing deeper. It made Dean's eyes and throat ignite uncomfortably as Aaron's fingers found their way to Dean's nipples. He pressed hard down on them, sending waves of nausea through Dean's stomach.

Dean squirmed beneath him, trying desperately to break free of the spell Aaron had cast over him. Aaron pulled Dean's jeans down to his knees, mussing at the fabric with rough hands. He mouthed at Dean's dick through his boxers, sending unwelcome shivers up his spine.
"No, please, I don't want this!" Dean pleaded, his voice rough and cracking with fear, hurt, and pain.

"It doesn't matter what you want!" the demon snapped bitterly. Dean grunted as he continued sucking at the fabric at his bulge. The demon finally pulled his boxers down, wrapping his hand roughly around Dean's shaft.

Dean whimpered as he began stroking harshly at it, pain radiating through his mind. He didn't want this, he'd never been touched like this before, never by anyone else but himself a few times. And even then it had never hurt.

This pain was unlike anything he'd ever known. Greater than when he'd gotten shot in the stomach, bigger than nearly getting his heart ripped out by a poltergeist.

Dean shook his head again, trying not to focus on anything Aaron was doing. "A virgin hunter, huh? I'll have lots of fun with you." the demon cackled, reaching down to fondle Dean's balls. He hated this, he hated that his cock was hardening despite the ants crawling through his skin and the agonizing burning sensation at Aaron's touch and the disgust coursing through his mind.

Dean jerked as Aaron's hot mouth descended quickly on him, taking him down in one gulp. He could feel tears racing fast and cold down his cheeks as he sobbed. He could feel his walls shattering, splitting and cracking as they came tumbling down in his mind. His cock tingled with displeasure; he scrambled to get away and still the demon's spell stayed strong.

His heartbeat rose with panic as Aaron pressed on. His head bobbed and his tongue swirled against Dean's hardening cock. He could feel the precome already slicking it up, making Aaron's job all too easy. Dean screamed for help, calling Cas's name at the top of his lungs. But of course, Cas was gone.

When Aaron pulled away, Dean's throat was slick with revulsion and embarrassment for himself and for the awful breaking in his heart. "Please...stop." he begged, his voice jumping and snapping as he cried.

Aaron didn't stop, he simply yanked Dean's jeans and boxers the rest of the way down and then unbuckled his own. The demon positioned himself and slammed into Dean, searing pain mixed with pressure Dean didn't want made his tears spark even faster.

He was sobbing now, shoulders shaking and throat closing as the demon took away all semblance of innocence Dean may have had. He thrust deeply into him, making him cry out each time, calling again for Cas and Sam and his father, anyone to help him.

He could hear cars racing by, the sound of music blaring in an apartment next door. Only one sound stuck out to him. The sound of his scratching, ripped sobs echoing off the brick walls and bouncing back to him. Each one a little harsher, a little more desolate and defeated.

"Dean, we all know you're enjoying this. Having your virginity taken like a man, always a good sport. Can't wait to see how daddy reacts to this." the demon spit out. Had this thing called his father before this, telling him to come back?

Dean didn't care anymore, he just wanted to die. He wanted to kill himself, end all the suffering this stain was causing. But he couldn't leave Sam or Cas. Not like this. Aaron grabbed at Dean's dick, pulling it and sending more disdain and loathing through Dean and he felt it harden.

The demon's hips stuttered slightly, and then Dean felt hot liquid spilling through him. Dean yelped in pain, whimpering as the demon slammed into him, riding out the waves of its orgasm.
Dean's throat was raw with screaming and crying.

Shame, hurt, abhorrence, rancor. Only a few amounts of emotion Dean felt with himself, for the demon, for his father who hadn't shown up in time once again. Crippling dread spread through him faster than he thought possible. Even his cries trembled and wavered as he whimpered and whined with anxiously, barely subdued horror.

And then headlights illuminated the dark alleyway, and Aaron scurried away, leaving Dean in all his glory exposed and vulnerable. Dean took the opportunity to curl into himself, sobbing heart wrenching cries and squeezing his eyes shut as John's voice called his name.

"Dean, son of a bitch!" he exclaimed, racing over. Dean could hear Sam's foot falls too, but John ushered him back before he got too close. "Who did this to you? Who did this!?!?" he yelled, shaking Dean as he propped him up. Dean scrambled away from his touch, looking at him with apparent alarm. John wasn't sure what to do.

So finally, he helped Dean stand and then bent to pull his boxers and jeans up. Dean jumped back, shoving him away and fixing everything himself. He stayed quiet except for the tears streaming down his face.

He hated that his dick was still hard despite the discomfort and mortification he still felt. He'd always feel it, he knew. It wouldn't go away. "Who the hell did this!?!?" John yelled again, making Dean whimper in fear.

"It was t-the waiter... Aaron. He w-as a dem-on." he told him, hiccups breaking his words. Sam had come out again, racing to hug Dean tightly but Dean tensed and pulled away. Sam looked up at him with worry as John grabbed something before walking away.

"Dean? Are you ok?" his little bother asked protectively, reaching out toward him. Dean yanked away from his touch, even just that simple brush of his hand enough to send unwanted prickles down Dean's spine.

"Please don't touch me, Sam." Dean answered dispiritedly. He went to get into the car, his eyes cast to the ground and his steps uneven as he tried to get used to the distasteful feeling between his legs.

The burning was still there, hot and heavy. It made Dean's throat ache and his skin crawl at the thought. He climbed into the back so he could lay on his stomach, it made the pressure lessen a bit. Sam got into the front seat and looked back at Dean, not speaking.

John came back, the huge machete he'd taken soaked with blood. When he got in the car and started it, the rumble of the engine made Dean's ears hurt. "I took care of that damn demon. He won't ever hurt you again." he growled out, low in his throat. It made Dean's dick twitch edgily since it reminded him of Aaron's voice.

Dean didn't answer, just stared out the window with tired eyes and a deep-seated, intense frown. Sam was staring back at him with worry, still unsure as to what exactly had happened. John drove away from the dark place. Dean didn't once look back, he didn't want to envision himself layed out for all of God's creation to see if they'd only look.

And he certainly didn't want to think of how helpless or vulnerable he felt now. Even the wind tickling sent shudders of rage through him.

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Castiel had seen everything that Aaron had done, and despite his want to help and heal Dean, nothing could take that pain away. And he couldn't return to earth now that he'd left his vessel.
Not so soon, it would be far too much for Jimmy to take.

In heaven, Cas remained in his true form. A huge celestial wave of intent as tall and magnificent as the human's own Chrysler Building. Three heads, one a lion's and a glorious mane, one a serpent with six eyes, and the other a stag with branching horns.

Huge, majestic wings that towered out behind him in a brilliant shower of fractured light and every color imaginable. They glinted in the sunlight and seemed to make rays of light through the clouds. And a single claw extended from the tip of each.

Cas couldn't remember the last time he'd felt so free and lighthearted. He frowned as he watched Dean, John, and Sam leave through the night. His poor Dean, his innocence taken and Cas didn't do anything to help. Maybe because he couldn't or maybe because he didn't want to, he wasn't completely himself anymore.

It seemed everything he did had an ulterior motive.

He could feel the presence of someone else, so he turned. It was an angel by the name of Zachariah. His ram's head dropped with sadness, but the eagle and tiger were raised high in pride and pompous. Dean would've called him a dick.

"Something bothering you?" Castiel asked, his true voice rising out and echoing across the heavens, sending waves crashing onto beaches far below. He could even hear the rocks tumbling down mountains as he took a step forward.

"No, Castiel. I'm simply physically drained." Zachariah answered, the ram speaking along despite the depression it cast over them.

Castiel turned away from the angel, sighing. Zachariah came up beside him, and they sat down together. "I do not understand why we must trick the humans as such." Cas finally said softly, frowning as the trees blew from the force of his low, melodic, gravelly voice.

"It is our father's will. To make the humans think they are safe, even if they are not. Such is the way of the world, Castiel. You should not let it get you too far down, you will ruin the mission. And for what? A pathetic, human boy with no meaning? A simple man with nothing to live for except seeing you again? He's insignificant. Pitiful.

"And when we finish our part, it will not matter to you either, Castiel. None of the humans will, not like before." Zachariah smirked as he looked down at the mountains, plains, and lakes below.

Huge expanses of barren land passed Cas's eyes as he focused again on Dean. The boy sat in his motel room, staring at the wall with slumped shoulders and barren eyes. His usually bright and happy soul had dimmed considerably, in fact even John's glowed more intensely. It made Cas's heart ache, but he knew Zachariah was right.

Once they finally completed the plan, nothing on this earth would matter anymore. So Cas stayed sitting by Zachariah's side, unsure of when he'd ever see or hear Dean again.

"And we take the vessels for what purpose? So as not to intimidate them? Why can they not look upon our true forms, brother?" Castiel continued his questions.

"Simple. If they do, they die, Castiel. You know this. If one of those ants saw how we really are, they would burst. And we cannot have that, now can we? If humans went around bursting every five seconds, the plan wouldn't be as effective. Now stop asking questions and just watch everything play out as it should." Zachariah turned back to stare at ground, and Cas did too.
He felt his eyes traveling back to Dean. None of the angels in heaven knew of Cas's souling with the Winchester. Which was good and bad. Good because they wouldn't be watching for anything he did. Bad because angels were not supposed to be souled to a human.

Or anything for that matter, so why was he the exception? Cas sighed and returned to their human watching.

Chapter End Notes

What could Cas being souled possibly mean? More mysteries being discovered, more questions being asked, and a very curious angel wondering what it all means is what.

But.........maybe not everything is like it seems.
Dean stayed in his chair every chance he could, not sleeping at all. He didn't even doze off for a moment because as soon as he closed his eyes, the tingling came back.

The feeling of that demon's hands on him, touching, prodding, dragging achingly slow over his skin and leaving heavy tracks across his stomach and chest and dick. Slow, hot, and heavy despite the flaring pain and drenching fear racing through him.

Dean bolted awake, panting raggedly and sweating slightly. He could still feel the demon's hands like a ghost trailing along his skin. He felt the ants coming back, followed by the crippling fire that sent shivers up his spine and down to his crotch.

He closed his legs and slung his arms over his chest, making himself as small as he could in the chair. He enjoyed the feeling of curling into himself, it made him feel safer and more secure.

Dean sighed heavily as the ants crawling through his hair and over his skin slowly moved away. Then he felt a hand on his shoulder, gripping tight and in an instant they were back and he was jumping away with a rough gasp of flashing panic.

John stepped back, his eyes wide as he stared at Dean. "Sorry, Dean. Sorry." he said quickly, dropping his hand to his side.

"Just...just don't touch me, please." Dean begged, his voice breaking and he curled his arms around his waist as embarrassment washed over him. John nodded once, clearing his throat.

"I just wanted to tell you that you should get some sleep. You haven't slept since we got here nearly two days ago. You should.... You should sleep, son." John told him. Dean shook his head, sitting back down in his chair.

"I can't sleep. They come back to me when I do." Dean answered, slouching so he was smaller.

"Dean, I'm not ever gonna let that happen to you again. It shouldn't have happened at all, but I was stupid, alright? I- I messed up, ok? I'm sorry, Dean, but you need to sleep. You can't just not sleep, son, it's not healthy." John continued, but Dean scoffed.

"I can't sleep, dad. I just can't. Not when all the feelings and- and- and the damn fear and panic comes back. It's like I've constantly got ants all over me, and it doesn't stop." Dean snapped bitterly, sinking lower into the chair.

"Ok...ok, but, Dean, Sam's worried about you. At least talk to your brother. You haven't said a word to him since... since it happened." John finished. Dean didn't reply so John walked off with a soft sigh and heavy footfalls.

Dean stared out at the growing daylight outside. Three days now he'd had no sleep. Three very long, very tiring, and very terrifying days filled with anxiety mixed with nausea and disgust.

He could vaguely hear Sam stirring in his bed, woken by the sounds of talking more than likely. Dean didn't want to talk to his brother right now. He wanted Cas to come back and make him feel better. He wanted for this whole incident not to have happened. He wanted so many things that he knew he wouldn't get.
Dean honestly didn't want to talk to anyone. He didn't want to move from his spot, and he didn't want to think about the demon's hands exploring his body with rough, calloused hands. Dean felt more waves of abhorrence wash over him at the memories. He swallowed hard, but it felt like there was a layer of bile that wouldn't go away.

"Dean?" Sam called, his voice groggy and hoarse. It sent razors up Dean's back because it reminded him of the demon's harsh and remorseless tone. "Hey, are you hungry?" he asked, coming up to stand beside him.

Dean shook his head, making Sam sigh and walk off. "Jerk." he muttered, and Dean could hear him stop. He expected him to reply with his customary answer, but Dean stayed quiet. He could hear Sam sniffling as he continued walking away.

Dean didn't feel anything except the whispering remnants of the demon's hands along his sides and chest and cock. He shivered, pulling his legs closer to his body.

Sam's hand on his arm made him jump and scramble out of the chair. There was a clatter and Dean looked down to see a plate full of eggs and bacon in pieces on the floor. There was food everywhere now.

"What the hell's your problem, Dean!?" Sam exclaimed harshly, glaring up at him. Dean could see the tears in his eyes that he hadn't completely wiped away. John was out there in an instant, pulling Sam close to his side.

"Sam, don't yell at your brother. He's been through a lot this past week. Just don't touch him, alright?" he asked, looking down at Sam.

"Just 'cause we left him at that diner doesn't give him the right to be a jerk!" Sam growled, crossing his arms and turning away.

"Enough, Sam! Clean this up and leave your damn brother alone!" John exclaimed as he motioned to the mess on the floor. Sam knocked the chair over with such a force it splintered as he stormed off.

John sighed loudly, running his hands down his face. He knelt down and started picking everything up. He didn't give Dean a second look when he threw everything away and went to talk to Sam.

Dean stayed where he was by the wall. After a while he finally bent and fixed the chair, cringing at the creaking sound it made. He sighed before grabbing clothes to take a shower.

He climbed in, letting the hot water pound over his shoulders. He scrubbed at his hair roughly, digging his fingernails in. He scrubbed frantically, trying to rid himself of the revolting feeling he felt all over.

Dean clawed at his stomach and chest, desperately attempting to clear the prickling and tingling that had returned once again. He could feel tears welling up in his eyes as he scraped at his skin and tried to remove the contempt roaring through him.

The burning in his dick wouldn't stop, and he just wanted it to go away. It was too much for him to handle right now.

