

# Reasons

Von abgemeldet

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# Prolog: Prologue

## Updated Version

### Prologue

*THEN*

It still seemed like a dream. Everything that had happened until now! He would have never believed in angels. In his world demons existed, yes. Monsters as well! Many different kinds of monsters, but angels, heaven and hell? Christ, it was already hard for him to live his life, having a little brother he had to worry and take care about.

Sam Winchester: brother, freak and demon blood addict, it could not get worse, Dean had thought. But he was wrong, as always. He had been wrong in so many things and ways.

He probably would not have known about his brother's secret yet, if Castiel, an angel of the lord, had not shown him. He still was not over that and it would take a while until he was.

To make things worse, his little brother had started the freaking apocalypse, unintended but he did. There were angels telling them they were some kind of vessels for the archangel Michael and the fallen one, Lucifer. That was not even the worst thing about it.

The worst thing was God! After the chat with Joshua, Dean had felt a cold shower of despair. And Castiel? He was disappointed. He finally had reached the bottom of his existence.

Lost, betrayed and still, he was moving on.

Dean could not believe how the angel kept going but he did, somehow. This all sounded like a stupid teenager love-drama book. And he certainly did not want to read it since they always ended with a kiss, though!

Now, the big question was: what were they going to do next and how? Those damn angels were always one step ahead. How in god's name was he going to fight them if he did not even trust his little brother? It almost seemed like he only had Bobby.

# Kapitel 1: A very shitty day

## Updated Version

### 1. A very shitty day.

Remember to always have a plan B.

TODAY

The sky had already turned into a mix of purple and scarab-blue like color, while a few lousy clouds were surfing on the skyline of the city nearby.

The last four hours Dean had spent driving on the Route 36 to Indiana, but now he felt the urge to get some sleep, otherwise, he knew but did not want to admit he would have crashed the car against the next post. And there was the giant unmissable sign for the next motel around here, he was waiting for.

Dean drove his Impala into the parking lot next to the Motel called 'Good Old Stay'. The engine stopped working. He gave the wheel a last soft and firm grip, stroking the leather and he got out off the car. A very unpleasant loud smashing sound of the right door of his car caused the Winchester to turn his head.

"Sammy, I excuse a lot you were doing lately but hurt my baby one more time and I have to punch you in the face!" he said, taking out his bag from the trunk. Sam just lifted his shoulders.

"It's a car, Dean. It doesn't have any feelings." he said, not understanding, how his brother could be in love with a car!

"Just stop doin' it, Bitch." Dean replied and continued his way to the entrance, glancing around to see only a few more cars. This Motel was obviously 'very popular'.

At the reception Dean rang the bell.

No response.

Dean rang the bell once more. Again, silence. This time Dean punched the bell that the pushing-button bent a little.

"What the hell? Hello, customer waitin'!" the hunter said loudly. Nothing was to be heard but a giggling noise coming from behind him.

His neck already used to be bent like this the whole day. He turned his head to his brother, this time with a killing expression.

"Somethin' funny, Sam?" The addressed person shook his head, trying not to laugh

into his older brother's stressed and pissed looking face.

Sam knew, the condition Dean was in, allowed no more joking around. He was sure if he went further, Dean probably would have killed him. Or maybe not killed but probably tortured. Nevertheless, he could not help but smile meaningful.

The hunter turned around, facing the reception again.

"For god's sake, could somebody just gimme a friggin' key for a friggin' room? I'm tired and I need a bed. Now!" Dean shouted and punched the bell so hard that it was not able to take the pressure anymore and broke.

Finally, a man appeared in his sight. Where the hell did he come from? Possibly somewhere out of one of the rooms but the doors were all shut. Sneaky guy! He appeared to look like one of these guys from a bad horror movie: a plaid green-red jacket, brown, dirty trousers and long filthy nails.

His unwashed, brown hair dangled in long thin streaks from his head.

He was closing his pants and cursed very unholy.

"Jeez, ya guys know what time it is? People tend to sleep or are busy now!"

Dean stared at the man in front of him. He felt the urge need to punch him into his face. Lately he felt like punching everyone who was pissing him off, especially his little demon blood addict brother.

But being professional was one of his abilities, so he calmed himself down, his weariness helping to relieve the stress.

He put on a little smile and asked for a room for one night.

"I would like to sleep too, you know? So just gimme a key, I pay you and everyone will be happy again."

He was unbelievable polite regarding the situation and quite patient referring to his condition.

Dean exchanged a few more glances with the owner and finally received the key, number on it barely visible and turned to leave.

"Just to let ya guys kno'. The toilet on the first floor is broken. Ya gotta go to the one at the end of the second floor." Scratching his crotch he turned and left again. Not leaving a sound of any door shutting behind him.

Disgusting and creepy, yeah, that was what those guys made you trust your well being in.

The lock clicked and the door... did not move.

With a rough kick it finally jumped open. Sam, looking over his brothers shoulders into the room inhaled the mouldy smell. He wrinkled up his nose.

"Well then, Dean. Think you got the luxury suite here." Dean rolled with his eyes. He was simply not in the mood for any blunt joke right now. The Winchester moved his hand along the crumbling wall.

The wallpaper curled itself upside down and with every step, the floor made a unique sound they would always remember from the 'Good Old Stay'. The smell, sound and sight would stick to them for a while.

Dean shrugged. Finally he found the switch for the light. Sam was right. The room simply did not just stink. It also looked, well, like a gross disaster had met its fate in a pool of rain soaked interior combined with drowned insects.

Slowly, Dean moved to one of the beds and sat down. At least the springs were working, somehow.

"Guess we've reached another bottom in our lives." Sam said, checking the bathroom.

Leaving the bathroom by itself he returned to his brother, checking the condition of the sheets twice before he sat on the opposite bed with a disturbing squelchy sound.

"Let's just hope the water is clean." Sam commented in disgust. Dean was more used to such places but his little brother with his cleanliness, well... it was difficult. The older Winchester moaned something like "I don't care" before he fell backwards on the bed. Yes, the bed felt like a stone somehow, a wet soaked stone.

"Well." Sam stood up again, the springs moaning in protest.

"I'll go check out the little store around the corner. We need something to eat. Besides, I don't want to stay in this disgusting place. Have it all for yourself." the younger Winchester told his brother and left the motel room, not waiting for any reply.

Since Sam had already slept in the car, he was not as tired as his brother. Besides, it suited Dean well, when he said, he would check out the shop for food, that way he did not have to do it by himself.

He would not have done it anyway, since he was tired, no, he was exhausted. The last hunt had required all his input: physically as well as mentally.

10 Hours earlier

Why do girls always play with freaky dolls and voodoo stuff? It seemed to be a bad habit for these kids to test everything they read on the internet.

The parents screamed, the girls cried and he had to chase the damn thing which came

alive after a couple of girls wanted to have their own 'Chucky the Murder Doll'.

It was just horrible! Dean sharply exhaled. After locating this stupid girl-toy he could not believe what he saw: blonde, long, curly hair, big boobs, full, red lips, blue eyes and a creepy smile.

This murder doll was a Barbie! After he and Sam had cornered Murder-Barbie, she escaped into a small pipe and Dean was chosen to go after her. It was obvious that Sam was way too tall for that job!

The result was Dean getting soaked wet and smelly.

To make things worse, he got attacked by that creepy little Barbie-Chucky-Murder-Doll-Blondie with a pocket knife.

A damn pocket knife! Since he was limited in his movements due to the little space he practically let Barbie cut him as she pleased until she got to self confident and got in his range.

He ripped her apart. Nobody attacked Dean Winchester with a pocket knife! A machete, yes, but not a pocket knife! However, he was listening to the screams of Barbie with satisfaction when he ripped off her left arm, then the other one, both legs and finally, slowly chopped off her head. Watching the spirit in the toy's eyes vanish with a grin on his face, he tossed the leftovers into the endless darkness of the pipe.

That had indeed been very satisfying. But later on the road to the next stay for the night he could feel the result of his Barbie encounter. Cut by a ridiculous pocket knife...

## **Now**

As Dean rolled from one side to another he groaned again but neither position was good enough. Both of them hurt like his chest, his legs and his head. For one second he thought about calling for his apparently private angel to make him take all the pain away and heal his wounds though his ego was still scratched but instead he yelled angrily.

"Jesus Christ!"

He closed his eyes and changed his position once more. As he realized that there was no way he could sleep he sat up again. Glancing straight forward as his eyes widened for second.

"For Chrissake!"

When did he show up? The male figure just stared at the ground between him and Dean, standing motionless in the corner of the room. When he finally considered that Dean was capable to listen again, he raised his voice.

"Hello, Dean."

"Damn you, Cas! How often did I tell you not to zap yourself into the room but in front of the damn door?" Dean replied without greeting the angel.

"You are angry, Dean." Monotonous as always, making a statement and not a question. Nothing the angel had ever asked sounded like a question to him in the first place, whatever.

"Why do you always keep referring to Jesus Christ, Dean? Apparently, he died a long time ago, so he won't be able to help you." Dean raised an eyebrow.

"I know. Everybody says that. It's called a general statement or do you want me to say 'Oh my Cas'?" Castiel tilted his head a little to one side: looking curious, confused and serious at the same time. On second thought it did not even sound that bad.

"That wouldn't make sense, Dean. Why would you want to do that?"

With a loud groan the Winchester hid his face in his palms. He was even too exhausted for Castiel! Why did he even want to heal him?

Oh dear. He was a man, a human! He could heal those pathetic little scratches by himself!

"I don't know why you're here Cas, but whatever it is, please man, wait 'till I'm well rested and recovered, just a bit." Alright, he had cut the angel's name once again and he did not seem to bother about it. In that case, he could get used to making things short and simple.

Shortening names was just as effective as calling out 'hey' to someone in front of you, always made things easier. The angel moved towards the Winchester.

"You are tired."

Again, a statement, a conclusion! But not a question!

However, Dean was way too done to get angry about that now. He, actually, got a little used to that if he was perfectly honest. Considering that the angel did a lot to behave a little human, he could only encourage his behavior, even if he wanted to kick the angel sometimes. Hurting himself in the process was not necessary to be considered. Just the moment that counts. But, instead, he said out loud:

"Yes, Cas. I'm tired. I had a long day and I'm exhausted. My whole body aches, so please, gimme some time to relax." Since when did he use 'please' in his sentences?

"You need to relax, of course." The angel repeated more for himself than to Dean. This short sentence was enough to get the ball rolling.

Castiel rolled up the sleeves of his trench coat and what lied beneath it. Dean just

watched him doing so, wondering, even a little curious, what the angel was up to.

"Cas?"

He had not seen the angel do such a thing ever before. Sometimes he reminded Dean of a statue due to his limited movements and when he actually moved it seemed so surreal, like he had a stick up his ass.

The Winchester felt a little strange watching Castiel but he was way too curious not to do so. He never had seen his arms.

"Speak to me, Cas!" Dean commanded but the angel seemed to completely ignore him until he was finished. Obviously being busy to prepare himself for whatever he was going to do next.

Castiel looked at Dean, seemed to think of an answer and finally spoke up.

"You have to lay back now." Dean Winchester did not budge a single muscle. Unsure if he had misunderstood the angel. Just staring back at the angel was all he managed.

"Dean." Castiel said patiently.

"Lay down." he continued, but when Dean still refused to be willing to move on his own, the angel just gripped the hunter's shoulders and forced him down.

Now was the right time for Dean to start fighting, kicking, punching, whatever just to get those hands off of him. Unfortunately, the odds were not in his favor.

The angel was much stronger than he was. This was not that surprising. He even managed it to turn Dean over and made his face meet the stinky pillow.

What the hell is going on, Dean asked himself and panicked a little bit. That was nothing Castiel usually did. That he knew for sure! Castiel may have some problems with keeping his personal space but this was completely different and that scared Dean.

First murder Barbie, second Castiel showing up and forcing him onto the bed? Did he want to sleep with him, or what? That was way too much for one unusual day.

"Castiel, stop this." was the only thing the hunter could say muffled by the pillow. Dean turned his head so he could, at least, see him.

"Dean, do not move. You just hurt yourself." The Winchester heard the angel say. That bastard angel remained focused and spoke as nothing embarrassing and weird was just happening.

"I've seen this in a place you call 'stores'. I witnessed a woman doing this to another. She had said it would make her feel relaxed. If I do it right, you'll relax too." Castiel explained patiently and calm.



That explanation was not really helpful to keep the freaked out man quiet. The truth on the other hand was the angel was not sure on how it was done properly, so he had to improvise.

The Winchester still tried to get up again but lost at Castiel's next move.

To prevent Dean from moving he sat on his backside, straddling him. That way, he could not turn around.

After he pinned Dean down properly, making sure he would not move, he put his hands on the hunter's shoulder blades, starting to push a little, not intending to hurt the human under him. Castiel started to move his hands in circles. Slowly! Very slowly.

Dean held his breath. What was the freaking angel doing, now? The Winchester had tried to turn but when Castiel had sat on his ass and started to press him down, it was over. Literally!

"Dean, if you keep moving so much, I cannot make you feel relaxed at all." The angel said, moving his hands to Dean's shoulders back and then down his spine.

How did he expect the Winchester to relax in this overpowering situation? He was not even able to speak anymore. His face color competed with a tomato and then, the switch in his head turned. Castiel was not trying to abuse him or anything like that. He tried to massage him. He strained his muscles, inhaled and yelled.

"Stop doin' this, Cas, now, as in immediately!" His voice sounded too high in his opinion but the hunter did not care about that right now. He had a worse problem. Surprised, the angel stopped moving his hands as he was told.

"Do you dislike it, Dean?" What a question...

"Stop Dean-ing me! Are you outta your mind or why are you almost assaulting-slash-abusing me?" Dean hissed. His face was still red, but not only with embarrassment, also with rage. How often had he told the angel not to do certain things?

Or simply ask, before he tried to do something human! A dozen times, if not even more! When Castiel moved off his ass, Dean sat up. He looked furious. If looks could kill, the angel would have died a very slow and very painful death.

"What the hell were you thinking? Don't you dare to do that ever again, you understand me? Never ever again!" Now, staring at the angel made him feel exposed.

He still could feel his cheeks burning.

"But, Dean, I thought it would help you feel better. That's what the woman in the store had said." Castiel looked down on his shoes. His facial expression showed disappointment.

"I did not mean to make you angry." Castiel continued.

Dean looked straight into the angels face. He somehow looked intimidated and confused?

No way! He must have been mistaken. Right at that moment he was that outrageous that he did not want to care about the angels hurt feelings. Perhaps not intended but Castiel's words made Dean's anger grow a little more.

"Don't you dare to say another word or I swear I'll punch you!" Dean hissed threatening, anger boiling inside of him.

"If I wanted a massage, I would go grab me a girl for that. Not a man, not an angel. If I really seriously wanted somebody touching me all over than I would go into a store and not do it in a dirty stinky motel room like this one!" The hunter took a deep breath before he continued.

"Now, Castiel," Feeling way saver to return to the old fashioned proper name, he continued. "You're gonna tell me why you did it and what you actually came for because after that I'm gonna go to bed. Sleeping! I had a shitty day and you don't need to make it worse, what you actually already did."

Silence! Dean raised his eyebrows.

"I'm waiting." Castiel, obviously confused, did not know what to do, now. First, Dean said to shut up, than he wanted him to speak. Could he not finally decide what he wanted? So, he hesitated before he said the most logical thing he could say.

"You said I shall not speak, Dean." Castiel looked at Dean. His bright-blue eyes were stabbing into him, as always.

For a second, Dean seemed confused, not knowing what the angel was talking about. Then he knew. He shook his head.

"Yes, you're right but now I want an answer." He said, trying not to sound too impatient and angry.

"And sit down. You're making me nervous, standing so close to me."

Castiel obeyed and sat down on the other bed. A few seconds passed by before he started talking.

"You said you need to relax because you are tired. That is what humans do. If I would help you feel better, you would fall asleep more quickly. When humans sleep they 'recover'." Castiel used his fingers to indicate quotation marks when he said the last word.

"And what was the actual reason you got your ass here in the first place?" Dean asked, slowly calming down again. He could not be angry at the angel, he just tried do help

him, apparently. Failing on that, but that was a different topic.

When Castiel did not answer Dean slid a little forward.

"Hey, big boy! C'mon tell me, what's the reason for you being here?" Okay, that was odd, Dean decided and moved back again. Keeping his sacred personal space and waiting for an answer.

Meanwhile

After Sam had left the room he hurried along the corridor of the first floor. Even there it was stinky and the corners showed signs of gray.

*luhh, that's disgusting*, Sam thought and continued his way to the reception. He noticed that the lights were dim and ones sight was pretty much affected by the semi-darkness. Sam really had a strange feeling about this place.

Usually, there were noises. People talking in their rooms, snoring or at least groaning like there was no tomorrow but it was disturbingly silent. The floorboard was creaking, but strangely, everything else was all quiet. Not even water was dropping from some leaking pipes which he, to be perfectly honest, expected in this motel.

Sam shrugged. Perhaps he was starting to get paranoid. After all that had happened he would not even disagree.

The hunter pushed the door open and left the motel. The fresh clean air burned in his nostrils but it was not unpleasant. He eventually liked it. The young man took his time, walking slowly over to the shop.

Somehow, Sam felt very uncomfortable again. He turned around, looking back to the motel. All windows were dark, not even a light was burning behind those dirty glasses. Weird, but at the sight of the few cars in front of the motel, it was nothing surprising.

Sam shrugged, turned around once more, cursing himself and continuing his way to the nearby shop to buy some food and something to drink, mainly beer. Dean would be so proud of him...

The younger Winchester inspected the broken shop sign and the nearby trash with one eye before he pushed the door open and entered the shop. Sam glanced to the counter and his eyebrows rose.

*Okay, nobody there, fantastic*, he thought and stepped further in. He grabbed a basket and started packing things he and his brother needed: a salad, an apple pie, oh yes, Dean would surely love some pie, sandwiches, a milkshake and beer, lots of it.

Walking to the counter the light above him flickered for a second, too short for him to notice. Placing his basket on the counter he looked around, searching for any sign of an employee. He waited a few minutes but still, there was no cashier Sam could pay. The Winchester made an annoyed grunt.

Close to calling out for somebody, his attention got caught by something afar. In the corner of his eye he saw a dark figure moving in direction of the motel entrance. Sam turned his head but whatever he had seen, it was already gone. He pulled out his wallet left enough money with a generous tip and left the shop. He exited the shop and went back to the motel.

Back in the motel room

Castiel looked up from the floor, stared at Dean in his usual manner and opened his mouth.

"I wanted to have a few moments not thinking about why God won't help. The search was pointless from the start. That's a big disappointment, his decision too!" Castiel said quietly nearly whispering the last part.

Was Dean mistaken or did the angel look a little bit embarrassed because of that explanation? Before he could ask anything else, the angel threw him an

"I better get going." against his head and was about to disappear, as a high pitched scream emerged from somewhere in the motel and was closely followed by a few gunshots.

"Damn it, why does this shit always need to happen when I'm pissed and tired?" Dean cursed. Castiel turned his head towards the door.

"Where's Sam?" It seemed his plans to leave got canceled for now. The angered Winchester jumped to his feet and headed straight for their bags.

Considering the scream he needed something bigger than his usual Colt M1911A1 and retrieved a larger rifle out of his bag.

"Now let's get goin'!" he said as he turned towards the door only to discover the Thai-massage angel was gone.

"Having an angel isn't as useful as they make the people believe." Dean resigned and made his way out of their stinky bedroom.

## Kapitel 2: The perfect leverage

*[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]*

## Kapitel 3: Have a Break

### Updated Version

#### 3. Have a break

##### Have a chit-chat.

Feeling the ground under him shaking Dean woke up, opening his eyes and staring at the leather seat in front of him.

His eyes widening, he sat up grabbing the seat in front of him and recognizing his brother driving the car.

„Sammy, where... how long?" Holding his head he felt an ache coming up from inside, slowly making its way to the front and spreading around his temples.

„A few hours." Sam said, looking back once before he kept concentrating on the road. „I wanted to ask you the same. What happened up there? Castiel seemed pretty upset. Didn't you thank him properly afterwards?" he chuckled, teasing his brother a bit to help him get alive.

„Shut up."

The older Winchester just rubbed his forehead, tried to focus and to remember what exactly had happened.

Dean closed his eyes as if it would help to remember. And it actually did. He remembered the room and Castiel, where this damned angel tried to massage him. Then, the voices and the shots! Sam! He went to look after his baby brother.

Then, there were those ghouls. Dean moaned, a little lost in his thoughts. They had tortured and tried to eat him.

No, they actually succeeded in doing so. Dean remembered the pain very well and he remembered Sam, tied to that freaking chair and Castiel.

The angel had tried to help him but unfortunately, they managed to catch him as well. The Winchester shook his head. Crowley. He remembered the demon appearing to their rescue.

And then, there was Castiel... healing him.

„Holy chicken wings, that bastard!"

Dean sat up straight as his memory was fully recovered. Sam peeked into the rearview watching his brother freak out.

„Are you going to tell me what's been going on between you two or do I have to picture it in my head?" He tried to focus on the street, but was way too curious to stop asking now. Angry mumbling and cussing was all he got from his brother who kind of managed to squash himself onto the front seat. It had been a long time he sat there and he disliked it.

„Stop the damn car." Alright, cursing his car was a bad sign, Sam decided.

„Dean, c'mon just tell me. I'm your brother, right? You can talk to me." Not even trying to hide his curiosity this time, Sam continued.

„I left both of you for... 5 or 10 minutes, so what the hell has gotten into both of you?"

„Sammy, I won't repeat myself. Stop the car and we'll switch positions. If I feel the need to share my experience with that kinky angel with you, I will bring it up myself!"

Sam glanced over to his brother before he slammed into the brakes.

Not caring about Dean, who had not fastened his seatbelt. He almost hit the dashboard, glaring at his brother.

„Sam..." he just said, hissing. The younger Winchester turned completely to his brother.

„No, Dean. You're gonna tell me what is friggin' goin' on, or I swear, I'll walk the rest of the way!" One car passed their Impala, pressing the horn and presenting the finger outside the window. Sam had stopped directly on the lane without caring about other cars on the highway. He was obviously pissed, Dean could tell.

„Sammy..." Dean started, but shut his mouth again. Sam pierced him with his eyes daring him to speak and explain.

„There is nothing goin' on with Castiel and me. We're just... I dunno." Dean sighed. He really did not know what actually was going on. So, how was he supposed to tell Sam? The Winchester could feel his brother's eyes on him.

„Look, I really don't know, but what I know is that yesterday was a very, very, very bad day for me and I don't wanna talk about it, okay, Sammy? And could you please stop staring like that, I'm not gonna sleep with you." Sam rolled his eyes.

„Jerk!"

„Bitch."

And with this, both Winchesters got off the car, swapping sides.

They remained silent for a while as they passed several villages and cities. Dean turned on the radio to cheer their mood up a bit but instead of an upbeat sound he got nothing more than news and more news. About to turn the radio off and replacing one of his music tapes, Sam interrupted him: „Wait, listen!"

*„...it seems the tragedy continues. By now 5 young girls and 6 young men have disappeared without a trace. The Danville police have announced a curfew for all younger citizens. It is possible that the crime will repeat itself. The Denver Broncos made a good start this season..."*

Dean's eyes traveled to Sam who returned the look.

„Sounds like a new job to me."

„Yepp, definitely." Sam opened his bag and retrieved his laptop, starting the investigation immediately. The older Winchester just shook his head and changed the lanes.

Heading towards the closest exit signing „Champaign – Danville".

Driving the Impala onto the parking lot of the Hotel 'Danville Sycamore Inn', Dean finally noticed the return of his exhaustion. He had slept like one or possibly two hours on the backseat but that was still not enough.

Not at all! When they arrived at the hotel it was already dawn and the mid-aged woman at the reception yawned slightly.

„Good morning, dears. How're you? Driving all night I assume?" she asked and turned her back to the two men.

„Yes Ma'am. We did have indeed a very long night. Do you have a room for my brother and me?" Sam was as polite as always when he spoke. Dean was way too tired to say anything, his brother knew that.

„Sure thing, little one." The woman said, turning around again with two keys in her hand. „Unfortunately, I don't have two bed rooms vacant, I hope this is no problem?" Sam took the keys and smiled.

„No Ma'am. Thank you Ma'am." The elderly woman smiled warmly.

„Marla." Sam nodded and got his wallet out.

„Don't worry boy, do that when you're better." she said. The younger Winchester nodded again before he and his brother left.

Sam pressed Dean one of the keys into his palm.

„Here you go, buddy. I'm next door! Get some sleep."

Dean's throat escaped something like a growl. He opened the door and shut it again, as soon as he entered the room. He pressed his back against the door, his hands running over his face. The eldest Winchester was tired but there was something he had to settle before sleeping like a baby.

Dean looked up at the ceiling „Cas... move your damn ass down here, ASAP. We gotta talk!"

A fluttering sound echoed through the room and Castiel was there, standing in front of the hunter. His face without any sign of emotion!

His head tilted to one side, staring at him, a very familiar sight to Dean

.

„Hello, Dean." the angel said in his Castiel-ish manner.

Neither of them moved for a second until Castiel made one step forward.

„Don't! Stay right where you are!" Dean said, raising one hand to indicate the angel to not come any closer.

His reward was an even more confused looking Castiel who stopped his movement. At least he listened to him and followed his plea, for now. A relieved sigh escaped the hunters lips and he prepared himself for the upcoming speech he was about to give.

„Castiel, I... I guess we may have a few issues we should sort out before we continue to work together." he started, optimistic that everything they had run across the last few days would have been a huge misunderstanding. Castiel stood at his ordered place, not moving and kept staring at the other man.

*Good, the further away the saver for me,* Dean thought, managing to throw a smile at the angel.

„Look, let's just pretend nothing happened at all and we can go on as we did before. How does that sound, dude? You gotta agree this can't go on that way, right?" To his surprise the angel in front of him did not respond but instead vanished into thin air again.

Taking a few steps into the middle of the room he ruffled through his hair.

„Oh c'mon you damn bastard! I'm not done talking yet!" he cursed into the air as he felt a presence right behind him.

„I'm here, Dean."

Shuddering at the sudden loss of his personal space, once again, he made a few fast steps forward, nearly jumping like a fairy from flower to flower, turning around to face the angel. He did not like the thought anymore to have Castiel creeping behind his back.

Bad memories!

„Go on." Castiel said but Dean could feel the stress in his voice. Did he really just commanded him?

„Uh... uhm. I think you don't get my point at all!" What was he doing? Being afraid of that little angel in front of him? He was supposed to be Dean Winchester and he would not just stand here, afraid like a little girl in front of Santa Claus.

„Cas, it's probably not your fault at all. You're not used to act with people but as I said, repeating myself over and over again, I don't appreciate it, when you get so close to me. Got me over there, birdie?"

