All the Time in the World

by hit_the_books

Summary

Two hundred and one days have passed since the end of the world started. Thanks to the Boy King (Sam Winchester), his Knight of Hell (Dean Winchester), and Heaven.

Society has broken down. Castiel, Crowley, Jody, Charlie and Garth are looking for a way to stop Sam and Dean. But Dean and Sam have other plans, hellbent on having Castiel by their side as they murder the world.

Notes

Please take heed of the warnings and tags for this fic. There are warnings at the start of the chapters where the non-con or rape happens. Chapter 5 can probably be skipped without much of the fic being confusing.

First, I want to thank Amber for the amazing art in this fic. It is fantastic and just what it needed. You can find Amber over on Tumblr at bluefire986. And the art masterpost here on LJ and here on AO3.

Second, I want to say thank you to my beta just-another-busy-fangirl. Laura gave me some real confidence in the story I have pulled together and helped me feel good about posting it.

And third, I wanna say thanks to A_Diamond for running the SPN Dystopia Bang and for letting me helping you out with it. You’ve done a fantastic job Diamond, and there are amazing stories and art coming out of this.
Light filtered down through broken stained glass windows, warming Castiel as he read through a tome on demonology, a paraffin lamp lighting his page. Outside the crumbling walls of the church, the odd song bird was trying its luck, but there were fewer birds than there had been the previous summer. Life was hard to come by.

Dried out lamb’s blood marred the church’s stonework, the sigils all too familiar to Castiel now that he was in the two hundredth and first day of his vigil. Two hundredth and first day of trying to right the world. He should have been sleeping, saving his energy, but he found it hard to sleep despite his waning grace. Over in another corner, Charlie and Garth were asleep in cots, while Jody walked the perimeter, keeping watch.

Flipping a page, Castiel’s left hand casually reached to his right breast bone, through the opening of his plaid shirt, and fingered the black ink of the tattoo there. The lines sullying his flesh were necessary with his increased humanity and Heaven’s mistake. The habit of touching the tattoo formed from disbelief more than anything. How had the host been so arrogant and stupid? Oh, Castiel knew, knew only too well. It was the same stupidity and arrogance that brought the apocalypse the first time around. It was like his own attempts to save the world after Lucifer and Michael had been locked up in the depths of Hell.

Dean and Sam had much to answer for, but neither had yet managed what Heaven’s destruction had. They just reaped its rewards instead, infesting the mortal plain with their will. Strange days are when two of the world’s greatest heroes are also its curse and damnation. No doubt Lucifer would jump with glee if he knew what the brothers had achieved where he had been thwarted. The slaughter they’d caused, the hell they had raised…

“You should get some rest,” Jody murmured, coming to a stop by Castiel’s hammock.
Twisting his head to look at Jody, Castiel smiled at the former sheriff and pointed at the book. “I haven’t read this one,” he replied in a gravelly voice.

“Still doesn’t mean you can stay up at all hours,” Jody mother-henned and reached out for the book.

If Castiel had any of his former strength left, he would have stopped Jody from taking the book from his hands, but he was struggling to hold onto it as it was. Jody plucked the leather bound book from him and placed it on a ripped out pew that was serving as a low shelf for Castiel’s things.

“Sleep and I’ll make you coffee when you wake up,” Jody murmured in a fond voice, helping Castiel pull his covers up around him. She tucked him in and kissed his forehead, the warmth from her lips soothing, making Castiel feel calm and relaxed. He closed his eyes and allowed his weary body to drift off into sleep.

But his mind still wandered.

***

Stretching out languidly across a cream chaise lounge, Sam watched Dean as his brother interrogated a hunter who had trespassed into their palace—their palace being the former mansion of some multi-billionaire who’d died when the angels tried to smite the brothers Winchester. Sam watched the scene with mild amusement, black silk shirt riding up as he stretched.

“So you thought to yourself you’d just waltz on in here and kill us—right?” Dean sneered at the hunter who was kneeling at his feet, hands bound.

The hunter, a giant of a man, had blood caked into his goatee, his short black hair stuck up in every direction possible, and a shiner forming that no amount of steak was going to help. Sam didn’t recognize him from anywhere, but it had been so long since somewhere like the Roadhouse had existed, it was no surprise. His name didn’t ring a bell, Cesar Cuevas was just another unknown who had crawled out of the woodwork.

Cesar spat a glob of blood at Dean. Without hesitation, Dean backhanded the man and he fell to the floor, torn shirts falling away. Something on the man’s chest looked familiar and Sam suddenly slid off the chaise with such calculated movement that he seemed to be gliding across the hardwood floor.

“Wait,” Sam commanded just as Dean was about to kick the man in his stomach.

Pausing, Dean looked to Sam, a frown on his face. “What?”

Kneeling beside the man, Sam pointed at the tattoo now revealed on the right of the man’s chest. A cluster of Enochian symbols around a perfect circle had been tattooed into the man’s skin—the tattoo would stop the wearer from succumbing to smiting sickness. But this stranger having the tattoo meant he ran in the same circles as a special friend of theirs.

“Do you see what I see?” Sam asked.

Sharp as always, Dean smiled as he spotted the ink. “Cesar, why didn’t you say you’re friends with Castiel?” he asked in a smooth timbre that did nothing to hide the menace his words really implied.

“Mmm, so… Cesar is it? Yes, why don’t you catch us up on our good friend, Castiel? How’s he doing these days?” Sam asked, keeping his voice cool. It had been weeks since they had had a single lead on Castiel’s location and Sam didn’t want to let on just how much they would savor any news on the weakened angel.

Giving the two of them a stony glare, or as best as he could with his left eye surrounded by purple puffed up flesh, Cesar stayed silent. It was almost as if the hunter had no idea just how easily they could get the information from him if he didn’t just hand it over.

“Looks like we got ourselves a strong silent type!” Dean crowed, cruel purpose rippling through him as he squatted down beside the hunter. “I don’t wanna be all cliché and crap… but we do have ways of making you talk.”

The hunter said nothing in reply. Dean shook his head and stood, backing towards Sam. Looping his arms around Dean from behind, Sam nuzzled at his brother’s neck and licked him. He felt the pulse of Dean’s blood, could almost smell and taste it, but Sam would be happy with a light snack this time.

COME, Sam compelled the demon outside their room. A woman opened the door—her long blonde curls distantly reminding a small part of Sam of love lost—and stepped inside.

“Yes, my masters?” asked the demon possessing the woman.
Unwinding himself from Dean, Sam crept down beside Cesar and placed a hand on the other tattoo he knew was hidden by ripped clothes. Just above Cesar’s heart, Sam burned the anti-possession sigil from the hunter’s body, causing a sharp intake of breath to part from Cesar’s lips. Sam was impressed that the man did not swear or cry out from the pain.

“Yes, my masters?” asked the demon possessing the woman.

Unwinding himself from Dean, Sam crept down beside Cesar and placed a hand on the other tattoo he knew was hidden by ripped clothes. Just above Cesar’s heart, Sam burned the anti-possession sigil from the hunter’s body, causing a sharp intake of breath to part from Cesar’s lips. Sam was impressed that the man did not swear or cry out from the pain.

“Yuliya, be a dear and find out what this man knows about Castiel,” Sam ordered as he got to his feet and returned to Dean. He looped his arms around his brother and held him close. It was entirely possible for Sam to do this heavy lifting himself, but then he would get none of the benefits of letting Yuliya do it instead.

The demon Yuliya opened her vessel’s mouth and spiralled out of it in a whirl of black smoke that snaked into Cesar’s mouth and forced its way inside, her previous vessel collapsing dead on the floor. Struggling against his bonds at first, it took a few seconds before Cesar was still. He closed his eyes and then opened them to show two inky black pools.

“Hmm, he didn’t meet the angel, master,” Yuliya supplied in Cesar’s voice, “but he had an email from… one of the aliases that werewolf uses.”

It had been some time since Sam had traced an email, but he hoped Garth wasn’t smart enough to cover his tracks that well. “Thank you Yuliya,” Sam purred and licked Dean’s neck again. “Is this email on his cell?”

“Yes.”

“Sam, just get on with it,” Dean growled low as Sam licked him again.

Letting go of his brother, Sam stalked towards Cesar-Yuliya and then fell to his knees. Using a single sharp nail, he sliced open the vessel’s chest. Crowding against the vessel, Sam sucked the demon infused blood, power bubbling into him with each mouthful. The demon he drank from moaned and he was distantly aware of Dean’s growing jealousy as he continued to drink.

Having had his fill, Sam backed away from the demon and licked the blood gathered on his lips. Dean grabbed at Sam’s arm and yanked him to his chest. Mashing their mouths together, Dean hungrily kissed Sam, hands wandering as he did. It felt good to be the king.

***

“Look, can’t I just talk with him? I’m not asking to take him on a date. I’ve got valuable information to share,” Crowley drawled from somewhere in the vicinity of the church’s main entrance.

“He’s sleeping right now, come back later,” Jody hissed.

“Later may be too late.”

“Oh, for the love of… Fine, talk to Castiel. But if he starts to get tired, I am yanking your ass out of here.”

Sleepily, Castiel opened his eyes as footsteps approached his hammock. He coughed and turned his head as Crowley approached with Jody dogging the former King of Hell’s heels. Covering his mouth with his hand, Castiel coughed and spluttered, the fit leaving him gasping for air. He didn’t see Jody retrieve it, but she quickly covered his face with an oxygen mask and suddenly he could breathe.

“You need a doctor,” Crowley pointed out. “Or more grace.”

Castiel filled his lungs and breathed out; filled his lungs again and breathed out and finally a third time, before he could pull the oxygen mask away and reply, “There are no more of my brethren here for you to murder.”

“I was thinking if maybe I just put a two for one on halos at a Walmart that they might make the trip?” Crowley joked, and Castiel knew he must look like utter crap for the demon to be making such a joke.

“Hmm, it might work,” Castiel humored Crowley. He gave the demon an expectant gaze and Crowley nodded.

“Right, to business… Do you mind?” Crowley asked, turning to look at Jody who was still hovering behind him. Jody rolled her eyes and threw her arms up in the air. “Fine, but if he needs me, holler.”

“Fine,” Crowley gritted out.

“I’ll make you that coffee,” Jody commented to Castiel. She shook her head and stalked off to the
part of the church where the others’ living space was and Charlie and Garth were stirring.

Stepping closer to Castiel’s hammock, Crowley frowned as his eyes raked over the angel, making Castiel feel uncomfortable. It was a joke to still think of himself as an angel, with what little grace he still had contained inside his vessel, but Castiel couldn’t think of himself as human. Not with all he felt and knew.

“Did you just come here to stare at me, or do you have something of actual import to say?” Castiel deadpanned.

Realizing that he had been staring, Crowley cleared his throat and said, “As you’ve probably guessed, there’s little that will kill the Winchesters these days.”

A frown creased Castiel’s brows. “I didn’t think we were going to kill them. I thought we were going to cure them.”

“We need a backup plan, Castiel. I’m not sure if you’ve noticed, but things have already gone too far. If we don’t find a cure soon, for Dean at least, then we need other options.”

“Killing them isn’t an option… And I don’t think Dean will stay dead with the mark on him still. He’ll just come back and find some way to bring Sam back. But more importantly: what do you have in mind that is more powerful than the wrath of Heaven? Maybe the First Blade would kill him, but I cannot see how we would make that come about,” Castiel theorized, voice breaking. He picked up his oxygen mask again and breathed the air coming from it.

Crowley rolled his eyes and leaned in close so that only Castiel would hear him. “How about the power of an archangel?”

Putting the mask aside again, Castiel looked at Crowley with disbelief. “I’m unsure if you’ve noticed, but there are no more archangels for us to call upon.”

“No,” Crowley inched closer, breath ghosting over Castiel’s face, “not an archangel, but the power of one. Or rather a weapon powered by one.”

Brow creasing further, Castiel tried to think of what such a weapon could be. In the fight against Raphael, Heaven’s armories had been decimated, no thanks in small part to his own actions. Many weapons had been unaccounted for, but Castiel couldn’t recall anything that might help them now against Dean and Sam should it come to that. He was just thankful that Crowley had managed to hide the First Blade from Dean before everything had gone wrong. The Colt was long lost as well—though Sam could stop bullets in midair these days.

“And this weapon is?”

Leaning in closer, Crowley wetted his lips and whispered, “The Lance of Michael.”
Chapter 2

Dean watched the sunset with only passing interest. He was bored, but Sam had been kicking things old school and using nerdy hacker tricks to trace Cas and the rest of the old gang. Every now and then, Sam would mutter something under his breath, pause in his typing, and then get back to it.