The water made his back go numb, but he could still feel the razor blades racing up his spine to his neck and wrapping around his scalp. He let out a broken sob, the tears finally falling as he rubbed mercilessly at his hair and arms and sides and waist. He felt dirty, he wanted to be clean and pure
Dean's knees finally gave way and he fell to all fours in the bathtub crying and screaming and cursing for everything that had happened. His hands were raw from his scrubbing, and he knew he'd left scratches all over his body. He could already feel them throbbing and making it harder for him to breath.

He pressed his forehead into the porcelain bottom of the tub, crying as the water poured over him and spattered onto the floor. He could feel his lungs aching, the fire returning as the tingling grew stronger and stronger.

The water washed away his tears, getting soap in his eyes that he tried to wipe away. He sat up, away from the stream of water and in the corner of the tub. He wrapped his arms around his waist, drawing his knees into his chest as he cried. His shoulders shook violently and the fire in his lungs only grew the longer he stayed in the shower with curtains closed.

When Dean finally worked up the courage to turn the water off, his dad was pounding on the door and yelling his name with concern. "I'm fine." Dean called, his voice hoarse from crying. He heard John sigh and start walking away.

Dean stood and went to the mirror, looking up at himself. His eyes were swollen and bloodshot and he felt like everything was dragging him down. He glanced over the scratches and cuts he'd left to mar his body. Some of them would leave scars he was sure.

They were welting already, red and angry and raw. He grabbed his clean clothes and stuffed them on, ignoring the stinging sensation it caused. To him, it was better than he'd felt these past three days. He'd rather deal with his physical pain than the mental and emotional trauma.

Unfortunately, the tingling came back stronger and more intense. It made him want to scratch and claw until nothing was left of him. He just wanted to end the suffering and see Cas again. God, how he missed Castiel.

"If you end it, you can see him in heaven." Dean told himself as he bent to dry the floor by the bathtub. He sighed heavily as he stood and stuffed the towel in the basket before walking out.

"Dean, you were in there for over an hour." John commented when he saw him. Dean could see he'd heard him screaming and crying, but he was thankful he didn't mention it. More thankful he'd been of his father in a very long time.

"How's Sam?" Dean wondered, changing the subject quickly. John stood and walked over to Dean, looking him up and down.

"He's fine. The only way I got him to calm down was to tell him what happened." he replied quietly. Dean ran his hands through his hair. It was still wet and it made his skin ache where his shirt rubbed against the scratches.

"Ok. Ok. I- I'll go talk to him." Dean told him as he moved around his father, careful not to brush against him. He knocked on Sam's door, waiting patiently for the door to open. When Sam finally came to open it, Dean saw the tears in his eyes.

Not angry tears like before, but sad and bitter ones. Sam hugged him tightly and Dean sucked in a deep breath as his brother's arms wrapped around him, jarring his cuts and sending chills down his spine. He tensed as the tingling returned with more fervor.

Sam pulled away almost immediately. "Sorry....I forgot." he said softly, but Dean was pulling him close again before he could protest. Dean hadn't realized how tall his brother was getting until this
moment. He was at Dean's shoulders already, and still only 15. And then Dean was sobbing harshly, his eyes squeezed shut as he tried to stop them.

Sam gripped him tightly, letting Dean cry into his shoulder and patting his back comfortingly. "It's ok, Dean, it's ok.... I've got you. I won't let anyone touch you like that again, I promise, it's ok." he said in soothing voice. He didn't mind Dean's hands clinging to his shirt like his life depended on it. He didn't mind his brother pressing as close as he could, because he knew he'd be the same way if it had happened to him.

Dean didn't care about the fire racing through his lungs, or the throbs that every movement sent through his scratches. All he cared about was that his brother hugging him made him feel better. The ants crawling all over him had disappeared, and all the disgust and hate he'd felt at everyone's touch was gone.

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Castiel felt his wings quiver with sadness at Dean's torment. It made his eyes fill with tears as he watched his hunter break and shatter at every corner and edge. Zachariah had taken another vessel, a robust man with barely any hair and squinting eyes.

Castiel stayed in heaven. Despite the fact that he could have gone back to Jimmy if he had wished, he wasn't quite ready to return to earth. He enjoyed watching the mundane lives the people led.

He sighed as the land moved beneath him and he focused instead on the people walking around in the streets of New York. It was fun to see them bustling around with quick, focused steps.

It was easy to make out who the tourists were. They would linger on the sidewalk even if it was safe to cross. Cameras adorned their necks and bright colors accentuated against the dull pavements and business suits of locals.

He sighed heavily, rustling the trees millions and billions and trillions of miles below. He didn't like being alone up here, but it was almost time for the plan to begin. He was nervous, but also excited. This would be the first time the angels might actually do something of power.

"Castiel?" a voice made Cas turn to look. It was Gabriel, his golden wings flowing out behind him and the clatter of his claws clinking on the ground.

"Why have you come to heaven? Is your vessel not sufficient?" Castiel asked him, turning back to the humans. Gabriel sat down beside him, the light from his eyes shining over the humans like a sun.

"I came because Sam left. And I want to be able to watch over him, like you with Dean." Gabriel answered sadly.

"Dean and I were souled, Gabriel. Angels are not supposed to be souled to anything. I just do not understand why this is how it must be. Why must we try and take the earth back from them? Can we not simply live in harmony with them, like we have been? I do not understand why we must do this." Cas said sadly, dropping his heads down to focus on his lap.

"We aren't taking the earth from them, Cas. Chuck gave it to them to have and control and keep. We aren't taking it from them, that's not the plan, Cas." Gabriel answered quickly. He seemed offended at the idea.

"Then what is the plan, if not that? Zachariah has told me already we plan to steal the earth from the humans." Cas exclaimed. Gabriel stood as Cas did, leaves rustling and small showers of rocks raining down mountains.
"Brother, please. You must understand that whatever Zachariah told you is likely a lie. He does that, to gain attention for himself and for heaven. That's how he works, Cas. He lies to gain his way." Gabriel reassured him.

"Then the plan remains as follows: we fly to earth, take our vessels, and destroy the humans? How is that not stealing the earth from them?" Castiel wondered. He honestly just wanted to keep Dean safe. Didn't Gabriel feel the same about Sam?

"We're not there to slaughter the humans, Cassie. That was never part of the plan. We're here to help the reach the path of enlightenment, not to murder them as if they were cows headed to the slaughter!" Gabriel exclaimed quickly.

"And yet we still prepare for war as if it is imminent. What is the purpose if not to kill and defend our lives?" Castiel questioned defiantly. He'd always been known for not following his father's rules.

"War is imminent. Despite what you may think, Cas, it's gonna happen. The people will not willingly let us do this. We will have to be able to protect the angels we love." Gabriel explained.

"Enough, both of you. You're bickering again." a gentle voice called. Cas and Gabriel turned to see Chuck standing there, his dark eyes kind and soothing. "We're not battling the humans, not anymore."

"How can we not?" Gabriel wondered, his words containing a hopeful glint that Castiel caught. He didn't want to fight Sam, just like Cas didn't want to fight Dean.

"Castiel being souled to a human means many, many things. For one, we don't have to go to war with them anymore. And we certainly were never going to steal the earth from them, Castiel."

"There are things I cannot tell either of you yet. I can't tell you all the things that will happen to Castiel, or to Dean. It would ruin the souling. But, you must understand that being souled to a human has great consequences, Castiel. More than you can imagine. Dean will go through changes, as will you. It's hard to explain without exploiting the souling." Chuck sighed and turned away from them, looking down onto the humans.

"They seem so small, yet I created this entire world for them. You say they are simple minded, except that they rule their world and nothing has taken it from them. Not even my sons and daughters themselves. Not even me." Chuck continued on with his speech, whirling around to face Cas and Gabriel again.

"If you do not return to earth soon, Castiel, you will not ever see Dean Winchester again. I mean that, not as a threat, but a warning." as he finished he vanished into thin air, leaving Cas and Gabriel to stare at each other.

"Should we return?" Gabriel asked him, raising an eyebrow. Castiel nodded once, and they were off, gliding down through the heavens and hurtling toward the earth. With one flap of his wings, Castiel was pulling away toward Jimmy Novak's house, and Gabriel was flying off toward his own vessel.

Castiel arrived inside Jimmy Novak's household, appearing before the boy in his room. "I am back." he whispered softly.

The boy turned in his chair, his eyes wide. He scrambled away from him in fear, shaking his head. "Please, no. I- I was in the hospital for two days because of you. You can't use my body anymore, please." he begged, but Castiel stepped forward anyway.
"I don’t need your permission.” he snarled, lunging at Jimmy and racing into his body in a stream of blue light. Jimmy struggled under his strong grip, then went still for a moment. When he opened his eyes he was no longer Jimmy Novak, but fully Castiel.

He stood up, changing into his regular suit, blue tie, and trench coat before flapping his wings and soaring far away from the house.

Dean had eventually gained the courage to leave his chair and sleep. With Sam's promise to watch over him and his dad ensuring his safety, he was able to sleep peacefully.

He had nightmares of course, but he didn't feel the same tingling sensation as before. It was there, he felt like it always would be, but it wasn't as intense. The dull ache in the pit of his stomach was almost gone.

The nausea hadn't left, and Dean felt like it never would. As long as he was comfortable enough to go outside wearing any clothes in general, he'd be fine.

He woke up with a small gasp as images of the demon's hands trailing his body flashed in his mind. The ants made their way through Dean scalp, down his back and into the tiny hairs just at the bottom of his stomach. Nausea settled in his stomach, making his throat burn.

He sighed heavily, setting his head in his hands and drawing his knees to his chest. He rested his elbows on his knees and then closed his eyes, sighing heavily. He shook his head roughly as more memories resurfaced.

His stomach hurt, and his throat was aflame with disgust. He lied back down, squeezing his eyes shut and trying to rid his mind of the thoughts. Dean grabbed his sides, curling into a ball and closing his eyes to fall back asleep.

Dreams plagued his mind as he slept. Heavy hands and fire and tingling. It returned with deep roots, digging into Dean’s subconscious and sending him vivid nightmares.

Chapter End Notes

Dean dealing with his rape is very hard to right. Not only does it make me emotional, but it also makes me want to punch that damn demon for doing this to him.
There are a lot of triggers in this chapter, so be warned.

Yes, this means I am back. It hopefully won't be taking me two months to update one damn story, but who knows? Another things is I am now on Wattpad and writing a story on there as well.

https://www.wattpad.com/story/57301160-grace-within

Read and comment if you enjoyed it. Leave me a comment for suggestions as well, anything you think that could make it better. Thanks guys, I'm glad to be back.

When Dean woke up he immediately reached for his phone. He had a feeling that something was there, something he'd want to see. And when he unlocked it there was a message from Cas. An actual message from his soul mate who wasn't even on the earth anymore.

He felt like he was seeing things, but he knew he wasn't. Still, he shook his head and blinked his eyes a few times (as if it would magically disappear when they opened), finding it there each time. A simple message.

'Where are you?'

Dean brought his keyboard up and typed in a reply. 'Where are YOU?' he hit send, and because his phone was shit, a little message appeared that said it hadn't been properly sent. He sighed and tried again, this time able to get the text through.

If he was being honest, he missed Cas more than anything else. It was an odd feeling, really, to miss someone to the point of wanting to die without them. He wanted to see him. A chime made him jump and he looked at his phone to see a new message.

'On my way to you. Room 156 right?' Dean raised an eyebrow. How had Castiel found out where he'd been? 'I could hear your longing.' the next message said.

Of course he had. 'Yeah.'

There was a knock on the door, and Dean rushed to open it before his father. When he got to the door, John was already turning the knob. When he opened the door and revealed Cas, his lately calm demeanor disappeared and he lunged forward to tackle him. Slurs left his mouth in a frenzy as they went down.

They landed in a heap on the cement, Cas's skull cracking back on the sidewalk with a deafening crack and the limp lay of his limbs signaled he'd passed out. "Dad, stop!" Dean shouted, racing to pull him off. John simply ran his hand up Dean's leg, sending shivers up his spine as he jumped away. Dean should have known his father would use the rape to his advantage, he'd been too nice.

John lashed out, punching Cas square in the jaw and Dean cringed at the splintering sound. Sam
was by his side then, moving into action as he kicked John straight in the stomach. Their father gasped sharply and scrambled off of Castiel to wheeze in jilted, broken breaths.

Dean leaned down at Cas's side and dragged him up into a sitting position, his pained groan the only response he received. "Dammit, Sam, I'm gonna fucking kill you!"

Dean whipped his head around as John stood and glared at Sam. He reared his fist back, prepared to strike, but Dean was up in an instant and standing protectively in front of his brother. "Don't you dare touch him," he practically growled the words, gazing at his father with unshackled fury.

"Get out of the way," John snapped coldly.

"No, dad. You're not gonna hurt Sammy, so back the fuck off," Dean's voice was calm despite the shaking and growing rage he felt pressed against his chest, clawing to get out. He was sick of his father hurting people he loved, especially his little brother.

"Move, Dean. That's a goddamn order!" John answered with fervor, fists clenched and jaw tight.

"Then you're gonna hafta go through me," Dean snarled at him. John glowered at his sons, spitting on the ground and painting it with blood.

"So now I've got two fucking disgraces for sons. Thanks for fucking everything up. You think you're so fucking grown up, then take care of yourselves!" John walked away, elbowed past Dean as he went, and clambered into the nearest car (thankfully not the Impala) before driving off.

Dean let out a breath and went to Cas's side again, shaking his shoulders to wake him. "Cas?" he called softly, eyes wandering swiftly over the bruise and split lip and the wetness he felt on his hand. He pulled it away from the back of Cas's head, staring in shock at the copper scented blood.

"Oh god. Sammy, call 911, call 911!"

Sam darted to the hotel phone and dialed.

"911, what is your emergency?"

"My-my friend is unconscious. He fell and...and we're at the hotel on Papyl Side Road, please hurry!" Sam was nearly in tears, from what John said or because of what he did, Dean wasn't sure. He hung up and ran out to Dean, sobbing.

"Woah, Sammy, calm down. It's gonna be ok, Cas is gonna be fine, ok?" Dean was up and shaking his shoulders to get his attention. "Ok?" he asked again. Sam nodded and wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his shirt, gazing at Cas with concern.

Dean patted his cheek and smiled assuringly before kneeling by Cas again. The sirens were drawing closer, Dean could see them now. The sound as they pulled up vibrated through his entire core and made his teeth rattle in his skull.

Paramedics jumped out and scrambled for the stretcher, gently lifting Cas to it without another word. They allowed Dean to ride in the back with Castiel, and let Sam ride in the cab.