Narrowing his eyes, Castiel remained silent, thinking about what Dean had just said.



„But Dean, when I see you and your brother, you don't seem to have any kind of hesitation touching him." Castiel deadpanned. He was talking like an emotionless robot.

„I watched you touching Bobby too and I saw you touching yourself. I don't understand why you refuse to be touched by me." He couldn't believe what Castiel was saying, at first he thought it sounded cute that he seemed to be jealous about his family bond but when he talked about watching him, a shiver ran down his spine and he felt his face getting hotter.

He was obviously close to burst out screaming even though he did not want to admit it.

„Did you have heard anything about privacy? Is that some kind of kick for you angels? To watch people do all their stuff, hell, even when we sleep, fuck or eat? What's so freakin' interesting in watching me doing all this?" He wished he had some kind of glass or bottle to throw right now but instead he had to bring his anger and embarrassment out by clenching his fists until the knuckles turned white.

Dean wanted to hurt, break, or damage but the only thing that was nearby was the still innocent and curious looking angel.

*That damn angel.* Since god was nowhere to be found, Castiel was around him every day as it seemed.

He could not remember since when his presence made him feel so uncomfortable. Before Dean could continue his thought, the angel moved forward, gripping the hunter's upper arm.

„Watch your voice, Dean. I may be patient but everything has an end. Even my patience."

There it was again. The same expression Dean had seen in the angels face when he was healing him. The hunters gaze moved towards Castiel's eyes.

They were still blue, but furious as well. He could almost feel how the angel was fighting inside to not lose control.

„Let go of me, Castiel." Dean hissed. His voice was rough but the angel did not make a move. „I am not your servant, Dean! Do not forget this. I am not your personal footman. I am an angel of the Lord and not your special toy." Castiel's voice was low and threatening.

„Really? Then why do you keep bein'around all the time?" Castiel pressed his fingers deep into Dean's biceps.

„Because, certain people call me every time they need help. Besides, I am not longer welcome in Heaven, you might have forgotten about that!" With this, he let go of the eldest Winchester regaining control over his emotions.

Dean was pissed.

Why the hell was this angel behaving so differently, at some occasions almost daring? Sometimes, he thought Castiel did that on purpose. And now the angel said those things. Yes, Dean Winchester was pissed in every way he could imagine.

When Castiel had told him that he should not see him as something oh-so-special, Dean snapped. He drew his colt and pointed the barrel at the angels face. He unlocked the safety switch and growled.

„I always wondered what would happen, if I put a bullet straight through your head." For a moment, there was an awkward silence between the hunter and the angel. Castiel did not respond. He kept staring at Dean.

„Open your mouth." he commanded and surprisingly, Castiel did as he was told. Dean made one step forward, sliding the end of the barrel into the angel's mouth. The

hunter was uncertain.

Why did the angel obey? Why did he do everything he said? Dean pulled a face. Why did Castiel not make a move, he possibly, no, certainly, could have made him stop by smashing him into the wall or something similar.

Dean sighed. What was he doing here? It was Castiel he was threatening. His friend! Dean felt his anger and rage turn into disgust. He withdrew the gun from Castiel's mouth, whipping off the small amount of saliva on his jacket and put it back into the holster. Dean sighed and turned around.

„You seem to bring up the worst part of me." was all he could come up with. Dean's thoughts were rushing in circles in his head, but once again he was interrupted by the feeling of Castiel's hand on his shoulder.

What else could it have been? Dean closed his eyes, not trying to escape the touch this time. Turning his head around to catch a glimpse of Castiel's face, his eyes widened at the sight behind him.

„Dear god, not again..." he uttered, before the angel smashed him forth. Luckily, he fell right on the bed instead of on the hard floor.

No time for being confused, he turned around to see the well known, long angel blade in Castiel's hand.

„Cas, c'mon, I got your point. It's okay really just... stop this." Ignoring Dean's pleas, the angel tightened his grip on the blade.

„I will show you what you would be without me."

Lowering himself over the Winchester, whose eyes widened as he noticed the lack of sanity in Castiel's face.

„Cas!" he shouted, trying to break through to the man he knew who was somewhere inside that thing that heaved his arm over his head. With a swift move, Castiel jammed the holy blade down into Dean's right hand tearing flesh and parting his skin.

He felt the sudden rush of adrenaline flowing through his veins. This could not be happening again! Dean opened his mouth but only a muffled little cry was to be heard as Castiel placed his other hand roughly onto the Winchesters mouth, to deafen his screams.

„Shhh."

He brought his face closer and grinned slightly. *This is just a bad dream, I will wake up soon curled into stainless sheets and I will hear Sammy snoring from the other side*, Dean thought, closing his eyes to ban that weird look on his 'friends' face from his sight.

„You don't understand, Dean. I want you to understand and listen to me. I want you to..." What else did he want? What was he longing for in the first place? The Winchesters respond was only a muffled growl into Castiel's hand, which turned into a painful, also muffled scream as the blade was first twisted around, making the wound ooze blood even more, removing it slowly, tearing some more tissue apart.

Before he even had the chance to recover and take control over the pain, a new one was added to his discomfort. The angel slammed the blade down again into Dean's right palm, nailing it to the bed, like it had been to the table by the ghouls.

Castiel let go of the blade and stared absently straight forward.

„You need me." he said, his fury drifted away and was replaced by a doubtful expression.

„When you need assistance, you call for me. You keep calling for me but you never ask me... to stay." Castiel slowly moved his hand from Deans mouth, letting him breathe and gasp painfully. The blade was still jabbed into his flesh.

The human moved a little and even tried to retreat the damn blade himself, when his

actions caught the thinking angel's attention.

He tilted his head and stared at his own blade, which was the main cause of Dean's pain, it felt worse than this damn ghouls knives.

With a jolt he grabbed the blade and removed it from Dean's palm, followed by a low groan from the Winchesters throat.

Dropping the blade next to the bed the angel placed his hand over the bleeding wound immediately, mumbling silent, little prayers to himself, healing the damage he had caused moments ago, his hands wandered over the hunters torn palm. He touched the wound as careful as possible.

„My apologies. I did not want to do that." The angel's voice was quiet and Dean had to concentrate to understand, what Castiel was saying. He healed Dean's right palm. Castiel dropped his head.

„Dean, I really owe you an apology. My actions were..." Castiel was interrupted by Dean punching him into the face, what he immediately regretted, since it felt like punching stone.

„Shit."

Dean shook his hand, exhaling painfully. Castiel turned his head back to look at the Winchester, grabbing his hand softly.

„I made you angry. I am sorry." he said, making the pain in Deans hand vanish. The eldest Winchester was not able to say anything. He was clearly shocked. Captured between a mix of pity, hate, anger and something else unfamiliar, he could not decide what to do with Castiel, not right now.

And here it was again, one of those awkward moments of silence which apparently could not be avoided.

„I will leave you to rest now." the angel said, getting up from the bed, bending down to pick up his blade.

„Stay."

Before he knew what he was doing, Dean grasped for the angels trench coat. It was like a reflex.

„Stay." he repeated, as if it would be some kind of spell which would make the angel be as he always had been. Castiel, on the other hand, looked down at the Winchester, curious. Dean let go of the fabric and patted on the white sheet of the bed.

„Come'ere."

Dean moved a little to the other side that Castiel had enough space to lie down. The angel hesitated, once more Dean gave orders in a confusing way but staying was the only thing he could think about.

Standing around on the highway, the whole night watching stars and passing cars could be nice once or twice, but not for weeks and certainly not for months.

Lying down on his back right next to the Winchester, he stared at the ceiling.

„Turn over Cas, this bed isn't supposed to hold two people. Lay on your side." Dean tried to not use a commanding tone and watched as the other did as he was told, turning his back towards him.

„If I find your face staring at me when I wake up I swear I'll punch it!" *Even if it hurts me more than you*, he thought, moving as far to the edge of the bed as possible.

Dean pulled the sheets closer to himself, his back turned towards the angel, reaching out for the bedside lamp and turning it off.

When he realized that turning his back to the angel was a bad idea, he turned around, only to stare into the darkness but clearly could make out Castiel's back. This way he would be able to keep an eye on the stressed angel.

Making sure he stayed right where he was could be probably the best way to make him stop his awkward appearances.

While he thought about what the hell just had happened and why a damn angel of the so called Lord was lying on the other side of the bed, which was a huge enigma, he felt his eyes fall shut.

Too exhausted from lack of sleep and two days torture!

Next day would do too, to kick some feathery ass.

## Kapitel 4: What a maze

### Updated Version

#### 4. What a maze

If you get lost, just start over.

Sam knocked at the door, hoping, Dean would be awake already. He tried the door handle and noticed that the door was not even locked at all.

"Dean? Dean, are you alright?" Moving his head in slowly, he noticed the little blood puddle on the ground next to an angels blade. Turning his attention to the bed, his mouth fell open wide at the sight that met his eyes.

Dean was not alone anymore. How the hell did he get himself a girl so fast in such a religious town? He slid inside, closing the door behind him. His feet led his way over to the bed where he could see them.

Pausing in his movement, he noticed that the sheets were moving.

Now as he got closer he noticed the most important thing, his brother was lying on his side, arms wrapped loosely around the visitor.

Sam was about to turn around and leave his brother alone, but when he noticed a familiar brown fabric showing under the sheets he could not prevent himself from laughing out loud, causing his brother to jump from unconsciousness into consciousness.

"What... where. Who?" Dean shouted, turning his head around a few times before he let it fall onto his pillow again. First, he closed his eyes again, but opening one to glare over at the person who woke him up.

"Sammy... what're 'u d'ing in here?" Mumbling into the pillow Dean's one open eye was slightly falling shut again.

"Giving you the morning call, sleepy princess or should I say prince?"

*What the hell was is this man talking about?* Nodding towards the other person in Dean's bed, Sam continued.

"What's he doing here anyway?" Sam asked, trying to hide a huge grin by biting his lips in the process, but failing completely.

"Uh... what do you mean?" Dean was still sleepy and did not notice the body that was lying close to him yet. Running his fingers through his hair and yawning, he moved himself up a bit as he brushed against the body of the seemingly still sleeping person.

"Whoaoh, Jesus Christ!" Dean threw his arms up in the air, trying not to touch anything that belonged to the unmoving angel.

"I thought angels do not sleep?" Sam asked curious watching the ridiculous behavior of his brother, acting like Castiel was some kind of hot coal.

"I... I dunno Sam, lately I have no idea what else angels do and what they don't."

The older Winchester tried to move off the bed without causing too much irritation. Getting out of bed looking over to his brother, he said "He better is sleeping otherwise I won't show any mercy!" He kept pulling on the sheets and tried to find any sign of awareness from the still sleeping angel.

"Oh! C'mon Dean! He didn't bite ya did he?" He felt like Dean was overreacting once more.

"No! He did worse!" Immediately, after he said that he felt like he should have kept his mouth shut.

"Yay? So... like what did he do then?"

"I stabbed him."

The voice came from somewhere underneath the sheets, where Castiel had laid before but right away, he was standing on the other side of the bed, his hair looking even messier than ever before.

Sam could not believe what the angel had said.

From sheer force of habit he started laughing, thinking that Castiel had started making jokes, but when he looked over to his brother he realized how serious this situation was.

"You serious?" he asked the angel who only responded with a simple "Yes." From that moment, Sam was more than just confused but at least the bloody mess on the ground was explained and now he was standing between his brother and the innocent looking angel.

"Why this distance all of a sudden?" Dean raised an eyebrow.

"You're angry. That's why I'm staying over here but I don't think I deserve your anger right now." was the simple answer the hunter got from the floor facing angel. So, he was awake the whole time after all?

"You really think you don't?" The older Winchester had to control himself from jumping over the bed and smashing Castiel's figure into the ground. At least this time, his mind succeeded over his actions and he just kept staring in disbelief at the not even concerned looking angel.

"You invited me to stay."

"You did?" Sam interfered with a surprised yell, grinning immediately as he heard that and grinned even more as he saw Dean's reaction. Pointing towards Castiel, he spoke up again.

"I *did* say you could stay! I never mentioned any snuggly-cuddly-action!" he hissed, furiously pointing towards the angel.

"I did nothing else than staying. Actually, you moved a lot the whole night." Castiel's head turned towards the bed and back up towards Dean, still not knowing why the other man was upset again.

"Alright that's it, next time you stay we order separate beds or simply: the couch!"

"That sounds like he's breaking up with ya, Cas." The younger Winchester tried hard not to laugh out loud, finding this all way more ridiculously funny than odd.

"Shut up Sam"

Still chuckling, Sam cleared his throat.

"So are we up for some breakfast with fresh apple juice and another two missing people?" he asked.

"Yeah, whatever! You. Two. Out. Now!" Before neither of them could say any more, Dean had thrown his brother and the angel out of the room. For bathroom purposes, so he said, if not more...

Not even 15 minutes later, they were sitting in a little diner next to the motel.

While Dean was busy and Castiel apparently not willing to talk to him, the young Winchester had left to pay the bill for their stay, had a little chat with Marla and came back shortly after. Now, Dean was devouring his apple pie and drinking coffee.

Sam, on the other hand, was staring at his brother and the angel sitting next to him alternately. He figured it may be better not putting both men on one side of the same table.

And he was right.

Already after they had ordered, Dean started glaring at the angel. Castiel did not even seem to care much about that, he just stared back.

Sam sighed, knowing this would not end as soon as he wished it would.

"Soo, you guys wanna talk about it, or not?" he asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Or not." Dean said low. Sam rolled his eyes.

"C'mon, Dean. Why did Castiel stab you? He wouldn't do it without a reason, would he?"

"So if there was a reason it would be alright or what are you trying to say, Sam?" His anger grew again but this time caused by his brother who just could not stop asking stupid questions, not even facing Sam but instead, still looking straight into the angels eyes, as if they had an ongoing staring contest.

Castiel, who was not blinking at all, was obviously winning.

"Alright, if that's the case, just listen." Sam moved his sandwich aside and unfolded the newspaper.

"Since last Friday, 6 young girls and 5 men have disappeared. The police have no evidence and no suspect yet. All they know is that the crime is always committed at night and that the victims had been on their way home from college. They couldn't recreate yet what has happened. It's said that the serial killer from 9 years ago maybe has returned to finish the job." Folding the paper and placing it on the table Sam took out his computer. Turning the screen around so Dean could see.

First, the oldest Winchester ignored it, still facing the angel but then moved his eyes slightly, focusing on the pictures and information Sam had obviously gathered all night long.

"Anything all of these students have in common?" Dean turned his face back towards the angel and staring at an empty seat in front of him, twitching and hitting the table with his food at the notice, that he obviously should not have turned his attention from the angel at all.

Sam was moving into the middle of the seat, taking the place for himself and continued, used to the sudden leave of the unpredictable angel and not even bothering at all.

"The missing people were all pretty religious but that's nothing special, this whole place is built on religion. There's even a club for youngsters, teenagers and young adults called '*Abstinence and Humility: Take the future in your hand*'. It's founded by Pastor L. Rickbee, responsible for nearly everything even the festivals over here." Dean made a displeased face when he heard about 'Abstinence and Humility' and took a sip of his coffee, exhaling the air with a pleased sigh.

"Alright, let's pay him a visit shall we?"

Sam closed his laptop and looked up to his brother, who stood up, laid money on the table and was about to head out.

"For what reason?"

Dean turned around with a knowing grin on his face.

"Well, that Rickbee might tell us something about his lambs or maybe even point us towards the evil that has taken these poor bastards." Sam made a turtle face, grabbing his stuff and they left the diner, heading towards the church of the city.

Dean drove the Impala toward their destination not in the mood for small talk. Too busy thinking where that little chicken wing had left to. Great, he was starting to think about Castiel and food alike, that could not work out.

Not at all! As they got closer to the huge building, which was positioned in the east of

the city, a great amount of people and greatly decorated floats came in sight. They passed a large banner which stated '*Maze festival*'.

As the church got more and more into view, the Winchesters noticed a huge wall of trees flanking the building.

Dean stopped the car and Sam let his eyes travel over the 9 feet tall plants, conifers actually, which were cut into shape and placed in long rows.

Near the large door of the building was the only entrance into the maze, it looked like the sunlight was swallowed by the huge trees, creating one long shadow on the ground.

"Does this look like a normal enjoyable, peaceful church garden to you?"

"Not really." Sam replied checking his tie one last time before getting off. His brother did the same, except the tie-checking. Dean stretched a little when he closed the door.

Both men walked over to the giant door bypassing some stalls and people busy preparing and organizing things.

"Guess we're at the right place at the right time." Dean said. His brother shrugged.

"Whatever." The older Winchester looked up, raising one eyebrow.

*What a strange behavior.* Dean shook his head.

When they noticed a man in black clothes, they hurried over.

"Excuse me." Sam said and the elderly man, indeed a Pastor, turned around. "Welcome my sons. What can I do for you? You are not from here, are you?"

"No, FBI." Sam and Dean showed their gold shields.

"Agent Dee and I'llsley, we would like to talk to Mr. Lawrence Rickbee." The man nodded smiling.

"I am Lawrence Rickbee. What can I do for you?"

"We are currently investigating the case of the disappeared girls and boys. Can you tell us anything about it?" Dean asked, raising his eyebrows a little.

The smile on Lawrence Rickbees face vanished, instead a sad look showed up.

"How could I not? I mean, we are a town with the lowest criminal cases in this county. We even have been awarded for that." Sam and his brother exchanged looks.

"Apparently, there is somebody who likes to strike every nine years, though. This has happened before, right?" The Pastor nodded.

"Yes, and it is terrific. Especially, now while we are preparing everything for the festival."

"Soo..." Sam started, waiting for the Pastor to answer his question.

"Nine years ago, 14 people went missing, and now it starts all over again." He shrugged. "They were good kids. Going to church every Sunday. Good in school. Never did something wrong." Rickbee sighed.

"Whoever did this shall be punished by god."

"Of course." Dean said, hiding a smile, knowing, god would not move a single finger to do anything about this case.

"Excuse us, then." With this, the brothers turned around and left the man behind.

"This guy is more concerned about his little town than about the victims. What a douche bag." Dean whispered, going somewhere offside, that nobody could hear them.

"This guy was of no help. We should get started questioning the family members. Let's see if this is more helpful."

After three hours of questioning, whining and crying mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, Dean practically fell into the seat of his beloved Impala.



He started the engine and drove backwards onto the street, heading back to their nice, no, wonderful motel.

"I can't believe somebody could cry so much! I mean, you have to admit, that was just..." Dean shook his head while Sam started laughing.

"Dean, their kids got kidnapped and probably killed, what would you do?" Dean glanced over to the younger Winchester.

"Okay, let me rephrase that sentence." he said, before Dean could say anything but then he shook his head.

"Just forget it." Sam continued. He knew how his brother was. He would have gone after the creature or man and started shooting before asking questions. The young hunter smiled. Family always came first for Dean Winchester, and he was glad about that fact.

"Sammy, I'm hungry, fancy some food and a drink?"

His brother was good in changing topics and Sam let him do so. At least for now, they could think about themselves before playing heroes again. Sam smiled. Even superheroes needed some breaks.

Back at their motel, they headed towards the diner, immediately. Taking a seat, they grabbed the menu. Dean started smiling.

"Wohoo, listen to that, Sammy. Auntie Agathe's most delicious apple pie! Have a try and you will never want to eat anything else." Sam started laughing. He did that quite often, today.

The brothers waited until one of the, in Deans opinion, hot looking waitresses approached their table. Smiling, she asked politely.

"Hello, what can I get for you strong men?" Dean's smile grew to double the size it was before. "One of your delicious apple pies, burger with bacon and coffee, black, for me..." the older Winchester started.

"And some crispy Caesar salad with dressing and herbal tea for me, please." Sam continued. The waitress wrote everything down and smiled at the younger brother.

"Anything else you want?" He shook his head and the waitress left, without looking at Dean. He in turn, made a face.

"Since when do the chicks prefer you?" he asked smiling.

"Guess I don't have a smile saying: I get you laid in 3 seconds." Sam replied. His brother just shrugged.

"So, what? I need some fun every now and then."

"Well, if I remember correctly, you've got Castiel for that." Sam's smile was huge and it grew even larger when his brother's cheeks turned bright red. He kept poking in the wound.

"Oh please, Cas, stay..." Sam could not help but laugh out loudly. His brother's face was just gorgeous. How he tried to hide behind his well-known poker face.

They kept teasing each other until the waitress returned.

From the moment she had put the plate in front of Dean, he started annihilating the burger with its bacon. Sam in turn was at least in control over his actions until the waitress had left, after that, he started killing his salad as well.

They simply had not eaten anything the past days and their job required a huge amount of food intake. At least for Dean!

"Oh god, Sammy, you have no idea what you're missin'!" Licking his fingers while devouring even the last tiny bit of the burger, he turned towards the promising apple pie and started to torture it with his fork.

"This feels like sex in my mouth!" he continued, grinning all over and speaking mouth

full but being happy at least. Sam killed his salad.

The need to control his eating behavior was strong but the nice cent of the pie was getting over to him. Minutes later, he killed his own piece of pie. They finally finished but the older Winchester was not satisfied yet and ordered another piece.

Who knew when they had another chance to spend some free time just to sit and eat like this? Sam was already back, focusing on their mission. He placed the dishes aside and took out his computer.

"So you said two girls went missing last night? Hell that makes seven in one week. Makes a nice group of 13 people disappearing without anybody noticing." Dean could smell the freshly baked apple pie getting closer each second, the missing people not really getting on his need to taste that so promisingly delicious treat again.

„Hey, check this out: nine years ago 14 people went missing, not even leaving a single trace. The only similarity between the victims was that they were al virgins."

„Yeah, we know that already, so what?" Dean was still annoyed but kept telling himself that this mission would make it better.

„It's the day! These people went missing on the exact same day. It started last Friday and if I compare those dates, the last one will be gone in two days. If we can't figure out who's takin' them, we gotta wait 9 years. Actually, this place will probably not even exist anymore in that time anyway." Sam said, looking back down on his computer.

„What do you mean by that?" his older brother asked, knowing exactly what Sam meant but could not believe he had said it out loud.

"If Lucifer and Michael fight, this place won't exist anymore and neither will we, so, if we can't figure it out, whatever." As he was about to continue typing into his laptop, Dean slammed it shut and threw his brother an angry glance.

„Don't say it like it already happened. Don't say it like any of us will say 'yes' to either of those angels! We talked about it Sammy and I won't let it happen, I rather kill myself or I'll kill you."

„And we'll be brought back to life since we're the only vessels they can fit in. I know. I don't think they will wait that longer. Maybe we should just quit here and... drive to Disney World or something?" Sam removed Dean's hand and opened his laptop again. *Why, just why, does everybody feel the need to die today*, Dean asked himself angrily and shot Sam another death glare.

Mentioning Disney World did not really brighten his mood but he just let out a heavy sigh and felt this conversation would not get them anywhere. Sam was obviously right, but it was way too hard for him to admit that.

"When we're done with this job, we might do that. For now, focus on this virgin eating thing we have no clue about what it exactly is." Feeling his hunger faint he poked the rest of his pie but gobbled it up anyway.

"If you insist, maybe we should take a look inside that garden of the church. It's not official but some of the parents said their children were on their way home from the club, which is located at the church. That huge maze just screams for anything to hide inside." the younger Winchester said, like the earlier topic had not even existed.

They decided to visit the maze at night time when the place was not that crowded. As they entered the maze they switched on their flashlights. Sam was busy holding up the map of the garden, so they would not get lost in it.

Moving slowly, bending down here and there to inspect the ground, they got closer to a three-ways-possible part of the maze.

Sam looked at his brother in silence, they nodded and separated, making the search

go easier and faster. Time passed by but without any result or trace of whatever had taken all those people away.

Growling in annoyance, Dean kicked one of the conifers creating a chain-reaction which caused the whole row to shake.

"Dean?" Sam's voice was hearable from behind the trees.

"Yes Sam?"

"I think we have a huge problem and with huge I mean enormous!" his brother replied shortly after.

Dean tried to push the plants out of his sight and made his way through the conifers, getting himself covered in branches, scratches and spider webs. Brushing away the mess he searched for Sam, as he noticed his brother kneeling down next to some huge footprints.

"It seems the Pastor has gotten lazy here!" he stated, pointing towards the hollows in the ground in this dead end and moving the light over the freshly raked ground a few feet away.

Dean narrowed his eyes.

"So I was right, he cares more for the image than the people themselves." he said in disgust.

"A maze, virgins, 9 years and giant footprints, does that ring a bell?" Sam stood up from the ground, his question earning him a simple shrug.

"Oh Dean, really? Minos' labyrinth? The virgin eating minotaur? Did you oversleep this in school, again?" he continued, already trying to remember what exactly the story told about how the beast was killed in the end.

He needed to look that up as soon as they got out of the maze, searching for the map in his pockets.

He froze a little when he felt nothing but emptiness inside them.

A spark of hope in his eyes as his eyes met with his brothers, he asked.

"You've brought the map I handed you before with you, right?" Dean opened his mouth, trying to spit out any acceptable reason, why he had *not* done so, closing his mouth and smiling sheepishly.

"It's just a little maze. We just walk the way we came! It's a piece of cake!" Dean said turning around to make the first step into a one hour lasting walk to find the exit.

Sam sighed again.

"I've told you this was the wrong way." he said, facing another dead end. His brother rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, well, whatever. Do it better, bitch!" he barked, receiving a 'jerk' from his brother who went the opposite direction. Shortly after turning a couple of times right and left, they ended up in another dead end. Sam could almost feel the smile of his brother behind him. He moved his hand through his hair and turned around.

"Okay, say it!" Sam hissed, eyeing his brother. But he simply made a face looking as innocent as possible. The younger Winchester walked pass by his brother and turned around another corner to find himself in another end, again. Sam escaped a loud frustrated growl. This was getting ridiculous!

When Dean found him, he was punching and kicking the conifers, probably trying to vaporize them. The eldest Winchester smiled.

*That's my little Sammy,* he thought and walked over. He gripped his brother's shoulder, trying to calm him down.

"C'mon, stop it. Let's just call Cas. It's already hours that we're stuck in here. We won't get outta here before dawn if we keep doing this!" he said. Sam eyed at him.

"You sure, he's gonna get us outta here? Last time we talked to him, he did not seem to be fond of you!" Dean shrugged.

"So what? I'm gonna call him and he's gonna show up. *If* you don't like it, you can try to get outta here by clicking your heels together." Dean stated and cocked his head towards the dark clear sky.

"Hey Cas, uhm, we got a little lost down here. So, we figured, you might come descend from heaven to zap us out of this friggin' maze." A moment after Dean finished his sentence the brothers could hear a fluttery sound, signaling an angel arriving next to them. Sam could not believe it.