Just as Dean was thinking about heading off to find someone or something to kill, Sam shouted, “Gotcha!” and punched the air. It was almost like old times, only instead of congratulating Sam, Dean strolled over to the desk Sam had been sat at and yanked his brother out of his seat. He’d happily not kill things if he could have Sam for a while.

“I found them, or at least the area where they’re laying low,” Sam announced.

“That’s great, Sammy, it really is, but I’ve been bored out of my mind for hours.” Dean bit gently at the side of Sam’s neck, not hard enough to break skin, but enough to make Sam press himself against Dean. “And I need to kill or fuck something, or I am gonna lose my mind.”

A shiver ran through Sam and he nodded. “We need to get surveillance in on them anyway…”

“Right, so there’s no rush,” Dean pointed out. “Let’s have some fun. You and me.”
Fun involved Dean and Sam rocking up to a bar back in Sioux Falls. Like much of the country, Sioux Falls bore the signs of the botched smiting. Dean still hadn’t figured out how those feathered dicks had screwed things up this badly, but he couldn’t bring himself to care about the smiting sickness that now blighted much of the country.

Terry’s, as the bar was called, had a subdued evening crowd when Dean and Sam went in. If any recognition from a lifetime ago passed through those already there, Dean couldn’t tell. They were both dressed in plaid and jeans—not looking an inch out of place. They’d visited the bar maybe once while Bobby had been alive, but Dean didn’t recognize any of the faces there. Getting two beers and their own bottle of whiskey, they took a booth near the pool table and watched a couple of locals try to play.

If there was a nervous energy in the place once Dean and Sam had settled, Dean couldn’t tell, but he didn’t care either. He and Sam had their beers and then started in on the whiskey, the liquid like molten gold as it scorched down Dean’s throat. He wished he could still get a real buzz going, but being a Knight of Hell had some downsides.

The people on the table were getting near the end of their game when Dean nudged Sam with his foot and asked, “Wanna play, like old times?”

“You mean hustle?” Sam asked, smirking in amusement. “Sure, why not.” Sam looked over at the half finished whiskey bottle beside them. “You or me first?”

Licking his lips, Dean looked Sam over and grinned, softly styled hair doing nothing to offset the lust in his eyes. “You. Wanna see you bend over that table.”

Sam wagged his pointer finger at Dean. “See, I knew there was an ulterior motive in all of this.”

Not arguing, Sam knocked back his current shot of whiskey, slowly rose to his feet and staggered over to the pool table.

Throwing some twenties down, Sam swayed as he asked, “How about it?”

The meaning was clear, and just as one college age guy sank the eight ball, winning the game, he looked Sam over and smirked. “Hell, why not?”

Dean watched the proceedings with feigned disinterest, but as Sam racked up the balls, bending over the table more than was absolutely necessary for a man of his size, Dean enjoyed the sight before him. Becoming a demon was just about the only reason he’d finally come clean with Sam with what he’d ached for during most of his adult life. But when he’d gotten Sammy to drink up, his brother had come willingly to his bed, grateful and eager to indulge in his crush.

Still, as Dean watched Sam play pool like an idiot during the first game, he knew something was missing. Or rather someone.

“Dammit!” Sam cursed as his opponent won. The guy went straight over to pick up his cash, but Sam waved him down. “You gotta give me a chance to win it back,” he said, like butter wouldn’t melt in his mouth.

“How about it?” the guy cockily replied, putting more cash down.

Laughing, Sam’s whole body shook and Dean knew his brother was winding the other guys up. “Maybe,” he wheezed out, “you’re really just that shit.”

The punch that followed Sam’s words was easily dodged by Sam and caught by Dean in his hand. Dean crushed the guy’s fist in his own, feeling knuckles pop and bones splinter as the man screamed like he was going to die. The guy was right to scream like he might die. Letting go, Dean smirked at the man’s ruined hand—bone pushed out through skin, blood dripping.

“Hold on a minute!” the guy shouted as Sam went to pick up the winnings. “You damn well tricked me.”

This was Dean’s cue. He got up from his seat and went and stood behind Sam. “Sorry, is there a problem?” Dean asked.

“You bet there’s a problem. Your friend’s hustling me.”

Laughing, Sam’s whole body shook and Dean knew his brother was winding the other guys up. “Maybe,” he wheezed out, “you’re really just that shit.”

The punch that followed Sam’s words was easily dodged by Sam and caught by Dean in his hand. Dean crushed the guy’s fist in his own, feeling knuckles pop and bones splinter as the man screamed like he was going to die. The guy was right to scream like he might die. Letting go, Dean smirked at the man’s ruined hand—bone pushed out through skin, blood dripping.

“Patrons who had the sense to understand that there was no point in getting involved, and that their best course of action was to leave, started piling out the main door. Maybe it was honor or booze, but the rest of the guy’s friends decided to face off against Dean and Sam.
tore, ripping limb from limb. That got the rest of them to rethink their course of action, but it didn’t matter, because while Dean felt the men’s lives slip through his fingers, Sam let loose.

A wave of power thudded through the bar, lifting the remaining friends off their feet and slamming into the furthest wall. The window there shattered, glass spraying outside. Sam stepped forwards and if Dean narrowed his eyes just so, he could really see Sam. The curling horns around his head were large and cruel. Sam was Dean’s King, and Dean wouldn’t have it any other way.

Except, in the depths of his mind, he knew he wanted them to be a trio. There was an empty gap where Castiel should have been at their side. A fallen angel, a Knight of Hell and the Boy King: Dean wanted them united, but he knew it would take a lot to convince Cas to join them, if they managed to find him.

Leaving the dying men to their fate, Dean walked over to Sam and looked at the three men he had pinned against the wall. “I’m getting bored, Dean.”

Wrapping his arms around Sam, Dean kissed his brother in front of the terrified men. Sam’s tongue flicked in and out of Dean’s mouth, making Dean’s toes curl in his boots. Breaking the kiss, Sam looked to Dean expectantly, as if waiting for an order. That fact alone sent a shiver of anticipation through Dean, the heady power of being the only one who could tell Sam what he should do.

“Off with their heads,” Dean and the mark sang.

Sam snapped his fingers three times, and one by one the men’s heads exploded. A shower of brains and skull splashed the walls ceiling and pool table. Letting the bodies drop to the floor, Sam looked at Dean for approval.

Hoisting Sam up and wrapping his brother’s legs around his waist, Dean slammed Sam down on the blood drenched pool table and stole his way into Sam’s mouth. The once plush cloth of the table was wet and slimy under them as Dean and Sam made out. Not once did they have to worry about the police showing up. People rarely made calls anymore.

***

“Shit,” Charlie audibly swore in her little corner. She was at her laptop, furiously typing away. “Shit. Shit. Shit.”

Castiel eased himself over to Charlie, leaning on his smooth, almond-wood staff to support some of his weight as he walked. The belt holding his jeans barely managed to keep the ragged denim on his skinny hips. His shirt was hanging open, showing his tattoos, scars, and ribs. At least his short beard did something to hide the gauntness of his face. Charlie winced at Castiel when he came to a stop beside her to see what was wrong.

“What’s wrong?” Castiel asked, looking at the screen in front of him. He didn’t understand much of what was displayed on it, only picking out a few terms like “IP address” and “ping”.

Charlie swallowed and started to stand up, panic rising. “We need to break camp and leave. They’ve found us.”

“Shit,” Jody hissed out. She helped Castiel to where his things were so that he could start to pack. He had little to throw into his duffel, but he packed what meager belongings he had. Piling up the books they would need, Garth came to his side and started to take things so that he could load them into the pickup truck waiting outside.

Castiel grabbed his hex bag and stuffed it in the right front pocket of his jeans. Both Charlie and Jody stopped by to take down his hammock. Within ten minutes, everything was gone from the church.

Taking one last look at the blood daubed walls, Castiel felt an ache in his chest. He was helped out of the church and into the cabin of the pickup by Garth, who let Castiel to lean on one arm,
out of the church and into the cabin of the pickup by Garth, who let Castiel to lean on one arm, despite his greater height. Jody started the ignition as everyone put their seatbelts on—"I don’t care if it’s the end of days, safety first"—and then they were off. Twisting in his seat, Castiel looked out the window and watched as the old church became smaller and smaller as they sped off through the ruined streets of some midwestern city. Castiel couldn’t remember which one, because they had moved so many times, and all of the places they had been had melded into one in his mind. Nobody tried the radio as they drove away. If it wasn’t dead air, it was filled with preachers calling it the end times, 24/7. They talked liked Heaven had nothing to do with the world’s current predicament. This wasn’t helped by the government attributing the flash that had happened over Lebanon, Kansas to a rogue missile launched from somewhere a few states over. Reaching the open road, Castiel wished they could go back to the Bunker and use the materials there to research what to do. Unfortunately they hadn’t even been able to get close enough to the Bunker to find out if it was still there. Setting deeper into his seat, Castiel wondered if they really would have to take Crowley’s route. The lance seemed like the right thing to do, especially as word of another slaughter had reached Charlie’s channels. But Castiel never wanted to see the brothers dead. He’d always hoped for more, even before the world fell apart.

***

“... I said you were never to come back here," Ramiel growled at Crowley. Behind Crowley was the lakeshore that Ramiel spent much of his time fishing on, or had before Heaven’s mistake. Keeping his cool, Crowley looked over his shoulder at the off-colored orange sky behind him. He turned back to Ramiel. “And I would have loved to have stayed away from your home and you, but with the way things are going, soon enough you won’t have a home.”

Ramiel glowered at Crowley, but didn’t move to harm him. The Prince of Hell stroked his beard and snorted in disgust.

“You won’t have anywhere left to fish. No fish as a matter of fact.”

Holding back a snarl, Ramiel shook his head. “It pains me to admit that you are right.”

“Do you know what’s been happening out there?”

Ramiel glanced up towards the Heavens. “Someone screwed up… What makes you think the Lance will work?”

“At this point,” Crowley began as Ramiel led Crowley into his home, “I don’t know if it will. But if it doesn’t, I can give you the First Blade.”

***

The truck crawled to a stop and Castiel blinked his eyes open. He sat up, face peeling off of the window he’d fallen asleep against. “Jody, are we there yet?” Castiel asked, blinking his eyes free of sleep.

No answer came and Castiel looked around himself. He was alone in the pickup. Undoing his seatbelt, Castiel looked at the outside world beyond the door, but the gas station he was at looked so much like the hundreds he’d been to over the years that he still had no idea where he was. Carefully, Castiel opened the door beside him and stepped down from the pickup truck, taking his staff with him.

Walking a little easier than he had been able to for some time, Castiel went into the gas station, staff grounding him and calming his nerves. “Hello?” Castiel called out to the silent space.

Overhead, the sun beat down, the sky tinged with the unhealthy rust that had become the norm since the smiting. No one answered Castiel and he started to worry. Where were Jody, Charlie and Garth? The clerk that ran the gas station? Not another soul was there and Castiel could feel the hairs rising on the back of his neck.
“Cas, long time no see,” purred a familiar voice from behind Castiel.

Whipping around, Castiel clutched his staff in his hands, the length of wood a barrier between him and the figures of Dean and Sam Winchester. Despite his dwindling grace, Castiel could clearly see the evil within the flesh of both brothers: their horns and the thorn crown that wound its way around Sam’s head. Knight of Hell and Boy King. Panic fluttered at the edge of Castiel’s awareness, but he couldn’t move, he was rooted to the spot as the two brothers stalked towards him.

Dean almost looked like himself, but the horns and his oily black eyes. Castiel even recognized the deep red shirt he was wearing. But Sam was dressed differently, his black shirt flowing with each movement of his body.

There was no point in running, so Castiel stayed where he was as Dean and Sam finished walking, stopping six feet in front of him. He searched their faces, but found no anger, only desire and hurt.

“We miss you, Cas,” Sam teased, voice smoky and thick. Castiel swallowed, but stood his ground.

Dean got to him first, reaching a hand out and laying it on Castiel’s cheek, the touch warm and welcome. The contact watered the roots of longing that Castiel had tried so hard to starve. Without thinking, he leaned into the contact and his eyes fluttered closed as he basked in Dean’s attention. Too many nights had passed where Castiel had dreamed that Dean might do this.

Lips pressed against his other cheek and Castiel shivered, knowing that it was Sam. He’d hoped, wanted and longed for all of this for so long. But a voice in the back of his head reminded him that the brothers were not the Winchesters he knew. Reluctantly, Castiel pulled away from them and took several steps backward.