After they arrived at the hospital and rushed Cas in, Dean and Sam were stopped at the doors by two guys. "No, please, I need to be with him!" Dean tried to reason with them, but they shoved him back into the waiting room.

Dean struggled against their grip, ignoring the stinging and throbbing in his chest that sent him into frantic panting and flinching when they touched him. Sam finally grabbed his arm and pulled him away.
"It'll be ok, he's gonna be ok, remember?" Sam reassured him, glancing at the people who were now staring at them both.

"What if he's not! I just wanna be with him!" Dean shouted at the two guys standing guard by the door. They ignored his cries, and Sam was left to drag him back to a chair and try to calm him down.

"Dean, people are staring. Just remember what you told me. Cas is gonna be fine," Sam told him again, shaking his shoulders slightly. Dean pulled away from his grip, panting as he set his head in his hands and started sobbing.

An older woman with grey hair came over and handed Sam a few tissues, a kind smile on her face. Sam took them gratefully and brought Dean's head up to look at him. "Dean, here. Wipe your nose," he told him, holding out a tissue.

Dean sniffled and took it from him, rubbing his nose with the thin material. "What if he's not ok?" he asked with worry.

"He will be," Sam answered easily. "He will be," he repeated, for Dean more than himself. Dean nodded along to what he said and drew his jacket sleeve over his eyes to clear the tears.

"I don't want to feel like this, Sammy," Dean said suddenly, voice breaking.

"What'd you mean?" Sam wondered curiously, still trying to work out what exactly had happened to make John go nuts.

"This weight in my heart is too much, Sam. I'm not strong enough to do this. A-and my entire body is still all tingly from the diner and I have a headache that hasn't gone away in four days. I'm not strong enough," Dean sobbed, dropping his head back into his hands in defeat.

"Of course you are, Dean. You're my hero, and no matter what, that's what you'll always be. You can cry yourself to sleep each night, and I'll still love you and care about you. Because you're family, and you make me strong. If I didn't have you, I never would have lasted with dad. I would've run away," Sam admitted softly, looking away in shame.

"I thought about running away everyday. But I knew I couldn't leave you there with him, not by yourself. And now Cas is in trouble because of that bastard," Dean spat harshly, making Sam flinch at the sudden malice in his voice.

After a few more hours, the doctor came to tell them Castiel was stable and making a remarkably fast recovery. And the next morning, Cas was released.

Dean hugged him tightly, but pulled away at the intense tingling and scratched at his arm. "I'm glad you're ok," he finally said with a smile.

Sam walked behind them, the hotel they'd been staying at was only a five minutes walk away. "Are you ok?" Cas asked, noticing the guarded look Dean gave him.

"I don't know," he said, glancing back at Sam who was staring down at the ground. "How've you been? Why didn't you stay in heaven? Did something happen?" he opted to change the subject.

"Heaven is not the place I need to be right now. I discovered many things back home, but for now I will stay here and watch you and Sam," Cas answered, somewhat avoiding the question.

"Discovered what?" Dean questioned with curiosity, raising his eyebrows and widening his eyes.
"About the angels. And their true intentions, it is hard to explain," Cas sighed it out like it pained him to say it.

"We've got all day, Cas. You said you'd be here. Tell us when we get back to hotel, yeah?" Dean eagerly suggested, nudging Cas with his elbow.

Castiel didn't answer, so they walked in companionable silence until they reached the hotel. "I can't tell you," he finally said.

"Can't tell me? That's ridiculous, Cas. Come on, man, just tell me," Dean laughed like it was joke, but he knew Cas wasn't joking. "What's so important you can't tell me?"

"Many things are too important for you to know, Dean. I'm sorry, but that is how it must be," Cas replied rather quickly, not exactly wanting to hide anything from his soul mate, despite the necessity.

"Bullshit, Cas. Why the hell can't you tell me? What's so important that I can't know?" Dean wondered bitterly, crossing his arms. He realized they were still standing outside, Sam probably growing bored waiting. He turned and unlocked the door while Cas thought up another excuse.

Sam went inside, glancing at Dean with worry before closing the door behind him.

"My father forbade my telling you," Cas spoke up with a sigh, not meeting Dean's eyes.

"Since when did your dad control your fucking actions? You're an adult, you're perfectly capable of making your own damn decisions," Dean spits harshly, taking a step closer to Cas.

"It's my own decision not to tell you. You simply cannot know," Cas answered stubbornly.

"Whatever. You're keeping secrets from me again, so either you leave and don't come back, or you tell me everything. Those are your only options right now," Dean finally demanded roughly, voice full of emotion he couldn't control.

"Dean, I'm not leaving you," Cas said.

"Then you better start spilling," Dean told him quickly and crossed his arms in front of him, trying to defend himself from the oncoming wave of feelings.

"I can't, Dean. Why don't you understand that? I can't tell you anything, it would ruin all that we've created together!" Cas harshly snapped, taking a step toward Dean as if to scare him out of asking anymore questions.

"Well, then screw you! Fuck you and fuck all your little secrets and fuck your damn father!" Dean snarled before shoving Cas away with such force the angel stumbled.

He looked up at Dean with wide eyes, surprised and confused at the sudden anger. "Dean, please believe me when I say I want to tell you. I can't. There are things that could go wrong if I tell you, things that could be destroyed," he informed him.

"I don't care if things get destroyed. I just wanna know what the hell you've been hiding from me!" Dean exclaimed. His eyes lit up with anger and frustration as he glared at Cas.

Cas reached out and roughly grabbed Dean's collar, slamming back into the wall of the hotel. Dean's breath came out in a sharp, ragged noise, his eyes widening in fear. His chest felt tight, and he struggled against Cas's grip, panic taking hold of his mind as he grabbed desperately at Cas's wrists to loosen his hold.
Cas dropped his hands almost immediately, remembering the incident he'd witnessed at the diner. Dean's eyes were still afraid, the tingling returning to an extreme. "I'm sorry."

"Just go, Cas. Just go!"

Cas's gaze hardened and he turned away from Dean. "All I can tell you is that earth, as you know it, will be different," he said as he walked off and then disappeared. Dean crossed his arms tightly over his chest for protection. He turned and opened the door and closed it behind him, leaning against it for support.

"Sam, I'm gonna take a shower. Finish your homework!" he called. He noticed Sam's bag propped against the table, but his brother was nowhere in sight. "Sam?" he tried again, moving through to look for him. "Sammy!"

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"Bobby, I can't find Sam anywhere. He was just here, and now he's not," Dean explained to Bobby once he answered.

"Calm down, boy, we'll find 'em," Bobby retorted in a rush.

"I am calm, Bobby! I just wanna find my little brother and make sure he's safe," Dean shot back, pacing in the hotel room.

"Shut up a minute," Bobby suddenly said, making Dean pause in his path and frown slightly. "That Novak kid was reported missin' again, you know that? You seen Cas lately?"

"Uh, yeah. He was just here, actually. Well, about a half hour ago, why?"

"Alright, so I've been researching lore on angels and things. A lot of it's just a load'a crap. Dead ends and stuff like that. The one thing I did find that sounds like them, is that they can fly people to different locations with a touch. Now, I dunno if it's Cas or not, but it could be someone in that jacked up family a'his," Bobby told him, sighing as he riffled through a few books.

"So, one of them took Sam?" Dean wondered.

"Possibly. Look, Dean, I dunno what to say, but they may not return 'em to ya'."

"What the hell do you mean, may not return him? If they don't give my brother back I'm gonna fucking rip their lungs out!" Dean shouted roughly, fists clenching.

"You'll get Sam back. I'll make a few calls and see if I can't locate him. For now, just try an' relax 'til I get back to ya'," Bobby hung up before Dean could protest.

"Oh, goddammit!" Dean growled out, throwing his phone down on the bed with a groan. He sat down heavily, grabbed his phone again and dialed. "Cas?"

"Dean, what do you want?" Cas wondered. Despite the words there was no real venom in them.

"It's Sam, Cas. Someone took him, while we were outside. He was in the hotel room, I didn't see anyone go in or come out," Dean's voice cracked with emotion.

"Ok, Dean. I'll see if I can find him. Stay calm and stay at the hotel room, I'll call you if I find him," Cas said quickly.

"Thanks, man. Ready to tell me all that stu-"

"Goodbye, Dean," Cas interrupted him with an annoyed tone and then hung up. Dean rolled his
eyes before sitting back down. He set his head in his hands and thought.

Flashbacks of the diner returned to him and he stood up hurriedly, stumbling over his bag in the floor as he made his way to the bathroom. Gripping the sink so hard his knuckles went white, he stared at himself in the mirror. Black eyes flashed in his mind, rough, roaming hands, cold cement.

He gasped harshly, jumped back as the memories he tried so hard to squash down resurfaced, and toppled down to the floor. Dean landed with a grunt, immediately scrambling to stand up. The floor reminded him too vividly of that night.

The mirror shattered under his fist, blood welling on his hands. 'It doesn't matter what you want!'

Dean clapped his hands over his ears as the demon's words ran through his mind. 'A virgin hunter, huh?' Dean yelled for it to stop, squeezing his eyes shut now.

'I'll have lots of fun with you.'

Dean was sobbing again and tears poured freely down his face, fast and hot.

'Dean, we all know you're enjoying this.' Dean shook his head and curled tighter into himself.

'Having your virginity taken like a man, always a good sport. Can't wait to see how daddy reacts to this.' Dean opened his eyes as the demon's face raced around and took hold of his rational thought.

He gripped tight onto one of the shards of glass, more blood streaming down his hand to splatter on the tile. He cringed as the pressure between his legs returned with so much intensity he could have cried. Without any more thought, he took the glass and slashed his wrist deep.

Pain radiated over his body, making him clutch even tighter to the glass which made more crimson stains fall to the floor. Lights flashed behind his eyes when he shut them, the blood from his gashed wrist pouring in desperate spouts to spread out on the tile.

Dizziness grasped at his body as he lurched forward, slamming his forehead into the porcelain sink and passing out. Magenta flowed out of his wrist and settled in a halo around the left side of his body.

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Dean woke up in a hospital bed, groggy and disorientated. He had no idea how he'd gotten here, where he was, or how long he'd been here. He tried to call for help, but a strangled sound came out instead.

A beep startled him enough to fully open his eyes and see a heart monitor. He had an IV drip set up as well, along with a bandage around his wrist.

The door opened and revealed a nurse clad in dull blue scrubs. "Oh, you're awake. Name's Meg. Nice to see you up and running for once," the nurse said with a grin. Something about her voice threw Dean off, it was nasally and seemed to originate from back in her throat.

"How did-"

"Got a call from some kid named Clarence, or something, he sounded pretty damn worried about his boyfriend. And now you're here and now he's eating food in the cafeteria. I had to force him down there myself, he wouldn't leave your side," Meg grinned as she came to check on Dean's vitals.

"How long since he called? How long have I been in here?" Dean wondered as he tried to sit up
"Woah, slow your roll there. No need to sit up so fast, you're too hyped up on morphine to be sitting up," Meg told him, quickly hurrying to settle him back down.

"How long?" Dean asked again.

"Stay still, I'm still trying to fix your IV drip," Meg snapped, which effectively made Dean freeze.

"How long?" he tried once more and Meg stepped back with a heavy sigh.

"Two weeks. Dean, you lost a lot of blood. When we got to you, you were nearly gone. You were barely breathing, you were nearly dead. And you need to stay still so that you can properly recover," Meg didn't sugar coat it, and for that Dean was grateful.

"Two weeks!? How did that.... How did that happen?"

"Don't you remember?" Meg raised an eyebrow and crossed her arms, looking on in concern.

"If I remembered you think I'd be askin' you!?" Dean exclaimed, the heart monitor race for a moment in his rage.

"Calm down. You're gonna make your blood pressure spike," Meg told him gently. She smiled, but it made Dean uneasy instead of comforted.

The door opened again to find Castiel and Sam. "Cas, Sam?"

"Dean!" Sam exclaimed happily, rushing to hug his older brother. When he threw his arms around him, Dean jolted up.

"Dean, you're awake," Cas's rough voice found his ears in the dark room.

"Cas?" Dean's voice was scratchy, but still workable. "Where am I? Where are we? How long have I been out?"

"One question at a time. You're at the hospital, the same one I was in. You've been out for two days, Dean. You...you hurt yourself. I don't- I don't know why. Why would you do that to yourself?" Cas questioned with tears in his voice, standing to take Dean's hand and look down at him.

"I'm sorry. I don't know, Cas. I don't know," Dean answered quietly. That was a lie, of course Dean knew why he'd done it. To chase away the demons in his mind, to rid himself of the constant depression looming over him.

"Don't you dare lie to me, Dean Winchester!" Castiel shouted harshly, scaring Dean enough to make him stay quiet for a few minutes.

"I wanted to kill myself. I just wanted the memories to stop and they wouldn't so I thought.... I thought they would stop. And they didn't so I- I thought it would make them stop, Cas, I thought-" Dean cut himself off with a sob, shaking his head and letting go of Cas's hand to curl into himself.

The tingling came back and spread throughout his entire body, biting and raw. He grabbed onto his sides and dug his blunt nails into his sides as hard as he could. His eyes burned from the tears and his throat and stomach ached from his crying.

Dean felt Cas's hands at his shoulders, pulling him close and sending shivers down his spine at the
rough contact. "No, no! Let go!" Dean shot back and scrambled away from Cas's grip, tumbling off the bed and disconnecting the IV from his arm as he landed in an ungraceful pile.

Screeches echoed in the room and made Dean yell and clap his hands over his ears. "Make it stop, make it stop! Make them stop!" he cried frantically as he desperately tried to pry the thoughts from his head with his fingers at his scalp.

Nurses raced in to calm him down, but every touch sent him into another shouting frenzy as the knives returned. "Make them stop!" he called on repeat, nurses rushing to stop the beeping of the IV drip and heart monitor. He was crying in ragged breaths, jumping away from every touch the nurses offered. He was feeling dizzy again, breath jilted. He couldn't even think straight, and Cas had disappeared once again to who knows where.

The screeching alarms finally stopped, but did nothing to calm Dean's hyperventilating. He still had his eyes squeezed shut, hands clasped tight around his head and scratching despondently to rid himself of the thoughts.

There was a slight prickle in his arm and he felt his hands fall, his head felt heavy, and he was out in an instant.
One mystery of this whole mess down, about 50 thousand more to go :)

Dean woke up in a white padded room with a single tiny mirror. So they could watch him. He knew what this meant. After his episode who knows how long ago, he wasn't surprised. He'd gone crazy. The exhaustion in his bones weighed him down so much, he didn't even want to move.