He really had shown up, something must have been wrong with this angel lately. Dean in turn, seemed not to notice. Castiel appeared behind him, as always and he got goose bumps, as always. Dean turned around, glaring at the angel.

"Hello, Dean." Castiel said, calm and controlled as always, staring at the older Winchester.

"Hey, we got somethin', you know." Dean said. The angel tilted his head to one side, patiently waiting for more information.

"Sam's thinkin' it's a friggin' minotaur, like in King Minos' Labyrinth, you know." The older hunter kept going making several gestures while describing what they had found out. Still, no reaction of the angel! Sam interfered.

"I think, what Dean wants to say is that we have to go and slay a minotaur, here." Castiel turned his head to the younger brother.

"I did understand Dean, Sam. I simply do not understand why he called me for that." Sam raised his eyebrows and put on a forgiving smile, looking at his brother for help.

"I called you... because we somehow got lost and couldn't find the way out. Besides, I figured, you might know a weapon to kill such a roman creature."

"It's greek mythology, actually." Sam corrected his brother, earning a sharp look at the same time.

"So, what do you think about, zapping us outta here and helping us gank that thing?" Castiel remained quiet. First, he looked at Sam, then at Dean.

Finally, he said "You called me because you don't get out of this place and you need a weapon to slay a minotaur." Castiel's face darkened for a second and Dean could have sworn that he looked outrageous but this look vanished as fast as it had appeared on the angels face. Castiel walked over to Sam, putting two fingers onto his forehead and then, Deans baby brother was gone.

Before he moved over to Dean, Castiel said "I know a weapon you can use for slaying the beast. I will bring it to you."

Then, two fingers were put on Dean's forehead and he showed up outside the maze, next to his brother but with no sign of Castiel.

His brother seemed nervous and Dean raised an eye brow.

"What's the matter, Sammy?" The young Winchester growled.

"You know what time it is? It's already past midnight. We have only one day to go, otherwise our chance is gone." Sam explained to his brother, who did not seem to like the idea of letting a minotaur staying alive. Before he could reply anything, again, the fluttering noise of wings was to be heard.

The Winchesters looked at Castiel, in surprise.

"It was not where it has been for the time being." He started, earning a confused look from the men in front of him.

"The sword! It is gone. Apparently found by a human and brought to another place." Castiel continued.

"So what?" Dean asked.

"You don't know where it is?" Castiel nodded, obviously feeling not comfortable with this situation.

"Ah, c'mon, you're a friggin' angel! Use your mojo to find it." And there it was again, just a glimpse of rage in the angels face for less than a second.

"I do not know where it is." Castiel repeated. "Why is it so hard to understand that?" He moved one step forward. Sam, noticing the electricity between his brother and the angel interfered.

"We're gonna find it for you and then, you can get it. This should work, right? So, what are we looking for?" Castiel turned his head.

"Theseus' sword! After a fierce battle, he was able to decapitate the minotaur with his sword. Since then, it was considered as a weapon made by men's hand to slay a minotaur. It is the only weapon which can pierce the body of the creature." Castiel moved back, looking down. "If you know where it is to be found, call for me and I will get it for you." With this, Castiel was gone without waiting for the Winchesters to say anything, again.

Dean groaned something that sounded like *'great'* when he lifted his arms above his head. "Let's get back, Sammy." he said and both got back to the car.

Back at the motel, Sam had started investigoogling for *'Theseus' sword'* and had found reliable data immediately. It was located in an old mystical history museum over in Michigan. Dean had called for Castiel, telling him, where to find that ancient artifact and not even five seconds later, the sword had appeared on their room table with no sign of the angel though. Sam and Dean glanced at each other, confused about this behavior but not minding at all. At least not Sam! Dean pondered with this reaction. He sighed. Still in thoughts and not noticing that his brother was watching him.

*Dammit angel, not showing up, being pissed 'cause of nothin'. What the hell's goin' on?* Dean sighed again.

"Dean!" his brother called out loud, interrupting the older hunter's thoughts.

"Yes?" Sam smiled.

"Attention! Here!" he said, pointing towards his laptop. Then, he started.

"King Minos from Crete had a deal with Poseidon. He would become king and sacrifice the first thing coming out of the waters for the god. But he cheated. He kept that white giant bull for himself and sacrificed another one. Poseidon was not that pleased and made his wife get laid by... well... that very bull in return. Later on, he let build a labyrinth for the offspring of that arrangement. Daedalus built the maze and from then on, every 9 years, Minos sent in seven female virgins and seven male virgins. Minos' daughter Ariadne was in charge of the labyrinth. Then, one day one of the sacrifices was Theseus, who intended to slay the minotaur. Apparently, Ariadne fell in love with him, giving him a sword and a ball of thread and he went into the maze to kill the beast." Sam explained watching his brother smiling about the memory of the getting-laid-by-a-bull-part.

He was so childish! "And what was the thread for?" Dean asked.

"To get back out of the maze, of course! You think he wrapped that thing up with it?" Sam grinned meaningful. Dean shrugged.

"Who knows?"

"You are mistaking porn with reality again, Dean." The eldest Winchester cleared his throat. "Whatever, bitch."

"Jerk."

Dean raised one eye brow.

"I wonder how many years in a row this has been on." Sam only shook his head.

"I'm sure we don't wanna know. Besides, what are we going to do now? We've got the sword but I don't think that creature will come at us at will. The only thing we need is bait but that thing only runs for..."

"Virgins, yeah I've got that part." Dean finished his brothers thought. Sam could hear the wheels starting to rattle in his brothers head.

"We need a virgin, you said!" Now it was Sam, who raised an eye brow.

"Yeah... but that would be difficult since you and I are no virgins and we can't just ask people around here, whether they are or not. Besides, the police ordered every citizen to stay at home and we can't wait for one of the people getting attacked!" Deans little brother continued, waiting for the older Winchester to tell him about the idea flying around in his head.

There was only one thing that came into Deans mind when he heard virgin, it was some little pissed angel named Castiel. Leaving Sam out of his thoughts, the eldest Winchester turned around and started praying.

"Hey, Castiel... would you move your sweet ass down here for a moment? Need to talk!" Sam stared at his brother, mouth agape.

"Ey, dude, did you just say 'sweet'?" he wanted to know, not sure, if he had heard his brother right.

Before Dean could find any excuses, Castiel answered the question.

"Yes he did, Sam." Dean shrugged. Seemed like, somebody was still pissed! The hunter turned around, looking at the angel.

"That's the normal way to say 'move down here, ASAP'." Dean explained, not sure, whether he would believe it himself.

"What do you want?" Castiel asked. His face did not show any feelings but his voice did all the more. The eldest Winchester cleared his throat. This was definitely not the right time! "We finally know what we have to do and we need you to help us gank this thing!" Castiel tilted his head, looking at Dean, emotionless, on the surface at least.

"Why?"

"Because this thing is after virgins." he said with a big frog in his throat.

*Okay, this is embarrassing,* Dean decided. "And I... remember that you never... you know." The hunter put on an awkward smile.

Sam hid his face in his hand. He did not believe what was happening. *Oh, dear,* he thought, trying to hide his smile.

"You want me to be the bait. Do I understand you right, Dean?" Castiel asked, still no sign of emotions on his face, not as embarrassed as the hunters seemed to be. Jeez, this angel was persistent.

"Yes, that's what I want you to do. You alright with this?"

"Call me, when need be. I will be there." With this, the angel was gone again. It was the best that could have happened, because Sam started laughing as soon as Castiel was gone. Dean turned his head to his little brother.

"I think I missed the fun part." he said with low voice.

"Dude, you wanna tell me what's going on with you two, or what?" he asked, not able to stop laughing at all.

Dean rolled his eyes, pulled his jacket from the chair and left the room. He needed some fresh air!

At the very moment, Dean stepped out of the motel he inhaled the cold air deep into his lungs. He lifted his head a little so he could see the sky above.

"No clouds, so many stars." Dean froze. He, hopefully, did not say that out loud, did

he? The Winchester looked around, in case, anyone might have heard it.

"There is nobody here, Dean." a calm voice from above his head said. Dean looked towards the roof and the angel came in sight.

Now it was on Dean to tilt his head.

"What are you doin' up there, Cas?" The angel looked down at the hunter. His blue eyes shining bright in the darkness surrounding them! Dean shook his head. *What the hell*, he thought before the familiar voice started to talk again.

"I have no place to go, Dean. I have been casted out from heaven due to my actions." Castiel was still calm. Dean could not understand how this angel was actually ticking! One moment he was all *gods' living wrath* and the other, he was all *little puppy not knowing what to do in this big bad world*.

Dean sighed. He somewhat felt guilty.

He was the reason why Castiel had become number one on Heavens most wanted list, next to Sam and himself. He actually had never thought about where the angel was going all the time, when he was not with them.

*Obviously, he was standing or sitting somewhere waiting for you moron to call for him*, his head answered. The hunter sighed again.

"Dean? Are you well?" The angel had never heard him sigh so often. Dean had to smile.

"Yes, Cas, I'm fine. Just thinking!" Pause.

"Hey, c'mon down here. You commin' with me." he continued. A fluttering sound was to be heard and Castiel was standing by his side.

"Where are we going?" he asked, tilted his head to one side and started staring at the Winchester in his special way.

"To a place were you're not gonna become a frozen chicken wing. I'm not gonna let you stay on the roof or whatever. You'll be staying in my room. End of discussion." Without thinking about his actions, he grabbed the angel by the coat, dragging him back inside the motel and into his room.

As the door went shut, silence fell over both of them. The last time they shared this room, it started awful and ended even more awful.

But he brought him here and would not throw him out again. So, why exactly did he feel the need to know where the angel was all of the sudden?

*Because I never thought about it*, was all he could come up with, right now.

When he realized, that neither of them could find anything to talk about he decided to break the silence with a yawn, stretching and turning towards the angel.

"I know you angels don't have to sleep and stuff but I, for myself, I feel pretty much done for today." Making his way towards the bed he heard the soft steps of the angel following him. Dean turned around before he reached his bed, pointing a finger towards the angel's chest and poking against it slightly.

"No, Cas. Couch." he said, moving his head towards the couch which standing a few feet behind the bed. Castiel tilted his head to the side, if the Winchester only could read the angels mind right now.

"I don't want you to leave and stay outside from now on but sharing a bed is... it's just not cool, ya know?" The angel nodded but did obviously not understand the point of this at all.

"Of course, Dean." he simply responded and made his way past him, sat down on the couch, folded his hands and remained silent.

Shutting the light and welcoming the pillow under him, Dean laid down, kicking off his shoes and turning his back towards the couch, with the unmoving angel. A relieved sigh left his lips, as he closed his eyes for a few seconds.

Something was odd. His eyes shot open again and with a swift he turned his body around to look for the angel, somehow hoping he was still there but also wishing he would be gone at the same time.

He wished he had not mentioned that Castiel could stay again but this time, not in his bed. Dean could hardly bear to watch the figure in the dark, even though he knew it was just the angel staring at the ground.

But still, it felt weird.

Turning around and closing his eyes again, he tried to drift off to sleep. There was no sound, no move, nothing, but still, Dean opened his eyes again immediately after he had closed them. Jerking his head up and looking over his shoulder.

The angel was still sitting there but now, he was not staring at his feet.

The Winchester could not see his face or his eyes, but somehow he knew Castiel was watching him. A shiver ran down his spine. Maybe the angel did not mean to stare but it crept him out.

Dean remembered, when he was able to see, the man lying in front of him, his back turned towards him, it was much easier to fall asleep. But now, it just felt like, if he closed his eyes, he would not wake up in the morning. Placing his face back onto the pillow he gnarled to himself at the thought. Why would Castiel try to kill him? That was just ridiculous. He forced his eyes shut, moving restlessly in the sheets.

Was the angel still watching him? Those blue eyes focused and burning holes into his backside? He could not resist the urge and opened his eyes once again. He sat up and shot a frustrated but also a little panicked glare towards Castiel, who had not moved an inch since he had turned the light off.

"Something wrong, Dean?" the hunter could hear the innocent sounding voice coming from the dark shadow. Smiling faintly but still wondering why his mind could not cool down he nodded.

"I'm fine... I'm going to sleep. Now." he added and turned his attention away from the angel.

He drifted off to sleep eventually, dreaming of eyes, haunting him with their deep blue and emotionless expression.

Dean winced as he felt something brushing his forehead. Opening his eyes, feeling worse than the day before and thinking he was still dreaming as those blue eyes were right in front of him.

Dean's heart paused for a moment. A very important moment! As a hunter, such moments were always critical.

As a reflex, he gave a shriek, but at the same moment his fist moved forward, hitting the angel's chin. The angel did not move but the hunter did even more, Dean simply fell out of the bed, staring at Castiel, mouth agape.

The punch had no effect on the angel, who was now towering over Dean.

"You don't seem relaxed, Dean. People normally feel relaxed after they slept the whole night." "Get off me!" Dean got up on his elbows staring straight upwards into the angel's face, feeling furious and about to punch him again. Castiel did not bother to move at all and kept staring downwards.

"I said, get off Cas! Move!"

"Always ordering others around..." the angel commented insensibly.

"And you keep following those orders!" Castiel did not bother to bend down, when he replied. "Did you ever think about the reason for that, Dean?" The angel stressed the hunter's name on purpose.

The spoken to narrowed his eyes a bit before they grew wide, those eyes, he dreamed



of them but seeing them in reality was different, especially with that longing inside of them. What the hell did the angel want from him?

He opened his mouth but could not think of an appropriate reply when a sudden knock at the door interrupted Dean's thoughts. When his brother entered the room, the angel was gone. Seeing his brother on the ground instead of on the bed, Sam pursed his lips.

"Dean? What are you doin' on the ground? You alright?" he asked out of curiosity. Dean noticed he had held his breath. He slowly exhaled, calming himself down. His brother did not need to know.

"Yeah, I'm fine." he said, standing up, smiling at his brother.

"How did you sleep?" Sam shrugged.

"Good. You?"

"Wonderful! Just wonderful." he replied, getting a towel and all the stuff he needed in the bathroom. Before Sam could ask or say anything else, he disappeared in the smaller room, closing the door. He needed a shower.

Hot, cold, whatever, just water on him! He knew, this would be a long day, especially the part with Castiel.

Breakfast was unbelievably annoying for Dean. Sam had not stopped asking questions, his mood had decreased into the lower levels of 'shut up or die' and he felt confused.

Whatever that damn angel was talking about, it forced him to think about it, whether he wanted it or not. And this was definitely not the best time.

Dean ran a hand over his face. This would be a very long day...

And he was right, the morning had passed and he was thinking about that freaking angel. Noon had passed and he kept thinking about that stupid angel. Afternoon had passed and he still kept thinking about that blue-eyed angel. And now it was half past six and he still kept thinking about Castiel.

The fact, that Sam had to prepare everything on his own for their hunt tonight did not bother him at all.

At nightfall, the Winchesters got in the car and made their way to the church. Sam had handed Dean another map of the maze, so he would not get lost again.

The sword of Theseus was laying on the backseat and would hopefully put an end to this outrageous virgin killing.

At least, they hoped it would work out alright. Dean had not bothered calling for the angel before they arrived at the garden, thinking about him all day was enough to prevent him from doing so.

Besides, maybe it was just his imagination but he felt like Castiel was watching him anyways, even if he was not showing up.

Turning on their flashlights and entering the maze together, Sam and Dean walked pass several turns of conifers.

The trees unmoving since the wind had calmed down in between the rows. Only followed by quiet steps of their feet and their strained breaths they went deep inside and stopped when they finally reached the center of the maze.

"You know, it's actually wrong they created a center. It's not a true maze anymore. It's like a hybrid of a labyrinth and a maze." Sam folded the map and looked around.

"Yeah thanks, very important information, Sam." his brother replied sarcastically. Dean slapped his hands together, rubbing them and started to call for Castiel, hoping he would still appear, since he had agreed to help them either if he was still angry at him or not.

"Castiel, we're all settled down here so... would you come over here you pretty bait?" he said, retrieving a 'what the hell dude' look from his brother before Dean felt a hand on his shoulders.

Feeling the angel invading his space on purpose, Dean jumped, as usual but refused to insult the angel this time, they had way more important business to do than keep insulting each other for their behavior. They explained their plan to the angel, resulting in him standing right there, waiting.

"Do something a virgin would do." was all Dean said with a cheerful smile but frowned right away, at the look Castiel threw at him. While the brothers covered behind a close by row of conifers, the angel got in position, looking around for any sign of an opponent. Castiel would play the decoy to lure out the minotaur.

Dean and Sam would attack it from behind and stab the creature with Theseus' sword. No more dead, eaten virgins.

Sounded good, at least to the Winchesters! Castiel had his doubts but had refused to mention any of them. The three of them waited for around ten minutes before something finally happened.

Castiel moved his head into one direction, sensing what was coming towards him before the Winchester brothers heard the stomping out of nowhere. It was getting louder with every breath, the ground slightly shaking with each step.

Finally, when the minotaur was in sight, their mouths gaped open. Dean glared to his brother with a look saying: You did not mention that thing was made of stone!

The younger brother could only hike his shoulders. Eye-telling him: How should I know? In the very moment, the minotaur appeared in Castiel's sight, he hated being right. How were they supposed to slay a minotaur made of stone? The angel drew his blade, staring right upwards to the eight feet tall thing.

He could simply have flown away but then the two brothers were in great danger. So he had no choice.

Honestly, he had the choice but despite his anger he still protected the Winchesters, or at least, he tried to. When the huge creature approached him he backed off slowly. That thing could not be that fast right?

The minotaur lowered its head, pointing the great horns onto Castiel. It snorted with rage. The angel took a deep breath and prepared himself for attack.

The mythical creature stomped once, before it started running, directly heading towards Castiel. With a fast and smooth move, he flanked the minotaur, sliding his blade along the stony leg.

The minotaur just growled, displeased about its targets spirit to fight. When the angel realized that there was just a simple scratch, where he had hit the stone creature, he put his blade away. He had already expected that, so Castiel turned his head towards the hunters.

"Give me Theseus' sword!" he yelled and was able to get out of the minotaur's way, when it attacked once more. Rolling over the grass he landed on his knees.

"What are you waiting for? Dean!" the angel yelled and got hit by the bull in the back. Castiel was lifted up onto the minotaur's horns, before it threw him right into the conifers.

Dean clenched his jaw. He got out of their hideout, running towards the giant stone minotaur, but the creature was stronger.

That thing turned around, ducked and grabbed the hunter by his leg. With this, another person flew across the maze and landed where already the angel was lying. Dean sighed and held the sword out for Castiel.

"Here you are." He said, gasping for some air. Castiel did not understand what the older Winchester was talking about, since he knew that he was laying next to him but he took the sword and got himself up, out of those plants.

The minotaur roared loud.

Castiel moved forward, getting between Dean and the bull-human-hybrid. This time, it was him who did the first move. He practically smashed into the cairn, raising his arm and lowering it immediately strong and forcefully, piercing the minotaur.

At least, that was what it looked like for Dean.

Unfortunately, the sword had no effect. Surprised, Castiel cocked his head before a mighty hand slapped him directly into the face.

Losing the sword the angel hit the ground and moaned. Dean did not believe what he saw getting up and drawing his gun.

A few shoots cut through the night drowned by the loud growl of the now, pretty pissed, creature.

Sam had stayed where he was, since he could only think of the one person, to help them out. Calling Bobby's number, chanting *c'mon c'mon c'mon* into the speaker, he desperately tried to make Bobby pick up the phone faster.

When the ringing finally stopped and the old man's annoyed voice was hearable, Sam bursted out portraying Bobby their current situation.

Apparently, the sword was not working. Bobby on the other hand just called him an idiot for being dumb.

"What do you mean the sword does not work, if Castiel is using it?" Sam almost yelled into the phone.

"Oh dear, stop yelling and listen. I mean, that it is useless in the hands of an angel. Theseus was a human being, no demi-god, no super being, he was simply a man! It will only work if you or Dean uses it, so do it instead of chit-chatting with me on the phone!"

"Especially, when he's already busy!" A lower, well known voice of a demon ended the conversation and the call was cut off.

The younger Winchester narrowed his brows in confusion but had not the time to care about that right now.

He put the phone back into his pocket and run towards their opponent. Meanwhile, his brother and the angel were still trying to get a hold on the minotaur, failing bravely. At least, as long as Castiel was using the sword!

"Castiel." Sam yelled.

"I need the sword." That was all it took to get the minotaur's attention. The creature turned around heading for Sam.

Dean yelled and Castiel smacked the giant living stone statue once more. Landing on the ground they rolled over the grass, fighting for dominance.

Since the minotaur was taller and much heavier than Castiel, he made it to press the angel down. Not for long at least. One bullet hit the minotaur directly between the eyes.

Groaning it turned its head towards the one who had shot. Dean gulped.

"Not good." he said and forced a smile on his face.

"Nice, minotaur. Be a nice little bull." The minotaur roared again.

"Guess you're no nice little bull." the older Winchester said still smiling, desperately.

"Ooooooh... shiiiiit." With this, Dean started running, behind him, the minotaur.

Castiel and Sam following, with the only weapon that could end this chase!

When Dean got into a dead end, he turned around, facing the minotaur. Before it

could attack, though, Castiel jumped at it, tightening his arms around the strong neck. The stony creature bent backwards, trying to keep its balance.

"Sam, do it, now!" Castiel shouted losing his rough grip on the stone. Sam sprinted towards the giant creature, stabbing it into the chest. The minotaur writhed one last time, throwing Castiel from his back and slamming Sam into the mazes walls, it died roaring and disintegrating into fine dust.

For an undefined moment there was only silence. The only sound they could hear where each other's fast breathings, urging for more oxygen.

Then, Dean started laughing. "Wasn't that difficult, was it?" he said, looking at Sam and the angel alternately. Sam just moaned and put on his 'yeah sure it was easy peasy' face on.

Castiel on the other hand, who still was angry, simply stated "Easy for you to say, who ran away." Sam started laughing out loud, when he heard the angel's serious voice, falling backwards onto the grass, his hands on his stomach.

Dean glared at the angel, before he started laughing too.

"Yes, I was running, into a dead end... and you guys ganked it. You're my heroes." Dean smiled at the angel, waiting.

Nothing happened, except the fact, that this very angel stood up and turned his back towards the brothers. Castiel's voice was low, when he said "I should go then." He made his way over to the tossed aside sword, bending down and picking it up. It had to be returned to the museum.

"You probably want..." He was thinking about the right word not even looking at one of the brothers.

"Some time alone!" he finished his sentence before he disappeared. Dean's smile died seconds later and he punched the ground beneath.

"Oh you damn angel! C'mon, don't you dare to do that again." *I never ask you to stay, huh? You never wait for me to ask*, Dean thought, feeling his anger boiling up inside.

"Dean... you're alright?" Sam asked, finally getting up from the ground.

"Yeah, let's go before anyone notices that we ruined their maze. We're done here anyways." Dean answered while standing up from the grass.

They made their way back to the motel, leaving the lost, broken trees and white dust of the minotaur behind them.

## Kapitel 5: Still waters run deep

### Updated Version

#### 5. Still waters run deep

##### Until the wind stirs them up

The whole way back, Dean had remained quiet, staring onto the street. He had not even bothered to answer Sam's dozen of questions about *'what is going on between you two'* and *'why don't you talk to me, I'm your brother'*.

Finally, Sam had given up. If he did not want to talk, he could not make him talk. Both of them knew!

Now, that they were both back in their motel rooms. They wanted to rest for the next few hours until dawn. Sam certainly was already asleep but Dean was lying on his bed, staring at the ceiling, thinking.

He actually was not good in those brain-involving things. Usually Sammy did all the important thinking. But this one was on him! Dean growled.

*What did that friggin' angel mean? Aah, c'mon brain. I need ya right now*, he thought. The Winchester sighed, turning to the left. *You're following my orders without hesitation... why?* He sighed again, turned to the right.

*I never ask you to stay? You never wait I can do so.* Dean turned onto his back. *There is no place he can go but then, where is he all the time he's not with us? Sitting on the roof starin' up into the sky?*

"Jesus, this freakin' chicken wing is drivin' me nuts." he cried out loud sitting up, staring at the door as if he could vaporize it with a simple look. The morning came way too fast for the eldest Winchester. He had not made it to fall asleep at all, resulting in a horrible looking man with dark rings under his eyes.

When Sam saw him, he could not believe his eyes.

"You look like shit." he just managed to say, before he shoved his salad into his mouth.

"No shit, Sherlock." Dean replied sarcastically, poking around in his apple pie.

Sam sighed.

He was patient, when he had to be but this was just ridiculous.

"Listen, Dean. You better get things straight with Castiel, whatever is going on..."

"There is nothing going on, Sam and if you don't shut up... just shut up, okay? I can handle this." Dean cut off his brother with a loud voice.

Gaining the attention of some of the other guests and started mumbling and whispering. The older Winchester rolled his eyes.

"Let's get outta here." he said, leaving his pie.

Sam put some money onto the table and followed his brother. Not ten minutes later, the Winchesters were on the highway leaving Danville as fast as possible.

Not caring about what might have been found in the maze or where that minotaur actually came from.

Not caring for the screaming Rickbee who had to rake all day through the whole garden. The job was done, that was all that mattered.

Somewhere far South

The day was just perfect. The sky was blue, the tiny bits of clouds looked like torn marshmallows about to vanish into milk and cocoa.

Dave Calderon inhaled the smell of burning coals, the scent of roasting beef, mixed with the taste of a cold, and freshly opened beer.

It was indeed a perfect day for a barbecue. Turning the meat a few times to make sure it did not burn to ashes he felt a tight grip around his chubby belly.

"How's the meat darlin'?" his wife asked, kissing his cheek and looking down onto the brazier. "It will be done soon. Call the kids and tell them to wash their hands! The Johnsen's will be here in any minute." he replied and grinned widely. Yes, today would be the best day.

His old time friend and his family would come.

They would have fun, talk about nonsense and later drink a few beers and remember the good old days. As he turned the beef around another time he got startled by a loud honk from the nearby lake. He turned his gaze towards the huge boat that was approaching from the other side. Dave smiled.

His friend always had to come with that huge thing just to show off. He was not jealous, not at all but still... it just bothered him. With one of the already done pieces of meat he made his way towards the jetty. Waving over to the boat, he did not notice the crippling of the water approaching right next to him.

"Hey Joe! C'mon that thing is slow as hell! Move it!" Dave stopped waving towards his friend and shaded his eyes from the reflecting sun, loosening the grip on the meat and it fell into the water.

"Shit!" He got on his knees trying to see if he could somehow still save the 40\$ meat. Narrowing his eyes he stared into the water. He saw nothing but darkness and sighed in anger, closing his eyes for a brief second.

When he opened them again, his heart froze. A pair of eyes was staring right at him, moving closer and blinking softly. Dave opened his mouth and was about to scream but he could not, he just stared into those weird eyes.