“This isn’t really you,” Castiel stated.

“Oh, but it is, Cas, can’t you see that?” Dean twined his fingers with Sam’s. Letting out a long breath, Castiel knew for sure then that something he had long suspected was true.

Sam licked his lips, which Castiel couldn’t help focusing on, and then ran a hand through his long hair. “Join us. We can rule this world together. The three of us. Together.”

“You just need to tell us where you are and we’ll come for you,” Dean pleaded.

Hands tightening around his staff, Castiel frowned. “I’m either becoming human or dying… I’ll be of no use to you.”

“We can restore your grace. Getcha your mojo back,” explained Dean, reaching a hand out towards Castiel. “Tell us where you are.”

It was then that things clicked into place for Castiel. He was dreaming, Dean and Sam weren’t really there.

Opening his eyes, Castiel found himself back in the pickup, hands clutched tightly along the staff on his lap. He was at the gas station from his dream. The hex bag was stopping the two brothers from locating him, but there was no guarantee they wouldn’t recognize where they were stopped. A cough rattled through Castiel’s chest and he shook from the force of it, spluttering as he tried to breathe.

The door beside him was yanked open as the corners of his vision grew fuzzy. Suddenly a mask was being held up against Castiel’s face.

“C’mon, breathe, Cas. Nice and slow for me. Nice and slow,” Jody soothed, voice pulling Castiel back to himself.

Getting Castiel’s breathing under control took a few minutes. Jody rubbed small circles into the back of Castiel’s neck, the motion soothing and relaxing. Finally feeling like he was getting enough air, Castiel pushed the mask away from his face.

“Dean… Sam… they… they just entered my dream. They may trace us here,” Castiel wheezed.

“Shit.” Jody waved at someone behind her. “How? We’ve got the hex bags on us.”

Wetting his lips, Castiel shook his head. “Not quite enough to… stop the dream walking. Need somewhere… like the church. With… all the sigils.”

“Okay, that’s enough,” Jody announced, putting the oxygen mask on Castiel’s mouth and hooking the cord around his head. “You’re keeping this on for now.”

“Fine,” Castiel replied, voice deadened by the mask. He stayed in his seat while Jody talked to Garth and Charlie. He heard a “damn it” from Charlie and then the three of them were scrambling into the pickup, snacks in hand.

Heading back out onto the open road, Castiel wondered how Dean and Sam believed they would be able to restore his grace.
Night was falling as they pulled up onto a side road near an abandoned chapel. The pickup’s headlights showed peeling white paint over pale wood. It was small, but it would do—a smaller space would mean less sigil painting. Once again, Castiel wasn’t sure where the four of them were, but he got the feeling it was somewhere in Missouri, as he recalled a sign with place names he’d spotted when he removed his mask.

The long grass that surrounded the chapel like the sea, shifting in a light breeze, had a familiar smell to it that Castiel had always associated with being calm. It was earthy, rich with potential should rain come. Watching Garth and Jody handling several jugs filled with lambs blood, carrying it into the chapel with brushes in hand, Castiel found himself wishing he still had his wings. He missed being able to stand beside an ocean or crouch atop a sand dune. Heaven above waiting for him, welcoming him. But he also missed coming to Dean or Sam’s side at the tug of their prayers.

Castiel sighed and opened his door, swiveling around in his seat the way Jody had taught him to, before stepping down, using his staff for balance. Wobbling on his feet, a hand gently reached out for him and Castiel turned to see Charlie helping him stand up.

“Thank you.” Castiel gave Charlie a grateful smile and she returned it.

“Cas, why do they want you?” Charlie asked, concern in her voice. She helped Castiel towards the chapel, hand still on his arm as Castiel shuffled forwards.

Of course Charlie would think it was because they wanted to kill him for some reason, that was, after all, all Dean and Sam had done with any of the other past acquaintances that they’d encountered. Feet slowly taking him towards the chapel door, Castiel considered whether he should tell Charlie the truth. That what he had seen in his dream was not murderous intent, but instead thinly veiled lust.

Measuring his words, Castiel replied, “Dean and Sam… want me to join them.”

“Join them? Well you’re not evil, you’re not gonna go and sign up to evil incorporated, just because it’s them.”

Huffing out a small laugh, Castiel stepped over the chapel threshold. “It’s, uh, the other kind of joining.”

Jody and Garth were already halfway done with painting the sigils on the chapel’s walls, having peeled away cracking paint to expose the bare wood slats underneath, and a generator was already running outside. Helping Castiel into an old pew, Charlie stayed silent until what Castiel had said finally sunk into place. She crouched down beside him and whispered, “Wait… they want to fuck you?!”

Licking his lips, Castiel ignored the stirring of hormones through his system that was caused by the very mention of Dean and Sam’s desires. “Yes. You sound surprised.”

“I mean… I kinda, y’know, always had the feeling that Dean was into you. But Sam?”

A blush crept up Castiel’s neck and cheeks. He bowed his head, unsure why he should feel embarrassed. “There were signs… before… and their present state of mind would bring such things… closer to the surface.”

“Makes sense… so are you, y’know, into them?”

Cheeks warming further, Castiel was glad he wasn’t looking Charlie straight in the eye. “I’m drawn to them, yes.”

“Ho, ho.” Charlie gently punched Castiel in the arm. “Not to be a party pooper, but do you think we’ll have to kill them? I overheard you and Crowley.”

Desire replaced by foreboding, Castiel shook his head. “I hope not. I don’t want them to die. I’ve spent so much of my life trying to keep them alive.” But what went unsaid, churning away in the back of Castiel’s mind was, “I need them to live, or I’ve finally failed.”
Chapter 3

Hairs pricking up on his vessel’s arms, Crowley entered the church with an angel blade ready in his right fist, feeling like he was being watched. He hadn’t heard from Feathers or his delightful trio for just over a day, which wouldn’t have been unusual the other side of the apocalypse redux, but was worrying when the brothers Winchester had brought Hell to Earth.

What could Crowley say? He didn’t like what they’d done with the place. The few sources he still had, pointed to Hell being short of fresh meat for the grinder. There just weren’t enough deals being made and it frustrated Crowley to think that all of his hard work was being wasted by two upstarts. Two dangerous upstarts. It annoyed Crowley to think of just how easily his followers had fallen for such idiots. It was like Abaddon all over again.

Only worse. A lot worse. Because Dean and Sam Winchester weren’t idiots and that was part of why they were all in so much danger. There was a balance in the world that needed to be kept and having the Winchesters on this side of bad was upsetting it.

Picking his way through the ruined pews, Crowley ignored the tingles running down his spine as he came to the center of the church. The sigils had been painted so he would be permitted inside, but that did not mean they were without influence over him. Searching the walls and the pews, every single alcove, Crowley looked for any sign left by Cas and co that would show where they had gone. There was nothing. Sighing, Crowley turned and waited.

A young boy with inky black eyes reached the chapel doorway and snarled when he couldn’t step inside. Crowley smirked and stepped forward, but felt a furl of anger when he saw just how young the boy was. No one possessed children under his watch, the whole idea having become incredibly distasteful after Lilith’s escapades. Make a deal with a child, perhaps, but not take one over like this. It just wasn’t sporting.

And he couldn’t let the traitorous cur go tattling back to Moose and Squirrel either.

“When did they leave?” Crowley asked, twirling his angel blade between his fingers.

The demon turned to leave but instantly Crowley was standing in front of the tawny haired boy.

“I asked you a question: when did they leave?”

Slamming his head back, the demon opened the boy’s mouth and made to smoke out, but Crowley was too quick. He stabbed the angel blade into the young boy’s chest, fire flashing in the boy’s eyes, and the vessel fell backwards, crumpling to the road. Wiping the angel blade clean, Crowley “tsked”, bending over and closing the eyes of the dead boy. There hadn’t been a day that had gone by since Dean had returned to Sam that Crowley didn’t regret. He wished he’d never asked Dean to come howl at the moon.

“Feathers, you better call me,” Crowley muttered to himself. He vanished before any more of Dean and Sam’s lackeys would show.

***

Stretching, Sam rolled over on the bed he shared with Dean and felt the empty spot where Dean should have been. He opened his eyes and looked around at the dawn light bathing the bedroom. Dean didn’t need to sleep, but he usually held Sam while he slept, naked, waking him up now and then when he wanted to fuck or be fucked. The very thought had Sam’s cock starting to chub up and Sam pushed himself up against the headboard, right hand straying to his crotch.

Sam touched himself and murmured, “Dean,” to the room, but was greeted by silence. Hand
leaving his dick, Sam felt a growing sense of unease. His skin was heating up, cheeks flushed. A buzzing sound filled his head and his mouth felt dry. Leaning over to his bedside table, he picked up the glass of water in shaking hands. Drinking it down, Sam suddenly felt nauseated and vomited over the side of the bed.

He didn’t hear the bedroom door open and close. Drawing in deep breaths, Sam tried to get a grip as the room spun around him. He was so thirsty, why was he so thirsty? He gasped and coughed, trying to calm himself, then a familiar hand landed on his shoulder and pushed Sam back up into a sitting position.

“Damn, Sammy, there are easier ways to redecorate,” Dean joked, straddling Sam’s lap.

A few stray thoughts struggled to the surface as Sam looked up into Dean’s green eyes. Thoughts that told him to not drink. Refuse. Stop. And a growing horror at all the things they had done. But before the thoughts could fully form, Dean dragged a dagger along his left arm, cutting the inside of it, and held the bleeding appendage to Sam’s lips.

“C’mon, drink-up Sammy, growing boys need their strength,” Dean sing-songed, pressing his arm to Sam’s lips.

The sulfur-coppery tang of Dean’s blood met Sam’s nose, and he couldn’t resist its draw. He sealed his mouth over the wound and drank from Dean, drinking down his brother’s freely offered blood like he had been dying of thirst. The blood entering his body was different to the demons Dean would let Sam snack on, because Dean’s blood had the hint of power offered from his being a Knight of Hell who wore the Mark of Cain. It was a heady combination that set Sam ablaze from the inside out.

Doubt melted away and Sam whined as Dean pulled his arm from his mouth. Eyes flicking to the cut on Dean’s arm, Sam watched as the wound healed. He pouted, lips all stuck out.

Dean caught the look on Sam’s face. “That was enough.”

Jody sighed as she looked over the police reports that had been pulled up on Charlie’s laptop. Their satellite had only been up and running since the morning, but already Jody was regretting holeing up in this corner of Missouri. They were all hunters and they couldn’t ignore this evidence.

The local police were powerless to do anything, their numbers stretched and they didn’t know what was causing the deaths. But Jody, like Charlie and Garth, knew what the torn up flesh around the victims’ necks meant.

“There’s a nest here,” Jody stated matter-of-factly.

Garth bristled beside her and she knew it was his werewolf side rankling at the idea of being so near to vampires. “I suppose it was too much to ask that this place be perfect.”

Fingers dancing across her keyboard, Charlie brought up several database sets and a few other information screens. The deluge of info meant nothing to Jody, but it seemed to mean something to Charlie.

“Okay, the vamps moved in here,” Charlie pointed to a satellite photo, “not long after the smiting, probably thought that it was their ticket to easy meals. And who can blame them? Hunters are hard to come by at the moment…” Charlie looked up at Jody and gave her a we need to do something about this face.

“Fine. Garth and I will go look into it in the morning. If it looks simple enough, we’ll take care of it there and then.” Jody glanced over her shoulder to where they’d strung up Castiel’s hammock. Cas was asleep in it.

“It’s fine, I’ll keep an eye on him,” Charlie announced unprompted.

“Thanks. Garth, can you check that the machetes are sharp?”

“Sure.”

Walking away from Garth and Charlie, Jody padded softly over to Castiel’s little corner and saw that the angel was actually awake. His cheekbones stood out starkly from his face, thanks to all the weight he’d lost. Jody worried that Castiel wouldn’t be with them for much longer, but what else could she think with his worsening health? Even with those thoughts, there was still a sparkle to his blue eyes that suggested there was plenty of fight left in him.

“Vampires?” Cas asked in his usual rough voice.

Nodding a yes, Jody reached out her right hand towards Cas. The angel reached his left hand out
and twined his fingers with Jody’s, seeming to draw strength from the contact. She’d never really known Cas before the world started to fall apart and she lost Alex, but she’d heard Dean and Sam discussing him many times. It was strange to think that he could have once smited a room full of demons without breaking a sweat. Seeing him in the hammock, a shadow of his former self, made it hard to believe that he had ever been a warrior.