Maybe if he could just get out of the stupid place and find Sam, he'd be ok. He could hear nothing, see nothing but the same white pads. Which made him think about that night.

His skin crawled and he jumped to his feet, his exhaustion forgotten as he started pacing. It did nothing to settle the pain in his mind, it did nothing to chase the heartache away. His breathing came out in raspy sounds as his hands came down to curl around his midsection.

"Make it stop," he whispered to himself. Dean was sick of this, but he knew rape wasn't just something you get over. He would probably never get over it, no matter how long it had been.

He faintly heard the door open over the pounding in his ears, and he hadn't realized he was still slamming his head into the mirror over and over again. He could feel thick liquid dripping down his forehead already, his palms bloody from the blunt bite of his nails digging into the skin. The glass wasn't even cracked it was so thick. Dean wanted to be like that, thick-skinned so nothing could hurt him anymore.

He was yelling obscenities he couldn't even hear as the nurses yanked him back, their hands rough like his had been. "No! Don't touch me! Make them stop!" he jerked away from them, his breathing broken and dying as he cried and screamed and lashed out at anyone who got too close.

"Sedate him, dammit!" he heard someone say, but it didn't register. Strong arms wrapped around his waist and he thrashed in the iron grip, screams growing more frantic and shrill as he flopped his legs around and lurched backward with his head. A satisfying crunch made the arms drop him, groaning taking its place. Dean huddled in the corner, hands over his ears as he hollered for Cas and Sam.

"Make them stop! MAKE IT STOP!" his voice cracked with every word, throat raw. Murky water danced in his vision as everything blurred and he slept.

When Dean woke next, he was restrained in a white jacket with his arms behind his back. He was
back in a padded room, but this one had no mirror. When would they learn that this didn't help? When would they learn this made everything worse?

His dick felt heavy in his pants. There was nothing he could do about it now. In fact, he felt so dead to the world, he wasn't sure he could even think. He drunkenly wondered how much medication they'd put him on.

"What if I hafta take a piss?" he words were slow, his mouth straining to keep up with what he wanted to say as fast as he wanted to say it. "What if I have another shit-fit, you gonna run in here and touch me again, huh? You gonna fucking rape me like he did? I didn't deserve that! Why me?!" Dean was yelling at nothing, but it made him feel better despite that.

He wanted comfort, not this. He wanted Cas to hold him through the pain, but the damn angel didn't seem to be receiving any of his prayers. "Fucking fucktard. Fuckity fuck, fuck, fucky, fuck. Shitty fucking day, am I right?" he imagined an audience laughing at his stupidity, which only made him feel worse.

"I didn't ask for this. I didn't ASK for this fucking shit!" he bellowed, hoping his voice carried all the way down the hall and to whoever the Doctor was. "I didn't want this," he dropped his head and started crying again.

Strangled sounds that make no sense to him seem to make him feel better. He just wanted out. The thoughts came back. He struggled to stand, but did so successfully and started pacing again. They'd come in again with more sedative soon. He just wanted to sleep without the nightmares.

Right on cue, the nurses flung the door open right as he started trying to bang his head into the wall. He screamed and yelled and cursed them all with foreign syllables in his mouth. "Please help me!" he eventually cried, breaking down and crumpling to his knees as the horror and anguish finally drown him in their abyss.

His breaths comes out in fragments as a nurse stopped the others to kneel in front of him. "What happened?" Dean simply shook his head and sobbed.

She reached out, but at Dean's immediate cringing and scrambling away she pulled back. "I'm sorry. But I want you to know we all love you, and we just want what's best for you. You'll get through this. Not over it, but through," the nurse smiled kindly and helped Dean away.

Her heart-shaped face made no sense to him, how could such a nice-looking lady have such a weird voice? It came from her throat, but it wasn't deep by any means. He couldn't even think straight, he was probably imagining this.

"Hey, kid, stay with me," the nurse was snapping in his face and had her eyebrows raised. "There's someone here to see you. If I take this off, will it make you feel better?" she motioned to the straight jacket, and Dean thought a moment.

Being restrained reminded him of that night, so he nodded. She reached out slowly, letting Dean get used to the proximity before wrapping her hands around his back and undoing the straps. His breathing went shallow but she continued, giving him a reassuring smile to try and calm him down.

Finally, the jacket came off and Dean was able to drape his sore arms at his sides. The nurse smiled again, a slightly haunting grin that made Dean's skin tingle in all the wrong ways. He brushed it off as the fact that she was a stranger and he didn't know her name. Speaking of...

"You said there was someone to see me, Nurse..." he trailed off and looked at her expectantly.
"It's Meg Masters. You can call me Meg," she shot her hand out, making Dean jump back in surprise. He felt shame flush his face as her smile faltered and she dropped her hand. "Right, I forgot. No touching. Wanna tell me what that's about?"

"How long have I been in here?" he asked, watching Meg's face contort with confusion.

"Two days when you first woke up. We sedated you for another three, and then again for two. So that makes a week," she told him. Dean nodded slightly.

"About two weeks ago, I got- uhm- I got...raped in an alley," he whispered. Saying it out loud made it true, and that hurt. Meg's eyes widened with shock.

"Oh, man, I'm sorry, kid. I know that's hard. That would explain the whole "make it stop" screaming thing, huh? And why you don't like being restrained or touched. I'm so sorry," Meg shook her head and dropped her eyes to the floor. "Visitor, you have one. Wanna see him?"

"Yes, please. Thank you," Dean nodded, blinking back tears at the weight in his heart. He looked down at his wrist, realizing the bandage was clean. He rubbed at it, the pain no longer there.

"It's healed really well. I changed the bandage yesterday. It's just a scab now, but it'll definitely scar really badly," Meg rounded a corner and Dean followed eagerly, hoping Cas was there waiting for him.

They reached a door, and Meg opened it to let him in. When Dean walked inside, the room was dark, the only light streaming in from the door. All at once, it slammed to a close and Dean bounced to what he thought was the wall with shallow breaths.

"Meg? Meg!?" Dean's voice went hoarse from his fright. A light flashed on and he jumped when he saw the familiar figure of Aaron the demon. The one that ruined his life in the alley.

"Hello again, Dean," he sneered. Dean gulped as the demon snapped, and he felt his limbs go heavy. He was unable to move once again. The tingling in his spine grew to a new extreme, tracking its way up into his scalp. His breathing came quicker, shallower, more from his throat than his diaphragm.

"Stay away from me! Don't touch me!" he screamed.

Aaron chuckled at him. "Please, Dean. Let me do as I wish, after all, you're practically my little toy already. We all know how much you enjoyed the last time we played together," he mocked gleefully, eyes lighting up with joy.

Dean shook his head, fresh tears burning his skin. "Please, no," he was begging for his sanity now. The demon walked up to him and smirked, his hand reaching down to stroke him through his jeans.

"Please, stop, please," Dean was sobbing now, his breath coming out in rapid, unsteady spurts of ragged, broken air. The evil creature in front of him continued on with the torture, sneering in Dean's face as he did.

"I know you want it. I know you like it, it's written all over your face. I know you've been yearning for this, I know you've been thinking about me so much these past few weeks. You've missed me," he said.

Dean shook his head, unable to speak as fear racked his body and forced him into his realm of quiet. Meg had tricked him, she had probably been a demon. Why didn't he notice?
"I'm lucky I had an inside man. Or woman. She was able to get me a soundproof room, and she got the cameras disabled for two whole hours, Dean. We can have all the fun we want," the demon continued.

"No," Dean pleaded brokenly, his voice barely there. "Just leave me alone, please," he sobbed. Aaron clucked his tongue and frowned, giving him a look of fake concern.

"Have I hurt your feelings?" he asked softly, gently stroking Dean's cheek and stepping closer so that his body was pressing against the hunter's. "I can't leave you alone, darling. You're too fun, too pure. No, I'm gonna make sure it doesn't happen. You were pure, Dean, and it was going as planned. And, being the most loyal, I defiled you so you wouldn't go through the changes."

"What do you mean? Changes?" Dean wondered. He knew full well this wasn't the time to stick his nose into things like this, but he was curious.

"No angel has ever been souled before. You're the first to have an angelic soul mate. Which means you'd have to go through changes. You would have become an angel if I hadn't stepped in when I did!" Aaron exclaimed bitterly, slamming his hand into the wall by Dean's head. "You would have saved them all if I hadn't intervened, so I did. And now? Now, you'll never fulfill your destiny, not when I'm through with you!"

Dean suddenly felt cold, and he looked down to see himself completely naked. The demon drunk in his features with an appreciative smirk. "Just dazzling, how such a scarred body was considered pure. That's not the case anymore. Not only will you be defiled again, but you'll be broken from the inside out."

"Wait, no, please!" Dean screamed at the top of his lungs, knowing it wouldn't help in the confines of the soundproof room. He tried thrashing, but that only resulted in him running out of breath quicker. If this low-rank demon was powerful enough to keep him still, Dean didn't want to know what the others could do.

A rough hand grabbed his cock and jerked harshly, making him gasp in hurt at the sharp pain. Stabbing knives met his back, tidal waves of tingling skin and abhorrence as he tried not to make any sound.

"I could tie you up instead. Would you prefer that?" Aaron asked him with fake concern. Dean didn't answer, so the demon continued with languid, pressure-filled strokes. "You know, a man could have all kinds of fun with you. The noises you make could fill all kinds of fantasies," he teased lewdly.

"The next time I see you, I'm gonna gut you like a goddamn pig. And I'll take so much pleasure in it, I'll take my sweet time in torturing you that you won't even know what up is anymore," Dean growled harshly, lurching forward to glare at the demon.

"Oh, scary, Dean. Really terrifying," Aaron surged forward and forced his tongue in Dean's mouth. Dean reared back to try and get away from the slimy substance in his mouth. The demon pulled away with an obscene smack before dropping to his knees. "I know you liked it rough last time, so I'll be sure to do it the same," he mocked.

His hot mouth was over Dean's dick before he could even protest. Dean's hips bucked involuntarily, and he let out a sharp groan as he felt teeth. "Stop it!" he shouted. Aaron chuckled, the sound vibrating through Dean's crotch and making his skin crawl.

After a while, Aaron stood again and roughly kissed Dean. The hunter grunted in response, pulling away.
Dean suddenly had movement back in his limbs and he surged forward, punching the demon square in the jaw. Aaron snapped his fingers and Dean fell forward. The demon set to work, ropes wrapping tightly around Dean's wrists.

Dean was dragged to his feet and shoved into a chair, the knots tightened around the bolted table. He struggled against them, but that only seemed to make them tighter. "Don't struggle, Dean. That will only make this more painful for you," the demon crouched in front of him and gagged him. "Technically, you're still half a virgin. How do you think it'd feel to be inside someone, huh, Dean?"

At that, Dean shook his head frantically and used his legs to push himself away. Instead of working like he'd thought it would, the chair stuttered and Dean fell back, his hands squeezed underneath him for a moment. He winced at the awkward angle, breathing heavy through his nose as Aaron chuckled.

"My poor, little Dean. Don't worry, I'll make all that pain go away," the demon's eyes went black as he fixed Dean's chair and stepped back to take off his pants. Dean closed his eyes and shook his head, absolutely refusing to see the demon's naked body. Gentle hands trailed down his cheek to his jaw, and further down to his collarbones and his stomach.

"Look at me, Dean," Aaron cooed softly, a hand on Dean's knee. Dean squeezed his eyes shut tighter, red spots dancing on his eyelids. "Look at me, bitch!" he finally yelled, forcing Dean to open his eyes or risk being hurt even more. "Good."

"Oh, I should get the lube," the demon giggled at himself as he snapped his fingers. A bottle appeared in his hands and he opened it. Dean jerked at the cold substance dribbling down his legs and slathering his cock. "You're about to experience all kinds of new things today, Dean."

Dean set his head back as the demon crawled onto his lap and rubbed their dicks together. Aaron let out a small breath and looked up to Dean. "Does that feel good, Dean?"

Dean didn't take the time to reply, knowing the demon would keep going no matter what he said. His heart broke as he realized he had resigned himself to this fate, he didn't care anymore. There was no way he and Cas would ever be together after this.

His eyes widened and his head shot up as Aaron slid Dean's cock inside himself, a breathy moan leaving his mouth. The gag prevented his shouts from reaching too far in the room, but he made his raw throat even more so as he yelled for mercy.

The demon was bouncing at his own pace, not caring about Dean's pleas as he took Dean fully. "Oh God, Dean, you feel so good inside me," he called in a pant, making Dean cringe at the foul sounds it was making.

His cock was erect, which pissed him off to no end because he didn't want this. Why was he enjoying it? He didn't understand. His mind jumped to Cas, and he sent a prayer out to his angel.

'Cas, if you're listening, then please fucking help me! Please, Cas, I need you!' Aaron was laughing at him now. Dean's head bowed forward with exhaustion which caused Aaron to shudder in delight at the feeling of his soft hair on his chest.

Dean's tears tasted salty in his mouth as they finally soaked through the rag and onto his tongue. They trekked down his face in determined rivulets, raining down onto his stomach. The monster riding him bucked its hips, making Dean gasp in surprise at the twinge of pain building in his abdomen.
"Cum for me, Dean, cum for me!" Aaron called on repeat, reaching down to stroke himself as Dean closed his eyes. He was trying to keep his release in as long as possible, he didn't want to know this thing get off on his agony. "Cum for me!" he was still howling it out through gritted teeth, hand moving faster on his engorged cock. Dean felt his chest constrict as he sobbed, shaking his head roughly.

Aaron slapped him, grabbing a fistful of his hair and jerking his head back at an awkward angle. Dean muffled screams filled the room as the demon bent down and sucked a painful hickey into his neck. "Mine, Dean. You're mine!"

Dean finally broke, thrashing in the seat to try and get away. This only sent Aaron into more fits of pleasure as he drove his dick farther inside his hole. "Oh, fuck me!" the creature snarled coarsely, his voice rising in pitch.

'You sonuvabitch, save me! PLEASE!' Dean's mind whirled with message after message to Cas, showing his pain, his fear, whatever he felt. He needed someone to come and help him.

"Come on, baby, oh, God, oh f-fuck! Cum inside me, oh fuck, cum inside me!" Aaron roared, his blunt nails digging into Dean's shoulders as he cummed over their stomachs. As much as Dean held back, he couldn't stop his orgasm from ripping through him. Tidal waves sent crashing over him, splintering his edges and shattering his mind as he was racked with shoulder-shaking sobs. He couldn't even see, so many tears poured from his eyes.