"Dave, what're you doin'?" His wife set a few more plates on the table, wondering why he was on the landing stage.

"Laura get the camera!" he yelled over and reached into the water. He was not scared at all, he believed that every being in this world was wonderful and he never saw something like he saw right now.

Its long face, the long mane, those eyes looked full of mercy and forgiveness. As his fingers touched the water his eyes widened as the water splashed against his face, the merciful look in those eyes turning into a madness he never saw before.

A pair of strong, manly arms reached out of the water, grabbing him by his arm and dragging him into the water.

A short scream, which was choked off as his mouth was filled with water, escaped him, before Dave was pulled underwater leaving only the barbecue tongs and his screaming wife behind.

Back on the road

Sam stayed quiet. From time to time he glanced over at his brother, receiving no reaction, not even a short look and tried to keep his mouth shut.

With the ongoing apocalypse they did not need any more problems, especially not between them, but Dean was just not in the mood to sort things out.

Where the hell were they even going? Grabbing the steering wheel tightly Dean tried to focus on the street, noticing the bypassing cities and villages.

Millions of people who did not even know what was going on and what would happen, if nobody stopped the remaining horsemen and Lucifer's plans. Sometimes, he really wished that nothing of this was real and he would just be a normal human being, with a normal life, a normal family and a normal job, with normal income.

But that would not be him, Dean Winchester, oldest son of John Winchester, destined to fight monsters and deal with weird angels and demons. *These damn angels!*

His thoughts got cut off when his eyes met a village sign, displaying 'Winchester' twenty miles. Dean's eyebrows moved upwards.

He suddenly had an idea. "Hey, Sammy. What do you think about staying in Winchester for a day?" he asked smirking. His brother, who had taken a nap, turned his head in surprise. Not sure, what he actually had heard.

"Come again?" Dean smiled at his brother and repeated.

"Let's go to Winchester!" His brother still not understanding what Dean was actually talking about turned his head towards the road in front of them. When he noticed the Route sign with an exit to 'Winchester', he finally understood.

"You serious, dude?" Sam asked his brother, a smile on his face. Dean shrugged.

"Why not? Would be fun to see Winchester once, don't you think so?"

"Very well..." The younger brother started.

"Since we don't have anything else, more important, to do, sure. Let's have some spare time with our namesake." Sam continued sarcastically.

Dean changed the lane, not bothering about any other cars on the highway, not bothering his baby brothers warning to drive carefully.

He activated the indicator and joined the lane for exiting the highway. Half an hour later they passed the village name sign and Dean started singing.

"I don't care about the sunshine, yeah. 'Cause mama mama, I'm comin' home..." When Sam looked at his brother with a face saying '*you kiddin' me right*', he just stuck out his tongue.

"C'mon, Sammy, let's enjoy ourselves for some time. The apocalypse certainly won't run away." he said, smiling hitting the brakes when the traffic lights turned red.

All the young Winchester could do was to roll his eyes about that. Sometimes he wondered if his brother was really an all mature man or just pretending.

This place really seemed nice. They passed some houses, searching for a motel of some kind. This place looked very nice. Except the fact, that it had neither a motel nor hotel at all. Dean growled.

"Is this possible? No friggin' motel? Serious?" Sam unfastened his seatbelt.

"Stop, Dean. I'm gonna ask somebody." he said and Dean did as he was told. When Sam got off the car, he rushed over to a group of young people. Dean could watch them describing something and run the engine again.

His brother was fast. Closing the door, he said "Okay, they said, they're renovating the hotel at the moment but there is a parking near the water where people can go camping." Dean furrowed his brow.

"You wanna go campin' Sammy?"

"Well they said the Tims Ford Lake is down the road and it's the best place for camping in this region. So, it's our free day right? Relax and do some fishing and sightseein'?" Sam showed the little flyer to Dean he had received from the nice citizens.

"You go for the museums, library and stuff, I prefer sitting around in the sun and grabbing my rod." Gaining a '*you mean, you go fishing*' look from his brother, Dean grinned and drove the Impala towards the lake.

Winchester was built in the middle of a huge forest and the lake was accessible by several branches which were bridged with small wooden planks, obviously not made for cars to set over. The whole place smelled like nature, clean water and peacefulness.

As they got closer to Tims Ford Lake, a few police cars and an ambulance passed them by. Sam turned his head in curiosity but his brother did not seem to bother.

He was seriously going for a day off. They had to wade through way too much shit the past few weeks, they needed this. They *deserved* this.

Dean noticed the sign for camping positions, guiding them to the left and they started searching for a nice, quiet, lonesome and delightful spot where they could settle down.

A few trees and nearly naked people later, they found an empty bay and Dean parked the car right on the grass.

Sam could not believe it, his brother nearly jumped out of the car, walked to the back of the car, opened the trunk, got out a camping chair, his rod and bait box and walked straight towards the shore.

"Wh... wait! Dean what about... I wanted to visit the damn city centre! The library is told to be enormous!" Sam got out of the car smashing the door shut.

"Nice sightseeing Sammy, see ya later!" his brother replied turning his attention towards the lake, the rod and obviously not Sam anymore. Sighing heavily Sam walked around the car.

"You sure you don't wanna come and see a bit of the town and its history?" he tried one last time gaining a straight '*nope*' from the obviously 'busy' hunter.

"Fine, you better catch us some fish then... I'll bring some vegetables from the market later." Sam got in the car again and started the engine, shaking his head before he set back and left his brother alone with his thoughts.

Dean's inner tension faded away with the sound of his beloved Impala growing weaker and he was finally alone, again. He actually hoped for his brother to leave so he would not come up with any more awkward questions, which he could not answer himself.

He was staring straight towards the lake when his eye met a little slightly overgrown landing stage. Smiling, he walked straight ahead and set his little chair on the wooden planks, which made the water under him gurgle.

*A perfect place to go fishing*, he thought and his smile grew wider. *Or just a good place to relax and forget about everything!*

Dean took out a simple fake grub bait and prepared his rod, swinging it a bit behind his head, winding up and finally casting his rod several feet away. Satisfied with the range he sat down onto the chair.

Holding the rod in a mild grip, he started the waiting game.

The sun was hiding behind a few clouds, only to come out again and to present the hunter with a warm and pleasant light. Soaking in the smell of his surroundings, Dean closed his eyes for a few seconds.

*I remember this.*

Opening his eyes again, his joy faded away as he felt the sense of a déjà vu coming over him. "I'm friggin' dreamin!" It looked the same. Everything looked the same as in his dream a few months ago. The Winchester turned around, prepared to see Castiel appearing from out of nowhere but the angel did not show up.

Grabbing tightly onto the armrest, Dean got interrupted in his despair. Something was hitting, he could feel the slight vibrations the fish sent into his hand.



Even if it was a dream, hell, it could not be the same one, at least. No sign of Castiel and a fish was aiming for his bait, totally different. He secured the rod with both hands. Feeling and waiting. When the line got tense he pulled his rod upwards.

"Strike! Gotcha!" Dean yelled, feeling the rage vanishing again as he dragged his catch home.

The rod bent down dangerously, the fish seemed huge and Dean's excitement grew with every pull on the pole.

"Hello, Dean."

The hunter jumped out of the chair with a surprised curse.

The rod fell to the ground and got pulled into the water by whatever was on the other end. Dean turned around and was facing the trench coat wearing angel of the Lord.

Catching his breath and feeling his heart beat slow down he pointed towards Castiel with a startled expression on his face.

"Why always... from behind? Why can't you just show up somewhere else, why? Is it that hard to appear without nearly killing everyone with a heart attack?" Dean cursed, turned around and saw his favorite fishing rod disappear into the lake.

Growling deeply, he faced the angel again who had closed the distance between them and was standing right behind the hunter.

Meeting those curious blue eyes with his own eyes, Dean held his breath and stared straight forward. A few moments passed with neither of them saying a word, when he finally lowered his head, grinning heartlessly.

"That was my best rod ya know?" he started, looking up into the angels close face again.

"It's from my father, Cas. He made it himself and now... it's gone. Thanks." He knew it was not Castiel to blame but right now, he did not care.

The angel was technically to blame for his loss and still, he felt a fury inside of him and pushed the angel roughly away and out of his way, only to grab him by his collar and pulling him close again.

"You should be careful, Dean." Blue eyes burnt into him and into his soul. He could feel himself loosening the grip on the angel and he took a few steps backwards, his back facing the lake. Castiel's bad-ass angel voice was back again once more.

Dean shook his head slightly.

"What is it Castiel? What the hell do you want?" The angel moved slowly breaking the distance between them apart again, getting closer to the seemingly confused and panicked hunter. Backing off even further, Dean nearly lost his balance as his foot reached the end of the wooden planks.

"Cas, snap out of it! That's not you!"

"Dean, don't run from me." With every step the angel got closer, the water seemed to splash even more and even higher.

The Winchester turned his gaze around, facing the water. He could swim, so there was no need to be afraid of falling into the water but still, heaven would know what the angel was up to.

"Dean, stay right there."

Castiel said slowly reaching out for the hunter. Dean's eyes widened and he turned his attention back to the now welcoming water. Maybe he should just jump and dive and swim for his life. Better soaking wet than whatever the angel was up to, it could only be worse.

That was when he saw them.

He had not noticed it before but now he could clearly see them. The water was

watching him. No, something in the water was staring at him. Those eyes, they somehow crept him out, but also they dragged him closer.

Before he noticed, he bent backwards and felt the wood under him creak, resulting in him losing his balance. It felt like time was slowed down, his breath died in the motion and his head swung around, watching the angel's hand reaching out for him.

Dean tried to reach out for Castiel's hand to prevent him from falling, feeling the touch of the angel's fingers against his own for a brief second, only to part right away again.

He fell, his back burst through the surface and dark water surrounded him.

He could feel strong arms grabbing and holding onto him in a tight embrace, dragging him down.

Dragging him away from those desperate blue eyes...

Jerking into an upright position, Dean woke up and felt the rod in his hands vibrating softly. The Winchester held onto it while he turned his head around.

There was no Castiel behind him.

As he noticed, it had been a dream after all he let his eyes wander to the left, only to recognize a very well known brown fabric fluttering in an upcoming breeze.

Sinking deep into his chair, Dean tried to ignore the fact that Castiel was there, again, and focused on his scaly prey.

*That was just a dream but this is real this time, right*, he thought while he kept reeling in the fish.

"Yes, Dean. It is."

"Cas, get out of my head! I told you I don't want you reading my thoughts over and over!" he barked, facing the angel to his left with a not amused stare.

Castiel did not even look at him this time and faced the open water in front of them, but Dean could see him fighting against any emotion that wanted to show.

"Maybe if you keep reading my thoughts I can answer you in my head instead of wasting breath, eh?"

Trying to brighten the situation up again and regretting his harsh voice immediately, he set on a cheerful smile, hoping the angel would face him but Castiel was still staring straight over the lake, clenching his fists.

Deans furrowed his brow. He did not understand that angel lately. Not at all! The hunter sighed.

*Ok, Winchester. You blew it, again*, he thought. Dean cleared his throat.

"Okay, let's start again, from the beginning." he said quietly.

"In my dream, you just wanted to warn me and I thought you wanted to... whatever. I'm sorry Cas." the Winchester continued, shaking his head about his own stupid thoughts.

The angel still did not look at him, which was actually very strange, since Castiel always looked at him in that certain way of his. He replied though.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Dean."

*What is that now?* Dean stared at Castiel the way as he usually did at him.

"Okay... right. Never mind. Just a dream." Maybe he was just imagining it that the angel was there. Castiel finally turned his head to look at him.

"Are you saying that you were dreaming about me, saving you?" he asked. His voice lightly amused. Very lightly amused! Dean forced a smile.

"Nah, I didn't say that!" he said, clearing his throat.

Castiel turned his attention back to the waters. Not bothering with Dean's behavior anymore. The hunter in turn, moved to his side, so he could see the waters as well.

"What are you looking at, Cas? You see something I don't see?"

He was way too curious not to ask the angel about his strange acting. Castiel did not answer. Dean waited.

One minute.

Two minutes.

Three minutes.

He finally sighed.

"Castiel... I can't read minds." he said, waiting for the angel to reply to his damn question, which was...?

"You should stay away from the water. It is dangerous. You could drown." Unbelievable, the angel spoke! Dean moved his head in an astonished way.

"Yeah, I know but I can swim. As long as you can swim properly, you don't drown immediately." Castiel turned his head, facing the hunter.

"It's dangerous." he said patient. Okay, that was the right moment to be suspicious. Dean tilted his head, there was something! His spider-senses were tingling.

"Cas, can you swim?" And he was right. In the very moment, Dean had asked Castiel he could see it, feel it. The angel was uncomfortable with that question.

"Caaaaaaas..." he sighed sweet hearted.

*It can't be like that, can it,* Dean thought smiling.

"No." was the plain answer. The hunter's mouth fell open. Closing his mouth, he tried to say something but nothing left his throat.

Dean would have started to laugh if it was not the angel saying such a thing to him but now, that he did it was just... miserable.

*He can't be serious, right? He's just kidding. But when is Cas kidding?* Dean tried to explain it to himself but failed completely. He sighed.

Sam was pissed, since when did all museums and libraries close on a Wednesday?

He was lucky enough to at least get them some food and drinks for later.

Since they wanted to camp for real, he even borrowed tents for him and his brother, so they would not have to sleep in the car.

As he made his way to the Impala, he perked up his ears. Two women behind him were gabbling fast and full of sensation.

"Yeah I heard it too! Awful! Just awful! Poor Laura, all alone with the kids!" One of them said in a high pretending voice.

"Mai said they haven't found him yet... I bet it was a shark attack!"

"There're no sharks in Tims Ford!"

"I heard about freshwater sharks ya know?"

"Oh really?"

Sam moved on ignoring the rest of the conversation.

Grinning a little he placed the purchases next to him. Not today, this was not the time to worry about anything supernatural. Wondering if his brother had any luck with fishing, he drove the car back towards the lake.

As the shore came into view where he left Dean, he noticed that his brother was not alone anymore. Dean was waving his hand around and was obviously explaining something to Castiel in a very suggestive way, still holding the rod in his other hand.

He approached them wondering if they finally managed to talk things out.

"You can't swim? Hell, can you at least walk on water?"

Dean could not believe it. Still, it made somewhat sense, since when did the heaven contain a pool but still it was ridiculous.

"He's not Jesus, Dean." his younger brother interfered, earning another of his

brother's death glares. Turning his gaze towards the approaching Winchester, Castiel put on his serious face.

"Jesus couldn't walk on water, he actually..." The older Winchester did not allow the angel to continue his sentence.

"I got ya. So stay away from the damn lake. Nobody wants you soaking wet and screaming." When Castiel tilted his head to the side, with a displeased expression on him, Dean sighed. "It's for your own good. Neither of us wants you to drown, get me?" The Winchester did not want to make it sound like another order.

Hell, why did the angel always make him regret each and every sentence? Dean sighed. The angel still stared at the water in front of them.

Noticing the upcoming pull on his rod, he focused for a few seconds to reel in whatever has been stupid enough to fall for his grub.

In the meantime, Sam dropped the stuff he had bought in a savory store, looking at his brother and the angel alternately. He raised his eye brows.

"Somethin' interestin' you got there?" he asked and received a prompt reply.

"Just water, Sammy." Dean was waving his hand in the way saying '*none of your business, now, get done over there*'. Sam growled and rolled his eyes.

"You know Sammy..." Dean started again, still trying to find what the angel was looking at and finally managed to pull the fish out of the water.

Grinning at the good size and fight that little thing had brought up. He went to his knees and got a hold on the slippery and struggling fish.

"When we're done here, we can go swimmin'. What'cha think?" Pause.

"What about you 'n fishing?" Dean grabbed the largemouth bass he caught and held it high that his brother could see it.

"Already done, Sammy." he said, forced himself to turn away and walked over to his baby brother. He put down the bass and started to help his Sam building a nice little fireplace.

"Cas, we need some more short wooden branches. Maybe you could pick some up for our camping fire?" The younger hunter asked smiling.

Subject of his question finally turned around, looking at the Winchester brothers.

The angel was very good in hiding emotions but he could not hide his curiosity.

"You want to burn this place?" he asked, tilting his head to one side. Both, Dean and Sam started laughing, what made the angel even more confused.

"No, Cas, we don't wanna burn this place. We just wanna have our own little barbecue over a nice little and controlled campfire." Dean explained and watched the angel turning towards the nearby trees and starting to search for branches.

He shook his head. *This angel is really different.* Smiling, he went back to his car to see if his brother had brought anything else with him. What he saw on the backseat made him wonder. "Sammy... did you buy tents?" He could hear his brother's voice from outside the car, coming closer.

"No, just borrowed them in a store. Gonna give them back tomorrow." he said, now standing beside Dean. The older Winchester looked at the two bagged tents and reached for them.

"Just two, eh?" he said eyeing his brother.

"I'm not psychic, Dean! How should I know Castiel would come too? Besides, these are big enough for at least two people." He said, grinning a little and turning his head towards the kneeling angel further afar from them, who was still picking up wood.

"Funny, Sammy." Dean replied glaring at the younger hunter before his gaze turned towards the busy angel.

*Hopefully he doesn't think that's another order*, he thought, turning his attention to the tents in his hand, throwing one of them towards his brother's stomach, followed by the other one. "You'll start putting up the tents and I'm preparing the hot stuff!" he said smiling, as his brother could not get a hold on both bags and let one of them fall to the ground.

"Fine! Just don't get yourself too hot!" his younger brother replied snickering.

Picking up the bags again, Sam made his way towards a nice shallow space between the fire and the wood.

Not too close to the water but close enough to have it in sight.

Removing rocks and little branches, he prepared the chosen place, noticing Castiel passing by, his arm filled with firewood and walking over to his brother.

"Are these enough for your intentions, Dean?" The angel asked suspiciously and watched the other man sitting on his knees, who decided to create the fire close by the shore, so they could easily turn it off if needed.

Dean looked up and smiled as he noticed the amount of wood Castiel carried with him.

"I'd say with that, we could probably burn the place." Regretting his joke right away when the angel made a face, he continued.

"No Cas, we won't. Get that stuff down here." Waving his hand towards the ground and next to the circle of sand in which he made a hole.

Staying on his knees, the hunter started to search for the perfect branches to create the template for the campfire, surrounding the smaller branches with bigger ones.

The angel stood right next to him, calm and watching every move the other made.

"Instead of doing nothing but staring, you could actually help me down here, Cas." Dean looked up, inviting the angel to get down next to him.

Castiel waited a few seconds before he finally decided to kneel down as he was told. Since the circle of wood seemed finished to him, he did not know what he should probably help with.

Dean removed a few branches and placed some of the thinner ones inside, together with a few hands of dry meadow.

"What is it you want me to do?" Castiel asked while he watched the hunter reaching out for his pocket and retrieving his lighter.

"Blow." he simply said while he tried his lighter a few times before it finally sparked a flame. Moving forward about to get the fire started, the flame was blown out. A perplexed expression on his face, he turned towards the one who had just blown. The corners of his mouth jerked up a little, twitched and he started to burst out laughing. Bending over and doubled up with laughter. He could not stop it until his sides screamed and his cheeks started to hurt.

Trying to calm himself down again, Dean sat up again, patting the shoulder of the seriously confused and worried looking angel.

"Cas... Cas. One day you might kill me." he said, still laughing and whipping away a few tears of joy from his eyes. He bent down again, setting the dry material on fire.

Placing a few bigger branches on top and blowing gently so the sparks could jump onto the newly added wood.

Right when Dean removed his hand from the angels shoulder, Castiel's eyes laid on that spot for a few seconds, before he turned his gaze towards the burning wood.

Then, he met the eyes of the Winchester who still smiled about the rather hilarious misunderstanding.

Castiel tilted his head the way he always did, when he did not understand the

situation. Dean's smile grew wider at that sight and he shook his head.

"Cas..." The hunter started but shut his mouth because he actually did not know what to say about that. A voice rose from behind.

"When you're done sweet talkin', you could help me with this!" Sam said, fighting with the tent. Dean turned his head to his baby brother but kept smiling.

"No way, Sammy. You gonna do that all by yourself. I'm gonna get cooled." He wiggled his eye brows and stuck out his tongue.

"Dean..." his brother said indignant, but the older Winchester simply overheard him.

He could feel Castiel's and Sam's eyes on his back, when he started taking off his clothes, only leaving on his boxers, while walking towards the lake and jumped-run into the water with a huge splash.

When he was far enough Dean dove under water and enjoyed the sudden lack of gravity. Alarmed, the angel rose to his feet, first looking at the place where the water had swallowed the hunter, then to this very hunters brother and back.

"Don't worry about him, Cas. He can swim." was all Sam said, before commencing the fight with the second tent, hurrying up to follow his brother.

Why was the damn instruction in French? Only god would know but possibly even he had no explanation for this circumstance.

Castiel kept staring, even when Dean broke through the barrier separating water and air. He was waving his hand above his head.

"C'mon Sammy, it's awesome. Uh yeah, that's good!" Dean shivered and felt a tingle moving up his spine caused by the pleasurable feeling of the cold liquid around his whole body. It had been a while since they just jumped into a river for fun and not to stay alive.

Moving his hands through his wet hair, the Winchester began to swim a few lines. Castiel opened his mouth but was cut off by Sam who yelled in excitement.

With a "Done!" he secured the last cord of the tent and ran towards the shore.

He passed the clearly confused angel, got out of his clothes and ran towards the jetty. Like a cannonball and a loud scream he joined the older brother in the water.

Castiel stayed put, not sure what to do now. He did not like the idea of having the brothers in the water. Something told him it was wrong.

Castiel caught himself feeling. Embarrassed, he dropped his head, looking at the sandy ground, almost hoping the earth could swallow his shame.

Both Winchesters did not notice the fight the angel fought in his head. They were pretty much busy with splashing and pulling the other one under water, playfully drowning each other. Dean and Sam made a little swimming competition just to figure out, that the other one was cheating.

They completely forgot about Castiel, who was standing still, not daring to make a move, not daring to speak.

Just waiting.

Just watching.

Every time Dean disappeared out of his sight the angel stopped breathing until he surfaced again.

How long would these humans take to grow tired of that element? While Sam was swimming laps, Dean's stomach started to growl and he remembered the not yet touched fish on the shore.

"Hey, Sammy. I'm getting somethin' to eat. I'm starvin'. Shall I get the fish ready?" he shouted at his brother who was already somewhere in the middle of the lake.

He could hear his brother's voice shouting back but whatever he had said, he would

not have bothered with it. Dean turned his gaze back to their camping place where the angel was still standing where he had left him, close by the fire.

Dean furrowed his brow.

*Seriously*, he thought, looking at the angel who was meeting his eyes with a slightly concerned look.

Until now, Dean had successfully suppressed the memory of his dream from earlier but now, under the angels strong gaze he could not stop thinking about it. Cursing, Dean inhaled the air and dove, this time, without surfacing the next moment.

Swimming towards the bank, he remained under water for as long as he was able to. His eyes closed, he tried to think about something else but the angel.

*Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuuuuuck, Winchester! He is not the center of your world, goddammit,* Dean thought before he could feel a piece of wood smashing against his left hand and he practically jumped out of the water, almost suffering from a heart attack at the sight above of him.

Castiel was now kneeling on the landing stage, looking seriously concerned.

"Jesus Christ."

Dean's breath was fast, staring directly into the bright blue eyes. It took Castiel all his strength to control himself and not to do something completely ridiculous.

"Dean..." The angel started but the subject of his attention cut him off.

"Cas..."

There it was again, just another awkward moment he did not need. The hunter shut his mouth and got out of the water.

Now, that he was standing beside the angel, dripping wet and shaking his head a little, he caught his thought again and said.

"Cas, just stay away from the water. If you can't swim, I don't want you to get near it..."

In the same moment he finished his sentence, Dean had the most brilliant idea. A smile started growing in his face, when he looked at the angel.

With the index finger, he pointed at Castiel.

"You take that thing off and I'm gonna show you somethin' nice." the hunter said and went back to his car.

"But, Dean." Castiel's gaze followed the human as he walked along, doing as he ordered him to do.

Dean was waving his hand, implying the angel to follow him.

Still not understanding what was going on, Castiel walked over, the tan trench coat neatly folded over his arm. Dean withdrew the trench coat and laid it onto the back seat of his Impala.

"Dean, what are you intending to do?" Castiel asked, not able to hide his curiosity. The Winchester smiled.

"I'm gonna show ya how to swim! I can't leave you without knowing how to do so." he said, very proud of himself.

"But I don't have to swim." was the only reply of the angel.

"I'm not gonna discuss this with you! You're staying with us here, so you're gonna have some fun and this involves swimming of some kind!" Castiel did not reply on that. He simply followed the eldest Winchester to a place a little away from the fire where they apparently had enough space to practice swimming.

"Very well, let's get started, shall we?" Dean said the arms akimbo.

Sam finally had made it to the other side of the lake. He did not know how he made it at all but he said to himself, it was thanks to his constitution.

Now, he was on his way back and almost drowned due to surprise and laughter. He kept swimming but did not turn his eyes from the two all grown men who obviously were practicing swimming.

The thought of it was already funny but making things worse was the fact that his older brother, only dressed with his shorts, was showing an angel in a suit how to swim. He increased his speed and arrived at the landing stage. When he got out of the water he joined his brother and Castiel.

"... but don't forget to move your legs as well. Otherwise you're just paddling like a dog. That's not helpful." The angel nodded, concentrating on every move the eldest Winchester did.

"So, how's it going?" Sam asked stopping beside the angel and smiling at his older brother. Dean showed him a thumb up.

"Mission accomplished. Angel knows how to survive in water. That means I can get something to eat now. I'm still starvin'." Castiel had stopped trying to imitate the movements the Winchester had shown him and was now paying attention to the brothers in front of him. Sam laughed.

"That's good news, dude. You deserve your fish now." he said joking, turning to the angel.

"What about you, Cas, you gonna stay with us the whole day? Would be fun, don't ya think?" Castiel lowered his eyes. The ground was suddenly quite interesting.

"If this is what you wish."

"Sure. Being always lonely is not good for the personality." Dean agreed, feeling a bit lightheaded now and was still grinning.

Finally he could teach the angel something worthy besides other human activities. He swung around and waved to them, making his way to the fire.

He picking up the stuff Sam had bought from the shop only to notice the huge amount of veggies. Dean made a face, wishing he would have at least bought some beef but his mood brightened when he noticed the good amount of beer in the box. As Dean made his way back to the campfire, Sam finally saw his chance to get answers to his questions.

He knew the angel was always telling the truth, at least as long as they had started to refer to each other as 'friends'.

The tall Winchester smiled at Castiel, who was obviously still busy, following the walk of his brother with his eyes.