“I wish I could come with you,” Cas said. His grip was weak on Jody’s hand, but they didn’t let go. “It would be nice to feel like I am making a difference in this world.”

“Hey, you are making a difference. We wouldn’t gotten even this far without you.” Jody leaned in and pressed her lips to Castiel’s forehead. The angel gave a happy sigh at the contact. Standing up again, hand still holding Castiel’s, Jody used her other hand to brush some stray hairs from Castiel’s forehead.

“You’ll stay safe, won’t you?” Cas asked, voice filled with worry.

“Hey, I can lop heads off with the best of them. We’ll be fine. And Garth’s going with me—I’m kinda looking forward to seeing him work on some vampires. It’s pretty classic movie territory, y’know, werewolves versus vampires.”

“But this isn’t some cheesy movie. You could… you could die.”

Jody leaned in again and kissed Castiel’s forehead again. “I’ll be careful,” Jody whispered against Castiel’s brow.

***

Morning came and Castiel sat huddled on an old pew, hot cup of coffee warming his hands. Garth was checking over their kit bags while Charlie shared information with Jody that she’d managed to dig up on the farm that the vamps were inhabiting.

All too soon, Jody and Garth drove off to deal with the vamps, leaving Charlie and Castiel to hope that they would be successful. Moving about the chapel while leaning on his staff, Castiel tried to get warm, but was finding it hard to trap any warmth to his body. The day was warming up, but he just wasn’t. Charlie looked up from her screen and watched Castiel approach her, shivering as he walked.

“Cold?” Charlie asked, getting up from her collapsible seat.

Stopping by Charlie, Castiel nodded. He would say yes, but his teeth were already chattering inside his mouth.

“Got just the thing…” Charlie jogged over to where her duffel was and started digging through it. Pulling out a knitted garment, its colors blue and silver, Charlie padded over to Castiel and held the item out to him.

“Here.”

Castiel reached out and took the garment, finally realizing that it was a hat. He pulled it on, one handed, bringing its flaps down over his ears. It felt cozy and soft, and he could already feel himself starting to warm a little. He gave Charlie an appreciative smile.

“A friend of mine from Moondoor knitted that for me,” Charlie supplied. “It’s meant to be in Ravenclaw’s colors.”

“Ravenclaw?” The name sounded familiar to Castiel, but he couldn’t recall why.

“The school house at Hogwarts. In the Harry Potter novels and movies. I always felt like I would be in Ravenclaw if I was sorted.” Charlie blushed. “Yep, massive Harry Potter geek alert.”

“Hmm, is that because of the value they place on intelligence?”

Charlie stared wide eyed at Castiel. “You do know Harry Potter!”

Shaking his head, Castiel sat down on a discarded pew. “Not because I have read the books or seen the movies. The Harry Potter series was injected into my head courtesy of Metatron.” He felt a pang as he remembered Dean had promised before he died that they’d marathon the movies some time.

“Oh… that sucks.” Charlie sat back down in her chair.

“It’s still not the worst thing he did to me,” Castiel pointed out. He glanced over towards the stove they used to make coffee.

“Want another cup?” Charlie asked, getting up again.
“Please.”

Castiel watched Charlie start to sort out what they needed for coffee, his mind wandering. There was so much that had been taken from him in the last few years, much of it his own fault, but then there were things that were not his sins to bear. Still, he felt much at fault for what had happened to the Winchesters, Heaven and the world as a whole. The guilt would sometimes swarm over him in his lowest moments, making him chest feel like it would split in two.

“I’ve been thinking,” started Charlie as she put water on to boil. “If we can’t get Dean and Sam back… maybe we should trap them.”

Coming out of his own thoughts, Castiel quirked his head. “Trap them?”

“Imprison them. Until we can find a way to make them, them again. I was reading back through the Supernatural books the other night and then the follow ups that got leaked online…”

Castiel huffed out a low laugh at the mention of those books.

“And I was thinking, well, what if… Dean and Sam had their own cage? Like Lucifer’s? If we could imprison them somewhere out of the way, we can buy some time to work on a cure while keeping the rest of the world safe.”

Licking his lips, Castiel thought over Charlie’s suggestion. He felt saddened at the idea of having to imprison the two brothers who had become so important to him. “How would we build a cage for them?”

“Maybe Crowley would know?”

***

“Here you go…” Dean set down a brown paper bag beside Sam, but his brother didn’t even register the food that had been set down beside him. Sam just kept typing, hands whizzing up and down the keyboard as he checked through traffic cam footage faster than if he had still been fully human.

The mark didn’t completely agree with him for pampering Sam, but unlike Dean, Sam still needed to eat real food and the mark also kept whispering to Dean that he should keep Sam around. So that meant food, despite the conflict of feelings the mark created. It was just an indulgence for Dean to have his own double cheeseburger and fries waiting in his own bag.

“Yo, stop for a minute and eat,” Dean ordered.

Sam’s hands stillled and he looked up at Dean. There was a familiar gleam in Sam’s eyes, like the one he’d gotten so many times before all of this, the one he got when he was close to making a breakthrough in his research. “I’ve almost found him.”

“Well, your burger is gonna taste like crap if you don’t eat it now.”

Rolling his eyes, Sam turned to the brown bag beside him and picked it up. He carried his food over to the study’s coffee table with Dean following him and sat down. They both opened their bags and pulled out their food.

Sniffing at the burger he found, Sam shrugged and bit into it. Dean had noticed that Sam had been less worried about eating rabbit food since they’d started this thing. Since Dean had made Sam his. While Dean went slowly about eating his food, Sam wolfed his down, grabbing at the beer that had been opened for him, as soon as his fries were gone, and drowning half of it in one gulp.

Dean stayed quiet as Sam took himself and the rest of his beer back over to his laptop and returned to searching through traffic footage. They’d been lucky that Cas was so literal in the way he dreamed about his surroundings—they’d learned the registration of the pickup that Cas and the gang were using and saw a road sign for a town in Missouri which had helped even more. Dean knew it was only a short matter of time before they had an area to start searching in and they would find Cas.

And then they would bring him home.
There is non-consensual sexual contact and the start of a rape (no penetration) towards the end of this chapter.

Nostrils filled with the scent of blood and death, Garth was having second thoughts about entering the nest when they were about thirty feet from a set of barn doors. The flaking red paint that covered the doors suggested that the farm hadn’t been used as a farm for many years, but that just served to inform Garth of how perfect this place was for a nest. Sure, he wasn’t about to end up as food for the vamps in there, but going near vampires went against every werewolf instinct he’d inherited.

Dust rose up from the ground as they crept towards the barn and Garth strained to hear any sound from the vampires they expected to find inside, but there was nothing remotely audible. He couldn’t decide if that was good or bad as he signalled for Jody to cover him as he approached the barn doors. No humans left alive would be terrible, but if the vamps weren’t there then that wasn’t a great sign either.

Machete in hand, Garth flipped the latch holding the barn doors closed and crept inside, Jody keeping a safe distance at his back. They didn’t need to accidentally swing their blades into each other. Eyes quickly adjusting to the gloom inside the barn, Garth listened beyond the sounds of his and Jody’s heartbeats, and their breathing, trying to pick out anything that would let them know where the vamps are.

“Garth…” Jody hissed. Stopping, Garth looked back to Jody and then to where she was pointing. There was a long trail of blood leading away from the barn doors, heading towards what looked like a cellar entrance. Kneeling, Garth sniffed at the blood.

“It’s not human… it’s… from a vampire,” he whispered. Standing, Garth crept over to the cellar door. There was nothing else moving on the barn floor, the space was pretty empty. Sunlight filtered in from between a few wooden slats, but still there were no other noises in the barn.

An offal like stench rose up from the closed cellar door and Garth had a bad feeling about what was on the other side of the floor level doors. Gagging a little, Garth kneeled beside the doors and gently pulled them open.

If he was using a torch, he would have seen the reds and the rusty browns, but the torn limbs, entrails, decapitated heads and blood littered the cellar were all easily visible to Garth with his werewolf enhanced vision. He turned away from the sight and vomited. Jody flipped on a torch, took a peek into the cellar and then started to hurl as well.

Breakfast no longer in their stomachs, Garth was thankful that his wife Bess wasn’t here to see the cellar. Carefully, with his machete ready, Garth stepped down into the cellar and looked around. There was nothing left alive in the small space, human or vampire. He turned around, looking for any sign of who or what could have done this and then he saw a strip of cloth caught in the hand of one victim. Bending down he, pried the material out of the stiff dead fingers and carried it up and out of the cellar.

Outside the barn, Jody at his elbow, Garth sniffed at the plaid. He caught Sam’s scent, making him think of libraries and the leather of the Impala. “Sam and Dean… they did this.”

“How long ago did the humans die?” Jody asked, glancing around them, keeping an eye out for any signs of danger.

“Oh, about thirty minutes ago,” Dean crooned from behind Garth and Jody.

Snapping his attention to the demon, Garth kept his wolf-self in check as non-existent hackles tried to raise on the back of his neck. He heard Sam walking behind them. Without needing to speak, Jody had naturally flanked Garth’s back and he hers. They moved with the Winchesters,
fearful of what they might do.

A blonde haired demon stepped out from behind the barn and approached.

“Don’t worry, you won’t have to talk,” Sam explained, approaching Garth and Jody. “Yuliya will talk for you.”

***

The moment the chapel doors swung open, Charlie knew something was up. Picking up her handgun and an angel blade, she slinked through the chapel, heading towards the entrance, keeping herself low and hidden behind the broken pews. Castiel was asleep in his hammock.

There was no way the intruders were Jody and Garth. Getting the entrance in sight, Charlie glanced around, but could see nothing but the open chapel doors. Almost ready to think that a gust of wind had blown the doors open, Charlie was about to go over and close them until there was a sizzling noise and the scent of burning wood. Looking up, Charlie watched in growing horror as every single sigil they’d painted onto the inside of the chapel started to burn off.

Glowing embers fluttered off the walls to reveal unadulterated peeling paint. Panic rising, Charlie crawled to Castiel’s hammock and tried to rouse him. She shook his hand dangling over the edge of the hammock.

“Cas! Hey, hey, Cas, wake up!” Charlie hissed just loud enough for the angel.

Stirring, it was with practiced movement that Cas looked down to where Charlie was hiding by his hammock. “What’s wrong?”

“The sigils just all got burned off. We’ve got company.”

Cas looked like he was about to reply when Charlie felt a tug around her navel and suddenly she was thrown up against a wall twenty feet from Cas. Held up there by an invisible force, Charlie struggled, but it did her no good.

“It’s really homely.”

“I dunno, still looks like it could do with a remodel,” Dean suggested, walking in behind Sam.

Looking upon her two former best friends, Charlie felt hurt and sickness curl inside her belly. Everything about the two brothers screamed wrong, starting with their proud postures and deadly tones. She hadn’t been this close to them since before going to Oz, but here they were. It was kind of hard to believe that Garth had been right when he’d called her back from Oz, but he hadn’t lied: these two men weren’t her Winchesters.

“You should have said you were moving into home decor, we woulda called you right away,” Charlie joked. A vice like pressure suddenly seized her throat and made it hard for her to breathe, let alone talk again. Struggling for air, Charlie watched as Dean and Sam approached Castiel’s hammock.

But the angel was no longer there. Sweeping her gaze about the chapel, she saw him hobbling away from Dean and Sam, supporting himself on his staff as best he could. His labored breaths filled the chapel, and Charlie winced at the cruel chuckle that Sam gave, clearly enjoying Castiel’s distress.

“Give it up, Cas. There’s nowhere else left for you to run,” said Sam, easily outpacing Cas.

“Let’s do this the easy way,” Dean suggested darkly. “Though I won’t say no to you kicking and screaming while we carry you out of here.”

Unable to aid Cas, Charlie watched on helplessly as the two brothers caught up to Cas and backed him towards what would have once been a choir box. It was hard to tell if they wanted to kill Cas or something else.

“I don’t want to go with you,” Cas said in voice that almost resonated with his former strength.

“C’mom Cas, you must be sick of living in dumps like this. Tired of feeling like there’s nothing you can do. Just come with us and we’ll show you this bright wonderful new world we’re makin’. And we’ll make you a part of it.” Sam gave Cas a smile that would have seemed perfectly sincere and nice, if not for the wolfish look in his eyes.

“Where’s Jody and Garth?” asked Cas.

Dean cracked his neck a little and shrugged. “They’re safe. We took care of that vamp problem, y’know? So they’re just taking some downtime right now.”
“I don’t want to go with you,” Cas seethed.