Dean felt his body being wrenched apart by his torture, the stinging and buzzing jolting through him like electricity. Aaron slipped off of him and clothed himself. "Well, that was fun. Goodbye, Dean," he waved his hand and disappeared, leaving Dean humiliated and weeping.

A flutter of wings had Dean heaving through broken lungs as Castiel drew in a sharp breath and rushed to his side. "Dean, what happened? Who did this to you!?” he demanded to know, shaking Dean's shoulders. He removed the gag from his mouth and untied him.

Dean collapsed into Cas's arms and cried, clutching at his trench coat and curling his body into his knees to hide himself. Castiel simply held him, revenge and hate on his mind. Whoever did this to his soul mate would die a painfully slow death by his hands, no arguments. "I love you, Dean. You're beautiful," he whispered gently, encouraging words that did nothing to appease Dean.

His wrists burned from the rope, and he had deep, red gashes on his back from the demon's nails. Cas could see his already dim soul growing even darker, and he had no idea what it meant. "Let me take care of you," Cas pleaded comfortably. His voice was so soothing to Dean that he agreed with a nod of his head.

Cas reached out and healed Dean's physical wounds before dressing him. He was deeply upset that he was unable to heal Dean of his emotional and mental scars, but this was the best he could do. He would nurture Dean back to full health again.

When he finished dressing him, he helped him stand up and gently patted his shoulder. "Why didn't you come sooner? I prayed to you for over an hour!" Dean suddenly shouted, stepping away from Cas with a frown.

"I couldn't, Dean. My father took away my flight. I tried to get to you as soon as I heard your distress, I tried so hard, but I couldn't. I'm sorry, Dean. I know saying that isn't going to help, but I am truly sorry," Cas told him. His father had taken his flight as soon as Dean started praying, saying it needed to happen. He didn't understand why Dean must go through such agony, but his father insisted it was necessary. Cas had stormed out of the house in a daze of rage and then had flown to Dean's rescue as soon as he possibly could.
Seeing Dean tied up with a defeated gleam in his eyes, white strips of cum painting his chest and stomach and his head bowed with exhaustion, made Cas's already strained heart completely shatter. He hadn't made it in time to help him.

"I failed you," Cas whispered roughly. His eyes watered as he realized that Dean was broken because of him, Dean had been defiled because of him. "It's my fault, Dean. I'm so sorry," he said again.

"It's not your fault. It's your dad's fault. Cas, just take me home. Please, just take me home. I just wanna go home," Dean begged, beginning to cry again. Cas pulled him into a hug and flew off.

When they arrived back at Dean's motel, he pulled away and lied down on the bed. Cas turned to leave, knowing Dean wouldn't want him there. "Wait, Cas, please. Don't go. I don't want you to leave me," he called in a tiny voice. Cas thought he sounded much like a child again.

He made his way to Dean and curled up beside him. Dean kicked off his shoes and then scooted as close as he could to Cas, burying his head in his chest. Despite the unwelcome heat coiled in his stomach, he pulled his close. "Make me forget, Cas," he whispered roughly.

"Dean, I can't. I don't have that power," Cas told him sadly. Dean shook his head and moved his hands down to start unbuttoning Cas's shirt. "No. I won't take advantage of you."

"Please, Cas. I love you, please, do this for me. I need you," Dean pleaded softly, brushing their lips together in a soft kiss. Cas pulled away and sat up, conflicted.

"I don't want you to regret doing this," he said. Dean trailed his fingers gently up Cas's arm, pulling him back to him.

"I won't regret this. Just be gentle," he kissed him softly. Cas licked into his mouth and pressed against him, hands ghosting over Dean's sides like he was fragile. Cas knew in a way, Dean was fragile. His hands skimmed under the hem of the hunter's shirt, making sure to keep his touch light as he lifted the shirt above his head.

Dean's stomach jumped at the touch, and the hunter seemed to arch into his touch. He helped by sitting up so Cas could discard his shirt onto the floor. They captured each other's mouths again, Cas easing Dean back into the mattress.

He moves down to suck at Dean's nipples, relishing in the breathy moans the hunter was trying to keep at bay. Once his tongue had thoroughly massaged it, he moved to the next one. Once he finished with it, he trailed down to Dean's stomach. He knew the hunter hated the way it was never defined, no matter how much he worked out. "Beautiful," Cas mumbled as he kissed the smooth skin of his abdomen.

Dean's cheeks flushed at the praise and stared up at the ceiling. The tingling nipping at his back was receding, persistent and demanding attention, but he hardly noticed once Cas was kissing him again.

"Too many clothes," he murmured against Cas's lips. The angle pulled back and threw his trench coat to the ground, untying his tie and then setting to work on the buttons as Dean watched. Once the white shirt was on the floor, Dean eyed Cas's muscled skin with reverence. He reached out and ran his hands over the firm flesh of his stomach, enjoying the way they pressed and pulled against his palm.

Cas bent down and nibbled at his mouth, asking for entrance. Dean offered it to him quickly, glad to be rid of the seemingly constant buzzing all over. It had disappeared at Cas's first touch.
Dean reached down to unbuckle Cas's belt, fumbling only slightly before tossing it to the floor. The zipper came down next, and Dean realized Cas was following his lead when he felt colder air rushing over him. Cas scooted out of his grasp and shifted Dean's jeans down. "Up," he ordered.

Dean did as he was told and raised his hips to make it easier for Cas to remove them. He threw them to the floor, followed by his socks, and then reached up to his boxers. The oceans of his eyes found Dean's, seeming to ask for permission. Dean nodded so slightly, he wasn't sure he'd done it.

Cas noticed. He gently pulled the boxers down, Dean lifting his hips again and watching as the fabric was bundled into the corner. Before he knew it, Cas was on his knees ridding himself of his own pants. The elastic of his boxers stretched as he leaned forward to kiss Dean's thighs.

Dean blushed again as he realized Cas was staring deep into his forest green eyes, tongue laving softly over the reddening skin. "I love when you blush, Dean. It brings out your freckles," he whispered huskily. He didn't focus on Dean's naked cock, which made the hunter more comfortable. Cas came up to lick into his mouth again and ran a hand through Dean's soft hair.

The hunter let out a soft moan and wrapped his arms around Cas's shoulders to pull him closer. Cas smiled slightly as he pulled away, making Dean click his tongue in disappointment. He watched Cas slide his boxers off to leave him as naked as Dean.

Dean propped himself up, about to turn onto his back, but Cas's hand on his chest stopped him. "I want to be able to see you," he told him. Dean nodded and allowed Cas to gently push him back onto the bed. Cas pressed his body over Dean's, slotting their limbs together perfectly. He ground his hips down into Dean's and earned a moan from him at the contact.

Dean's eyes slid to a close at the pleasure, his own waist raising to meet Cas's rhythm. Cas bobbed his head down to kiss at Dean's neck, gentle so he doesn't leave a mark. He wouldn't bruise Dean's body after it had already been beaten and broken by other people. No, Cas would worship this body like it was supposed to be loved.

"You're perfect," he said lovingly. Dean shook his head slightly at that, refused to open his eyes and see Cas's adoring face. "Beautiful," he repeated. His eyes found Dean's and leaned up again to kiss him.

"You're beautiful," he mumbled against his lips. Dean grunted as Cas thrust his hips, his erection gliding along Dean's in a wonderful sensation. "Does it feel good, Dean?" Cas asked him quietly. Dean groaned in reply, burying his head in Cas's neck as he urged him to go faster with simple breaths.

Castiel let out a soft breath as he felt the smooth slide of Dean against his hip, bliss filling his mind. This was his soul mate, to take care of and love and worship. He would make him feel better than anything he'd ever experienced before. He would make his hunter soar.

Dean's sweet breath in his neck drove him mad, so he pulled away and trailed kisses down his body. He left his dick untouched, simply because he wanted to ease into the actual sex aspect of it all. To make Dean comfortable.

It wasn't long before Cas grew bored with kissing Dean's skin. He met Dean's eyes again to make sure this was what he wanted, but the hunter was blessed out with dilated pupils and hooded lids. Cas gently took Dean into his mouth.

At the strangled gasp from Dean, Cas realized he hadn't expected it to come. He settled down relatively quickly, so Cas continued sucking. Dean was heavy in his mouth, a little wider than he'd been expecting, but it was nice. The slightly salty taste was welcome on his tongue. He drew
away, cupped his balls with one hand and stroked his shaft with the other, licking at the tip gingerly. This elicited a high moan from the hunter.

"Oh, God, fuck...." Dean squeezed his eyes shut and bucked his hips involuntarily. Cas didn't mind, mostly because he didn't need to breathe, but also because he was bringing Dean pleasure. Dean's fists clenched the sheets tightly. The air in the room was growing hot and smelled of sex.

Cas suckled at Dean's balls, trailing up with his tongue on the shaft. Dean lets out a keening groan that fills the room. Cas pulled away, snapping his fingers and making a bottle appear in his hands.

"Top or bottom, Dean?" he wondered. Dean flushed as he shrugged slightly.

"I don't care," he finally replied.

"I won't accept that, Dean," Cas told him.

Dean sighed heavily, looking away as he said, "Bottom, then," and scooted a bit farther down on the bed. Cas gave him a slightly triumphant smirk and nodded.

"Care to do the honors?" Cas offered him the bottle, sitting back on his ankles. Dean hesitantly took the lube and opened it, applying it thickly to Cas's cock. Dean couldn't even comprehend the length or the beautiful way the tip puckered a pretty pink.

Dean reached out and gently stroked up Cas's shaft, glancing up at him to see if he was doing it properly. Cas dropped his head back and hit his lip to keep himself from making too much noise. Dean's calloused hands felt like heaven on him, rough and soft at the same time.

When Dean had coated Cas's dick in copious amounts of lube, he pulled his hand away and let Cas mold him. He could feel Cas's penis at his opening, pushing and prodding gently past the tight bunch of muscles. Dean tried to relax himself, but Cas was already speaking soothing words that made everything loosen.

And then he was inside. Dean writhed slightly underneath him, attempting to rid himself of the pressure between his legs. "Relax. Focus on me," Cas ordered sweetly. Dean nodded once, looking up into Cas's drunken blue eyes.

Pushing. Dean took a sharp breath in. A small thrust. Dean groaned with pleasure. Another wiggle of the hips. Dean shuddered and his toes curled as he tried to keep still. "Fuck, Cas, I love you so much," he called like it was a prayer. He could feel the heat curling in his stomach as he moved with Cas.

Cas's breathing was starting to become heavy. His serious layer had disappeared while Dean watched, the hard lines under his eyes erased and his rigid shoulders lax. Seeing him lose control made Dean feel even better.

Cas's hips thrusted with more force, driving himself in deeper. Dean moaned as waves of agonizing pleasure whipped through him. This felt much different than with the demon, his body responding because he wanted it to, not because he was being forced.

This was love. With the demon, it had been only about sex. "Dean, I'm not going to last much longer," Cas sighed with a tense grunt, his eyes squeezing shut as he thrusted again. Dean shook his head and pulled Cas down to him, arms wrapped around his shoulders as Cas draped himself over the hunter and continued fucking him.

Dean's moans were quickly turning to high, keening notes that sung to the heavens his pleasure. His body was beginning to quake with every stroke of Cas inside him and he could no longer hold
still. He writhed under Cas's strong grip, unable to keep his nails from digging into the angel's shoulder blades.

Just as he felt he was going to burst, Cas's hips stuttered to a stop and warmth spread through him. He came a moment later, Cas and he still moving slowly to ride out their orgasms. Cas's breathing was thick and warm, his mouth hanging open, his eyes closed, and his head thrown back as wave after wave of pleasure racked his body. Dean was practically sobbing now as Cas held him through it.

Once he began to calm down, he felt an itching at his back. Cas rolled off of him and snuggled into him. Dean cuddled close, closing his eyes. "Thank you," he whispered gratefully. Cas simply drew him closer and sighed.

Dean felt the itching again, more intense this time. It was different from the tingling sensation he felt. He shifted in the bed and earned a small groan of annoyance from Cas. "Can you scratch my back?" he wondered. Cas raised an eyebrow in question but nodded.

Dean flipped onto his stomach but froze at the gasp from Cas. "Oh," was all he said. Dean propped himself up, but Cas was already stumbling off the bed and to the other wall.

The itching turned into burning, bones shifted under his skin. He screamed and clawed at his back. "Cas, what's happening to me!?"

"I don't know!" Cas answered quickly. At the sincerity in his voice, Dean started hyperventilating. The pressure under his skin made white spots dance in his vision, threatening to make him pass out. Just as he was sure he'd black out, two enormous wings emerged from his back.

Stretched out, they were bigger than the room, so they curled up to touch the ceiling. Dean's eyes widened as he stared at them. "What the fuck!? What is this!?" he yelled.

"You're an angel. You turned into an angel," Cas whispered in awe. The wings seemed to curve towards Cas's voice, the forest green tips matched his eyes and the white feathers were bright and pure.

"I turned into an angel?" Dean asked loudly. At the words, he and Cas were sent racing through and endless expanse of white.
Dean opened his eyes to find himself in a room. He was fully clothed once again. His eyes filtered in a weird, yellow-toned light flowing in from the windows that filled the entire back wall. There was an industrial desk in front of him, and a woman in a sharply pressed suit with her red hair up in a tight bun sitting in the chair.

"Hello, Dean Winchester," she greeted in a firm voice.

"Where's Cas?" Dean asked immediately. He didn't like this unfamiliar woman, the tingling in his spine was back with a fury as she came around to sit against the front of the metal desk.

"Castiel? He's tied up elsewhere," the woman told him with an awkward smile.

"Where am I?" Dean asked next, feeling like that was an important question to know the answer to.

"You're in heaven, Dean. Where you rightfully belong," the woman replied pointedly. "And I am Naomi," she added with a curt nod.

"Ok, Naomi, why am I in heaven?" Dean wondered with a slight nervous laughter that vibrated in his chest and fizzled out before it could even echo through the room. Did she suddenly look familiar?

"You are an angel now, Dean. Newly made angels are given a - what you'd call a tour - of your new home," said Naomi. Dean gazed at her with confusion before stepping away.

"Look, lady, I didn't ask to turned into an angel, all right? I don't even know how it happened. All I know is that some demon tried to stop it," Dean snapped as his gaze turned icy and his voice went cold.

"A demon? What demon? What was its name? And what did it tell you?" Naomi quickly asked, stepping forward with urgency. Her heeled shoes clicked on the linoleum and sent shivers through Dean's body.

"Its name was Aaron. And he told me that I was the first human to be souled to an angel," Dean felt like he shouldn't have told this woman that, especially because of the sudden flare of anger in her blue eyes.