"Cas? Can I ask you something?" Waiting for an answer or at least any kind of reaction, Sam started to wonder.

"Has Dean... done anything special lately or why is this intense staring-thing between both of you increasing lately?" Castiel tilted his head a little, as he watched Dean placing the camping chair next to the fire and preparing the barbecue, whatever that was supposed to mean.

"Castiel, hello? Anyone home?" Sam raised his brows in the air and started to snap in front of the angels face.

Finally the spoken to turned his gaze toward the younger Winchester and opened his mouth, obviously thinking about what to answer.

"I'm aware of your question, Sam. Nothing changed in your brother's behavior. Nothing!"

Castiel tried to not look up but turned his head slightly, facing the Winchester anyways. Sam's head jerked back a little as he noticed the expression on the angels face and turned his gaze towards his brother.



How could Dean keep on staring at the angel like that? It was not bearable at all. That kind of expression was new to Sam, though.

He never noticed that kind of emotion on the angels face, it nearly seemed, the angel did not notice himself either. He tried to figure out what to call it but the only thing he came up with would have been called *obsession*.

"So everything is fine between you two? I can't really believe that." Sam said trying to focus back on the angel and even managed a little, disbelieving smile.

"Do as you wish." was all he got from the angel. It seemed the topic was over. The hunter exhaled and thought about anything else they could talk about. He was not good in small talk especially with the angel. That was Dean's job.

"Hey, Sammy. Where's the salt?" Dean interrupted his brothers hard thinking noisily. The younger Winchester turned away from the angel, looking at his brother, his face telling 'in the bag, you idiot' and sighing.

"Got it!" Dean yelled and waved the box in his hand. The fire got larger already and emitted sparks everywhere. The hunter twitched as a few of those hot sparks hit his bare legs and he looked for his trousers. He found them close by and started to shake them, trying to get the sand off of them.

Sam turned back to Castiel.

"Let's help Dean, before he dies of stupidity." he said and walked over to his wonderful big brother he, honestly, could just kill sometimes.

Castiel followed, hesitant, watching Sam start to lecture his older brother about how to prepare a proper camping fire meal and about the usage of salt in the first place. Apparently, Dean was using too much of it, the angel could tell.

He stopped a few steps before the brothers, watching them fight for the salt. When they started rolling over the grass Castiel tilted his head. He did not know why the hunters did that but he guessed it was a domination fight of some kind.

Shortly after they started fighting, Sam emerged as the winner, holding the salt box above his head, grinning. Both laughing, they focused on their barbecue again; putting the veggies and the fish for roasting.

Castiel did not move nor did he make a sound until the older Winchester turned his attention to him. Cheerful and with a huge smile on his lips he said "C'mon, don't just stand there like a lost dog. Join us down here." Dean patted on the free place by his side.

Like the very lost dog Dean had spoken of, the angel moved to the hunter's side and knelt down.

Dean raised a brow when he watched the angel move elegantly and... Dean stopped. *Winchester, hello? You in there? Elegant, what the hell...?*

Immediately, he turned his gaze back to the fire.

Feeling his eyes burn slightly, he laid his head back and stared at the sky instead, realizing, the sun had started to leave them for the rest of the day.

The first stars and the far away moon were visible already and the amount of clouds had grown, since he last wasted a look upwards.

*Time's passing by way too fast*, he thought. The fun always seemed way too short compared to the daily jobs they had to do.

"Dean! The fish!" Sam reminded him and brought him back from his thoughts. The smell of the nearly done fish made its way into his nose, his brain and into his mouth. Dean's stomach growled loudly and he grinned in gleeful anticipation to taste that beast of a fish.

He stood up from his chair and turned the fish a few more times. The skin already was

crippling and burned black at the edges, he decided it was done.

Since his brother and Castiel sat on the ground, he decided to join their level, since his pants were already full of sand anyways.

Sam walked over to the box and opened it, only to retrieve three bottles of cold beer. Since Dean was busy dissecting the fish, he opened them and even pressed the third one into Castiel's hand even though he refused to taste alcohol again.

Sitting down again the younger Winchester waited for his brother to finish. Finally the hunger started to take him over too.

Just a few moments and grilled veggies and fish later, a sound arose from the brushwood next to the water and the landing stage.

Castiel was the first one who had his eyes looking at the place where the sound had come from. He furrowed his brows slightly. Sam noticed the angels gaze and followed it with his own eyes.

"What's there, Cas?" he asked but his question answered itself as soon as he had spoken. There was a horse standing close to the waters, facing the three men. Sam's eye brows moved upwards in surprise. Dean tilted his head. Castiel stared at the horse, trying to kill it with his glare.

"What's a horse doin' here?" Sam asked who rose to his feet as well as the others.

"Dunno, perhaps it got lost or somethin'." Dean moved forward, curious about the animal. "Looks strange for a horse, don't ya think so, Sammy? I mean, look at its color? Does a horse ever look kind of green-ish to you?" he said, moving closer step by step. Sam shrugged.

"No. Never seen anything like it before." was the reply. Dean was fascinated by the appearance of the animal and walked even closer, reaching out with one hand. The horse made a few steps towards the hunter, no sign of aggression at all and bowed his head down a bit.

"You can't." Castiel's voice rose from behind, still calm but also attentive.

"Don't touch it, Dean. You won't be able to let go of it anymore, if you do so." the angel continued, moving a few steps forward, drawing his angel blade.

Dean in turn, simply looked at Castiel. One hand extended signaling 'don't do anything stupid, it's just a horse'.

"Cas... Cas, you can't be seriously intending to kill this little horse, right?" he said, smiling concerned.

"As I said, it is indeed not a horse, Dean. Not that kind you know, at least." Castiel explained but did not move any further.

"Than, what is it?" Sam interfered.

"It is an Each Uisge, a water spirit. Those spirits hunt for humans, especially children and men. When a human touches their skin they will stick to it so it can drown them in the water. You better stay away from it, Dean. I will kill it!" Determined to fulfill his duty, the angel prepared himself for the fight.

The horse neighed and moved forward, attacking the eldest Winchester without a warning. Sam could hear his brother yelling but it was too late. The Each Uisge had lowered its head and lifted Dean up onto his back.

Dean was fast, yes, but this water spirit was faster and Castiel was still too far away to help him. The result was that he, Dean Winchester, was sitting on the back of a very adhesive water spirit, having his chance for a little rodeo on his own.

Sadly he could not even grab onto the mane of the beast, since he was sitting the wrong way round, facing the wet dripping tail of the creature. The Each Uisge kicked out its legs jumping, giving Dean the ride of his life.

He kept trying to get loose and free from the skin but it was useless. Sam and Castiel tried to circle the beast but since the younger did not even have a weapon with him he could not do much than holding up his arms.

"Fuck this ride! I wanna quit right now!" Dean cursed and tried once more to remove himself from the sticky texture but it was no use. The wild creature suddenly turned around, kicked and hit the bull's eye, Sam's forehead.

The young Winchester was knocked down and the horse made its way to the water, with his meal on his back. Castiel tried to catch up to it but it was way too fast and before he even reached the shore, the Each Uisge dived under the surface.

Dean had not much time to prepare himself but he dragged as much air in as he could before his head was buried under water.

The creature's legs seemed to transform and fins spread out from its sides, making it swim even faster and dragging the prey with him.

*Don't panic, just don't panic, the worst you could do now is panic,* Dean thought eyes wide.

He moved his hands down and tried to rip on the damn black tail of the beast but the Each Uisge did not seem to react at all. Looking around frantically, Dean searched for something, for anything, he could help himself with.

Since most of his stuff was left on the land, he tried to find anything in his pockets but his search was unfertile. Feeling the first reflex to gasp, Dean tried to fight it down. He knew he could not hold his breath forever but as long as he was capable to do so, he might have a chance.

As his fingers searched his trousers for anything to save him, he touched his belt, finally his brain started working and he started tugging on it.

*C'mon, open,* he cursed in his head and tried to loosen it but right when he thought it would work, the Each Uisge turned left and right violently, making it impossible for him to get his hands in the right position.

It would not work. When it dawned on him, he felt the strength to fight weaken. The lack of air clouded his thoughts. He could not breathe. Everything in him screamed for oxygen but he could not open his mouth or he would welcome death right here.

Trying to fight against the need to gasp for air, Dean could feel his heart beating in his ears and it reminded him of being alive.

As long as he could listen to that beat he knew he was not dead yet. His head started to spin and the dark water around him added with the deepness this creature was dragging him to, began to invade his brain and senses.

A strong ache made his way through his body as he turned his head up, seeing the nearly vanished light from the surface as his mouth sucked in a flush of water. His lungs screamed for air but were refused to receive any.

A shadow covered the last bit of light, his last bit of hope. His eyes widened as the shadow got closer and he barely noticed the hand that was reaching out for him. Dean managed to tell his brain to move his arm upwards.

The remaining air escaped his lungs and left a stream of bubbles, which joyfully made its way to the surface. Finally he could feel the grip on his hand and seconds later someone pulled on his trousers.

*They won't open,* Dean thought, closing his eyes and sucking in another stream of cold water. As he felt his conscience fading, he could barely hear the sound of ripping fabric and the touch of hands around his waist.

The next thing Dean felt was the lack of weightlessness and his back laying on the steady ground. He rolled over and started to cough heavily to release the water he

swallowed onto the sandy ground. Gasping for air, making his lungs protest and cause him even more pain but at least, he was alive and breathing fresh air.

The hunter rolled back onto his back, staring upwards with an exhausted expression on his face. Narrowing his eyes in disbelief as he saw the wet dripping man above him.

"Cas?"

The angel nodded, obviously out of breath. Still feeling a little weak, Dean sat up. When he noticed the fresh air on his legs, he looked down.

"Uhm... didn't I have some jeans on?" he asked, trying to remember why they were gone.

"I... had to tear them to get you lose." Castiel answered, still trying to catch his breath again. The older Winchester turned his head to the angel, not sure what to think about that but then, there it was again. His eyes widened.

"This bitch of a son of a horse. It friggin' tried to drown me!" Dean yelled.

"I told you the water is dangerous." Castiel continued patiently.

"I get your point now." Dean said, grinning faintly at the other. A loud splash from behind interrupted their little chat.

With his eyes open wide the hunter stared at the horse which had broken through the water, galloping towards them, his jeans still attached on its back. Castiel rose and turned around, his blade in one hand, trying to protect the hunter.

The head of the creature shot forward, burrowing its teeth deep in Castiel's shoulder, pulling the angel backwards, away from Dean.

Without any hesitation, the beast turned over and threw the still a bit surprised angel into the lake, following him right away and sinking its huge sharp teeth back into his flesh, dragging him under water.

Dean tried to get up as fast as possible but he could feel his legs and muscles still ache. He had no time to worry about that and started to run back into the water.

Castiel bravely parried most of the attacks but since the water was not his element he was handicapped.

To make things worse, when the Each Uisge bit him again, air escaped his lungs and he accidentally inhaled the water, sensing a sharp pain he never thought he could ever feel. Nevertheless, he made it to turn the blade in his hand and pierced the horses' neck.

The creature opened its mouth, exhaling a silent scream together with a few bubbles. The angel kept stabbing, he simply did not know what to do else.

The blood already turned the cool water around them red-ish, when the beast finally let go of him and started to disappear into the darkness of the lake.

Castiel remembered the moves Dean had shown him, trying to get back to the surface. The wounds which the water spirit inflicted on him did not make it easier.

He tried but it was hard for him, he started to feel dizzy.

The feeling got worse with every second.

In the very moment Castiel thought he could not bear it any longer, Dean appeared in his sight diving down to him. When the last air escaped his lungs, Castiel held up his arm, waiting for Dean to grip it but that was something he did not witness anymore. He passed out.

Sam jerked up. Looking frantically around, searching for his brother and the angel but found nobody there. Grabbing his head and moaning slightly, he tried to get up from the ground. "Dean? Dean!" he started yelling. Where could he be?

He walked closer to the shore and started running as he noticed the pink-ish color of

the water that washed ashore on the sand.

Searching the surface for any sign of the missing brother, he finally noticed a few bubbles near the landing stage.

Holding his breath for a second before someone broke through the surface. The water was practically moving aside, when Dean resurfaced, inhaling air deep and loud into his lungs.

"Dean!" Sam yelled, running down the landing stage.

"What happened?" he knelt down. When the older Winchester moved out of the water, he realized that he held something, or better, someone, in his arms.

"Cas..." Dean groaned, still breathing hard. On the grass, he dropped Castiel carefully, putting his fingers under the angel's nose and in front of his mouth to check for breathing. Nothing! Dean could feel panic taking over.

He looked at his brother.

"He's not breathin'. He's not friggin' breathin' Sammy." he said, his voice soar. Sam connected the points faster than his brother.

"We need to reanimate his heart and get the water out of his lungs." he said a little less panicked than his brother. How could an angel drown anyways?

Kneeling down beside the angel, Sam pushed Dean a bit forward.

"You have to give him the kiss of life. I will go for his lungs." Sam said, very serious and Dean would have started to laugh about it if the situation was not that dangerous and life threatening. However, he knew what to do, so he did what was necessary. Certainly, the angel would not mind!

While Sam started the cardiac pressure massage Dean opened Castiel's mouth and sealed it with his lips, forcing his air into the unconscious angel.

*C'mon, breathe you stupid angel*, Dean closed his eyes trying to concentrate on his breath and Sam's steady movements on the angel.

They kept doing it until the first twitches moved throughout Castiel's body. Dean released the angel's mouth and just a second later, this very angels eyes shot open, jerking upwards and spitting out the water, which did not belong into his lungs.

Dean was lucky not to get any water into his face when it bursted out of the angel but he was not lucky enough to avoid the angels hand that slapped him unintended.

Sam's eye brows moved upwards, moving a little backwards, just in case.

"Ouch!"

Dean stared down at the angel, rubbing his cheek, which turned bright red in a few seconds. "What the hell you think you're doin'? I'm not that horse-thing!"

"Each Uisge." Sam corrected him, gaining a '*shut-up, Sam*' glare from his brother.

The angels cough drew the attention of them back towards him.

"Where is it?" Castiel looked around for the creature and tried to remember what just had happened.

"I guess you killed it down there or at least harmed it so it let go of ya." Dean was still caressing his cheek, which started to burn like hell. The angel had a pretty strong forehead for someone who had nearly drowned. Castiel tried to stand up but he was not able to keep his balance so he fell on his knees.

When Sam offered him a hand, he refused and tried again, alone. Still shaky on his feet Castiel was able to stand.

He stared at the water and Dean could swear the angel tried to vaporize every molecule in this lake.

"Hey, let's get to the fire. You have to get out of your clothes, unless you wanna catch a cold." the Winchester said and rubbed his biceps. The sun was already descending

and with it the warmth. At the fire they had offered Castiel something to eat but he had refused, still fighting with his clothes, especially the buttons.

Buttons: just another human thing to waste precious time. He had never taken off any of his clothes before. The stinging wounds did not make it easier to get the wet fabric of either, it took some time and Dean could not help it but to smile at that.

They did not talk much while eating but it did not matter. The silence was not unpleasant.

With the time passing by the sun and its last rays had disappeared completely and surrendered to the dark night.

After some time, the bloody bite marks of the creature vanished from Castiel's body and healed completely. Sam had gone sleeping when his head started to hurt again from the Each Uisge's perfectly landed kick.

Now, Dean and Castiel were both lying on their backs, watching the stars. There was nothing to hear but the muffled clattering sounds of a few cicadas combined with the scream of an owl.

"Hey." Dean's voice cut through the night.

"Say, do you miss heaven, Cas?" The Winchester turned his head towards the angel.

"What does it matter to you, Dean?" was all he heard from the angel. Dean pursed his lips.

"It is your home, isn't it?" the hunter started, waiting for a respond. When the awaited reply failed to appear Dean continued.

"I never had a home. Our Dad always moved a lot with us. But then, when we met Bobby we finally had a home of some kind. I dunno, it's probably not the same but sometimes I think I'm missin' it a little. It's something you can always come back to, people you can come back to and you know it's always there." Dean shrugged.

There was nothing else to say.

Castiel sat up and turned his gaze towards the lake, staring at it for a while. The hunter tried to follow the angel's eyes but could not see anything but the lake. All he noticed was the 'sad' expression on Castiel's features.

"What is it? I don't think the Each ugly-whatever will come back."

"That's not it, Dean." Disliking the idea of him changing the topic about missing heaven, Dean groaned. He noticed that the angel was staring at him, apparently waiting for him to stop thinking and paying attention.

"It is not the water spirit." the angel started.

"I... have lost my blade. I have to have it back, Dean."

"You serious?" Dean asked in disbelief. How important could that thing be?

"It's the only weapon, which is capable to harm my brothers and sisters. It is indeed very important but... I can't get it back." Dropping his head in realization he was now deprived of another thing that made him an angel of the Lord.

It seemed like he would lose piece by piece of his own angel being each day.

"Alright! If that's the case." Sighing heavily, the hunter jumped to his feet, leaving a confused looking angel sitting on the ground.

Dean walked away and towards the already sleeping brother and his own tent.

Castiel turned his head and watched him leave, unsure what to do.

He probably should just leave but it felt awkward without any proper clothes on him. Lowering his head a bit at the thought that he really felt something like shame, imagining walking around like this somewhere else.

He would stay here then, waiting for the brothers to wake up again. Castiel suddenly turned around when he heard fast paces approaching him, passing him by and running

towards the shore.

"Dean!" was all the angel could yell before he saw the man jump into the water.

An expression of pure horror on his face, Castiel got up on his feet.

Dean broke through the surface gasping for air.

A small light shining in his hand! He had brought a little flashlight from his trunk, since the moon was constantly hiding behind some clouds, making it impossible to see a damn thing on the deep ground of the lake.

Dean inhaled as much air as possible and disappeared beneath the water's surface once more. He dove down, deep to the ground, moving the flashlight that he could see something.

There was quite a lot of stuff he could see but not what he was searching for in the first place. Dean furrowed his brow when he found an iPhone.

*Who the hell would throw that away*, he wondered, noticing, he needed air.

So he swam back. Castiel did not like the idea of Dean diving again but he did not say anything. Slowly, he moved to the end of the landing stage following the light of the flashlight with his eyes.

Kneeling down he gripped the wooden plates tight which had to give in upon the force the angel used. And there he was again.

The hunter broke through the water, gasping. When he noticed Castiel kneeling and watch him, he just smiled.

"Gimme just a minute. I'm gonna find it!" he said, determined to get that blade back for his angel.

Back under water, he kept searching when he almost lost all the air in his lungs.

*Holy shit.*

The dead body of the Each Uisge was lying on the ground staring at him with its freaky eyes. Dean had to resurface again.

He better got some air. This time, Dean just took another deep breath before diving again to the place where he had found the water spirits body, assuming, the blade would be there too. And he was right.

Next to the dead body the Winchester found the silver glowing blade.

Even in the darkest depths of a lake this angel blade seemed to have a life on its own. Its weak shimmer was a little strange but there was no time to bother with it.

Dean did not want to stay down here forever, so he grabbed the blade and moved back to the surface.

Resurfacing next to the landing stage he held out Castiel's blade. Surprised, the angel took it, murmuring a '*thank you, Dean*' before moving aside to let the Winchester get out of the now cold water.

"Wohoo, that's cold." he said, rubbing his arms a little to get warm again. Dean looked at the angel, who seemed glad to have this blade back.

*At least*, Dean thought. Castiel's expression showed some relief, but he was not sure about it though. When a cold breeze caught the eldest Winchester he shivered.

"Okay, bed time." he said, hurrying to the tent. When he became aware that the angel was not following him, he turned around.

"Hey, what are ya waitin' for, c'mon. You certainly won't sleep out here. Put that thing to your clothes and then, let's get warmed up." he said, moving on the very point he was standing, waiting for the angel to follow him into the tent.

He did not want to stay outside until Castiel finally stopped thinking and just did what he was told. "Dean, I don't think... maybe I should just stay here, outside and wait for my clothes to dry." the angel said, waiting a few feet away and not daring to walk any

closer. The Winchester kind of knew that the angel would refuse but it was only natural, since the last time he said he could stay with him, he got angry the next day. Castiel obviously had a point there.

"Okay, listen. This time I promise, I won't be angry in the morning. I won't shout... okay maybe I will but just remind me or forgive me. Just get in already!" Leaving the entrance of the tent open for Castiel, Dean made his short way to the right side of the tent, unfolding a few blankets and some sort of flat pillows, throwing a few of them to the left.

As he noticed the angel at the entrance, he smiled.

"Don't forget to close the fly screen Cas, I don't like being the dinner for those bloodsuckers." Turning towards the opening of the tent again, the angel searched for any kind of mechanism to close it.

Finally he found something like a zipper and with a few tries he managed to close the tent.

Dean had already made himself comfortable and was lying down on his back, crossing his arms behind his head, observing the angel who looked a little lost before Castiel somehow crawl-walked to the free space on the left.

Immediately turning his back towards the Winchester and forcing the thin blanket over his nearly naked body. The hunter shook his head at this behavior and snuggled himself under the cover.

Dean felt so damn tired, but somehow it felt good to be at least tired and exhausted from a day of fun. Alright, he nearly drowned and the angel actually did drown but they were all alive in the end so it had been a good day still.

*At least the damn tent has a bigger size than the bed in the motel*, he kept thinking, while he found himself staring at the other figure under the thin cover. Something caught his attention.

What the hell was that now?

The angel seemed to slightly quiver under the blanket but he could not feel cold or anything, it was midsummer, it was warm, they did not even need a blanket. It was just there because it was usual for him to use one.

Again, there it was, that motion, if Dean had not stared at him permanently, he might have not noticed it but it was there, that soft vibration. Somewhere deep inside him, he felt sorry for Castiel, who had saved his life once more and nearly died in the damn process.

"Cas, everything alright?" he asked, nearly cursing himself for such a stupid question.

"I'm sorry Dean. I try to stop it but this body won't listen to me." answered the low, hushed voice under the blanket. The angel moved and sat up on his elbow.

"I should go. You can't rest like this." He continued, trying to get up, but a new wave of tremors run through his muscles and brought him down again.

"No way! You stay right here. Right where you are. Don't give me that '*I shall leave*' shit again." Dean's voice grew louder and even though he felt, like he would fall asleep the second he closed his eyes, he sat up and moved towards the angel.

"Some people are trying to sleep here!" Sam's sleepy, irritated voice was hearable from the other tent.

"Just shut up and sleep, bitch!" Dean responded and the only thing he received from his brother was a soft snore.

Dean turned his attention back to his own problems. Castiel was still shaking like there was no tomorrow. He could not bear the sight anymore.

"Cas, get your ass over here!" he said with an annoyed growl. The angel refused to do



anything so he cleared his throat and tried it again.

"Castiel, come 'ere." he repeated himself but tried to lower his voice and remove the way too forceful sound in it.

It worked. Castiel slowly turned around and managed to crawl over and closer to the hunter. When he thought it was close enough he laid down again, turning his back to the staring Winchester.

Dean tried to stay calm.

He got himself up and closed the still pretty huge space between them, laying down close behind the angel and throwing the blanket over both of them. Fighting his insides and his brain, he moved one arm around the trembling thing in front of him, waiting for the shaking mess to relax.

A few seconds later, the vibrating angel seemed to freeze in his motion. Even his breath did not seem shaky anymore and Dean sighed released.

"And now, sleep."

"I don't sleep Dean." Castiel immediately replied, gaining another annoyed growl.

"Just pretend to and stay quiet. Okay?" he mumbled and closed his eyes with mixed feelings. He could not believe he was doing this but it did not feel as bad as he thought it would. Only something in his head screamed at him he should not be doing this but as always, he ignored the voice.

Dean did not know when exactly he fell asleep, he only knew that he listened to some kind of rhythm, a heartbeat, and he was certainly sure, that it was not his own.

## Kapitel 6: The inner child

### Updated Version

#### 6. The inner child

Wanna play a little game?

Something was tickling him. Flinching, Dean could feel himself returning into reality and back to consciousness. He could feel something moving over his hand, faintly touching and stroking his skin like a soft tissue.

Opening his eyes slowly, he noticed his arm was lying on top of someone next to him. Squeezing his eyes shut again, he tried to remember what and with whom he did anything last night.

He moved a little, trying to get up on his free arm. The motion seemed to irritate the one, whoever was touching him and the soft touch vanished.

Dean managed to open his eyes and stared at the stubbly skin in front of him, leading his gaze upwards into dark brown, nearly black hair and further above.

Castiel moved his head around facing the Winchester, without any sound, he just stared at him with his blue eyes and waited.

Probably preparing himself for the screams and shouts Dean mentioned the day before. But they never came.

"Mornin'." was all, the hunter said before he laid his head back down onto the pillow. Castiel felt the heavy grip on him disappear with Dean's move, he did not know why but his body had tensed the second the hunter woke up next to him.

Now, the angel was lying on his back, his gaze turned towards the ceiling of the tent, feeling the weight of Dean's arm still resting on his chest but that was not comparable to the feeling before.

Somewhere in the middle of the night, the Winchester had moved around a lot, turning the angel on his back in the process and nearly pinning him down with his well-muscled strong but also heavy arm. As he said, he did not sleep at all.

Castiel had no need for that so he found himself thinking, staring and waiting.

He remembered the way the hunter's hands had felt when they were all bloody and dirty but now they were clean and a bit softened from the amount of swimming in the lake.

When he caught himself staring at those very hands, he could not resist and started to

touch them, like he did back in the motel room but this time he was able to explore them without fearing to be kicked or punched again.

Since the hunter was asleep and did not seem to notice anything of his behavior, he kept on doing so until the morning came.

Now that Dean was awake, it seemed pretty wrong to continue such a weird act so he forced his own hands down to his side.

Mumbling something into the pillow, Dean opened one eye, staring towards the pretty much naked angel in front of him and somehow managed to force himself to remain calm.

"Cas... please, tell me why and how we got here."

Castiel turned his head, facing the man to his right and tried to remember what Dean had said before he had fallen asleep. It took him a few moments but when he saw the face of the Winchester twitch a little in anxiety, he came up with the words.

"You said you didn't want me to stay outside. Also, you said I should remind you not to scream and shout but it seems you, at least, remember that part by yourself." Hopefully he did not need to explain why they were naked except for their shorts.

"And why the hell am I hugging you?" The rest of the explanation seemed understandable. God, he had not been drunk so why could he not remember?

Castiel moved, looking quite uncomfortable with the whole situation. Dean waited a second but it seemed that he would not get any answer from the angel.

When he noticed the embarrassment the angel seemed to radiate, a bad feeling sunk into his bones. Immediately he moved his hand from the angel's chest and forced it under his own blanket, moving downwards, tracing his legs and touching the fabric of his shorts.

Dean's upcoming panic vanished with the feeling of still having those on him.

He could not be that drunk, to do anything that stupid.