Charlie wanted to help, wanted to push Dean and Sam away from her friend, but she just couldn’t overcome the force holding her to the wall. Watching the scene play out with growing horror, Charlie prayed that Garth and Jody were okay. Dean and Sam reached Cas, and held their hands out.

Within the blink of an eye the three of them were gone and Charlie was dropped, sprawled out on the floor.

***

"Why thank you for finally reaching out to me!” Crowley snarled into his cellphone. He was hiding out in the remains of a Ritz in the middle of Chicago, an area that had been struck particularly bad by the smiting. Crowley had some theories as to why and it involved laylines.

Room service was non-existent, but at least the bar was still well stocked. Crowley had been enjoying a thirty year old single malt when Charlie called. He’d been annoyed that they hadn’t informed him of their relocation, but now listening to Charlie explain that the brothers Winchester had gotten their mitts on Castiel, it wasn’t what he’d wanted to be called about.

“No, I don’t know where they’ve been holding up. I have some theories, but that’s it. Kind of hard to get minions who’ll talk these days.”

“We need to find him,” Charlie pleaded.

“We? There’s no “we”. Feathers can take care of himself.”

“You know that’s not true!”

Rolling his eyes, Crowley toyed with his tumbler of scotch. It wasn’t that he hated Castiel, but he wasn’t exactly over being betrayed by the angel during his war against Raphael. Though he would never admit out loud that it pained him to see how ill Castiel had become.

“We’re not asking you to rescue him. Just find out where he is and we’ll do the rest.”

“Oh please, you’d fuck it up.” Crowley put his scotch down and paced his penthouse suite. There was a muffled moan from one corner, but Crowley ignored that particular red head.

“If he’s not dead when we find him, we need to get him his grace. It’ll be a shitshow to extract him otherwise.”

“I have a lead on that.”

“Fine.” Crowley looked over at his scotch and licked his lips. “If we’re pulling his ass out of the fire, then we might as well deal with Moose and Squirrel too.”

“Right, but we don’t need to kill them.”

“Unless you’ve found a cure, we need to.” Crowley picked up his scotch again, taking a small sip and enjoying the smooth burn of the amber liquid.

Charlie huffed out a long breath. “We put them in a cage, like Lucifer’s.”

“A cage, that’s—” Crowley looked over at the redhead he had handcuffed and gagged nearby. “That’s not entirely outside of the realm of possibility.”

***

Blinding white light. That’s what Castiel remembered from when Heaven struck. He’d been driving towards the Bunker, determined to help Dean see through the treatment that would make him human again. When he’d seen that column of power heading toward the ground, he’d feared what the results would be. It had been so bright, he had to stop his car. Even after all these days, he wasn’t sure if he wished that Dean and Sam had been annihilated in the blast—there would have been a lot less suffering, he knew.
Sometimes he’d dream about how he had raced to the Bunker after it was hit, stolen grace only just protecting him from the shimmering energies left over. The damage to the structure had been superficial, the huge cast iron door for the main entrance looking like someone had taken a blowtorch to it.

Pulling the door open, Castiel had walked down into the map room. The scent of blood heavy on the air, making his way through the Bunker, Castiel had looked for Sam and Dean. His first instinct had been to think that the blood was Sam’s, but the hint of sulfur suggested it was Dean’s. He worried what he might find there.

He had found Sam drinking hungrily from Dean’s outstretched arm, Dean making soothing noises as he rubbed Sam’s back. When the two hunters had noticed that they were being watched, their gazes landed on Castiel and made him feel like he was naked, no more than a piece of meat. It was then that he had run.

Clearly he hadn’t run far enough.

***

Outside their bedroom window, the sky was a deep grapefruit pink, tufts of clouds almost making the scenery look like nothing was wrong. But if you looked a little closer at the distant structures of the town down the road from the mansion, you’d see that the local high school was a burned out shell—and that was just what was visible from the mansion. Sam remembered the last time he had entered the town and seen at how much of the place had been destroyed.

Despite all the destruction on their front doorstep, Sam hoped that Cas would enjoy the view. He wanted Cas to want to stay with them. He looked over at their big bed where Cas was asleep. Hidden under the covers was a chain that was secured to a cuff around Castiel’s ankle, the other end of the chain locked to the massive wooden frame of their bed.

Even if they hadn’t talked yet, Sam felt like a hole had been filled inside of him by having Cas in the same room. It felt strange to have missed the angel so much, but Sam had always struggled with the gnawing emptiness of not having Cas by his side. He knew Dean had too. If they were going to continue, it only felt right that they would have Cas with them.

Padding over to Cas, Sam knelt beside the sleeping angel and brushed a hand through his hair. It angered him to see Cas so ill and gaunt, he felt that letting Jody and Garth go unharmed had been too generous. Tapping into his own wellspring of power, Sam eased Castiel’s breathing and some of his aches and pains. He left the angel’s mind alone as he worked, content to let him sleep.

“How is he?” Dean asked, voice filled with an edge of concern.

Sam laid down beside Cas, pressing against his back and wrapped an arm over his front. “He needs his grace,” Sam whispered.

The bed shifted and Dean laid out along Castiel’s front. He wrapped an arm around Cas next to Sam’s. Cas gave a tiny sleepy whimper and Dean leaned in, kissing him on his lips.

“D-Dean?” Cas whispered.

“Yeah, don’t worry, we got you,” Dean reassured.

“Sorry we had to knock you out, but we didn’t want to hurt you,” Sam apologized, kissing the back of Castiel’s neck.

“Yes, Sam…” Cas whimpered, but his cries were quickly swallowed up by Dean’s mouth.

“Ssssh, we’re going to make you feel better, don’t you worry.” Sam pressed more kisses to the back of Castiel’s neck. “Everything is going to be better now that we have you. You’ll see.” Sam squeezed Cas, shifting his hips closer to the angel. Sliding his hand down to Castiel’s hip, Sam dug his fingers into the flesh just under the angel’s jeans.

Castiel’s breaths came short and sharp.

Pulling off of Castiel’s mouth, Dean whispered against the angel’s lips, “Don’t worry.”

“Please, let me go,” begged Cas. But they couldn’t let him go, they’d already agreed not to. They just had to make him realize he was a part of them, and they a part of him. Sam worked his hand inside of Castiel’s jeans, slipping past his underwear and circled his fist around Castiel’s fattening cock.

Starting to tug and pull at Cas’s length, Sam kissed and nuzzled at Castiel’s neck.

“Please stop,” Cas whimpered.
Dean’s mouth returned to Castiel’s. Stroking Cas to full hardness, Sam pressed his own trapped dick against the cleft of Castiel’s denim covered ass. “So good for us, Cas. So beautiful,” Sam praised. Whimpers shook through Castiel as Sam stroked his cock, and Sam wondered what the angel would be like once he was bouncing on his or Dean’s dick.

They would show Cas that he belonged with them.
Damnation assaulted Castiel from all sides. Dean’s mouth censored all coherent fault as the Knight of Hell drove his tongue into Castiel’s mouth over and over, body a hard line of seething pent up repression boiling over as it rocked against Castiel over and over. At his back, Sam whispered things into ear while devouring any exposed skin he could reach, hand working Castiel’s cock like it was made to bring him teetering to the edge of oblivion.

They all still had their clothes on, but Castiel knew that would change soon. He knew that the brothers would want to consume more of him as they burned through him with their lust and passions. Cas had wanted this for so long, but not like this—not with escape impossible and his life potentially forfeit. The cuff on his ankle meant it was impossible for him to push the brothers away and run.

“You don’t need to run, Cas,” Sam whispered against his neck, lightly smelling of Dean’s corruption. “Just let us show you.”

Panic rising, Castiel struggled as Dean and Sam stopped kissing him and worked to remove his clothes and then their own. His shirt was ripped from his back, and his jeans torn from his hips, strength rolling through the brothers’ every move. Even though he was breathing better than he had in weeks, Castiel doubted his chances of getting through this in one piece.

He’d never wanted their first time to be like this. He’d hoped for something softer, not touches that felt like they were burning his own skin. Brushing his fingers over Castiel’s stomach, Dean traced the old tattoo that stopped angels from tracking him. Shivering under Dean’s touch, Castiel tried not to think about where exactly things would progress from here. He’d had sex once, but he knew the mechanics would be different with Sam and Dean, knew his body wouldn’t just open up for them without help.

“Relax, Cas, we’re gonna make you feel fucking awesome.” Dean licked and sucked his way down Castiel’s front until he reached the nest of curls above his hard dick. He buried his face in Castiel’s curls and Castiel could feel the demon nuzzling at him there, chin catching on the base of his cock.

A soft pop from behind Castiel had him looking over his shoulder at Sam. Hair flopped over the younger Winchester’s forehead and Sam blew at it before giving Castiel a look that promised long hidden desires being birthed into reality.

“Dean,” Sam murmured. Castiel wondered what Sam was getting at and suddenly Dean’s hot wet mouth was sucking him down. It was automatic, the way Castiel reached his hands out and gripped Dean’s head, hands scrabbling at Dean’s hair.

“Dean...” Castiel gasped. Distracted by Dean’s mouth, Castiel had no clue what was happening behind him until he suddenly felt something wet circling his hole. Caught up in the pleasure of Dean’s mouth, Castiel lightly grunted when Sam breached him with one finger.

Crawling closer to Castiel and wrapping his leg over the lower half of Castiel’s legs, Dean sucked and licked with a proficiency that Castiel had only imagined in a few private moments. The finger stroking away at his insides made his body tingle in ways he didn’t even know were possible, but Sam was the warm wall of heat he’d always imagined he would be.

The two brothers stripped away his protests and hollowed him out as they broke the rules of love that Castiel had so desperately wanted to believe in, love he had thought that he would be subject to on the day he was finally honest with Dean and Sam. But there was no honesty in that alien bedroom, as he trembled beneath two beings who had spent the past months bringing the world to
its knees. Castiel cried and sobbed, tears wetting his cheeks as his body responded to every touch and every demand of pleasure that the brothers pulled out of him, no matter how unwilling his mind was.

Sam added a second finger to Castiel’s hole and the near graceless angel shouted his pain in Enochian. He prayed that the real Winchesters would come home and tear away these pretenders. Heavenly words sounding at odds with the carnal activities besieging his body, Castiel prayed in Enochian, but knew neither Heaven nor God were listening. Though he could almost imagine Lucifer back in his cage pricking his ears up at Castiel’s pitiful lamentations, chuckling before going back to his fiendish torture of Michael.

Every time he tried to push away the sensations besieging his body, Dean or Sam would wring a wave of pleasure from Castiel, making him smash back into the present, shaking and bucking as sweat slicked his skin. The voice in his head that wanted to be filled, to be claimed and drowned in nothing but the Winchesters, was getting louder. At the same time, shame slithered beside his desires, telling him he deserved this, that he had failed the brothers too many times and that this was his final penance.

The voice of shame told Castiel that he should just shut up and take it. That both Dean and Sam had suffered far worse because of his actions. Far, far worse. Castiel tried to ignore the voice and continued his litany, begging in Enochian for the brothers to stop.

“Cas,” Dean muttered, licking the tip of Castiel’s dick with quick kitten licks, “we said we’d take care of you. We’re not going to hurt you.”

His Dean, the real Dean, would know that he was hurting Castiel by not giving him a choice. “Dean, Sam: stop,” Castiel pleaded in English. Instead of stopping, Dean pushed Castiel’s cock deep down his throat and Sam rubbed over that bud of nerves deep inside of him, dragging his body closer to release. Cas keened.

“Think you can take a third, Cas?” Sam asked, pulling his fingers out.

“Stop...” Castiel panted, but Sam didn’t listen. Three fingers breached Castiel, his body bucking towards the contact, eager to fuck. What would make them stop? Castiel didn’t know. He felt the veil of evil that intangibly surrounded both souls. Dean, corrupted by the Mark of Cain, and Sam, corrupted by his brother’s blood and that of other demons. Sometimes, when Castiel almost closed his eyes, he caught sight of horns or tails. Even without having anything like a healthy amount of grace, Castiel could feel the flames of Hell lick his skin with their every touch.

Shaking and crying, Castiel started to fuck himself down onto Sam’s fingers and then up into Dean’s waiting mouth. The sick seesaw of motion was a parody of lovemaking as the brothers readied him for much more.

When Sam deemed Castiel to be ready, he was suddenly shifted as Sam slid under him, rolled onto his back, making Dean leave his cock alone. Castiel found himself on all fours above Sam, unable to meet the younger Winchester’s eyes. “Dean,” Sam panted, “lube.”