"Don't listen to that abomination. It doesn't know anything!" Naomi suddenly exclaimed as she straightened and stepped toward Dean once again.

"It sure seems like he did. He somehow knew I was gonna turn into a friggin' angel," Dean said in disbelief.
"The only thing the demons know is what we allow them to know. He wouldn't have known what would happen if you hadn't changed, or if you had changed early. They don't know any of it," Naomi snapped rudely as she glared at Dean.

He managed to take a step back, even in his shock, and stared at the strange woman standing in front of him with rage in her eyes. "All right," he said in a strangled whisper that made his throat ache. He missed Cas and wondered absently where his angel was.

"Where's Cas?" Dean finally asked again. Naomi glared at him, her nostrils flared.

"Not here. He's not allowed back in heaven right now," she snapped.

"What? Why?" Dean wondered with surprise.

"He's made mistakes, Dean. That's why his wings are impure. Two different colors, one of them black? Disgusting," Naomi shuddered as she spoke, acting like she wasn't saying it front of Dean.

"Don't talk about him like that!" Dean exclaimed harshly. Naomi smirked triumphantly and chuckled.

"Finally, an emotion from you besides confusion and stupidity," she muttered. Dean felt his fists clench by his sides as he glared at her.

"What would've happened if I changed too early or too late?" Dean finally questioned rudely as he crossed his arms over his chest to seem bigger.

"Nothing to worry yourself about, dear," Naomi stated in a sarcastic voice that made the tone rise into an obnoxious register. Dean ground his teeth together violently to keep his rage at bay as long as he possibly could.

"Castiel is known for rebelling, so I'm not surprised that this is another mark on his record," Naomi continued as she gazed down at her nails with waning interest. "And before you ask, yes, we do keep records in heaven. We'd never be able to know which ones to punish properly if we didn't," she went on with a grin.

"And Castiel has received a lot of punishment for his marks."

"I don't care what he's done, you bitch. It doesn't change how I feel about him," Dean snapped in a rush.

"Would it change if you knew he lied to you about being unable to get to you? That the only reason he couldn't was because he was busy getting Sam to us?" Naomi wondered in a feigned innocent voice.

"That's bullshit," replied Dean roughly.

"Really? It doesn't make you wonder why he didn't mention your little brother when he got you back?" Naomi asked him with a hint of shock in her voice. "Oh, that's right. You were busy trying to have sex with him," she laughed at that.

"That's not-"

"Oh, and Aaron I'm sure had fun that second time," she added, looking up at Dean right as he threw a punch. She barely flinched under his touch, and he grabbed his hand and flexed it with a pained expression.
"What the hell?"

"Just because you're an angel doesn't mean you can harm others. Especially not one as high up as me," Naomi replied haughtily, her voice sneering.

"A bitch like you is considered a high-up angel? What the hell is with God's classifications, huh? He's not very good at doing this stuff, now is he?" Dean wondered as he watched Naomi roll her eyes.

"He doesn't care about us. He lets us do as we wish, Dean, and that hasn't changed in millennia. And the insults won't work on me, I don't care what you call me," Naomi told him wearily as she leaned back into her desk.

"I'm told that Castiel is worried about you, Dean. About how dull your soul has become recently," Naomi commented in the sudden silence. "He's worried you won't be ready," she continued.

"Ready? For what?" Dean demanded as he raised an eyebrow in curiosity.

"For the big day, Dean. He's worried you won't be ready for your reveal," Naomi answered with a tense laugh.

"Reveal? Is that what the kids are calling it these days?" Dean asked with a snort as he looked down and away from her.

"Not like that, Dean. You won't understand until it's time, and then - well, then it'll be too late to go back," replied Naomi. Her lips turned up into a smirk as she plotted in her head, and Dean was left with a sense of dread clawing at the back of his throat.

"Fuck you," Dean suddenly piped up with a smile.

"I could gladly burn your wings to nothing, Dean. And that would cause catastrophic events, mainly to Castiel. Terrible things he'd go through if I took those away from you, you ignorant brat!" Naomi exclaimed, her fist slamming onto the desk before she straightened and stared at Dean with eyes full of malice.

"I think we're done here," Dean noted before stepping away and thinking of returning to his motel on earth. With that thought, he was hurtling off at unfathomable speeds. His eyes widened as he opened them to see the ground racing up to his face, and his fear of flight made his heartbeat quicken as he let out a scream.

His wings billowed out behind him on instinct and slowed his descent. Dean landed in a messy pile on the floor, his limbs scattered out around him and his white wings trapped in the room above him.

"Dean!" Cas stood up and hurried to help Dean stand, hands firmly on his shoulders. Dean's wings fluttered away from Cas, pulling tight on his shoulders and brushing against the opposite wall. Cas's eyes flickered with unshed emotion.

"What does that mean? Why are they doing that?" Dean wondered. As Cas reached forward to touch the pristine feathers, the wing curled farther away. "Cas?" Dean searched Cas's face for some sign of what this meant.

"Nothing, it means nothing," Cas retracted his hand once more and took a step back. His own wings materialized slowly in the air, the single white feather seemed ragged and unkempt against the surrounding ebony ones.
His wings stretched forward and Dean's immediately swept toward him and wrapped themselves beneath Cas's, sweeping up to touch the undersides of them. "What's happening?" Dean asked with interest and a hint of worry.

"Your wings connect to your soul, Dean. They signify your mood, but they can interact with other angels' wings to show dominance, power, anything," Cas explained as his wings laid flat on top of Dean's. The feathers barely touched, but Dean could feel it like electricity running up his spine.

"What does this mean?" Dean wondered.

"It's hard to explain, exactly," Cas told him as a slight blush appeared on his cheeks. "It indicates trust, mostly, and a sense of affection or even love and... courtship," he finished with embarrassment.

"Courtship? Like marriage?" Dean asked with a laugh as he looked at Cas. His dark feathers ruffled slightly as they brushed against Dean's.

"Uh - I - yeah, sure. That is the human term," Cas stuttered before stepping away and drawing his wings back with what looked like a lot of effort.

"Why won't they let you touch them, though. What does that mean?" Dean wondered as his own wings stretched farther forward to brush against Cas's. Dean's eyes went wide at the sensitive sensation and he took a deep breath to calm his heart.

"They're sensitive, as I'm sure you've just discovered. They only allow certain individuals to touch them. Your wings are also new, they don't always cooperate as you want them to," Cas replied.
"That also means they will be harder to conceal," he added with a sigh.

"The lady mentioned Sam, where is he?" Dean suddenly remembered with a flash of fear.

"What lady?" Cas wondered.

"Doesn't matter, Cas. Where's Sam?" Dean questioned again. Cas's eyes flicked away from Dean's for a split second before returning. "Look me in the eye and tell me you didn't take Sam."

There was a moment of silence while Cas stared at Dean before finally dropping his eyes and looking away. "Son of a bitch, Cas. You stole my baby brother?!"

"It's hard to explain, Dean. I did it to protect you," Cas stated firmly.

"Protect me? Bullshit, man. I trusted you to look for him, and then you give him to heaven and its mental angels. For what?" Dean snapped as he stepped away from the angel. His wings flapped once, making Cas back away as they stretched above him to full length in the room.

"You have to trust me, Dean. I did this for you," Cas said again.

"Trust you? How the fuck am I supposed to trust you after this?" Dean asked with a snarl as he glared at Cas. "You lied to me, Cas, and you gave my little brother to - to a bunch of junkless hammers!"

Cas looked taken aback as he stared at Dean. "I don't understand. Sam is safe," he replied.

"Oh, that's real reassuring. It doesn't change the fact that you betrayed me. And for what?" Dean asked again.

"I don't-"
"For what!?" Dean roared, his wings ruffled and pulled tight against his body. "For - for acceptance!? To atone for your mistakes that made you have two different colors in your wings!? For what!?!"

"How did you-?" Cas cut himself off and narrowed his gaze. "The mistakes I have made are not something to be taken lightly. And I don't appreciate you bringing it up, especially when I don't even know where you found out."

"Yeah? Well, I don't appreciate you stealing my brother! So fuck you!" Dean exclaimed before turning away. Cas walked up to him and grabbed a fistful of his feathers, making Dean arch his back and flap his wings in an attempt to get away. The tendons in his wings stretched past Cas's hand desperately as Dean finally yanked away and turned to shove him away, a pained expression on his face. "What the hell!?"

"I will not let you jeopardize this mission! This isn't about Sam, or me, or even you! This is about something far bigger than any of us can imagine!" Cas yelled at him, his face stoic and passive despite the sharp tone of his voice.

"I couldn't care less about your mission. I'm not gonna sit back and watch you steal my brother from me. Where did you hide him?" Dean questioned in a demanding tone.

"I'm not telling you, Dean," Cas announced, "and you won't get in the way, because if you do, I will personally take care of it," he finished sharply.

"You're threatening me?" Dean asked in surprise. Cas simply glared at him before flying off, leaving Dean standing by the door with shock on his face. There was a long moment where Dean considered going to heaven and finding Sam himself, but he decided against that since he didn't know how heaven worked.

Dean sat on the bed and curled his wings around himself to try and make himself warm. It was a while before he finally stood up and inspected his wings. He'd have to figure out how to conceal them soon, so better start now instead of later. He reached out and ran his hands through the feathers to straighten them out. It felt nice when he finally massaged the sore muscle where Cas had twisted his feathers the wrong way, but he tried not to dwell on that.

Cas wasn't who he had thought he was. He needed to talk to Chuck. Maybe that would clear some things up for him. Dean thought of Cas's mansion. He could feel his wings raise and flap once, rocketing him up into the air so fast it took his breath away.

He arrived inside Cas's house (only stumbling slightly) and looked around to see Balthazar, Ezekiel, and Michael staring at him in shock. "The change happened already?" Michael wondered.

"Father!" Ezekiel called at the same time to summon Chuck. Balthazar simply admired Dean's wings with an appraising eye, reaching out to smooth a rucked feather. Dean expected his wing to pull away, but it gladly pushed forward into Balthazar's hand and allowed him to fix it. Once they pulled away, Dean realized just how huge they were. Stretched to their full length, they still barely fit in the gigantic living room.

Chuck came out and froze with horror written on his features when he saw Dean. "You're an angel already?"

"I - uh - yeah, I guess so," Dean answered with a shrug. Chuck hurried over and pushed Ezekiel out of the way just as he stepped forward.
"This is bad. This wasn't supposed to happen for another week," he informed them all with worry.

"So Castiel?" Michael asked, concern lacing his tone, which surprised Dean. "Will he be alright?"

"No, no. Castiel will.... It won't be good. Has he done anything to you yet, Dean?" Chuck wondered quickly, turning Dean's head to the side to gaze at his neck.

"Depends," Dean mumbled through his awkwardly shaped mouth that Chuck's fingers made.

"Anything...violent?" Chuck reiterated.

"He hurt my wing," replied Dean as he tried to pull his face away. Chuck's grip only tightened as he pulled Dean closer and grabbed one of his arms.

"Hurt how? In what way? Where?" Chuck questioned in quick succession.

"He twisted my feathers. Back here," Dean motioned near his shoulder and nearly tripped when Chuck turned him around roughly and brushed his fingers through the wing. Dean held back a strangled noise and bit his lip.

"They don't look too damaged," Chuck commented quietly. Michael and Dean exchanged a look, both of them a bit on edge.

"What's gonna happen to Cas?" Dean asked him in concern.

"If you had transformed late, he would've been killed. Early... it can cause complications in an angel's mind. It will make him change, he'll become more susceptible to anything. Demons will be able to penetrate his mind easier," explained Chuck after he pulled away and let Dean's wing go.

"He's gonna go dark side?" Dean wondered.

"In a nutshell, yeah," Balthazar agreed.

"Balthazar," Chuck reprimanded softly. "That's a harsh way to put it," he added to Dean in a quiet voice.

"Yes, well, Castiel will no longer care for Dean. Soul mate or not, he will try and kill him, and that is not a lie," Ezekiel spoke up finally, his gruff voice taking Dean by surprise.

"Wait, what?" Dean laughed nervously as he asked.

"Ezekiel!" Chuck exclaimed with a rough sigh. "You three get out. Michael, keep your brothers and sisters out," he ordered while he shoved them out of the room and made Michael stand guard.

"Is Ezekiel telling the truth about Cas?" questioned Dean in a soft voice.

"I'm afraid so. But it's not just you, he's gonna try and kill any of us he sees, Dean. I know that's not much of a comfort, but it's all I can offer you," Chuck answered quickly.

"Aren't you God? Can't you fix this?" Dean suddenly wondered.

"I'm not as powerful as you humans tend to think. Not right now, I've lost a lot of my power. That's why I'm in this form. I'm hoping to regain it in time for the battle, though," Chuck told him.

"Battle? Is that what your forbade Cas from telling me?" Dean asked bitterly.

"I never forbade him from telling you anything, Dean. Did he tell you I did?" Chuck queried like
it was a surprise.

"Yeah, he kinda did," Dean agreed.

"There's something far more sinister at work, then. Something more than just you turning early. He's keeping secrets from you? What is happening to my angel?" Chuck turned away from Dean, deep in thought.

Dean didn't say anything else, confusion racing through his mind as he wondered why the hell Cas was lying and keeping secrets from him. "Father!" Michael's yell interrupted them as the others flooded in with frantic screams and wide eyes.

Constantine and Daniel were holding Samandriel between them. "He killed him!" Constantine exclaimed hysterically as Asariel tried to console him.

"Who!?" Chuck asked in a rush, going over to inspect the wound through Samandriel's chest. Blood welled out of the hole and dripped onto the pristine white carpet.

"Castiel," Gabriel breathed quietly.

"That's... What?" Dean looked at all 15 of them.

"Becky. Where's Becky?" Chuck asked suddenly, glancing between them all. Michael and Metatron shrugged. Daniel, Constantine, Asariel, and Anael all looked away. Lucifer glanced at Gabriel, Balthazar, Bartholomew, Gadreel, Ezekiel, and Raphael as they all shifted awkwardly. Even Uriel looked a little uneasy.

"Naomi is missing as well," Metatron mentioned. Dean's head whipped around to stare at him.

"Naomi? She was in heaven... She - she welcomed me when I became an angel," Dean informed them all. Chuck glanced at Lucifer and Michael with a knowing look.

"Mom left the house," Anael added to them all. Chuck nodded and then had a thought.

"How did Cas get to Samandriel?" he asked Daniel and Constantine.

"He flew inside while we were talking...." Constantine trailed off and shuddered unhappily.

"And stabbed him through the chest with this silver knife," Daniel finished sadly. "We never saw him coming," he went on with teary eyes as he stared down at Samandriel's lifeless body.