Watching the tent Sam kept walking in circles, the phone on his ear, listening to the older man speaking on the other end. His gaze wandered to the lake and then, to an invisible point he focused on. Bobby had called him half an hour ago but he was still asleep.

When his cell did not stop ringing Sam had simply thrown it out of his tent, hoping, he could sleep a little longer.

What a mistake.

After that he was fully awake, therefore he crawled out of his tent and started

searching for his cell which had started ringing again. When the younger Winchester had answered the call the first thing he heard was a loud yell and a shot.

Then, he heard somebody laughing and another shot. Alarmed, Sam had put a little distance between him and his brothers tent not to wake him up, but also to be able to talk with a normal volume.

"Kid, why the hell don't ya pick up your calls?" he heard Bobby's voice. Sam was more than just confused. "And why do I hear you always yelling and shooting, when you call?" he asked in return.

The obvious cause of the old hunters trouble answered with a "Because I keep visiting your gran'pa." Sam furrowed his brow.

"Crowley?" he managed before Bobby took over the phone.

"No, Santa Clause, you idjit. Of course, Crowley, who else should I have trouble with?" Sam held his cell a little away from his ear.

"What's goin' on, over there, Bobby? Need help?"

"No, but I got you somethin' you should work on. Now stop it, dammit. Just a minute!" the older hunter said and received something like a 'yes' but Sam was not sure.

Pause.

Sam was waiting for Bobby to continue.

"Okay, listen, boy. I've picked up something really interesting you should check out. Orlando, Disney World, several people swore to be attacked by plastic alligators, flying popcorn cars and raptors. Some other people have disappeared during some magic tricks. Others said they have seen real ghosts. I don't know where you're right now but you should pay those guys a visit. It seems to be something big goin' down there."

Sam's eye brows shot upwards.

"You serious? Disney World?" he asked, not sure if the old man really did say that.

He could hear Crowley laugh and Bobby snarl.

"Yes, Sam, Disney World. You deaf or what?" Wow, that guy was really pissed.

"Uhm, no but that does not really sound, you know. Why do you think it's something we should check out?"

"Because daddy said so, little boy." Crowley interrupted. That was enough for the young hunter.

"What the hell are you doin' at Bobby's anyway? Don't you have a home or somethin'?" he bitched back a little louder than intended. He looked back at Dean's tent, there was something moving inside, he could tell.

"Boy, that's none of your business in the first place. It's all mature stuff." Crowley said, earning another shot from Bobby.

"Just shut up, demon! Get yourself a hobby, a real one! Sam, you go there and check this out, I've got the feeling the cause of this chaos is your Trickster-friend." Sam tightened his muscles. He did not like the idea of seeing Gabriel again.

Not after he had put him and his brother into TV-Land. The memory of genital herpes was still burnt in his head.

"Okay, fine. We'll check this out. I'll call you, when we're done." Sam sighed.

"And be careful. That demon is dangerous." he continued listening to Bobby's steady breaths. "Don't worry kid, I may be old but I can handle an old prick like him."

"Oh, I'm not that old!" Crowley said, pretending to be hurt.

Sam smiled. At least, Bobby was a little distracted with his own problems and not busy in helping them fighting the apocalypse. He did not want to get him hurt. Therefore it was better when he had to deal with a low-life demon like Crowley instead of more powerful angels or Lucifer itself.

"Okay, Bobby, hear you later and shoot this bastard for me and Dean." He could hear Bobby laugh, load and shoot at the demon.

"Done, kid, Later then." With this, Sam ended the call and shoved his phone back into his pocket.

Sam turned around. He could hear some voices from inside Dean's tent. He raised one eyebrow and a giant smile appeared on his face.

As quiet as possible, the young Winchester moved towards his brother's tent, his smile getting bigger with every step.

At the tent, he listened for a moment before he started knocking on the tent, speaking loudly.

"Good morning, sleeping beauties! Time to get dressed and ready for the road! Or do you sweethearts still need five more minutes?" Sam could hear his brother cursing which made him start laughing.

*That is worth my death*, he thought, walking around to pick up his clothes to get himself fully dressed.

Sometimes he wondered how Sam could still walk around alive as often as he

mentally wanted to kill him.

Dean managed to sit up. He slightly shook his head, trying to make the dizzy feeling go away and crawled towards the exit.

Castiel watched him in silence and followed him slowly. Since Deans trousers had been swallowed by the lake, he had to get new ones.

He would not walk around naked in this kind of company. Technically he was not naked at all but he still felt stripped.

The hunter did not wait for the angel to follow and made his way straight towards his beloved car, passing his brother and gaining a suggestive smile.

"Why so happy, Sammy? Had a wet dream?" he said, ignoring the wish to throw arrows right into Sam's face. The younger Winchester did not react to his older brothers teasing and still grinned, as his brother opened the trunk of his Impala, searching for their costumes and clothes bag.

"Disney World." he simply said.

Dean's head jerked up, looking past the opened trunk.

"If you're joking than this isn't funny at all, Sam. Disney World is no topic for jokes!" he said grumbling and tried to make his way into his new jeans.

"I'm not. Bobby thinks we should check that place out. He even thinks our 'friend' Gabriel could be the source of whatever is going on there." Sam made his way around the car looking straight towards his brother as the thought sank into him.

The words 'Disney World' made the older Winchester fight his insides. Sam could see it. He wanted to jump in joy and behave all adult and serious like at the same time.

It just ended in a weird, nearly painful to look at expression on Dean's face.

"How does Bobby know it's him?" he asked while he pulled another layer of clothes over his head.

"Well, possibly the generic trickster behavior: scaring people, fooling around with them, sweets disappearing, and attractions walking around and attacking visitors. It fits him."

"Sam is right, it could be Gabriel but what exactly is Disney World?" Castiel made his way over to the brothers, still busy trying to close the buttons on his dirty shirt. Since the Winchesters were busy talking he made his way over to his clothes.

He scratched his neck since he did not bother to get his suit free of the sand. Blood stains were still visible at the places where the Each Uisge had bit him. Dean could not believe his eyes.

"Cas, you can't be seriously wearing that again! You won't get any of that sand into my baby!" he said bending down into the trunk again, searching for another pair of pants and a nice white dress shirt.

"But... it's okay I don't have to get in the car." The angel finally managed to close the last button, when Dean made his way over to him.

"Listen. When clothes get dirty, we wash them. We don't wear them 'till they are worn out. Get that off and change." he ordered the angel, who did not seem to follow the Winchester at all and just stood still, his fingers fumbling with the last button again.

Dean sighed heavily.

*Unbelievable*, he thought and could hear a quiet laugh behind him.

Sam could not hold it in any longer as he watched his brother and the angel arguing how to get properly dressed.

"We don't have time for this right now!" The older Winchester laid the clothes down on his car and started to help the stupid, slow angel with his shirt.

Undressing an angel was not exactly something he wanted on his 'Great things I did in my life' list but right now, Disney World called for him.

Nearly ripping the mouldy piece of cloth from the angel, Dean threw it behind them and was about to bend down, to open the angel's trousers but stopped in the motion.

*No way*, he thought and turned around throwing the shirt in Castiel's arms.

"Get dressed and throw the rest of your clothes in the trunk." Dean said and turned away from the nearly confused looking angel.

Castiel tried to seek answers from the hunter's younger brother but the only thing he got was a cheeky smile that confused him even more. Before anything could get even more awkward, he decided to just pull over the clean dress shirt and to save any questions for later.

While the angel got socially acceptable again, Sam followed his brother, a few questions in mind but when Dean rose his hand he did not even tried to ask any of them loud.

"So, how do you think we're gonna get to Disney World? It's a long trip from here and we both know we have not even enough money for one ticket for one fucking day."

Contracting his brows, Sam stared at his brother in curiosity.

"Dude, how do you know? You've seen the prices lately?" Dean felt caught for a second and smiled as it was normal to know such things.

"It's not that I check them daily, ya know?"

"Is this looking alright?"

The Winchesters got interrupted again and looked past the car. Castiel walked towards the side of the Impala tilting his head a bit to see if the brothers were still behind it.

The pants were a bit too tight actually but Castiel did not mind that.

There was just one thing he somehow felt missing on him, so he bent into the open window and looked for his trench coat.

Dean could not help it but stare at the sight of the freshly clothed angel bending into his Impala. Then, the elbow of his brother brought him back into reality.

"How are we supposed to get there? We have Castiel remember? Just ask him!" Sam said whispering while the angel unfolded his coat and slipped in it, covering the new look partly with it.

Dean took a few steps towards the angel, patting his shoulder and smiling a little.

"As I said, feels better right?"

Castiel opened his mouth to answer but Dean continued immediately.

"So, since our 'friend' Gabriel found a new playground, how about we pay him a visit? I mean, to save time you could get us there with your great angel magic!" Dean grinned hopefully and cheerfully when he patted the angels shoulder a few more times.

Sam hid his face in his hands. Why could his brother not insert at least one tiny 'please' in his sentences?

They needed to get there but Castiel seemed to consider what it was, that made the Winchesters want to meet with the mighty archangel.

"Cas? Disney World may be there forever but we won't." Dean kept on babbling, turning his face around and meeting with his brother's gaze. Sam walked closer and tried to save whatever was left of their chance for a fast travel.

"If we find Gabriel, he might know something... anything that could help us fight Lucifer. Also, we could just save a few hundred people from his murderous sense of humor. That's why we need you to get us there, please, Cas."

When Sam finished his plea, he received an annoyed look from his brother. Forming a soundless 'what' and Sam focused on the angel again. Castiel had lowered his head for a few seconds, only to look up at the younger Winchester again.



"Show me where that Disney World is and I'll get you there." he finally said moving his shoulder out of Deans touch and following Sam to his side of the car, where the Winchester retrieved a map from somewhere under the seat.

Placing it over the bonnet, Sam moved one finger towards the place they were staying right now and deeper towards the coast.

"It should be around here. Orlando... Florida. I guess it's alright if you don't get us in immediately. We can approach from the outside and maybe you could get us in from a save point."

The younger Winchester smiled at the angel who followed his finger and the route. Dean felt like both of them ignored him at some point, so he decided to get their attention back and pressed himself between the map studying males.

"If possible you should get my baby there, too!" he just said, still happy with the thought, he would finally see that damn place he always saw on TV or read from the magazines.

"I will try, to get you both as close as possible." he paused and already placed two fingers on each of the Winchesters foreheads.

"You're car will stay here, Dean." he continued, looking fierce at the older Winchester.

"Wait but...!"

The next second the Tims Ford Lake, the grass and most important, his car was gone. "Dean..." Sam turned around and his eyes widened in astonishment.

"Oh! C'mon!" he could not believe it. His baby was alone on some lonesome break and they did not even have the time to give back their tents.

"Dean!"

Sam tried to get his brother back in the real non car-sexing world and gripped him tight by his shoulders.

The older Winchester turned around to face whatever Sam was staring at. When his eyes met the sight in front of him, he could nearly feel tears building in his eyes.

Dean's mouth fell agape. He could not stop staring.

He simply could not. His younger brother did the same thing. They were really standing in front of the entrance to Walt Disney World Resort in Orlando. Sam started laughing in disbelief.

"Dude, we're at Disney World." he said, pinching himself and his brother to make sure, they were not dreaming. In the meanwhile, Castiel stared at the two brothers. He tilted his head in this typical way.

"Dean, Sam. Are you alright?" he asked and received a loud yell from Dean.

He started jumping, hiding his hand in his hair, and not turning his gaze from the entrance gate.

Fortunately, Sam did not start jumping but he was fighting inside, Castiel could tell.

There was no way anyone could answer his question, at that moment, so the angel kept waiting. Castiel's gaze moved over the people around them. Apparently, nobody had noticed that they just appeared out of nowhere.

But he noticed that it seemed to be common to start jumping and screaming when approaching those giant gates. Some humans even started to cry.

Castiel furrowed his brow a little. He did not understand this human reaction. Was this some place the humans worshipped?

The angel turned his attention back to the older Winchester.

"Dean." he said patiently but a little louder than usually. The Winchester turned around, looking at the angel with a huge smile, completely happy being here, or whatsoever.

When Dean finally noticed the concerned look on the angels face he tried to calm himself down, no matter how hard this was. He cleared his throat.

"Cas... we're at Disney World!" he said, still smiling. Castiel did not reply on that. Why should he. He had brought them here, they wanted to come here. And now, they were here. "Thanks Cas." Sam said who was back in reality.

The angel looked at the younger hunter, thinking about what to say, then, finally.

"You are welcome." Sam forced a smile on his lips. He simply could not stand this angels staring. Hell, this was so awkward. It was like he could see right into his soul.

Sam cleared his throat.

"Dean, we've got a job to do. So, please, would you start to focus!" he hissed a little infuriated. It started to be embarrassing, parents and children were already looking at his brother and laughing, while others said to their children to stay away from that man, who apparently had gone mental.

He turned to Castiel and smiled in an apologizing way.

"It's his first time here, you know."

"I can see that." was the plain respond and Sam wondered why he actually had said this in the first place.

Then, finally, Dean turned his attention to his brother and the angel, receiving a bored look from Sam.

"You done?" Dean shrugged and smiled.

"Sure. Let's get goin'." Sam grabbed his brother by his arm.

"Not so fast. Or do you know where Gabriel might be? No! Therefore, we do it the usual way: FBI! And don't start to freak out every time we pass by an attraction." Sam said, waiting for his brother to promise to behave all mature.

"Cas, do you still have the shield and the ID I gave you?" Dean started watching the angel to search the pockets of his trench coat. When he found the desired object he showed it the Winchester.

"Very good, then let's go!" The eldest Winchester practically dragged the others to the information desk.

Dean took out his shield and the ID showing it to the lady behind the desk. "Agents Hetfield, Sambora and Walsh." he started.

"We're here to investigate the accidents that happened recently." The woman at the desk seemed surprised.

"Oh really? I haven't received any notice that somebody would come!" she said, searching in the computer in front of her. Sam smiled. "That's because we usually don't make appointment calls. If you want..." Sam handed her a little business card. "...you can call our superior. He might help you."

The woman accepted the card but did not bother with it. She picked up the phone dialing a number and held up the index finger, indicating the three men to wait.

"Hi Chealsey, it's Elli. I've got three cuties here. Special Services or somethin'. Do we have some bedrooms available we could spare?"

Pause.

"Oh yes, fantastic. It was a nice weekend, darlin'. Just wonderful. What about you?"

Sam turned his head to Dean, his expression saying 'what the hell' and his brother just could shrug.

A look at Castiel's face told Dean, that the angel was very interested in the phone the woman was using right now.

He could not help but smile.

Cutie, huh? The older Winchester caught himself thinking about what the lady had

called them.

*He certainly is no cutie, when he's mad*, Dean thought narrowing his brows, still looking at Castiel. When the angel met Dean's gaze with his own, the hunter turned around. Sam noticed that behavior but did not say anything.

"Bye bye, honey. Yes, I'll tell them, don't worry. You'll see them soon enough." The woman hang up and looked at the three men again.

"Unfortunately, we don't have any standard free rooms, but you can have the two princess suites." She keyed something into the computer and then printed something out.

Princess suite? Dean looked at his brother, searching for any help with this but Sam looked as surprised and speechless as Dean was.

Then, she reached over the desk.

"These are for you, darlin's. Three passes for the individual resort areas with full access for your investigations." The woman put three more cards on the desk.

"These three cards are your room key cards. Don't lose them, sweeties or you won't get into your rooms. Besides, according to our policy I have to inform you that you can stay here for three days only. If you need more time you have to contact your superior and he has to book rooms for you." Dean smiled.

"Guess you don't make exceptions for the feds, hm?"

"No, we don't! But you have at least three days to go. Oh, and your rooms are at the Contemporary Resort Hotel, close to the Magical Kingdom Castle Theme Park. Jonas will pick you up and get you a lift over there."

Before Dean could say anything, Sam interfered, smiling.

"We better get started with our investigation, then." he said, punching his brother into his ribs. The woman smiled.

"Okay, as you wish. Have fun!" she said smiling and moved one arm into the direction of the giant gate.

Dean and Sam smiled, nodding and left, Castiel following them quietly. He still did not understand the why but he would follow anyway.

"Okay." Sam said, handing Castiel and Dean their individual pass and the key cards for the rooms. Castiel did as the brothers did and put on the pass around his neck but he did not know what to do with the key card.

Dean sighed and took it from the angel, putting it to his own.

"You stayin' by my side. Don't want you to get lost in here! And don't you dare to leave my side!" Dean could not help but his voice was a little too commanding but the thought about his car alone at some place far away from him was not bearable, now, that he was finally able to use his brains again. Sam rolled his eyes.

"Dean, be glad he brought us here! He also could have refused to do so and you would have to drive the whole way. You didn't even say thanks!" The older Winchester gave his brother a 'shut up, bitch' look before picking up a map of the Resort.

"That's not very helpful Dean." he could hear his brother groan, apparently annoyed now. "Fine, then." he looked at Castiel.

"Thanks, dude!" The angel did not reply just looked at the Winchester in his usual way. Sam sighed. His brother certainly needed some lectures in behavior and politeness.

"What?" Dean asked but his brother shook his head.

"Nothing. Let's start planning what we're gonna do now." he said, taking a look at the map and inhaling the air.

"Huge area to cover, I'd say." Dean nodded.

"Then, we should separate!" Both hunters looked up in surprise. Until now, Castiel had not bothered with helping the brothers but he was not dumb either. They had not much time, so they had to hurry. Sam nodded in agreement.

"Yes, you're right. It surely is the best to split up. You think you can manage it alone?" he asked receiving a threatening look from his brother.

"No, Sam. I already said, he's not gonna leave my side. I won't let him walk around and creep the shit outta people." Both, Sam and Castiel looked at the older hunter. Sam more in the way saying 'he's not a baby, he can do that, Dean' and Castiel curious.

"But, Dean, in that way we can find Gabriel faster."

"No discussion about that, Cas. You stay by my side every damn second we're in here, you got that?" Dean almost forgot to breathe when he saw the angels eyes.

His expression did not show any stir of emotion but his eyes were fierce for just a very short moment. The hunter could feel a shiver crawl down his spine.

"If this is what you want me to do, Dean."

Sam raised one eye brow.

Was it disappointment in the angel's voice he had heard? Apparently, he became more and more human in that matter. He sighed.

"Fine, you go together." Sam pointed at a place on the map with the naming 'Disney's

Animal Kingdom Theme Park'.

"I assume that's the place where the alligators attacked." Dean nodded.

"Fine, we'll check out the Disney-MGM Studios area. Let's see, if we can find somethin' there." The eldest Winchester looked at Castiel who had kept his eyes on him the whole time. He raised his brows.

"We gonna have some fun there, what ya thinkin'?"

"We should get going, Dean. The woman said we don't have much time." Dean rolled his eyes.

"Sometimes, I really don't know what you're good for!" Sam closed his eyes for a moment. His brother did not really say that out loud, did he?

The younger Winchester looked at Castiel and he did not like what he saw in his face. The angel was fighting. His fists were even shaking while he clenched them.

"Dean." Sam grabbed his brother's arm and drew his brother aside.

"Dean, what the hell are you doin'? You nuts?" Dean shrugged.

"What? I'm right, aren't I?" Pause.

"No Dean, you're not. I dunno if you noticed, but you told a friggin' angel that he is useless. What's wrong with you? Seriously? That's not normal? Since when do you treat Castiel like your personal servant?"

Dean pushed his brother away earning a confused look from the people around them.

"I'm alright, okay! Mind your own business." he said and turned around, walking past by Castiel.

"You commin' or what?" he said and the angel did as he was told: following the older hunter.

Sam could not believe it. His brother was behaving like a real asshole.

How could he call the angel useless? Especially, because they called him every single time they needed help or did not know what to do!

The Winchester sighed. If this kept going on like this they never would make it to defeat Lucifer.

Not, if they killed each other first. Sam made his way to the entrance of 'Animal Kingdom', pulling his notepad and started asking a few of the staff members if they had seen anything or heard, that seemed not normal.

Despite the fact that they had found sliced and dead bodies in their park.

Since it seemed that every employee that had been present the day, the visitors got attacked was on 'vacation', his research did not produce any kind of results.

They could not even tell him if they had noticed a short man, walking around with sweets and always a happy smile on his face.

Every single one just shrugged at his description and got back to work.

*Yeah don't help the feds, sure,* he thought to himself and sighed in annoyance. Maybe Gabriel was already informed that the Winchesters were around.

How could they know?

Sam continued his search in the 'Wild Africa' Zone of the 'Animal Kingdom' and tried to focus on any strange sign, behavior or just a stupid piece of chocolate paper. This park was obviously busy keeping it clean so you could even eat from the ground.

The Winchester leaned on the railings in front of the 'Meet the crocodiles' compound and shook his head at the obviously fake animals.

*Those puppets did not even move as real as* he thought they would.

*Maybe as kids we would've been scared,* Sam thought, remembering how they watched the preview on TV with disbelieving amazement.

It seemed the place was not very popular anyway, as no one else was around here. No, he was wrong.

There was indeed a visitor. A small child had passed him by and was now climbing onto the railings right next to the fake crocodiles, which seemed to turn their attention from the Winchester towards the spoken boy.

Sam raised his eyebrows when the puppets started to turn their heads and he could hear some of them growl deeply.

It did not sound like it was coming from the speakers under him, instead he could have sworn, one of the crocodiles even blinked a few times.

He tried to remind him that everything here was fake and just there to entertain the kids but when these fake crocodiles started to run into the water, right where the boy was playing around on the railing, Sam could finally tell that something was wrong.

The kid was in danger, his brain started to work and he ran towards the boy who was already on top of the railing.

"Get away from there!" Sam yelled and the boy who was now balancing on top of the railing, turned his innocent looking face towards the hunter.

The kid was obviously busy gnawing on a bubble gum lollipop and blinked a few times

at the fast approaching adult.

When Sam was nearly at his side, the boy's right foot slipped from the railing and he lost his balance. He let out a little shriek when he fell backwards and right into the green water under him.

"Shit!" Sam cursed himself and did not even hesitate a second. He jumped over the barrier and dove into the water, at first he could not see a thing and he had to surface again. Gasping for air, he looked around. The crocodiles were fast and with a huge splashing noise they all entered the pool, swimming directly towards the hunter.

Those things are just puppets, just puppets, Sam tried to convince himself and dove under once more, the boy could not have drowned in this shallow pond.

When his hands found the ground, he started to wonder where the hell the kid had gone but his thoughts were cut off when a sharp pain ran through his left leg. Screaming he lost a huge amount of air and nearly inhaled some of the dirty water.

He looked around and tried to see, one of those puppets had seriously smashed his jaws into his skin. If that thing would start to behave like a real reptile, he knew he would not stand a chance in this element.

Sam looked around in panic and his panic grew, when he noticed three more of these puppets swimming straight toward him.

Even though the crocodile ripped on his leg, it did not seem to do any huge damage towards his skin.

Still it felt like the teeth would sink in any moment. Sam managed to take a hold on the monsters huge head and poked it in the eyes several times.

He could not tell if the beast felt pain or not but at least the grip on his leg weakened a little. When he went to destroy the other eye, the crocodile finally let go of him and he could manage to kick it out of his way.

Nearly out of air he finally surfaced, gasping and panting he tried to crawl ashore. Scaly feet blocked his way out of the pond.

Sam moved his hand down to grab his colt but the reptile was faster. It opened its mouth and tried to swallow the Winchesters whole being with one try but it failed to lift him up properly and just made him fall back into the pond, right on top of another of those animal puppets. The hunter kept fighting, stabbing and trying to get away but somehow these things would not let go of him.

When he was dragged under water once again, he stared towards the railing above him.

His eyes widened.



The boy was sitting on top again, licking his lollipop and swinging his feet back and forth. He was not even wet or scared at all, that could only mean one thing.

Sam got tired of being used as a gnawing toy for puppets and just pulled at one of the crocodile's heads until it snapped, tearing the puppet apart and causing it to creak violently.

He threw the broken thing aside.

On all fours, he made his way out of the filthy pond when a shadow bowed over him. Sam looked up and as he realized that it was one of the employees, he felt his shame level rising.

How long did that guy watch him fight against these beasts?

"What the hell where you doin'? Did one of our 'evil' creatures eat your wedding ring or your camera?" the old man said, laughing into his short white beard.

"You're lucky we have these cardboard crocs in stock, otherwise I would have to order new ones and that would have cost ya, young man." the staff member said, giving Sam a hand to help him crawl out of the pond.

The Winchester turned his gaze towards the crocodiles, ready to protect the staff member but there was no need.

All of them had returned to their normal 'open mouth, shut mouth' motion and sometimes, they wiggled with their fake tails.

"Somethin' like that, yeah." Sam managed to say, still heavily breathing. His gaze met the railing but, as he thought, the boy was gone.

"You're pretty wet, boy. Shall I get ya a towel or do you prefer a long walk in the sun?" the old man continued as he bowed down towards the broken puppet and started to drag it towards the 'staff only'-signed door.

"No, thanks but have you seen the kid that was sitting there a minute ago?"

"Did ya swallow too much water? Except you, there was nobody here. You sure you don't wanna come with me and drink a nice little cocoa with marshmallows?" the man grinned, showing his blank white teeth.

Sam turned his attention towards the old man and looked at him, uncertain what to do.

"I'll help you to carry the mess but I've got some research to do. I'm not on vacation." The young hunter bent down and together with the old guy he dragged the broken crocodiles away.

Something was wrong with that guy, Sam just could not tell what exactly, that was

what made him worry.

Maybe it was the fact, that old geezer came out of nowhere, he did not know for sure, since he was busy fighting cardboard animals.

Right after they had left the 'Animal Kingdom' and entered the room for the personnel, realization hit him. The Winchester was not that dumb to put one and one together but he would play along for now, if it was necessary.

The old man was stroking his back and stretched it a bit before he turned his attention back to the FBI agent.

"Thanks, son. My old bones seem to fall apart each day." the man said with a nice, grandpa like smile. Sam started to fumble with his pockets.

He considered calling Dean and telling him, that Gabriel knew they were here but something told him it was not the right time now.

"Hard working schedule, huh?" the Winchester asked with curiosity, still pretending, he did not know who and what the old guy really was. He received a soft nod and observed each move the older man made.

He set a pot on the fire and filled it with some milk, grabbing a package with cocoa powder and started to heat the mixture.

"So, since you invited me in, I guess you won't call for anyone to get me arrested for 'killing' the attractions. Right Mr. ...?" Sam played along, taking a look around in the little staff office. Apparently it was stocked with all kind of sweets and bags of more sweets.

He was not sure how that could be a good disguise to surround yourself with the stuff you love but who was he to understand the thinking of an archangel?

He could not even manage the certain one who was intensely hanging around with his brother lately.