Looking down the length of his stomach, Sam’s arms like iron bands over his shoulders, Castiel watched as Dean, kneeling behind Castiel, bent between his legs and slicked up the length of Sam’s cock. And then Dean held Sam’s cock, helping him push inside of Castiel, slowly as Castiel was lowered down. The stretch was more than Castiel had been expecting and the air was punched out of his lungs as Sam’s monster of a cock filled him up.

Dean straddled Sam’s legs, pumping his own dick as Sam pulled partially out, back pushing down into the mattress. Then he snapped back up and into Castiel, wringing a cry from the angel as he brushed against his prostate, making Castiel’s cock obscenely bob with the movement.

A few more trial thrusts and then Sam started to pick up his pace, the bed squeaking with his movements and the headboard bashing into the wall behind it. With each jerk of Sam’s cock inside of him, Castiel felt betrayed by his body, the way it sang with Sam’s song, pre-come beading the tip of his bouncing dick. But he didn’t know why Dean was kneeling where he was, didn’t understand.

Dean reached a finger out to Castiel’s stuffed hole and traced around it. The sensation made Castiel beg for them to stop, but Dean kept on doing it, tracing and tracing, until he managed to slip it in alongside Sam’s cock. One finger soon became two and then three. It seemed all too easy for Dean to line his own hardness up as Sam stopped moving, body tense and trembling with the need to fuck into Castiel, and then Dean pushed in alongside Sam’s dick.

Castiel was stuffed so full that he could see his thin stomach bulge out ever so slightly and he whimpered when Dean stroked the bump on his body. And then, with preternatural levels of coordination, Dean and Sam started to fuck Castiel together, hips shifting in unison, deeply driving into him.

“We love you, Cas, love you so much,” Sam and Dean said together, words mixing with each other. Like they were of the same mind. “You’re going to learn this. That we love you. We have all the time in the world to show you. Over and over. Together forever.”

A fresh wave of tears pricked at Castiel’s eyes as he felt his own release drawing closer. He couldn’t claw it back. Maybe if the brothers had hit or kicked him, Castiel could have stopped being so receptive to every demand their bodies made of his.

The brothers fucked hard into him and said in unison, “I love you, Cas,” voices mingling. Castiel pulled against Sam’s hold as his cock betrayed him and coated his stomach in white hot come. His
vision whited out and he collapsed against Sam, senseless as the two brothers sped up, bodies snapping against his as they chased their own release. It took only a few thrusts in and out of Castiel’s oversensitive hole before Sam and Dean came together, marking him on the inside.

He was theirs. Forever.

Slowly, Dean pulled out first and then Sam’s softening cock slipped out of Castiel’s overstretched hole. The two brothers climbed away from Castiel’s broken body and padded off to what must have been a bathroom door. Castiel had no energy to curl his body up as he listened to the sound of a tap being run.

The tap was stopped and the brothers returned with washcloths in hand. Climbing up on the bed either side of him, Dean and Sam wiped him down before cleaning themselves up. There was a tenderness behind the movements that Castiel hadn’t expected from Dean, the mark raised clearly on his arm. A part of Castiel pondered if Sam in his present state helped to balance out Dean as a demon, but he didn’t think too much into it. Once everyone was clean, Dean and Sam put the washcloths back in the bathroom and returned to the bed. They moved Castiel around like he was some kind of doll until he was sitting up between them, silk sheets covering his lower body.

The doors to the bedroom were opened and a blonde haired woman—demon, Castiel corrected himself—walked in, carrying several trays of food. It seemed almost unreal that there would be room service after what had happened to him, but freshly prepared salad, meats, potatoes and more were laid out on small tables around the bed. A few bottles of wine and beer accompanied this, with dainty glasses for the wine. Soon, a bedroom feast surrounded Castiel.

Once everything was set out within reach of Dean and Sam, the demon left them, closing the door. Castiel wondered how many had heard Dean and Sam claiming him, but he knew it didn’t really matter. Not anymore.

“Bet you haven’t eaten anything this good in weeks,” said Dean, plate of food on his lap.

Castiel tried to reply, but all that came out was a hoarse rush of air that might have sounded like a yes.

“Here.” Sam picked up a chicken leg and held it in reach of Castiel’s mouth. At first he wasn’t going to touch it, but his stomach rumbled, his humanity showing through. Arms too tired to lift, Castiel tilted his head forwards the necessary distance to take a bite from the chicken leg. He chewed slowly, each mouthful taking longer than it might for most, but his energy had almost completely fled him.

Dean gently stroked Castiel’s hair. “Once you’re rested up, we’ll show you what passes for fun around here.”

Not that Castiel really knew where here was. He ate the food offered to him, body demanding nourishment, even though his mind wanted to sink below consciousness and know nothing ever again.

Eventually they ate their fill and the food was cleared away. Beer in hand, Dean walked around the bedroom naked while he flipped through a book. Sam cradled Castiel in his arms, holding onto a glass of wine. Sam’s warmth bled through into Castiel’s body, warming him and making him wish he was back in his hammock with Jody talking to him about sheriff stuff.

Part of Castiel wanted to die and another part wanted to live. He had little understanding of how he could use his situation to his advantage, but Castiel wondered what would happen if he returned some of the brothers’ affections. Turning in Sam’s arms, Castiel nudged at Sam’s chest until the younger Winchester put his glass of wine down. The small movement sent a trickle of come sliding out of Castiel’s hole, but he tried not to shiver in disgust. He couldn’t show discomfort, he understood that.

“Sam,” Castiel murmured against Sam’s chest.

Dean chose that moment to head into the bathroom and turn on the shower.

“Yeah?” Sam asked, breathing hitched.

A little shakily, knees unsteady, Castiel climbed up onto Sam’s lap, straddling him, ankle chain sliding under the bed sheets. “Sam, do you… do you really love me?”

Strong hand reaching up to Castiel, Sam brushed his left thumb over Castiel’s right cheek. “Sure. Of course. I love—”

Not giving Sam a chance to finish, Castiel swooped in and kissed Sam. Faking eagerness, Castiel slid his tongue into Sam’s mouth and tongue fucked him. Then he gave a small roll of his hips, grinding down onto Sam’s cock, which quickly started to pay attention. Castiel could feel how loose and wet he still was, so he thought nothing of sliding himself down onto Sam’s cock once he was fully hard.

The pressure stung and made him ache, but Castiel showed none of his discomfort as he pretended that he was finally onboard. Faked that he wanted to be with Sam like this. Rocking up and down on Sam’s cock, Castiel gripped Sam’s shoulders as his hands held onto his waist.

“Fuck, you’re so gorgeous, Cas,” Sam said breathily, hips thrusting up to meet Castiel. He leaned forward and planted kisses over Castiel’s chest, teeth scraping at his skin.

“I wanted this for so long,” Castiel half-lied. He held back the tears that wanted to freshly run.
down his face. Changing the tilt of his hips just so, Castiel sucked in a deep breath as the head of Sam’s massive cock brushed over his prostate.

“Can’t believe you came on just our cocks earlier,” Sam muttered into Castiel’s chest in between kisses. “Wanna fuck you every day for the rest of my life.”

Pain mingling with spikes of pleasure, Castiel hummed a “yes” and fucked himself on Sam’s cock.

“Warn a guy!” Dean complained, coming out of the bathroom, towel wrapped around his waist. “Thought he was meant to be resting up,” Dean chuckled. The demon approached the bed and Castiel hoped he’d wait his turn.

“Needed to feel Sam again,” Castiel lied.

“No gonna argue with that,” Dean said in a slightly breathless voice as he stood and watched Castiel fuck himself on Sam’s cock.

Soon Sam was coming again, but Castiel was still hard. He climbed off of Sam’s lap, come sliding down the insides of his thighs as he crawled along the bed. His movements were slow and deliberate, ass raised just that bit higher in the air as he turned to put Dean behind him, movements taunting Dean to come and get it.

“Dean,” Castiel moaned, turning to look at him over his shoulder.

“Think our angel needs you,” Sam encouraged.

No way did Dean need anymore encouragement. Towel forgotten on the floor, Dean got onto the bed and bent Castiel over. One hand slid over Castiel’s back, the other pressed a finger to Castiel’s hole and pulled away.

“Fuck, Dean,” Sam panted. Only able to imagine what was happening behind him, Castiel suspected that Dean had just licked his brother’s come from Castiel’s hole off of his finger.

“Hmm, pass the lube, Sammy.”

“Don’t call me Sammy.” Sam passed Dean the lube. Lid popped open, Castiel waited as he heard the wet sounds of Dean slicking himself up. With no need for preparation, Dean sheathed himself inside of Castiel in one easy thrust.

“Damn it, Cas, you’re loose.” Roughly reaching around Castiel, Dean pulled him up from being on all fours and held him against his chest, forcing Castiel to kneel. Come and lube dripped down the underside of Castiel’s balls, and thighs, as Dean held onto him, right hand digging into his shoulder and left into his hip.

Where Sam had been patient and let Castiel control what was happening, Dean fucked up into him with an animalism that hurt. Even with his dwindling grace, Castiel could taste the mark’s influence on the air. Cock slapping against his stomach with each movement of Dean’s hips, Castiel tried to make it sound like he was enjoying himself.

“Didn’t realize you’d be such a cock slut, Cas,” Dean panted, hips speeding up. “God, so fucking perfect for us. Always knew you were ours… meant for us… fuck… Cas!” Dean came, pulsing inside of Castiel.

For a moment, Castiel didn’t think he had come, but then he looked down at his own stomach, feeling a wetness there and saw that he had been brought to climax. Before Dean could pull out, Castiel fell forwards collapsing onto the bed as his energy levels finally gave out.

The world seemed muffled and quiet as his body was cleaned and he was repositioned in the bed. He wanted to ask why Dean was sleeping when he didn’t need to, but he couldn’t form the words to ask. The brothers wrapped him up, making them a tangle of limbs, but he was warmer than he had ever been in his hammock.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Non-consensual sexual contact in this chapter.

Whispering that he shouldn’t care, Dean ignored the mark as he snatched a glance at Cas. He didn’t like how sickly their angel looked, but he didn’t want to follow the little treasure hunt Metatron had told them about, just before Heaven had been closed off to them. Well, closed off because of their massive fuck up, and when afterwards he and Sam managed to trick Hannah to grab the bastard for them… Dean had enjoyed ripping Metatron’s head off with just his hands.

Hearing the crunch of the graceless angel’s spine and watching a crimson fountain erupt from his neck: it had satisfied Dean and the Mark of Cain. The edge of revenge tapered off and left Dean about as satisfied as when he’d finally fucked Sam, not long after filling Sam’s veins with his blood.

“Is something wrong?” Cas asked shyly. The angel was sat on a couch in their study, legs crossed underneath him. He looked pale, but less pale than he had that morning, but only because Sam had healed him, easing the discomfort Cas had from breathing.

He wanted Cas by his side and to do that, Dean knew he had to find Castiel’s remaining grace, especially if he was gonna keep having a handful of angel ass to bounce on his cock. Things would be easier if Cas could take more punishment. The previous day’s activities had pushed Cas to his limits but Dean wanted to take him even further. Sure, the damn mark didn’t really care what happened to Cas, but Dean didn’t want to listen to that part, because there were other beings out there that he could turn into a bloody mess.

Even though he didn’t want to go on a treasure hunt, it was clearly their only choice. “I was just thinking that we should do something about your grace.” Dean licked his lips, eyes flicking towards Sam who was sprawled on the floor, picking apart butterflies using just his mind.

“Do you know where it is?” Cas looked up at Dean, eyes bright and making Dean think of all the things he wanted to do.

Turning the butterflies to dust with the wave of his hand, Sam sat up and crossed his legs. “Metatron told us where he left it.”

“H-he told you?”

Grin forming, Dean sat down beside Cas and put an arm around his shoulders. “Oh he told us, right before I tore his head off.”

Expecting Cas to flinch, Dean is surprised when he nods and looks him straight in the eye. “A death like that was too good for him.”

And hey-ho, it sounded like they had a vengeful angel with them. That warmed Dean in ways he hadn’t expected. “Well, we didn’t have time to get creative, but don’t worry, there’s still plenty of assholes out there who deserve to be shown their own spine.”

Nodding, Cas reached towards Dean’s shoulder and gently tugged him closer. Taking the motion as an invite, Dean got in close and kissed Cas on the lips. He could taste the honey drenched porridge Cas had eaten that morning.

“Ahem, if you two are finished,” Sam interrupted, “maybe we should, y’know, go get Cas’s grace.”
“Ouch!” Jody hissed, trying her best not to flinch. Charlie gave a roll of her eyes pulled the needle back through her right arm again. “Fuck!”