"Did Castiel leave after he... did this?" Lucifer questioned them firmly, raising an eyebrow as he crossed his arms.

"We're not sure. He disappeared, but it was hard to tell his destination," Daniel spoke for them both.

"We need to stay together," commented Michael.

"Michael is right. Everyone needs to make sure Cas doesn't get to Dean," Chuck agreed. The other angels circled Dean immediately, avoiding eye contact with anyone.

"Wait, why should I be protected above everyone else? I'm pretty sure Cas is afraid of me right now," Dean pointed out in a rush.

"If Cas kills you, he dies too. You two are connected in ways you can't even imagine, Dean. Just trust me on this," Chuck commanded sternly. "Stay in the middle," he continued when Dean tried
"This is bullshit," Dean snapped. "If he's gonna try and kill his whole family, then why not let him die?" he questioned harshly, earning looks of horror from the others.

"He's your soul mate, Dean," Chuck reminded him.

"Yeah, a pretty piss poor one. He stole my brother and gave him over to heaven. And he's killing us off like animals in a slaughter," Dean pointed out roughly, glaring at them all with malevolence in his eyes.

"We can't let him die, you ignorant mud-monkey. He's important," Uriel growled back.

"Uriel is right. We cannot allow Castiel to be hurt," Raphael agreed softly.

"If he's so damn important, then why the hell didn't you stop me from turning into an angel too soon!?” Dean asked Chuck violently as he thrust his hand out at them all. Daniel and Gabriel stepped back out of fear and looked to Chuck for answers.

"I'm not in control of that! I've never been in control of new angels being created," Chuck replied with as much fervor as he could muster.

"Yeah? Then who is?" Dean questioned bitterly.

"I don't know! It's never happened before! You're the first human to ever go through these changes because you're the first to ever be souled to one of them!" Chuck announced frantically.

Dean looked taken aback at that. "So the demon was right?"

"Yes. I hate to say it, but yes," Chuck agreed. Dean took a deep breath and sat down on the couch, Balthazar, Metatron, and Bartholomew following his lead. His wings splayed out behind him and fell onto the floor, the tips touching the back wall.

"Can I ask why he gets the biggest wings when he's practically a baby?" Balthazar wondered, looking over at Chuck who was pacing nervously.

"Oh, I don't know, Balth, maybe because he's the one to stop it all?" Chuck suggested sarcastically.

"Stop what?" Dean asked.

"The battle, Dean. You're big reveal. Dean Winchester starring as the savior of all mankind and angels alike. Nifty, huh?" Gabriel smirked and held up a thumbs up before crossing his arms and brooding.

"I'm supposed to stop a battle with angels? But, come on, I'm only one guy. What could I possibly do to help? Much less stop this thing? I mean, what the hell? This is crazy," Dean replied as he dropped his gaze to the floor.

"Which is why you must die now, Dean. I cannot allow you to stop this battle," Castiel appeared before the angels and Chuck, brandishing a long silver blade in his right hand. His eyes narrowed as the others tightened their circle around Dean and readied themselves for a fight.

"Now, wait a second! This battle isn't supposed to happen yet, Cas! Stop changing the events! You - you're ruining the story!" Chuck exclaimed in a pleading tone as he stepped in front of all of
them.

"There's no time to wait."

Chapter End Notes

Please leave a comment for improvements, typos, or constructive criticism so I can make these stories better for my readers. Thank you! :)
Chapter Summary

The strange green light seemed to encircle all of his body now, circling around him and correcting any pain he'd just felt. It filled his vision, Zachariah cowering and falling over himself to escape.

"It's you," he said in astonishment, his voice quiet.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Cas, let's think about this for a minute, alright? If you kill me, you die, Cas. Did your little buddies tell you that?" Dean stood up so he could see over the heads of the angels.

"I'm aware, Dean. I've been aware. What you have failed to see, is that I am willing to make a sacrifice to make sure this war happens as it's supposed to," Cas replied darkly.

"It's not supposed to happen yet! You're not supposed to be like this, it's all wrong!" Chuck declared in a rush, practically begging Castiel to see that.

"Perhaps you should have controlled this better, then. It's your fault," snapped Cas as he turned the blade on him.

"Back off!" Michael snarled as he stepped in front of Chuck, earning a look of surprise from Dean. "Take another step and I'll smite you where you stand. You're our brother, Castiel, don't make us fight yet," he told him roughly.

"Listen to reason, Castiel. You cannot kill Dean, or start the fight. This isn't you," Raphael spoke up next. Dean glanced at him with shock. He didn't realize how much his brothers cared for Cas, even if they seemed to hate him.

"You're wrong, brother. This is who I am," Castiel snapped

"If you're so ready to fight, then get on with it," Metatron muttered unhappily, his arms crossed over his chest.

"Don't encourage the rebellion!" Balthazar exclaimed in a rush as he slapped Metatron in the arm. They glared at each other until Castiel suddenly lunged forward toward Dean.

He jumped back, nearly tripping over the couch until his wings gave a flap and helped him over, and watched Michael counter with his own attack. The archangel slammed his elbow into Cas's face, gaining a pained moan from the younger angel as he fell back.

The blade slipped from his grasp and slid to Daniel. He picked it up hurriedly. Castiel stood up again and tackled Michael. He punched him in the face once before Lucifer was on him, grabbing the back of his shirt and easily tossing him into the wall. Cas's form left a hole where he hit, dazing him for a moment.

There was a quiet moment as Cas seemed to surge forward in slow motion, knocking Lucifer to
the ground as Bartholomew and Gabriel raced forward to hold him back. He thrashed in their grip and clawed at Gabriel's arms, leaving welts behind.

Uriel finally stepped forward and pressed his hand against Cas's forehead. The angel slumped in Bartholomew's arm and fell silent. "What the hell did you do to him?" Dean wondered after helping Lucifer stand.

"He will be fine, Dean. He just won't be waking up for a while," Raphael answered as he dragged Cas away to rest against the wall.

"Well, shit," Chuck suddenly growled as he made his way over to Samandriel. He set his hand against the angel's cheek and closed his eyes, a bright blue light encompassing them. Dean could see the grace trekking through Samandriel's body and repairing everything, and suddenly he was gasping for air and scrambling away from the group.

"How did you do that?" Dean wondered in awe.

"Seems since Cas decided to kind of jumpstart the battle I've got a lot of my power back. I won't be able to stay in this form for much longer," Chuck explained bitterly.

Samandriel noticed Cas and jumped up, hiding behind Dean's massive wingspan. "Is he awake?" he asked in a small voice, looking terrified.

"No. Uriel made him pass out," Dean assured him gently. Samandriel nodded slightly and let out a breath, his tense shoulders relaxing a little.


The angels hurried to follow his orders and vanished one by one to heaven. "The battle is going to happen soon, isn't it?" Anael asked when the last of the others had flown off.

"Yes, Anael, I'm afraid it is. You, Raphael, and Ezekiel need to go with Dean into the yard and teach him to fight like an angel," Chuck told them.

"Like an angel? Do I get cool powers like Uriel?" Dean wondered curiously.

"Yes. Many angels have powers that others do not. For instance, Castiel is a healer. He will be a valuable addition to the Temporals," Ezekiel nearly snarled at him.

"Ezekiel, brother, be calm. Dean has no information regarding the Temporals, it is best to keep it at bay," Gadreel spoke up gently.

"Ezekiel, will you be able to help teach Dean?" Chuck asked him with worry.

"I will be fine, father," Ezekiel said. He seemed a bit calmer now, so Raphael led them all outside. Dean stretched his wings above his head, closing his eyes as the wind blew through the feathers and cooled him off. They were able to go to their full height, far above the tops of the surrounding trees. When he opened his eyes, the others were staring at him in awe.

"They're so radiant, Dean. It's like they're drawing power from the sun," Anael told them as she watched the green tips glow.

"You are right. Perhaps his power includes the sun?" Ezekiel suggested to Raphael.
"Do you feel any different, Dean?" Raphael wondered. Dean thought for a moment, asking himself if anything felt different in his body.

"Not really. I just feel... I dunno, energized?" he shrugged. Raphael shared a look with Anael and then stepped forward, his hand outstretched toward Dean. Before he could lay his hand on him, fire sprouted out around Dean and engulfed him in flames.

"Whoa!" Dean exclaimed as he jumped back. The grass below him was unharmed, but Raphael has yanked his hand away so suddenly, Dean was worried.

"It's holy fire! Only other angels are hurt by it," Anael exclaimed once she noticed the burn on Raphael's palm. "This is good!"

"I'm on fire, Anael! How the hell do I stop it?" Dean questioned with a harsh tone.

"One would assume you have to retract the wings," Ezekiel commented wisely. "Perhaps we should focus on withdrawing them before we fight. That way he cannot harm us," he added.

"Good idea," agreed Raphael. "Dean, focus on collecting all your power inside you. Think of drawing your wings into your body, imagine them getting smaller," he ordered. Even as he spoke the words, Dean's wings retracted and the fire around him was extinguished.

"Nice. You're a quick learner," Anael praised with a smile. Dean shrugged slightly, looking taken aback by their happy faces.

"It's nothing really. So teach me how to fight," Dean suggested readily, squaring his stance as Asariel rolled her eyes at him.

"You have to learn to protect yourself first, Dean," she commented.

"I've got the holy fire. With that I'm basically invincible," Dean said back. Raphael snorted and shook his head.

"That's not how it works, Dean. There may be angels on the Temporals' side that could be like you. They may not be harmed by the holy fire," he pointed out. "Besides, since it took so long for the fire to ignite, it might be beneficial to you," he added sternly when Dean rolled his eyes.

"Raphael is correct. It is wiser for you to gain the knowledge of defense before we teach you fighting techniques," Ezekiel agreed.

"Yeah, yeah, I get it. Let's just get this over with," Dean finally muttered. Anael and Ezekiel stepped back and allowed Raphael to take his place in front of the newfound angel.

"We will each teach you something. I will teach you to defend yourself, Anael will be responsible for teaching you to fight. Ezekiel will help you learn to control your powers," Raphael explained as Dean nodded in understanding.

Sometime during their practice, Sam came out running to Dean and hugged him.

"Dean! You're ok! I was so worried about you, and when Chuck brought me here I was even more confused. He said Cas was trying to kill everyone, but I don't understand that. I'm just really-
"

"Sammy, it's alright, man. Take a breath," exclaimed Dean to interrupt his rambling. "Look, it's kinda hard to explain right now, but there's something wrong with Cas and I'm not a human anymore - I'm an angel - but we've got it figured out. How did you get here? Are you alright?"
Dean asked him gently.

"I'm fine. One second I was in a dark room with no sound and then suddenly I was here. Wait... Did you say you're an angel? With wings and everything?" Sam wondered with curiosity, looking up at Dean with wide eyes and a seemingly happy smile.

"Yeah. They're huge too. Bigger than all of theirs," said Dean as he motioned to Raphael, Ezekiel, and Anael.

"Can I see them?" Sam asked hesitantly. Dean straightened up and glanced back at the other angels who shook their heads.

"Sorry, Sammy. I've got to keep them under wraps or else I become the sun basically," Dean explained with a dismissive wave of his hand.

Sam looked up at him and tilted his head, "What?" he asked in confusion. Dean simply laughed and shook his head, moving back to Ezekiel.

"May we continue?" Ezekiel questioned impatiently. Dean nodded and Sam stepped back out of fear, huddling by one of the trees to watch from a distance. They started again on his power, Ezekiel patiently helping Dean meditate and keep his breathing even.

"Why am I meditating again?" Dean finally wondered when he felt no different.

"In order to have control, you have to be calm. So we meditate. We must connect the chakras and clear our minds of negative thought and become one with ourselves in order to control our power well," Ezekiel explained calmly, his voice full of authority and still somehow gentle.

Dean rolled his eyes but continued on with the deep breathing and trying to "cleanse" his mind. Like Ezekiel had said, he imagined breathing out a dark cloud and breathing in pure light, grounding himself. Imagined roots burying deep into the ground and a bright light extending from his head to help ground him as well.

"It's working. I can see your grace is flowing smoothly throughout your body. That means your chakras are in line and connected. Just keep meditating and you will be ready for the battle," Ezekiel helped Dean stand. Dean could tell his body was lighter and he felt more secure in his skin.

Even after all the demon had done. He felt more pure than ever. Maybe meditating would be more beneficial for him than he'd thought.

"Dean! We need you inside right now!" Chuck came running out to grab his arm and pull him into the house.

"What? Why?" he asked in confusion.

"The Temporals! They've sensed us," Michael called as he hurried to usher the other angels inside. "They'll be here within the hour. Naomi has shared her alliance with them, we couldn't get her back, father."

"It doesn't matter. After the war is over I'm going to restart. Everything will be different. It'll be fine, Michael. We need to get Dean inside and prepped for this," Chuck ordered as he motioned for Sam to follow them. "Michael, you take everyone upstairs and get them sorted like we used to. Then come back to help with Dean."

"Of course," Michael hurried back inside with Raphael, Anael, and Ezekiel following close
behind him.

Chuck led Sam and Dean into the living room where Cas was still unconscious. "Is Cas gonna be ok?" asked Sam nervously when he noticed the slumped body.

"He'll be fine. Sam go down to the basement and stay down there until Dean comes back to get you. Go!" Chuck pushed him to the basement door. "You should rest while you can. The Temporals are unforgiving in their fighting," he turned to warn Dean.

"I'm not ready for this, Chuck. I'm just one guy, how am I supposed to stop this whole war? Even if I am an angel now, I don't know enough to prevent this from destroying the world!" Dean exclaimed to the man.

Chuck grabbed Dean's shoulder and gave him a grim look. "I believe in you, Dean. And that's all that matters. You can do this, I know you can. Now rest," he motioned to the couch and made him lay down.

Dean closed his eyes and fell into sleep faster than he'd thought possible.

"Dean, open your eyes," a woman's voice prompted gently. Dean thought he recognized this voice. "Dee, it's me. It's Mary."

Dean opened his eyes to see his mother there. She smiled gratefully and held her arms out for a hug, which Dean quickly accepted. "Are you real?" he asked her.

"You're dreaming, honey. I heard that you became an angel, Dean. I told you angels were watching over you," Mary's eyes softened. She looked radiant.

"Mom, I'm supposed to stop a war between them. I don't know how I'm supposed to do this. I'm just one person," Dean pointed out sadly, pulling away from her arms.

Mary chuckled lightly and ran her hand through his hair happily. "Oh, my sweet, angel. There is nothing you cannot do. You're such a fighter, Dean, I know you are. You'll get through this, I'm sure. And you must be very special if God turned you into an angel," she said.