The old guy grabbed an open bag of marshmallows next to him and turned around towards Sam, slowly taking one marshmallow out of the bag and grinned perky.

"You my friend, you can call me Gabe."

Dean was pissed. Sam, his o so great baby brother dared to ask him about his behavior? *Who's the demon blood sucking freak in the family, certainly not me*, Dean thought following the map in his hand, Castiel by his side.

Since they had separated, he and the angel had not talked at all. The Winchester could only tell that the angel was not interested in talking, the way he looked at him. It was one of those creepy gazes the angel was capable of and Dean was not sure whether or not to mention that.

However, right now, he had other problems.

First, he kept thinking about what his brother had said to him, even though he tried to focus on the job. Second, they had to find Gabriel before anything worse happened.

Approaching the, in Deans eyes, only possible place for 'real' ghosts, the 'Tower of Terror', he sighed at the look of the long line of people waiting for their turn.

Lucky for him, that he had a pass and a shield!

"Okay, Cas. Let's get this thing done." he said and searched for his ID in his pocket.

"How do you know that this would be the place?" The Winchester looked at the angel.

"Well, it's called Tower of Terror. Where else should ghosts appear if not there? Don't forget, that's Disney World. It has nothing to do with real ghosts." Castiel turned his head towards the giant burned looking facade of a hotel.

Dean was waiting for a moment before he continued. "Get your ID. We're goin' in."

At the counter Castiel and Dean showed the man their IDs. The supervisor of the building, introducing himself as Warden Mitchell, guided them the way to his office.

"Agents, what can I do for you?" Mitchell asked.

"We're here to ask a few questions about the people who swore to have seen ghosts! You know something about it?" Pause.

"And the government sent you because...?" Dean smiled. "...of a reason which is none of your business." The Winchester finished the sentence. The man growled low.

"Listen, we want to get through this as fast as possible. Just show us where it happened." Mitchell nodded.

"Okay, come with me." he said, walking in front of the two men, guiding them the way to the staff's elevator.

"Some of the staff have said it too, you know. Not only visitors. They have said they'd seen real ghosts, not the ones we created here." Getting in the elevator, the man pushed a button. "So, what did they see?" Dean asked.

"Well, they said, they have seen pale people flying over the floor." Mitchell shrugged.

"They first thought, they were working there to scare the visitors but then, those guys... ghosts... whatever, attacked the staff members." Castiel moved his head to look at Dean, opening his mouth to say something but the Winchester cut him off with his hand.

"Where are those employees you're talking about? We may want to speak to them as well."

"That's not possible, they've all quit." A low sound signaled them that they had reached the desired floor. When the doors opened the only thing they could see was darkness covered with lighting dots. Screams could be heard from far away.

"The visitor's elevator is at the end of this floor. We're using mirrors, glass and light to fake the ghosts. They appear as soon as the elevator doors open. They are connected by a mechanism so they can interact with each other." Dean nodded moving forward and looking around.

"Can't see a thing. It's pitch black." he said.

"Well, there's a switch over there." The supervisor crossed the room and worked on something before a muted light illuminated the place.

"Nice. And that's working? Really?" The man shrugged.

"It's working quite well! Nowadays, people like to be scared." Castiel walked around on the floor. Searching for some traces of the angel but could not find anything in particular.

He already wanted to go back to the others when the electric switch was pushed and the ghosts appeared. The angel tilted his head. He could not understand why somebody would enjoy such kind of thing. And then, he felt it. There was something wrong but before he could do anything, he flew across the floor, landing in front of the Winchester.

"Cas?" he asked bending down.

"Dean, there is something wrong." Coughing, the angel stood up, staring into the darkness in front of them. The lights started to flicker and moved unsteadily.

"What's goin' on? That's not supposed to happen!" Dean cursed.

"Just go back into the elevator. We're gonna handle this." Both men could not even say 'bye' so fast was the other man disappearing in the elevator, leaving them alone.

As soon as the man was gone, most of the lights were overloading and blew up.

"That's not good." Dean drew his gun, switching it from secured to charged. Both, the hunter and the angel, could see them.

There were many of them, Dean counted at least nine. Over the ground floating humanoid creatures covered in green glowing light. Dean made a face.

"What the hell? They're no ghosts. They look like they've escaped the Ghostbusters." He said, indignant about this bizarre picture.

Castiel simply looked at Dean, not knowing what to say about that.

"What?" Dean asked, pointing his gun at one of those 'ghosts' and shot. As to be expected, nothing happened at all. Cursing, the Winchester put his gun back at its place staring at those things in front of them.

"They are not real, Dean." Castiel interrupted him in his thoughts.

"No shit, Sherlock."

When one of those fake ghosts attacked Dean he tried to punch it as a reflex. Since this thing was not real he fell through and landed on the ground.

Moaning, the hunter tried to stand up but instead, he flew across the floor, like Castiel did before.

Unlike the angel, he hit one of the glass parts for the reflections. Dean could feel the broken parts cut through his flesh.

Then, he flew into the opposite corner of the place. Castiel grabbed a loose metal bar and hit the fake ghost but nothing happened. Now it was him who landed in the walls. Standing up, Dean cut himself at a shard.

C'mon, dammit, there has to be a way, he cursed internally. "Cas, c'mon. We can't let a bunch of fake ghosts beat us!" the hunter said and rose to his feet. So did the angel. "What are we supposed to do? They do not seem to have a weakness for iron and salt." "I know. Let's just not give up, okay?" With this, both men started to punch and kick, not causing any harm except to themselves.

Covered in blood and sweat, Dean's breaths were short and fast. The angel did not look much better either.

They were both exhausted. How could they not? They were fighting the air for twenty minutes now, nonstop, and without any result!

How long are we supposed to keep doin' this. Dean leaned at the wall trying to catch his breath. He turned his head, Castiel was by his side. And they were surrounded by those fake ghosts.

"Great. This is not funny anymore, goddammit." The Winchester moaned. One of the fake ghosts approached them, probably to give them another flying lesson but the angel moved himself between Dean and those fake things.

And then, it was Castiel who was smashed into the wall.

Why is he always doin' this? Dean certainly did not understand this angel. But what he understood was the fact, that he protected him against whatever had come until now. Gritting his teeth, the hunter rushed through those appearances kneeling down next

to the angel. "C'mon. Don't give up." Dean looked up at the ceiling.

*It's worth a try*, he thought.

"Gabriel. I know you're here you friggin' angel. Stop this shit. That's not funny anymore, you kinky little bastard."

"Dean. Stop." Castiel laid his hand on the hunter's mouth, who just gave him a confused look. "He is still a powerful archangel. You can't talk to him the way you talk to me!"

Not sure, what he should think about this, Dean fell silent. It took the angel one more moment before he lowered his hand.

"You have to show him respect, Dean." the angel continued earning an angry look from the Winchester.

"You serious? This prick ran away from home and is killing people now. And you're telling me I should respect him? No way. He's not better than anyone of those other winged assholes I have met. Forget it!"

"Dean!" Castiel's voice was mixed of patience and anger.

"You are the one who wants something from him, not the other way around. If you want him to stop this, stop commanding him. He will not follow your orders."

Pause.

The hunter pursed his lips.

"Fine. Then, tell me. How are we supposed to make Gabriel stop this shit? Any idea? If you wanna crawl in front of his feet, fine, but I won't." Without a warning, Castiel grabbed Dean at the collar of his jacket, turning around and pressing him against the wall. The hunter winced at the sight of the angels face.

He was infuriated.

The old geezer swallowed the sticky, soft sweet and smiled once more as he had just told himself a joke he did not know before.

Sam held his breath as the white beard and hair gained color and the small man, still being small, recovered his youth.

"Hello Sam, it's been a while." the angel said with a sweet smirk on his lips.

"Gabriel." The Winchester knew it but still, the sudden change of the angel's appearance made him feel uncomfortable. He knew the archangel was powerful and he should not strain his luck any further.

Gabriel would not kill him, he knew he would not or at least he would not kill him and let him stay dead. No fun with dead people after all.

Sam tried to not show his discomfort and set on his own little smile. Before he could start to ask his millions of question, Gabriel waved his right hand in the air.

"It seems we have to skip the cocoa and marshmallow part. Unfortunately your brother and little Castiel seem desperate for my attention." He said and threw the bag of marshmallows at the young Winchester.

Replacing one sweet with another, he started to nibble on a lolly and a second later, he was gone, leaving the stunned Winchester with the boiling milk.

The blue eyes were burning right into him.

Not again, please. A shiver ran down the Winchesters spine.

"If you don't show me any respect, then show him some, at least. He might be the most powerful ally we have and I won't let you ruin this." Castiel had moved too close, the hunter could feel his warm breath on his face.

He felt uncomfortable. Somehow, the angel scared him. His behavior scared him, to be precise. As a reflex Dean tried to push Castiel away but the angels grip was too strong.

"Cas, if you don't let go, I'm gonna kick your ass, big time!" Dean's voice was low and rough. He could not stand this angel being so close to him.

The angel tilted his head in curiosity.

"How do you want to do that? How do you, as a human, want to hurt me?" Castiel pressed Dean into the wall receiving a painful groan.

"Cas... stop... hurts." The angel tilted his head looking somehow satisfied.

"This hurts? Do you want me to heal you, so you can keep offending me? Is this what you want, Dean?" With every word, Castiel's voice grew louder and finally, yelled the hunter's name.

The Winchester looked directly into those bright blue burning eyes of the angel. There was something but he could not grab it. Instead, Dean just asked.

"What happened to you?" Surprised, the angel widened his eyes, letting go of the hunter and moving backwards.

"I don't know." Ashamed, Castiel lowered his head, looking at the ground.

Somebody clapping his hands interrupted the awkward silence between the two men. Both, Castiel and Dean, turned around to see Gabriel standing at the end of the floor.

"Guys, that was really entertaining, you know that? You should consider a life as actors. Hmm, Castiel, how does it feel becoming so... how shall I call it, emotional?" Castiel lowered his head again.

"Oh, don't look so sad. It's just emotions, right? You get used to it. I did too. It's much more fun with them as without. Believe me." Gabriel gave Castiel a supporting wink before he turned to Dean, who, apparently, did not know what the angel was talking about. Gabriel cocked his head.

"Seriously? How can somebody be that dumb?" He shook his head, putting a lolly in his mouth.

"Well, whatever. You know, Dean-o, Cassy is right. You should respect me, or at least pretend you do, but talking to you is like talking to a donkey, I guess. You're doin' what you want, right? Commandin' everyone around as you please." Dean snarled. "I'm not letting others do what they don't want to do, you sweet-obsessed chicken wing." A smirk appeared on Gabriel's face.

"Really? You sure?"

Castiel raised his gaze back to the archangel. They had a job to do.

"Why do you scare those people, Gabriel? Those killings, what is it good for, especially at such a strange place?"

"Cassy, this is no strange place. This is Disney World. People's wishes come true at this place. It's a little fun paradise. You'd understand if you had no stick up your ass." Dean smiled at that. At least, they agreed on one thing! Suddenly, something started to vibrate in his pocket. As a reflex, Dean reached out for it, getting his cell in his hands.

"Sammy? Yeah, know that. Where are you?" Pause, Dean listened to his brother while Gabriel turned his attention back to the other angel.

"I really wish I could say, I pity you for what you're feeling, but somehow, I think you should be grateful. Even, if it's for that..."

Pause.

"That has nothing to do with the reason we wanted to find you." Castiel interrupted him. He would not have done it on any other topic, but for this one, he felt Gabriel should not interfere.

They came here to stop his murderous fun and maybe they could even get a new hint about Lucifer's plans or any possibility to cut through them.

Annoyed with the unbroken graveness of his angelic brother, Gabriel rolled his eyes. The humanization was not going in the same direction his own went.



He enjoyed having fun, playing games, eating sweets and enjoying pleasure of all kinds but the angel in front of him, seemed way too busy to stay overloaded with suppressed anger. That could not be healthy at all.

Dean kept rambling on the phone and argued with his brother how fast he could come to the 'Tower of Terror' and how the hell they would convince the archangel to behave the way they wanted.

Meanwhile Sam had a few problems with the over boiling milk Gabriel had left him with.

Gabriel smiled compassionate.

"You know. Ignoring those emotions is not good. But I do understand that it can be difficult, especially with him." Subject of this conversation growled loud and shouted 'bitch' back into the phone. Gabriel rolled his eyes.

"Why him?" The archangel looked at Castiel, not awaiting an answer. Especially not when the angel himself did not even know what this was all about.

"Cassy, I certainly don't get your taste." Shaking his head, Gabriel moved forward. Castiel remained silent. He did not know what to say. Why did the archangel not talk about something else but his problem? When he felt a hand on his shoulder, he looked up, meeting the archangel's gaze. Gabriel was smiling.

"Don't worry, Cassy. I've got a gorgeous idea that will even put a smile on your face." he said, before snapping his fingers.

Next thing they saw was a giant white building shaped like a ball.

The giant big glowing sign stated 'Epcot'. Castiel looked around, they were among other people. Sam was standing in front of Dean, his phone at his ear and staring at his older brother. It was the same with Dean. The angel moved his gaze back to Gabriel.

"What are we doing here?" The archangel just shrugged, smiling at the approaching Winchesters.

"How about we, let's say, play a little game.

To my conditions of course! If your friends win, I might consider telling you some other way, to get Lucifer back to where he belongs.

If they lose, well, we can discuss that later." Dean and Sam put their phones back into their pockets. Dean did not look much happy about the whole zapping them out thing but Sam held him back.

"Gabriel, that's not funny, you know. Try somethin' new." he said, forcing a smile onto his lips.

"So, what's this all about?"

"This place is full of smiling children and happy adults. Yeah, even old people enjoy the fun shows and they even say it makes them feel younger again." While he kept talking, his eyes moved towards the not amused Winchesters and back to the confused looking angel.

How could a simple place with fake ghosts and fake animals and rides and shows make anyone feel happy?

Happiness, how did that even feel?

"Here're the rules!" Gabriel raised his voice again and was about to give instructions, as Dean let out a loud snarl.

"So what makes you think we follow your rules or play any of your stupid games? The last time we played along, you lost remember? Why do you think this time will be different?"

The Winchester was simply amused.

He would not work with Gabriel on his conditions, not if he could avoid it.

"Dean!" Castiel and Sam said coincidentally looking towards the big-mouthed hunter.

"Well, as far as I'm informed, you want something, from me. So you better win this game. I will win both ways anyway." Gabriel continued and sucked happily on the sweet cherry flavored lollipop in his hand.

Dean felt like everyone around him was knowing things he did not know and that each and every one of them was angry at him for not knowing what was going on, so, he decided to stay quiet, at least for the next few minutes or seconds, whatever it would take the archangel to finish his speech.

"Since I left heaven, I started to appreciate everything you got down here. Not only your little emotions but also the things humans can be capable of. It's a pity that our father didn't bother to grant us a bit more than gratitude for being alive. You can do so much more. You die easily, sure, but at least you experience life as a beginning and an end, not as an endless task without any signs of redemption or accomplishment. All my brothers wanted, was to make him, our father, happy but even though he didn't grant us the ability to feel certain emotions, the feeling of jealousy emerged in some of us. Anyway, I'm running off the track."

He cleared his throat and caressed the tip of the lolly, glaring at the younger Winchester in the process.

Grinning as he got a rather confused look from him, he closed his eyes and sighed.

"The game, I have in mind has only one goal to accomplish."

"Spit it out already!" Dean interfered once more, gaining a 'shut up Dean' look from his brother and a nice hit with Sam's elbow.

Still playing around with his sweet, Gabriel ignored the hunters little interruption and took a few steps away from the angel and the Winchesters, before he turned around again and smirked.

"The challenge is for you, to show to my brother, to show Castiel, that life's not focused on anger. Life's not just about existing. Life is there to be lived. Life can be as sweet as a piece of cake. Show him that even sometimes, in dark hours, you can have a moment to enjoy yourselves and the ones close to you."

"Could you please talk in a way we get what our task is? What about cake?" Dean said and stared at the archangel with a blank expression.

"Make him smile, you idiot!"

# Kapitel 7: Smile

## Updated Version

### 7. Smile

If you want to get rid of the devil

Dean cocked his brows, opening his mouth to say something but closing it again when nothing came out.

The hunter looked at his brother, than back at Gabriel, finally at Castiel. He tried again, opening his mouth, shutting it again.

Gabriel smiled, very satisfied with the situation the three men in front of him were in. Castiel was the first one who was able to speak.

"Why would you want this to happen, Gabriel?" The archangel sighed, opening a chocolate bar.

"I hope you know that there are more important things than entertaining Castiel? We have a fight goin' on. We need to fight Lucifer and the hordes of angels who are currently after our asses." When Gabriel did not bother to answer the older Winchester turned around, running his fingers through his short hair.

"This is ridiculous." he said, laughing out in despair.

Sam stepped closer to Gabriel.

"He's right, kind of. We have to find a way to beat Lucifer and end the apocalypse."

Pause.

Gabriel bit into his chocolate bar watching Sam furrowing his brow.

"Sam, you can't tell me you didn't notice what's goin' on. You know as well as I do, that, if they don't get things straight, it will only cause more trouble you can't afford now. Don't tell me I'm wrong, because I'm not!"

This time it was the younger Winchester who sighed. Indeed, Gabriel was right, he had to admit that.

"Fine, okay, yeah, you're right." Sam said, and moved his hands over his jacket. He was still soaking wet.

"By the way, thanks for the crocodiles, Gabriel!" Sam said sarcastically. He moved his head to his brother.

"What happened to him?" "We had an encounter with ghosts." Castiel answered with low voice which made Gabriel just smile.

"It's not completely my fault, dear brother." The young Winchester looked at the angels alternately, connecting the points with each other.

He nodded understanding.

Before Sam could say anything his brother moved in front of the confused blue eyed angel. Staring at Castiel, he commanded with a low voice.

"Smile!"

Hearing his brother commanding the angel, the only thing Sam could do was to run his hand over his face.

Gabriel pursed his lips when he heard the younger Winchester murmur 'just great'.

"Dean-o, I don't think this is the right way."

"Shut up you chicken wing. I don't have time to friggin' play your games." Dean

replied, throwing a death glare at the archangel.

Turning his attention back to Castiel, he commanded again.

"Smile!"

But the only thing the angel did was to tilt his head, narrowing his eyes.

"I don't know how to smile, Dean."

Pause.

"Dean-o, you're forgetting, Cassy is not like me."

"And I'm friggin' glad about that." the eldest Winchester replied vicious, making a face like he did not know whether to cry or laugh. The archangel simply shook his head.

"You better know that you can have it the easy way or the hard way. And believe me, when I say, you don't want the hard way, Dean-o." Dean stepped unwillingly backwards.

Castiel, who had kept himself out of this conversation, interrupted the two men by stepping between them.

He turned his gaze toward the Winchester.

"We should not waste time, Dean. I trust that you know how to smile and what makes you smile." Castiel stopped, lowering his head, thinking. "I believe you will find a way to make me smile."

"I'd love to see him try." Gabriel grinned victorious.

There was no way the dumb human could make this angel smile, not even if he tried hard. Victory was his and he knew it from the start, the rest of the day would just be fun to see the older Winchester try and his angelic brother, well, he would spend his day thinking about something else than heaven, hell or the apocalypse.

When he noticed the younger Winchester was tugging on his wet clothing, Gabriel turned his attention to Sam.

He enjoyed the slightly see-through of the tall mans clothes but for the hunters health and for the 'poor' kids in this park, he decided it was not the time to stop and stare for a while.

The archangel could have simply dried and cleaned Sam's appearance from the place he was standing, but he decided to walk closer instead.

Since the Winchester had pulled his wet top out, obviously to remove it and just close his wet jacket, Gabriel interrupted him and started to tuck his shirt back inside, gaining a surprised jump from him, as the wet, damp clothes were dry and clean again.

"We're in Disney World. You shouldn't walk around like a bunch of party poopers. Let's change that." he said with a huge grin and with a snap, the FBI suits were replaced by their civil clothing.

It seriously felt great to be an archangel.

"Uhm, thanks?" Sam was not sure if he really should be thankful or if he should start to scream about personal space like his brother always did.

Dean looked down at himself, the torn and bloody clothes were gone, but when he touched his back, he could still feel the sharp pain were the glass had cut him. It would not take long and the blood would start to ooze through the new clothes too.

As if Castiel had read his mind once again, he placed a hand on Dean's chest. If the hunter had a mission to fulfill he should be in full health and not be bleeding all over the place.

"Was about time!"

The older hunter was glad the pain was finally gone and stretched his back a few times. The angel turned his face away, facing the distance and tried to swallow the new upcoming anger inside him when Gabriel grabbed his arm.

"This is your day little brother. What would you like to do first?" he said cheerfully and replaced the angered look in Castiel's face with confusion.

"Let's go to Space Mountain! Or Splash Mountain! Or we could go to the Haunted Mansion! It's supposed to be way better than the Tower of Terror." Dean started to list which places he wanted to visit and drew the attention of the angels and his brother towards him. He smiled uneasily at the awkward looks he received.

"Dean!" Sam threw his brother an angry face and pointed towards Castiel with his head.

The older Winchester just perked his eyebrows up.

What did he miss this time?

"It's not easy being so selfish, right Dean-o?" Gabriel said sarcastically and shook his head.

"Where do you want to go first, Dean?" Castiel ignored Sam's and the archangel's objections and turned his gaze towards the, now happy looking hunter.

Gabriel's mouth fell agape when he heard his brother.

That would be a long way to go!

The archangel sighed. Dean gave the archangel a 'who's the king, bitch' look, placed his arm around Castiel's neck and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"I know a place where we can see you smile for sure!" The angel stared at the hunter with the same confusion as usual when Dean said something he did not follow at all.

Hopefully, the Winchester knew what he was doing and where he wanted to go.

For a moment Castiel just felt the sudden weight of the others arm on him, before he finally looked straight at him.

"Hey, before both of you get lost inside each other, there's another rule for the game. You only have time 'till, let's say, midnight. When the clock strikes midnight! Neither sooner nor later." Gabriel tried to remind them that they were not alone here. "The magic hour." he added with a soft grin.

"Wherever that place is, Dean, let us go there." Castiel finally said and lowered his gaze again. He did not understand the 'magic hour' reference but he surely knew, that there was not enough time to waste.

He had to smile if the archangel wanted him to. He had to, for the brother's sake. For the sake of them all, to gain a little bit of information it was worth to try hard.

The angel got caught off guard when Dean made a few steps forward, his arm still around Castiel's shoulder and dragged him towards a huge map, showing the 'you are here' sign.

He placed a finger in the air, followed the possible directions they could take and decided for one, as he pointed at a drawing of waterslides, pools and a pretty huge chute with a snowy white building on top.

Sam and the archangel followed the duo and when the younger hunter noticed which place his brother had in mind, he growled deeply.

"Seriously? I've been swimming way too much lately!" The lake vacation had been fun but somehow he could still feel the scaly creatures kicking at him.

"Fine Sammy! You decide where to go than or shut up?" Dean snarled and removed his arm from the angels shoulder, not noticing the slightly displeased look on Castiel's face in the motion.

Sam made his way towards the map, passing the archangel and studied the area.

"Let's go there!" he said a few moments later and laid his finger onto the map. Dean followed his motion with his eyes and stared at the spot his brother was pointing at.

"Splash Mountain? There's water too, Sam."

"Might be but it's way closer and I don't have to swim. I rather get wet than swim in some pool. Not with that guy around." Sam threw a slightly annoyed gaze over his shoulder towards the archangel which, to his surprise, seemed to be gone.

The hunter furrowed his brows for a split second.

"Seems, we have to go and enjoy ourselves without him!" Dean said with a bright smile on him, as he noticed the loss of the archangel.

"Splash Mountain! Great choice Sam! The theme song is so catchy!" When Gabriel was standing right beside them again, both hunters send a curse in the air and nearly jumped at his sudden reappearance.

"I'll never get used to your goddamn angel-zapin' methods!" Dean cursed once more, sending an angry view towards Gabriel.

The archangel ignored the older Winchester, having a bite into his candy floss. He held the treat under Sam's nose.

"You want some?" The hunter shook his head, forcing himself to smile.

"Well then, Splash Mountain it is." Castiel said, meeting Deans gaze one last time before the Winchester moved forwards, shouting a

"Let's get goin'."

20 Minutes to Midnight

The fireworks had already started when the three men arrived at the giant castle in Magic Kingdom. Gabriel had disappeared before they entered this Resort area. It had been a hard day.

Wherever they had gone, whatever they had done, nothing had caused the angel of the Lord to smile. Dean sighed. They had only 20 minutes left and he did not know what else to do to make Castiel smile.

He thought about what they had done today. First place they had gone to was Splash Mountain, a giant waterslide.

All four of them had sat down into little canoes being pulled trough the mountain. Little puppets were dancing and telling stories around them and Dean wished he could do the same to them as he did to the Chucky-Murder-Barbie each minute that passed.

Why did Sam want to go here in the first place?

It took them five annoying *Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah* minutes until they finally got to the top, just to fall down again with an increasing speed. Everyone behind and ahead of them had screamed but not them, well, except Sam.

Gabriel had kept him quite busy.

When the ride had finished everyone got off those canoes, smiling, except Castiel.

Of course not! Being soaking wet he had just asked what the purpose of getting wet was. Dean had sighed, Sam just smiled desperately and Gabriel had started laughing. Dean could not help it but start laughing too, when he saw one of the photos they always took at the ride.

His brother seemed to try desperately to gain his space back, as the archangel tried to 'accidently' invade it while they fell down the hill.

Castiel looked completely out of place, since everyone around him was in motion, arms up high or grabbed around somebody.

The hunter started to feel a bit sorry for the angel but it was just the start, the day would prove they could make him smile.

When Sam passed him by, he noticed that his brother had bought one copy of the photo shown above. Dean had not even enough time to wonder why, since Gabriel had dragged them all to the next attraction.

The second place they had gone to was the Haunted Mansion. They had attended to a tour through the 'spooky' old manor. In the darkness, stuff members had tried to scare them but the only thing that happened was Castiel, who had tried to get rid of one of those employees by stabbing his blade into the man's bare chest.

After that, Gabriel had to run off his feet to make this undone.

This time, it was Sam who was laughing. Dean was just staring at the angel, mouth agape. And Castiel, well, he felt the anger of the oldest Winchester. He felt more and more uncomfortable.

Around 2 pm they finally managed to have lunch. It had been quite nice and the two hunters could use the time to recharge again. Walking around so much, always being surrounded by children was exhausting. After their break the two angels and the two brothers went to the Caribbean Resort.

They had watched people getting make-up put on them to look like 'real' pirates. They had seen a giant ship with stuff members acting as if they wanted to kidnap family members.

One had even tried to convince

Dean to go aboard but he had just given the man the finger.

Attraction number four was not much better than any other attraction in this Resort.