Garth hovered, a bottle of Jim Bean in hand. “Do you——”

“Dammit, gimme that.” Jody held out her left hand and Garth unscrewed the bottle cap and handed over the bottle. Taking a deep pull of the bourbon, Jody tried not to focus on what Charlie was doing to her arm.

Reaching into his pockets, Garth pulled out an anti-possession necklace, the silver star glinting in the weak sunlight coming through the chapel’s windows. Jody was planning on moving out once they were patched up, as there was no point staying in a place where Dean and Sam knew where they were.

“Here. We haven’t got anything left to give you a fresh tatt, and it’ll be weeks before the old one will be healed enough to be redone.” Garth gave Jody a reassuring smile and she traded the bottle of bourbon for the talisman.

Slipping the necklace over her head, Jody tried not to think about how she had let Cas down, how it was because of her that Sam and Dean had gotten to him. But when Sam burned through her tattoo, there was nothing she could do to stop that random demon from crawling inside of her and squatting, rifling through her mind. Nothing. She shivered, suddenly cold, but not because of blood loss.

“I wish I could say we slept well,” Garth groused, putting the bottle down. The two of them had been knocked out by Sam once they had the information they wanted. Jody was a little surprised that the brothers didn’t kill them, but then again, they hadn’t offered up much of a threat.

“At least you heal fast,” Jody bitched back, hissing again as the needle and thread pulled through her flesh.

“Good point.” Garth ducked his head and shyly rubbed at the back of his neck.

“Okay…” Charlie tugged the stitches a few times, tying the end. “And we’re done. Try and keep it clean, okay? I got some broad spectrum antibiotics that you need to start taking straight away.” Charlie backed away and pulled off the medical gloves she’d put on to treat Jody. Pulling out a bottle of pills from a zip case, Charlie passed the antibiotics to Jody.

“Fine, I’ll take one now and then we need to leave here.” Jody opened the bottle and took a pill out. She swallowed it without water and closed the bottle.

“I’ll let Crowley know we’re on the move,” Charlie muttered as she started to pack her tech.

They were fifty miles from the chapel when Crowley appeared by the side of the road, waving them over. Jody indicated and pulled the pickup truck over, stopping beside Crowley. Pushing down the familiar urge to stab the demon with an angel blade, Jody allowed him to climb into the back before she pulled the truck onto the road again. The hex bags they used made it impossible for Crowley to pinpoint where they were so he couldn’t just show up in the pickup.

“You all look fantastic,” Crowley snarked.

“I’d like to see how you’d do against those two right now.” Jody shot back.

“I wouldn’t have given up feathers so easily, that’s for sure.”

Slamming on the brakes, Jody stopped the pickup and twisted in her seat so that she could glare at Crowley. “Yeah, yeah. Well you weren’t there, your highness, so how about you stop bragging and start helping… Is this cage idea doable?”

Crowley glared back at Jody, but didn’t rise to her bait. “My source says yes.”

“Who’s the source?” Jody asked, getting the pickup going again.

“Never you mind.” Crowley looked at his nails.

“How soon can we have it built?” Jody persisted.

“A day or two at most.”

“Who——”

“Just worry about Castiel’s grace,” Crowley interjected. “Red, you said you knew where we might find it?”
No one had been inside the library in months. A light layer of dust covered the books and shelves. It felt like a place for the dead, rather than knowledge, but Castiel tried not to think of such things. Dean was at his side while Sam stalked ahead.

“Where do you think it is?” Dean called to Sam.

“It’s definitely here,” Sam stopped ahead of them, standing completely still. He turned his head towards them, eyes closed. “I can feel it.”

It was critical for Castiel not to show too much emotion at the news, he smiled and pulled away from Dean, heading for Sam. “Let’s find it.”

Nodding, Sam led the way, walking deeper among the shelves. Castiel did his best not to think about what he could do if he got the remainder of his grace back. He didn’t want to give away his hopes to Sam’s questing mind. He needed to show complete compliance, or else he wouldn’t get what he needed, and he needed that grace.

Sam stretched his arms out ahead of himself, like they’d become divining rods and he was feeling his way towards Castiel’s grace. “Hmmm, there’s something else here, beside Cas’s grace.”

“How about we find Cas’s grace first,” Dean suggested from behind Castiel.

“Yeah…” Sam continued onwards, hands outstretched. They wound their way further and further among the books, and Castiel felt his chest tingle. He wondered if his remaining grace was resonating with the grace that had been stored in the library.

Sam started to slow down, and Dean reached out and placed a hand on Castiel’s shoulder, holding him back. Stopping between two rows of shelves, Castiel watched as Sam pulled a copy of Don Quixote from a shelf and opened it. There, cut into the pages was a small hole that held a small vial containing the remainder of Castiel’s grace. He reached out to it unthinking, but Sam pulled it away from him.

“Maybe we shouldn’t do this he—”

The doors to the library slammed open, the sound cutting off Sam. In unison, Dean, Sam and Castiel turned to face the front of the library. Through the shelves, Castiel could see Crowley’s familiar silhouette and he felt his thoughts stall. His grace was so close, so very close, but Crowley was there.

“Well, Moose, Squirrel: long time no see.”

Tension visibly rippled through Dean’s muscles and Castiel could feel power stirring around Sam. Backing away from Crowley, not in fear, but so he could get his grace while looking like he was seeking shelter behind the brothers, Castiel tried to figure out what he should do. He needed his grace, but he couldn’t just snatch the vial from Sam’s hand, especially when Sam could easily just toss him from one side of the library to the other without breaking a sweat.

For a second, Castiel wished he had his staff, at least then he could try to pivot with it and cause some damage. Eyes trained on Sam’s hand, Castiel waited for someone to make the next move.

“Crowley, I’m pretty sure I told you that the next time I saw you, I’d skin you while keeping you trapped in your meatsuit.” Dean stepped closer to the other demon.

“Promises, promises,” Crowley retorted. He flashed Castiel a look, but he didn’t know what his wide eyes meant.

“I don’t care why you’re here, but unless you want to feel pain, and even if you didn’t, you need to leave,” Dean growled, hands curling into fists at his sides.

Crowley threw Castiel another loaded look. “Maybe I’m just here to expand my mind,” Crowley returned. “It’s a free country.” Crowley sent Castiel another pleading look.

Glancing between Crowley and the vial in Sam’s hand, Castiel started to suspect that Crowley wanted him to grab his grace and run, or something like that. Steeling himself, trying not to give away what he was about to do, Castiel drew level with Sam’s hand and the loosely held grace.

“It’s a free country where I’m about to dump a piece of you in every single fucking state,” Dean threatened.

Without waiting for Crowley’s next jab, Castiel snatched his vial of grace out of Sam’s hand, and dodged sideways into another set of shelves. His feet couldn’t carry him very fast, but as he heard a set of shelves crash to the floor, Castiel struggled to pull the stopper off of the vial.
Tripping over his own feet, Castiel fell to the hard floor of the library, only just managing to keep a hold on his grace. Wind knocked out of him, Castiel looked up and found Sam towering over him.

“You shouldn’t have done that, Cas.” Sam went to take the vial from Castiel, but the angel rolled to the side and popped the lid off. Brilliant silvery-blue smoke rose from the container, and Castiel breathed it in, the power of his old self flaring inside of him.

He didn’t shout for anyone to close their eyes, he knew Crowley could handle himself. Power, love and hope pushed its way through Castiel’s vessel, filling every part of him. Distantly he was aware of Dean and Sam screaming. Instead of consoling the two brothers, Castiel bellowed, “You shouldn’t have taken me.”

Aching wings unfurled behind Castiel as he got to his feet, shadows occupying the wall behind him. Grace finally quieting down, Castiel looked around him for any sign of Dean or Sam, but neither remained in the library.

Slow claps sounded from across the space. “Well done. We’ve got them on the run,” Crowley praised, stalking over to Castiel. “Feeling any better?”

Looking down at his hands in the library’s gloom, Castiel flexed his fingers as he moved his wings back in the space where they normally stayed. His wings hadn’t been completely restored, but even in their damaged state it felt good to have them again.

“Well?” Crowley prompted.

“We can’t stay here.”

Crowley ignored the fact that Jody, Charlie and Garth had set up in yet another abandoned church, though he did appreciate the fresh coat of sigils that covered its insides, counteracted for him and him alone, by a hex bag he had on his person. The cage for Sam and Dean would be finished soon, and while Crowley was looking forward to taking control of Hell again, he felt a pang of regret at not being able to use the Lance of Michael.

Shifting a glass of scotch between his hands, Crowley stayed quiet as Jody, Charlie, Garth and Cas conversed. It had been a day since Cas had gotten the remnants of his grace back and Crowley was keen to see this nightmare end.

“If you don’t mind me interrupting,” Crowley butted in, trying to stop the circle of thought that wasn’t going anywhere between the other four, “but Cas is our best bet to get to them.”

Jody crossed her arms and glared at Crowley.

“Don’t get your knickers in a twist, I’m just telling it like it is. We just need to get one person close enough and this,” Crowley pulled four rings stuck together from his pocket, “will do the rest.”

Cas looked closely at the rings. “Those are the horsemen’s.”

Crowley shook his head. “Guess again. These are yours. Made especially for the Winchester’s cage. You’ll each have one, once we’re done.”

“Don’t get your knickers in a twist, I’m just telling it like it is. We just need to get one person close enough and this,” Crowley pulled four rings stuck together from his pocket, “will do the rest.”

Cas looked closely at the rings. “Those are the horsemen’s.”

Crowley shook his head. “Guess again. These are yours. Made especially for the Winchester’s cage. You’ll each have one, once we’re done.”

“But how do I get them to agree to meet with me?” Cas queried, fingering the gold ring in the palm of Crowley’s hand. Despite having got his grace back, Crowley sensed that something was off about Cas, but he couldn’t quite put his finger on what.

“Well, Cas, you have what we like to call sex appeal.” Crowley slapped him on the back and received a look that suggested thoughts of smiting from the angel.

“You think they’ll come to me if I call?” Cas took all of the rings and put them in his jacket pocket. It had surprised Crowley when Cas hadn’t sought out his usual trenchcoat attire once he had his grace back. Instead the angel had remained in denim and plaid, looking ever like the Winchester.

“They’re obsessed. You just need to be in the right place which isn’t, no offence, some tumbling down church.” Crowley took a sip of his scotch and waved a hand around the place.

Giving a nod of acknowledgement, Cas sunk down on one of the pews and looked away from Crowley and the others.

“Well, pick a time and a place,” Jody ordered, “and we’ll get ready to take them on.”

“Can we really do this?” Charlie asked nervously.
“We have to try,” Garth pointed out, “because I'm not sure if you heard, but another town went
dark overnight.”

He may not have winced, but Crowley had seen what Dean and Sam could do on a night out, and
while Crowley could enjoy a good slaughter as much as the next demon, there’s slaughter and
then there’s slaughter that’s bad for business.
Chapter 7

Hunting used to be so easy. Some critter would show up and at first Jody would let Bobby know about it and either him or the boys would take care of it. Then she started taking on the odd case herself. If it wasn’t simple and she needed help, Dean and Sam were only an email or a phone call away. Sure, there had been times when everything went crazy, but for the most part things got done, hunting was easy. Watching two of your friends tear up the world? Now that wasn’t easy.

Lying down on the church floor, sleeping bag snug around her, Jody listened to Crowley and Cas talk in whispered tones on the other side of the church. She couldn’t hear them much and had been left alone with her thoughts. If this had been three or four days ago, Cas wouldn’t have still been awake. In a way, Jody was surprised by the transformation Cas had undergone from getting back what was left of his grace.

Jody did not miss waking up in the middle of the night because the gentle rhythm of Castiel’s breathing had been interrupted by his strangled struggles for air. When that happened, she would scramble to Cas and give him his air while rubbing at his back, trying to ease his lungs. Now she was having a hard time imagining that this angel with grace had gone up against the Lucifer at any point.

“Once mother’s done with the last of the brands, we just have to use the rings and send them down,” Crowley explained in a low voice.

“I’m still struggling with the notion that you even have a mother,” Castiel pointed out quietly.

“These things happen.”

“Not normally.”

“She’s a powerful witch.”

“Clearly. So what have you promised her to make sure she’d do any of this?”

There was a pause and then Crowley cleared his throat before saying, “I promised I’d take her to the Bunker… and she could study the contents there. Though not remove anything… Don’t need her getting hold of any nukes.”

“There aren’t any nuclear weapons in the Bunker.”