Dean gave a halfhearted smile then shook his head bitterly, his mouth twisted into a tight line. "These angels are supposed to be all powerful. And I'm supposed to be able to stop them. I've been an angel for a day, mom," he told her sadly. He raked his hands through his hair and then strung them together, turning his knuckles white.

"You'll do great, Dean. I have faith in you, my dear," Mary assured him sweetly. She patted his cheek and then leaned forward to kiss his forehead. "Mommy loves you, Dean. I love you," she added before seeming to disappear into the clouds.

"Dean. I've missed you," called someone else. Dean turned to see Cas standing behind him. His gorgeous black wings stretched out towards Dean, the single white feather pristine once again.

"Cas. Your wings - they're -"

"I know. Naomi ruined them with her power. She was able to penetrate my mind easily and find the information to turn you into an angel. It's programmed deeply within each of us to know. Her work has turned me into a vile creature. I am terribly sorry for harming you, Dean. I mean none of it," Cas explained morosely, his face downcast and his eyes full of fear and anxiety.

"Are you actually here?" wondered Dean. He knew all angels were able to dream walk. Anael had informed him of that.
"Yes, Dean. Asleep, I am able to come to you as I truly am. The real me is trapped inside that thing attacking you. He led the Temporals to the house," said Cas with a nod.

Dean recoiled slightly, thoughts whirling. "So that's not really you?"

Cas shook his head, "Of course not. I would never attempt to hurt you at any cost. You are my soul mate. Naomi has managed to awaken something deep inside me. A darker side of my vessel I believe," he responded.

Dean was silent for a moment, his knees feeling weak at the new revelation, before he finally sat down in the clouds and laughed in disbelief. "This is fucked up, Cas. I don't even know how to properly fight angelic beings and now I'm supposed to defeat a whole army of them," he growled.

"You are strong, Dean. Stronger than any human I have ever known. Even with your recent... complications, your soul has remained intact. You can do anything if you simply put your heart into it. I will see you again, Dean, believe me when I say that," Cas kneeled beside him and set a reassuring hand on his shoulder and squeezed firmly and then stood once more and smiled. "The war is inevitable. And almost upon you, dear. Open your eyes and remember me. Remember who we were before all of this catastrophe."

Dean grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled him into a deep kiss. The gentle movement sent Dean reeling, he hadn't realized how much he had missed this wonderful being that had been cast into his life. They pulled apart slowly, and Dean opened his eyes to find himself surrounded by frantic angels with wide eyes.

"He's awake. The Righteous Angel has awoken!" called Michael deafeningly, shattering the windows of the house and sending air whipping through it. More angels than Dean could've imagined flew through the glass and took down the others. Chuck was no where to be seen, but Cas's words echoed like roars in his mind as he jumped into the fray.

Michael struggled with several angels, pinned against the wall as they laid into him. Dean flew over and pulled two off of him, throwing one easily against the staircase and the other through the back wall and into the yard beyond. "Holy shit, I'm strong," he laughed breathlessly.

Michael wrestled out of the two others' grip and flapped his wings to aid Gadreel who was being strangled by another. Dean was taken to the ground with a pile of red feathers on top of him. He realized it was Lucifer. Another angel must have thrown him.

He laid dazed for a moment before standing and tackling the opposing being. Dean coughed and stood up to look around. A few angels lay dead on the floor, one he recognized as Naomi. Her red hair had fallen out of its tight bun, and her eyes stared up lazily at the ceiling. Dean couldn't find it in himself to care.

Gadreel was now helping Ezekiel fight off three others, his eyes glowing a bright blue and emitting a screeching sound that only seemed to affect the enemies. Bartholomew, Metatron, and Raphael had created a wall to block the basement door, fighting off anyone who came too close. They were protecting Sammy without question.

Before he noticed anything else, Dean had arms wrapped around him. The body flew them outside. Dean's wings brightened slightly and he turned to see an angel he had only heard about.

"Hello, Dean. How nice to finally meet you," Zachariah sneered, his teeth showing off in his snarl.

Suddenly, Raphael was hurtling toward them. He landed a little ways off in the field, unconscious.
Uriel and Balthazar followed not long after. "Seems your little friends are losing this one, Deano," leered Zachariah.

Dean glared at him and lunged forward. His wings were still charging, he could feel the energy flowing through him and making his fingers tingle. He curled them into a fist and punched the pompous dick in his jaw. He fell back and laughed lavishly, standing again and facing Dean.

"That's all you've got? I expect more from the Righteous Angel!" he called. Dean noticed Raphael struggling to his feet and flying back inside to defend his post as Sam's guard.

Dean surged forward again, his hand glowing with a strange green light as he landed another punch. Zachariah was buried into the ground this time, green lights flowing in the wake of his descent. He could see Uriel staring at him like he was something of legend before racing off to fight once more.

In his distraction, Zachariah flew up and grabbed his arm. He twirled him around and launched him into a nearby tree. Dean groaned and blinked his eyes rapidly to clear the blurring in them, only to find there was none. He felt barely any pain.

The strange green light seemed to encircle all of his body now, circling around him and correcting any pain he'd just felt. It filled his vision, Zachariah cowering and falling over himself to escape.

"It's you," he said in astonishment, his voice quiet.

Chapter End Notes

Omg an update!? I've been working so hard on this chapter, simply because it's almost the last one. I know I'll have to answer a lot of questions in that one, but I know I'll be able to do this.

Please leave a comment on any questions you have for this story so I can answer them. Thank you for reading guys!
Dean stared at Zachariah in confusion, not understanding his words until a sharp surging power erupted from behind him and brought him and the other angels to their knees. He turned to see a figure surrounded by the brightest light he'd ever seen standing their, eyes lit up from within.

"Zachariah. Go home," Chuck snapped and ocean blue grace flowed from the angel's gaping mouth and soared back into the fiery reaches of heaven's border. Dean watched with awe as it disappeared into a large gate far off in the distant sky. "Go deal with the others," he waved Dean off.

Dean's wings gave an obedient flap and he was back inside. Raphael and Bartholomew were the only two guarding Sam's door now, Metatron dead at their feet. Dean looked around for someone to help, and found Samandriel being held down by one angel as another cut into his wings. He screamed for help, but none was able to come.

Dean raced over and tackled the one cutting at him. The fire was at his fingertips without another thought, and the angel underneath him squirmed and wailed in agony as the holy fire burnt into its skin. He only stopped when its struggles vanished.

The other angel had disappeared and Dean went to Samandriel's side to help. The fire was gone now. "That was terrifying," the younger angel murmured sadly, looking down at the fallen angel.

"He was hurting you. I had to," Dean defended. Samandriel simply nodded and went to help Michael fight off a few angels that were storming upstairs. Dean turned and noticed Raphael being pulled away from the door, Bartholomew lashing out at the others to no avail. It was then he recognized Castiel helping the enemy drag Raphael back.

He flew over and punched one. It let Raphael go and he was able to whirl from Cas's grasp and throw him back into the wall. Dean felt a pang of pain race through his arm and into his shoulder. He rolled it out to lessen the soreness.

His head cracked back as a sudden blow hit his jaw. Raphael was at his side in an instant to catch the next fist and set his own blow that sent the angel flying down the hall. "Help Bartholomew protect Sam. Go!"

Dean took off back the way he had come. Bartholomew was barely standing when Dean came back, panting heavily and raggedly as he fought off two angels. Dean hurried to help. Another sharp pain blossomed in his back suddenly and he groaned under his breath while dodging a punch.

Bartholomew seemed to sense something was off, as his hands glowed and the angels backed away out of fear. Time seemed to slow down and Dean watched Bartholomew rush over in a blur and throw punches at inhuman speeds. He turned back to Dean and shot him a worried look.
Dean was sent to his knees once again as a cry escaped his mouth at the sudden agony racing through his wings. "Raphael, stop!" Bartholomew roared as he hurried over to Raphael's side where he was shoving Cas into the wall. One of Cas's wings was bent at an awkward angle and hung uselessly at his side.

Raphael lashed out without hearing his brother. "Raphael, enough!" Bartholomew wrenched Raphael's arm away and pulled him back from Cas. Castiel sunk to his butt and panted as he looked up at them, his mouth and nose bloody. A flicker of betrayal flashed in his blue eyes, but was gone just as quickly and replaced with a dull boredom. It suddenly seemed deathly quiet in the room.

Dean stood, seeing that the angels were all gone. Only the four of them remained, and he wondered why that was. "Bart? Where is everyone?" he questioned.

Bartholomew turned at the sound of his voice and looked surprised when he noticed it as well. "I'm not sure, Dean," he admitted. Even the dead angels' bodies had disappeared to parts unknown. Before his eyes, Bartholomew, Raphael, and Cas vanished and left him alone. His wing still throbbed with Cas's pain, but he didn't pay it any mind because he was suddenly hurtling though an expanse of white.

He arrived in heaven with the other angels, his eyes wandering around in curiosity. Chuck stood with his arms crossed at the head of them all, disappointment in his eyes and a stern gaze eyeing them all. "I'm starting over. You all suck," he announced.

"The new world isn't gonna have soul mates, that's just too much work. So, I'll just see you guys on the other side, I guess," he finished. He stepped down and headed over to Dean, making the others step back to give them room.

"Are you seriously just redoing the world?" Dean asked through a huff of laughter.

"I have to. You saw them, Dean. The takeover is painful for the vessels, too, and I need to fix that. And I'm gonna make the angels get permission before they possess someone. It's better that way, they have more control. Who wouldn't want that?" Chuck answered. He glanced at the others as they watched.

"And what about the soul mates? I mean - Cas -" Dean cut himself off and crossed his arms to shield himself.

"You two will still be together. I guarantee it. And maybe, one day, you'll fall in love again," Chuck reached out and set a firm hand on his shoulder. "I trust you, Dean. So when he comes to you, watch out for my angel. I know you won't let me down," he smiled assuringly at him and then stepped away. He turned to Castiel next.

"There will no longer be soul mates," Cas stated. Chuck looked over at Dean and shrugged before moving back to Cas.

"That is indeed a different story," he admitted with a slight nod. "But I'll take care of it, don't worry," he added. Chuck went back to the steps and turned to look at all of the angels. "I'll see you all on the flip side!" he called before snapping.
The world started out much the same. Chuck made sure to watch over Dean and Cas like he had promised. They were both growing up so fast, and he often wished he had gone to see Dean when he was first born. Of course that would've caused a whole line of questioning from his parents Chuck didn't need.

He felt terrible watching Mary burn in Sam's nursery, but it was needed for Dean to continue on his path to finally meet Castiel. He regretted making their father the same way again, but that was also needed. Everything had been planned, and Chuck was confident that it would work out this time.

"Father?"

Chuck turned to see Castiel standing there, wringing his hands together. "Yes, son?" Cas looked nervous, but Chuck wasn't sure why.

"I've been watching the humans. They are extremely interesting creatures. I've taken a liking to one of them. Perhaps I can meet him someday," he began softly.

"I'd like to see this person, Cas. Wanna show him to me?" Chuck wondered with a wide smile. He hoped it was who he thought. Cas nodded and turned to lead him to the edge of heaven's borders.

He pointed and Chuck focused on the young, apple-green eyed, dirty blonde Dean with sun-kissed skin. His world was going as planned. "He's a good one, Cas, I can feel it. Maybe if you're good, I'll let you meet him one day," he told him.

Cas tilted his head and squinted as Dean followed after his father. They climbed into an old Impala and Chuck grinned when the view changed to show little Dean tucking baby Sam's blanket closer to his chin. Small snowflakes were beginning to fall as they drove off.

"Father?"

"Yes, Castiel?"

"What is a soul mate?" Cas wondered.

"Why do you ask?" asked Chuck.

"I keep hearing it in my mind. I thought it might have meaning," Cas told him with a shrug. Chuck thought for a moment, then sighed.

"Perhaps in other worlds, there are certain people who are crafted for each other. They compliment each other, not verbally, but in their personalities and actions. They are perfect for each other. That's a soul mate," Chuck replied earnestly.

"Do we have soul mates here, father?" questioned Cas curiously, his eyes wide and full of happiness at learning new things.

Chuck shook his head and chuckled softly. "No, Castiel, we don't. I wanted the people to choose their own hearts desire," he told him.

"What if they do not wish to choose, father? Humans can make mistakes, and could that not hurt them?"

"It could. But it helps them learn what not to like and they get better at their choices as they go."
Teaches them lessons and stuff, you know?" Chuck answered easily, giving a small shrug.

Cas seemed to mull this over for a moment before nodding. "That seems fair. Do angels feel love?"

"Well," Chuck started, "I've also learned from my mistakes, Castiel. I created you to follow orders, not for feelings. However, if a special human can make an angel fall from grace, then, yes, angels can feel. I made it fair for you as well. Now, go practice flying with Gabriel. He says you still need it," he teased gently. Cas climbed to his feet and went to find his brother.

Chuck looked back down at Dean's family and smiled slightly before moving away. It would be a long while until Castiel was ready to meet the older Winchester, but he knew it would work out.

Chuck willed time to pass. He caught glimpses of Dean getting Sam from college, brief glances of them solving cases and finding their father. And having him die. Sam dying. Dean's demon deal, and Chuck knew it was time.

When Dean finally passed and was dragged to hell by the hellhounds, kicking and calling for Sam or anyone's help, Chuck called on Castiel.

"What is it, father?" the angel wondered. He had grown fast and well here in heaven, and Chuck knew he would do well on earth.

"Your human has been taken to hell, Castiel," said Chuck.

"I witnessed it. What will we do?" Castiel asked sadly.

Chuck smiled and crossed his arms. "It's time for you to meet him, Castiel. Go save him from hell. Bring him back, and then go to him. I've got to warn you though, he may not be so receptive of what you are or what you did. But in time he will appreciate it," he told him. Castiel's eyes went wide, but he nodded and readied his wings.

"Shall I take the vessel that has been praying to me?" Cas questioned.

"Well, of course," Chuck nodded. "Now go. Don't wait much longer."

Chuck watched proudly as Castiel dived down and flew through into hell. It took a while, longer than he had expected. But Cas was new to fighting, and even so, Chuck knew he would prevail.

He waited and listened, and waited more, longer and longer time stretched on. "Come on, Castiel. You can do this," Chuck whispered fiercely.

Finally, finally, an angel's voice rose above the rest. So deafening and triumphant that Chuck couldn't hold back his grin. It was so joyous that the other angels cheered as well and celebrated with their father.

"DEAN WINCHESTER IS SAVED!"

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!