“Not the literal human sort, no. But I know there’s power there.”

Cas huffed a breath. “I hope we don’t come to regret your deal with her.”

“You’re one to talk,” Crowley snipped back. The demon and angel’s conversation turned into a series of quieter, hissed whispers from then on and Jody stopped trying to listen.

She wanted to sleep, but she just could not get her mind to stay quiet. No longer wanting to force it, she crawled out of her sleeping bag, pulled on her shoes, and headed out of the church, grabbing her hex bag along the way.

Stepping outside, Jody looked up at the starry night’s sky. None of the streetlights near the church were working, the town having been abandoned not long after the smiting. They were closer to Lebanon than they had been in weeks, but not somewhere Dean and Sam would think to look. The town was like many across the midwest, where the sickness had been too great to ignore, leaving individuals and families with no choice but to flee, because getting enochian tattoos onto millions people was an impossible task.
Charlie was standing by a wall that marked the boundary of the church grounds, keeping watch. Shotgun in hand, machete at her waist, Charlie looked like she meant business.

“Say, you got any of that Jim Bean left?” Jody called to Charlie as she walked over.

“Nope. Had to take a few swigs myself after finishing with your arm the other day.”

Jody settled beside Charlie, leaning against the wall. “Are we doing the right thing?”

Huffing out a small laugh, Charlie shook her head. “I don’t know what would be right, right now. We can’t risk trying to kill ’em. And nothing else on Earth is going to keep those two locked up.”

“So what’s good enough for the Devil should be good enough for them?”

“Pretty much.”

Staring up at the stars, Jody tried to ignore the low churning of her stomach, nerves making her earlier dinner of bean chili feel uncomfortable in her stomach. Silence settled between the two women.

“Y’know, I’m glad we were able to help you,” Jody suddenly offered.

“Yeah, well being split in two was a pain in the ass anyway.”

“No, I mean… you’re the last person we were able to really help. In all of this. And I hope that what we’re going to do does help.” Jody fondly knocked her shoulder into Charlie.

Charlie nudged Jody in return. “Yeah, well… everything’s feeling a bit like Carthage right now.”

“Carthage? Carthage, Missouri?” Jody asked.

Nodding, Charlie turned to Jody. “You heard about the Supernatural books?”

“Vaguely. Haven’t read them. Why?” Jody had heard Sam mentioning them once in passing, but she hadn’t sought them out.

“Just… there’s this one bit of the story that didn’t get published officially, but you can find it
online… Anyway, this could all go wrong… And I think we need to be ready for that.”

Silence fell between them again and Jody willed herself not to dwell upon what Charlie meant. Footsteps slowly approached them from behind. Jody turned and saw Cas walking to them. He had his hands shoved in his jacket pocket, a grim look on his face.

“We make our move at dawn,” he announced, coming to a stop by Jody and Charlie.

***

Slick with blood, Sam gazed upon the lifeless, bloodied bodies at his feet. The air smelled of blood, but not any that he wanted to drink. He gazed around the street he and Dean had come to a stop on, the dawn sun painting everything in a red glow. There wasn’t another living soul moving around them. Dean’s blood was hot in Sam’s veins, making him think of all the things he wanted to do.

No one had screamed enough when he’d pulled their still beating hearts from their chests. He glanced down at the one still clutched in his right hand. Sam wanted them to scream. Surely Dean did too?

“We’ll find some more, don’t you worry, Sammy.” Dean clapped a hand on Sam’s back, he spoke like he knew what Sam had been thinking—he probably did know.

“Don’t call me Sammy,” Sam turned to Dean and looked at the blood speckles mixing with the freckles on Dean’s face. Perhaps he would have been fine with the lack of screaming if Cas had been at their side, joining in.

Dean wrapped his arms around Sam’s waist and pulled him into a kiss, tongue eagerly finding its way into Sam’s mouth. It was as if Dean was reassuring Sam that they would find Cas and bring him home. That the three of them would be together forever more.

Ending the kiss, Dean brushed a strand of Sam’s hair away from his face. “He’s got his grace now, part of the job is done,” Dean pointed out.

About to reply, Sam heard a noise. High and whining like having your eardrums blasted by loud music, but the sound wouldn’t go away when he shook his head. Dean gave him a curious look.

“What is it?” Dean asked.

Blinking rapidly, feeling like his ears were going to pop, Sam was about to transport the two of them somewhere else when he felt a surge of pain through his skull. Clutching at his head, the noise getting worse by the second, Sam sank down onto the ground.

“Come to me,” Cas begged from far away. Voice piercing Sam’s skull like a knife. “Come to me. Sam. Dean.” Sam felt a pull from somewhere around his navel.

Just as quickly as it had begun, the pain and the noise stopped. Taking in deep ragged breaths, Sam looked up at Dean who appeared to be concerned for once.

“What the hell was that?” Dean picked Sam up off the floor, holding his brother as he swayed on his legs.

“Cas wants us,” Sam said shakily. Pain receding, he let his mind focus on the small tug around his navel. “He summoned us. Should we go?”

Dean bent down and picked up a sword he’d dropped, then pulled out his angel blade. “Sure, but if Crowley’s there…” Dean flicked the angel blade and caught its handle perfectly.

“Oh, definitely.”

“Where we heading?”

“Carthage.” Sam licked his lips.

“Cas… who knew he could be so romantic?” Dean joked, readying the angel blade in his left hand.
Carthage, Missouri had recovered some since the last apocalypse, Castiel could at least admit that, as he led Garth, Charlie, Jody and Crowley to where he planned to summon the brothers. He wasn’t looking forward to the task at hand, this walk almost matching the hobbled one he had had with his waning grace.

But as he stepped over the debris left by those who had left in a hurry, Castiel knew well enough that he needed to do this. Even if he was unsure if he could look at Dean and Sam anymore. A voice rose up in the back of his head and reminded him that he had helped make this happen. He had led them down this path with his betrayals, and so he kept pushing on.

The rings in his pocket were a weight against his being that he wasn’t sure he’d ever be able to shift. He’d been thinking about what he would do once Dean and Sam were trapped, but he hadn’t figured that out yet. Most of his mental energy was going over how to summon them without giving anything away about what he intended to do to them.

“Here’s as good a place as any,” Crowley announced as they came to a stop along another deserted street. “You three can cover from there,” Crowley pointed to an abandoned convenience store, “here,” he pointed to an empty diner, “and here,” he pointed to a bookstore. “I’ll stay on street level, ready to back Cas up. Because someone has to,” Crowley hissed the last part, past betrayal clear in his voice. “Oh, and I have no idea if the demon bullets will work on Sam, so try not to rely on them too much.”

Setting down the paper bag he’d been carrying, Castiel nodded. “Okay... I’ll get the summoning ready.”

Everyone else nodded, each face a mask of determination. Before she left for her spot, Jody pulled Castiel into a wordless hug and then let go. Castiel watched her walk away, silently thanking her for all of her care from these past few months.

Once Castiel was alone, he started pulling things out of the bag. A brass bowl, various bits of dried plant, lamb’s blood, freshly cut roses with thorns on their stems. Adding everything to the bowl in the middle of the street, Castiel schooled his thoughts to the purpose of drawing the brothers to him. Opening a box of matches, Cas pulled out a single match, struck it alight and dropped it into the bowl at his feet.

Crimson smoke wafted into the air, twisted by the flames consuming the contents of the bowl. “Come to me,” Castiel bellowed to the empty street. “Come to me.” He focused the intent of his words, honing it to a single thought, the touch of both brothers upon him. “Come to me.”

“Why, Cas, couldn’t you at least say please?” Dean snarked from behind him.

Spinning on the spot, Castiel schooled his features and thoughts so that he wouldn’t give anything away. He felt brushes of Sam’s mind against the walls surrounding his own, but he wasn’t getting in. It was hard though: seeing Dean and Sam covered in blood wasn’t something he had been expecting.

“It’s hard to summon beings there’s no real spell for. I improvised,” Castiel explained, waiting for the brothers to come to him.

“It’s good to see you,” Sam said. The horns on his head and Dean’s were clearer now that Castiel felt more like his old self. He watched Sam step towards him, trying not to react in any negative way to the sight before him.

“And you… I’m sorry for leaving so quickly,” Castiel offered. “But I couldn’t stay away for long.”

“Do you want us to take you back, angel?” Dean asked, voice low with want.

Castiel licked his lips, deliberately, and nodded. “I was a little confused when I got my grace back. But now things are so much clearer.” He pushed both of his hands into his pockets, his right one curling around the rings Crowley had given him. The lies coming out of Castiel’s mouth made his skin crawl, but he needed to maintain the illusion for the men he had once loved.

“That’s good, Cas. Really. We want you by our side. We can’t shape this world without you,” Sam said, drawing closer to Castiel.

“I know,” Castiel whispereded. He pulled the rings out of his pocket, the bands joined together, and threw them at the asphalt by the brothers’ feet.

One moment there was a road, the next: a whooshing chasm opened up. Sam and Dean shouted at Castiel as their bodies were pulled towards the gaping hole that smelled of hellfire. Castiel was far enough back not to be pulled in, but Dean and Sam weren’t quick enough to get away as they were sucked down into oblivion.

Somewhere inside of Castiel, a tiny voice told him that Dean and Sam gotten better than what they had deserved. Castiel chose to ignore it as the hole closed and sealed away the only two beings that Castiel had ever loved.

Falling to his knees, Castiel could feel the asphalt almost sizzling where the chasm had opened. The four rings rested on top, the metal gleaming under heatlines. Like the hole that had just been there, Castiel felt hollowed out and empty. He was unsure if his vessel still contained a heart, because he could have sworn he’d just sent it into that hole with the brothers.
Comforting hands found Castiel some time later. He knew Jody hugged him, but he couldn’t speak to say thank you. Castiel let Crowley put the golden ring on his ring finger.

No one felt like having a celebratory drink as a tainted world sat around them.
He still blamed himself. Crowley didn’t ask why Castiel wanted to stand vigil over the cage. The King of Hell bestowed the Lance of Michael to Castiel and told his underlings to stay the hell away from the angel and his charges.

If Castiel cared to walk for some time, he would eventually reach the cage that held his own brothers, but he didn’t dare go near even if Hell was no longer trying to kill him. To see Lucifer or Michael and admit what had happened would mean admitting defeat. So many had died, so much had been destroyed: the archangels had almost gotten what they wanted.

Castiel still wore his gold ring. The only one he would ever have. The other three had been divided among Charlie, Jody and Garth. Sometimes he would find them in dreams and check they were doing okay. Charlie was hard to catch sleeping, because she had made it her life’s mission to ensure Dean, and therefore Sam, were eventually cured. She’d asked Crowley about some book called The Book of the Damned, which Castiel had never heard of before. The demon had known nothing of the book, but had joined Charlie in her search.

From their dreams, Castiel had learned that Jody and Garth were helping other hunters to bring stability back to the world above, though Heaven had yet to own up to its mistakes. A lot of people had died over the months that Dean and Sam had been at large, and it was unclear if the world would ever quite be the same again. Every monster possible was crawling out of the woodwork now that the Winchesters were gone.

Sitting cross legged in front of Sam and Dean’s cage, Castiel still wore the clothes he had worn when he’d sent them to Hell. From within the cage he could hear Sam’s quiet sobs. It meant that they were having a bad day. Dean’s temper was unpredictable, but he still loved both Sam and Cas. Sometimes they would try to tempt Castiel to find a way into the cage, like he had done with Lucifer’s, so that they might be truly together again.

Castiel never gave in to their suggestions, and he didn’t tell the brothers what they had done to him. It was hard to be truthful with them and Castiel hadn’t been able to acknowledge within himself what had happened back in that mansion.

He rarely talked to Dean or Sam, because their words were like knives digging under his skin. They were especially sharp when Dean would remember the ring on Castiel’s finger and have some choice words to say about it. Still, Castiel stayed, waiting, biding his time until someone found some way that Dean could be rid of the mark and Sam dried out.

Time meant nothing to Castiel, he had all the time in the world.

Holy fack, we made it.

Thanks for reading this fic to the end. It was pretty painful to write, for obvious reasons, but I really wanted to tell this story when A_Diamond announced the SPN Dystopia Bang. The close platonic relationship between Jody and Castiel wasn’t something I originally intended to have, but when it happened naturally I was really happy to leave it there.

I could never imagine there being a happy ending within the confines of the story, but I was determined that no one major would die.

So, kudos and comments appreciated. Again, thank you for reading.

You can find me kicking about on Tumblr over at dreamsfromthebunker.
Please drop by the archive and [comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!