The Big Thunder Mountain Railroad was a giant rollercoaster.

They had gone for a ride but with the same result. Castiel was still not smiling. He was not even pursing his lips.

Nothing! What nobody seemed to notice: with Dean's anger level rising, Castiel felt even more uncomfortable.

And now, they were standing here: in front of Magic Kingdom Castle. Dean looked at the angel. Castiel had been quiet the whole time.

The older Winchester sighed. He was exhausted and disappointed. He would have bet his ass that he could make the angel of the Lord smile but he had failed miserably.

*10 minutes to Midnight*, he thought, looking back at the sky and the fireworks. He sighed again. *There has to be somethin' that makes him smile*. Dean was determined to accomplish this goal.

The whole time, the eldest Winchester did not notice the gaze that was resting on him. Those blue eyes had been very attentive.

Whatever they had done, Castiel had watched Dean. He had watched him enjoy the rides, the food.

He had watched him getting furious about Gabriel putting Mickey Mouse ears on his head. The more he had watched the older Winchester enjoying those little things, the more he had started to wonder whether he, Castiel, a disobedient angel of the Lord, could make the hunter feel the same thing around him.

Castiel could not tell why but it made him feel sad to see that Dean was angry. Angry at him, because he did not smile!

Castiel touched Dean's upper arm. The fabric felt rough. The Winchester turned his head to look at the smaller angel. Green eyes meeting blue.

"What's up, Cas? You like at least the fireworks?" An awkward moment of silence occurred before the angel spoke. His voice low when he answered.

"No." Castiel could see Dean shut his eyes for a moment. Apparently, thinking about something. He opened his eyes again, facing the angel. Dean ran his hand over his face.

"Fine, let's go to our rooms. It doesn't make sense anymore." The hunter turned to his brother. "Sammy, we're leaving. You comin'?" The younger Winchester shook his head.



"I'm gonna wait for Gabriel. It wouldn't be nice to leave him without telling him."

Watching his brother and Castiel leave Sam turned around, hoping to see the archangel somewhere, but in vain.

There were too many people crowded around him. He could barely see his brother after three meters. Suddenly, somebody pulled on his sleeve. Sam lowered his head to see a young boy staring at him.

"Mister? I can't see anything. You are way too tall for me. Can you lift me up onto your shoulders?" Sam cocked his brows in surprise.

"Sure, why not." he said, leaning down to grab the kid and place him on his shoulders.

"Better view?" The kid nodded.

"By the way, where are your parents? Shouldn't you be rather with them instead of a foreign person?" The kid chuckled.

"They don't mind." Sam pursed his lips a little. How could parents not care about their children? "Really? Aren't you scared being all alone?" The hunter asked, moving his head a little to look up at the child.

"Oh, I'm not alone." Sam furrowed his brows.

"I have a strong man protecting me." the kid continued.

Sam stumbled and almost lost his balance when the kid on his shoulders became heavier.

"Oh, Sammy, don't tell me I'm too heavy for you." The Winchester let out a curse.

"Gabriel!" he shout out loud receiving only a "The one and only." from a smiling archangel.

Somewhere at the hotel

Dean opened the door to his room walking straight towards the giant bed, falling on it. The hunter kept his eyes shut.

He was done. He did not even bother about this horrible looking room. The princess suite! Covered in pink, white, gold and all other ugly colors he could imagine. He did not even bother about the angel standing next to the bed staring at him.

*Hold on!* Dean's eyes shot open.

"What are you doin' here, Cas. Go to your own room!" Dean said, voice soar from the yelling he did the whole day.

Castiel tilted his head.

"You said I shall stay by your side, the whole time." The Winchester rolled onto his back, looking at the angel.

"I am just doing what you told me to do, Dean." the angel continued, staring into the hunter's eyes. There it was again, this moment Dean hated so much because he simply did not know how to behave.

"Who told you to follow all my orders?" he asked. Silence. The angel did not answer Dean's question because he was afraid of the respond. Castiel lowered his head.

Since when was he scared? The Winchester groaned loud and displeased. He rose to his feet.

"Who the hell told you to follow my orders?" he asked again.

With every passing moment he did not get a proper answer, he felt his rage level rising.

Dean tried to calm himself, remembering all the times, the angel had saved him and made him laugh but today, he simply failed to do the same for Castiel.

*And all the times he tortured and beat me.* His thoughts made it even more difficult to focus. He wanted answers and a good reason and he wanted them *now*.

Maybe they would not win that stupid little game but he could at least gain his own

profit from the whole situation. Again, silence.

"Who? Cas, that's a simple question." Dean, repeated himself, clenching his fists and making his bones crack quietly. Castiel did not seem to find the proper way to calm Dean down nor could he present the answer the hunter wanted.

The day had been, different, other people might have called it the best and funniest day in their life but for Castiel, it was a different way of spending time.

He did not experience anything like that yet, so how was he supposed to react to a thing called 'fun'?

After what felt like hours, Castiel finally seemed to have found the answer the hunter wanted to hear from him and answered in a low voice.

"Myself."

When the word left his mouth, he kept his view on the Winchester, expecting any kind of burst, but the man was just standing there and staring back in an utterly astonished way.

"Wait a minute. So you're trying to tell me you commanded yourself to follow my orders and blame me for bossing you around and you're angry because you follow your own orders to follow mine?" he asked, pointing towards the angel, expecting any kind of answer to his question, but he was not even sure if he understood whatever he just had said himself.

Castiel just lowered his head, facing his 'favorite' parts: his shoes.

"I don't friggin' get it!" Dean yelled at the pink and gold ceiling while the angel made a few steps and got closer and closer each second. Stopping right in front of the hunter, he looked up to meet the eyes of the other man.

Castiel tilted his head a little, following Deans slight movements with his eyes.

"Dude, I... I can't. It's just weird. I'm not good at this let out your feelings stuff." He grinned and lowered his head only to look up again in the still innocent and waiting face of the angel. It had been so much fun today even though the angel did not seem to have as much fun as the brothers and Gabriel had.

They had tried hard but had failed in the end, nevertheless.

"Alright, that's it. Do whatever you want but do it, dude. I... I'm serious. This tension is driving me nuts. So just get over with it! Do it and just pretend it never happened. I just want these awkward moments to be gone!"

He caught himself as he got captured in exactly this kind of moment once more and started to stare straight into the face of the other man.

*Yeah, exactly these moments*, he thought as he could not resist staring back into those blue soulful eyes.

"If it really makes you happy to see me bleeding, then fine you kinda deserve it for all the shit I'd said." Dean could not believe he admitted anything like that, but right now it was not important. The day was nearly over and again they had to start from scratch. Gabriel would not help them.

"I cannot do this. It's not my needs that matter. Yours are important. You and Sam are important to be kept save. I won't do anything anymore of any kind that you don't want me to do and everything will be fine again. I just need to watch myself and leave if necessary." The angel turned around a little, avoiding Deans gaze completely and refused to look at him.

"If that's the case, it's up to me again, right?"

Dean got a hold on Castiel's coat and pulled him violently closer.

"I won't witness you dying internally each time I look at ya. That's not healthy. I want you stickin' around healthy and not looking worse each time I call ya!"

Castiel kept staring at the other man, unable to say anything and just kept listening.

"Sam noticed it even before I friggin' did! But I guess I finally understand, so, let's sort this out Cas! Just friggin' do it! Hit me, smash me to the ground, relief your anger and just heal me afterwards, but do it!"

Dean kept talking and Castiel kept staring at him. The hunter did not get anything, nothing at all but Dean kept talking anyway.

"I promise, I won't mind, I won't shout, I won't be angry at ya, if you just get it over..."

Closing his eyes for a few seconds, he could feel a pair of rough lips brushing against his own, but the touch was gone as fast as it came and it felt like a false memory.

Like it never actually happened! Dean opened his eyes and stared at the angel.

Castiel made a few steps back, getting away as fast as possible before Dean would probably snap.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...! I... I..." The angel stumbled and turned around. With a fluttery sound he was gone, leaving the stunned Winchester behind.

It took Dean only seconds to change his mood from shocked, to confused and, finally, to angered.

"If you know what's best for ya, you'd better get back here again, Castiel. Now! Come back you friggin' chicken or I swear I will...!" He heard it, the sound appeared right behind him and he moved around to face the returned angel.

"Dean, I'm sorry. I promise it was not my intention to make you angry." Castiel told the hunter, refusing to look up at the man in front of him.

Lowering his shoulders, Dean sighed heavily.

"You have no idea, what makes me angry Cas." he said, quickly approaching the angel.

Dean's shoes appeared in Castiel's view and he finally managed to look up, prepared to get punched, as he always had been.

Pure shock ran through his body as he felt the other grabbing him hard by his shoulders. Dean leant down in one swift move and closed his eyes.

The next thing the angel felt was a strong pressure on his lips, nothing compared to the little touch he had placed on the hunter.

Their skin was coarse and dry but neither of them seemed to mind right now. Castiel's eyes went shut.

As Dean felt the sudden weight of the angel pressing against him, he opened his eyes and parted the kiss and made a step backwards, giving them both a bit more space to breathe in. The hunter caressed his own lips absently before he turned his full attention back to the angel.

Castiel did not look satisfied yet, at least he did not look blown away, like the rest of the world, that got a kiss-treatment from Dean Winchester.

His ego was as huge as the Chrysler building, possibly even bigger in those regards!

"What?" he simply asked, since the angel seemed to have problems to focus again.

"That... was..." Castiel started, his eyes still fixed somewhere around the floor.

"That was what?" the hunter interrupted him eagerly, taking a few steps closer again.

The angel would obviously not kill him for his behavior, since at least he thought he did exactly what the angel had silently asked him for.

Finally, that very angel came to a conclusion and looked straight into Dean's face, not even a single sign of shame on him.

"That seemed a lot different to the movies."

The hunter could not believe his ears.

Conflicted between asking what kind of movie the angel meant and the way how Castiel had thought this action would be continued let him feel despair.

"Let me get that right: you want it to be like they do it in movies?" Dean was waiting but it did not seem like he would get another answer from the angel since the spoken to had already turned his head around, staring at something that did not contain a pair of lips.

Something on the angels face answered Dean's question on its own!

The game was probably lost but he, Dean Winchester, could do Castiel this kind of favor, if the other seeked this kind of treatment rather than getting hit, cut and bled, he would not ask twice.

"Alright, then!"

The hunter would not wait any longer for any reaction.

He was a man of action: he was Dean Winchester!

He took another swift step closer towards Castiel and placed one hand on his neck, making the angel turn his attention straight back to him again.

His left hand found its way into the angels trench coat, moved around and placed itself on his warm back between his shoulder blades.

Shifting his weight, Dean slightly bent Castiel down and got lost in blue confused looking eyes for a moment before he placed his mouth right onto the angels. Closing his eyes in the process, he stroked his hand into the angel's hair and passionately nibbled and sucked on those lips under him.

His first move seemed to take the angel by surprise, who could not figure out what to do and where to place his own hands this time.

At least the last problem he got solved on his own. Castiel moved his arms around Dean, placing them onto his back, grabbing the man's jacket and holding onto him, until the hunter pulled him back into a straight, standing position, releasing his slightly used-looking lips in the motion.

*What exactly am I doing*, Dean thought but got his answer from the voice in his head immediately. *You've kissed an angel, again. Castiel, you've kissed him, twice.* Shaking his head at the thought, Dean tried to watch the angel's reaction this time.

"Was that what you wanted or is there anything else I can do for you?" Waving his arms around, Dean tried to replay what he and the holy chicken wing just had done and why he even asked, if he should do any more than this.

It was not even the angel part, which made him uneasy. It was the simple fact, that it was his and his brother's friend, Castiel, the one who raised...

He felt sick right now, that was all he could think about and asking what else the weird angel had in mind was just too much for one day.

At least this time, he seemed to have done his best, since the angel did not move nor say anything and just stood still, staring straight ahead, his eyes a bit more narrowed than usual. Dean was not sure if he should regret his action or be proud of himself for making the angel look that way.

A few more moments passed without either of them saying a word, which made the hunter slightly worried, so he closed the space between them and placed his palm above the angel's collarbone.

His action was rewarded. Castiel raised his head, tilted it to the side, his mouth slightly open. The same curious expression on his face!

Dean could not help it but smile at that that sight. He even noticed that he started to miss that face from time to time and was glad to see those slightly narrowed eyes again.

"Dean?" the angel asked with the same look on his face.

"I needed to see that look in your eyes to assure, you're still in there." the hunter

replied smirking and poked the angel's forehead with a finger.

Once more, they were caught in that awkward silence, staring at each other, unmoving and neither of them saying anything. Then, out of nowhere, something was odd on the angel's expression. Dean could not tell what exactly was odd about him but his eyes moved over the angel's face and he finally found what made Castiel look odd.

He smiled. It was nearly invisible but it was there, in his eyes and the corners of his mouth were raised just a little. Castiel was finally smiling!

Dean opened his mouth, not sure what to say without breaking the moment apart but he got interrupted by a surprised yell from his younger brother next door.

Cocking his eyebrows he turned towards the wall waiting for anything else than just a yell.

"Sammy? Everything alright?" he called for his brother and waited for any sign of life. Finally, he could hear some glass shatter and his brother's mumbled curses were noticeable which sounded like 'Gabriel' and something like 'get off of me'.

Without any hesitation, the older hunter let go of the angel and made his way towards the door.

He needed to check out, what the hell his brother was doing and why with the archangel.

Meanwhile, in the room next door

Sam was not pleased to be zapped without warning, especially not together into the same room with a goddamn archangel. He still tried to get Gabriel off of him but it seemed the angel did not want to leave soon.

He cursed when he stumbled against the desk and the lamp fell down, shattering into little pieces.

"Since your brother and Castiel are having fun over there, we should have some too don't ya think?" Gabriel said with a cheering tone in his voice.

"Get off." Sam did not know how to get the archangel off his shoulders, since this little guy had crossed his legs around him. He tried to force Gabriel's legs open but in vain.

"Oh, c'mon, Sammy. Don't be a spoilsport! I know you're actually enjoying this as much as I do." Sam grunted.

"You know, it's very uncomfortable to have you sitting on top of me!" Before anyone could say anything else, the door jumped open and Dean entered the room, shouting, the gun ready for discharge. His eyes went wide. He expected everything but not this! The Winchester frowned in surprise.

"Did I miss something?" While Dean was busy staring at his brother and the archangel on top of him, he did not pay attention to Castiel, who walked in close behind him.

The angel looked up and tilted his head to the side as he saw Gabriel and Sam in their current position. He seriously did not understand what was going on here and the hunter next to him did neither.

"Don't look at me like that! He tricked me!" The younger Winchester tried to pull off Gabriel's legs once more but it was no use, he was simply too strong.

The archangel, on his side, seemed to grow tired of that little game, snapped his fingers and was standing in front of Dean and Castiel.

"You won't need that Dean." With another snap, Dean's colt disappeared and instead, he was holding a bouquet of flowers. Sam was finally released from the weight on his shoulders and could finally laugh again at his older brother's stupid face.

Gabriel smiled at the older Winchester.

"Dean, you made me proud. You nearly beat me. I didn't expect you to play dirty."

Sam cocked his brows, throwing Dean a 'what is he talking about' look. The older Winchester turned his attention to Gabriel.

"What do ya mean with nearly?" He lifted his arm to take a look at his watch. The hunter hissed, cursing internally.

"You can say that out loud, Dean-o." Gabriel smiled a full-face smile.

"Just a few more seconds! Too bad, really!"

*This can't be*, Dean thought. He looked back at the archangel.

"C'mon, I made him smile, so what, screw those couple of seconds." Sam looked at the three men alternately.

He had to connect the points again since nobody seemed to talk to him. It was not that difficult to do so.

Apparently, Castiel had smiled, however Dean had managed to do that but, unfortunately, too late.

"So, you're saying all of this was totally pointless? Just another of your stupid little games?" Dean relaxed his shoulders, disappointed of the outcome. Well, not quite true though. It had not been that pointless at least.

They had a somewhat great day and it was fun. Castiel could not enjoy himself as much as Gabriel had but they tried to make him enjoy everything and even though Dean was not sure, what the hell had just happened in his room, he made the trench coat wearing angel smile, nonetheless.

Thinking about the exact way, how he had managed that, he decided they could sort that out after they had finished the archangel off, or better, whenever the angel would stop fouling around with them eventually.

"Oh you hurt my feelings now. I thought you had fun today? Some free time from the apocalypse and daily duties. It wasn't that bad huh?" Gabriel said pouting and managed to look even a little bit miserable at the oldest hunters insult. When he did not gain any sign of regret on the hunters face, his smile vanished.

"Whatever, you try to say, you won't help us anyway! You just go back into your little world and hide." Dean nearly spit out his words and ignored the sudden pull on his jacket. Castiel had been quiet since they entered Sam's room and now, he just tried to remind the Winchester that he was talking to an archangel.

He was talking to Gabriel and showed no respect. That could not lead them anywhere. Rolling his head back and groaning a little, the archangel turned his full attention toward the annoying Winchester.

"Why do you think I scared all these people? If I wanted to hide wouldn't I stay quiet instead of making you Winchesters notice? C'mon! I wanted you here you idiot! To be honest, I wanted to talk to you for free but since I saw what you've been doing with little Cassy here, I decided to make it harder for you."

Gabriel paused and waited for his words to sink into the Winchesters before he finally turned his face to look at the older brother.

"You should be grateful. You seem to have something angels fall for, especially the fallen ones. It may be a curse but I guess your huge ego wouldn't allow that thought one second." "Jealous?" Dean enjoyed the angered look on the archangel's face and smiled victorious, even though he had not won anything at all.

Sam pursed his lips and tried to stay calm and pierced his brother with his eyes instead. Gabriel wiggled his head and regained his amused state of mind.

"Well my pretties, it was certainly a nice day. I even wish it could have lasted longer." he said snickering, turned around and walked slowly over towards the still death

glaring young Winchester.

Before Sam could do anything, Gabriel's hands found their way into both of the hunter's pockets, fumbling around a bit, making him jerk back and finally, he withdrew them, holding the photo, showing them on the Splash Mountain ride between two fingers.

"I hope you don't mind. I can't let you have it and show it around to everyone." Sam stared at the angel in confusion but did not even try to argue about a stupid little photo.

They could remember the day on their own.

Gabriel looked around and waited but it seemed this day was seriously over.

"Fine. Always leave them wanting more. Just remember, it's a tiny world." he finally said and twirled his wrist in the air.

"Cheerio!"

After Gabriel had disappeared the silence that spread through the room was uncomfortable. Sam cleared his throat.

"Guys, no offense but it was a long day. Rest! Now." With his fingers he indicated to go to bed. He really needed that now.

He could shower in the late morning but now he simply needed to rest. His mind was whirling around a topic he did not quite like to think about right now.

Dean tilted his head from one side to another, cracking his bones.

"Very well, Sammy. See ya tomorrow." With this, the older Winchester turned around leaving his brothers room.

The angel followed suit. Castiel closed the door behind him and followed Dean into his room again, remaining quiet. Taking off his jacket, Dean threw himself onto the bed. He hid his eyes behind his hands.

"Dean." the low voice sounded. The Winchester growled within his throat.

"I'm sorry." the angel continued.

"Perhaps, I should have... informed you earlier." The Winchester did not move but Castiel could feel the tension nonetheless.

"Dean?" The man on the bed growled again before raising his voice.

"Maybe you should have. It doesn't matter anymore. Just forget it, okay?" Castiel kept his eyes on the hunter who now, turned around, facing the angel.

"Listen. Gabriel is a dork, a real jerk. Who knows what he has in his mind."

"Dean, please. Do not speak like that about Gabriel. He is still my brother! I cannot let you do that." Castiel's voice was low but also tired. Dean furrowed his brow, sighing.

"Why do you protect him so much?"

"Because he is my brother! You would do the same for Sam." That was a point for the angel. "Okay, yeah, that's right. Nevertheless, he's a douche! He doesn't help you at all, compared to me and Sammy." Castiel kept his eyes on the Winchesters face.

"That is not true."

Dean grunted. He was slowly drifting away from reality. His mind was circling around what had just happened between him and the angel. It must have been a weird dream but it was way too real to pretend he was just dreaming.

First, Disney World and second, the bang of the day, the angel had made the first move, not himself.

*Why the hell would I even think about doing that,* the hunter thought slowly and heavily he opened one eye.

He could see the blurry figure of a tan trench coat standing close by. Castiel was obviously not intending to leave the hunter, since he was invading his personal space

once more and stood right next to the bed.

His mind went further away. This very angel next to his bed was somehow strange. First, he did not smile, then, he smiled.

*Because of your kiss, Winchester!* Dean had to admit, it was nice to see him smile. He had not seen that expression on the angel since they met and even though it was just a faint, short moment, it was worth his weird behavior.

The moment the hunter had fallen asleep did not remain unnoticed. When the angel noticed the slowing down of Dean's breaths he promptly covered the hunter with a blanket.

It was the only thing he could do to comfort him.

Castiel tilted his head. He could not help but remember the last night they had spent together in the tent. Dean, sleeping of course, and him, watching the man do so!

He had just kept watching until his fingers had started to move. It had been a strange feeling but it had not been unpleasant though.

The angel narrowed his eyes. What was so special about this man in front of him? Castiel was determined to find out!

Next door

Sam watched his brother and his guardian angel leave and shut the door. At the very second they left, he stroked through his hair and grasped into it. He focused on the huge princess pinky bed next to the huge windows.

He wanted to resist but in vain. With a small sprint, he jumped right onto the bed and made pillows jump into the air. It felt awesome and he did not even bother about any of the weird girlish colors and little plushs around the bed.

A deep moan escaped him as he felt his bones and muscles stretch out and he started to relax. With a nearly lazy kicking, he tried to get rid of his shoes, not bothering with any of the other clothes on him.

Just when he was about to close his eyes and lay his head down onto the soft pillow to finally sink into sweet nothingness, he could feel the other side of the bed sink.

"You really look cute when you're all sleepy, Sammy." Sam's eyes shot open when his ears sent the message to his brain that he was not alone anymore.

"Gabriel?" The younger Winchester jerked up.

"What are you doin' here? Didn't you want to leave?" The archangel nodded, enjoying the little jumps the Winchester always made, when he popped up out of nowhere.

"Kind of. I wanted to talk to you, buddy. In private! I promise I'll behave and won't bite you." "About what?" Sam narrowed his eyes. Gabriel smiled.

"About Cassy and your idiotic brother, of course! You have seen them, haven't you?"

Gabriel supported his head on his hand and watched as his words sank into Sam. When he recognized, that the young Winchester was capable to witness, what he had to say he moved a bit closer and continued.

"You know Sam, I dislike admitting it but, since you're the one with the brains in this team, I rather talk to you than to your donkey brother. I'm worried about Castiel."

"Dude, why are you always so persistent to stay so close to me? That's weird!" Sam was currently a bit more worried about himself than his brother's angel problems but when he recognized the stern look on Gabriel's face, he fell quiet again.

"Sam, Castiel isn't as powerful as I am. He can't stay down on earth for so long without getting affected by feelings and emotions. He's surrounded by them each day. Our Cassy never felt anything in heaven and this sudden overload confuses him. Your dumb brother is making it even worse for him to understand himself." The archangel continued, with the same worried and caring expression on him.



"So, why do you think telling me this, makes any difference? Dean's the one in charge here. I kinda know that the time he spends with Cas expanded lately but since he has only me and Bobby, that seemed normal to me in the beginning but now... Hell, I can see it in his face and still that douchebag doesn't figure it out by himself!"

As Sam kept talking about the problems of the others, Gabriel moved slowly and undiscovered closer towards the hunter.

"Yes, Sam and that's why I want you to watch over them for me. Dean needs to stop treating my little brother like a loyal servant. Castiel always tries his best to satisfy him but your brother keeps assaulting him."

"I'm not blind Gabriel. I can see that each day straight from the horse's mouth but why do you expect me to do more than watch and shut him up from time to time?" Sam seriously was not blind, he had noticed and he had tried but as always, it seemed in vain.

Dean just would not listen to him.

"I'm actually only talking about Cassy but for your brother, it would be healthy too if he'd watched his mouth. If he doesn't stop treating Castiel like a dog, than he might feel his teeth sunk in his neck one day he wakes up. Take care Sammy-boy."

He wiggled his eyebrows and was gone with another snap, finally leaving the tired man alone in his huge princess bed.

Dean had fallen asleep quite fast, not caring whether Castiel left or not.

Now, that the older Winchester was asleep the angel had enough time to watch him. Castiel appreciated that the hunters had tried to make him smile even though he had failed. The angel moved his head a little at this thought.

No, he had not failed! He actually had smiled, but too late. And now, this man sleeping so tight in front of him was angry, again.

Castiel escaped a sigh.

Dean Winchester was one of the biggest riddles he had ever tried to understand or to solve. Castiel's eyes had locked on the hunters face immediately when he heard a low snarl. He stepped back.

He remembered that smell.

It was so familiar. The scent of burned flesh! He was able to tell what stage of burning the flesh was in.

Yes, he remembered everything. Dean moved his head to see, anything, anyone but it was dark. Somehow. He heard himself groan. Was his voice really that deep? Apparently, yes. He groaned again. This felt wrong but still familiar.

Trying to see something, Dean looked down, at least he thought so. He did not know where was up and where down. There it was again, this sharp pain in his left side. He tried to touch it but he could not. His arms did not move, neither his feet.

"Hurts..." Did he actually say that? He did not know but he had heard his voice for sure. Surprisingly, the pain stopped just to start on another place again. Dean sighed under the pain. It was on his upper arm, maybe his biceps, he could not see.

He fucking could not see. He focused "See..." was all he was capable of before he started coughing. The pain stopped again and then, something or someone turned off the dark. The light was shining so bright it hurt for a moment.

Narrowing his eyes, Dean could see somebody. A shadow first. Getting clearer with every second that passed! He felt another pain and closed his eyes for a second. When

he opened them again, the shadow was gone.

No, not gone, Dean lowered his head. It was still there. He could see it, a little spongy but his view getting better. The shadow moved upwards again, being directly in his sight of view. Now he saw what that shadow was, or better who.

Dean opened his mouth, but his throat was already sore, perhaps from screaming but he could not say that for sure. He tried anyway.

"Cas..." The angel in front of him nodded slightly.

"Yes Dean." he answered.

"What..." was everything he was capable of.

"Look down and you'll see, Dean." the angel replied and Dean did as he was told.

Dean's eyes widened.

Panic rising inside, he moved his head to see everything. His feet were cuffed, as well as his arms. He was tied to a wall. His flesh was hanging down his legs, torn apart. Some places were burned with blisters, some without. His arms were covered in blood. He could see his own bones.

He looked down onto his chest. The thorax was open! He could see his intestines, his heart beating. Dean tried to scream when he heard the quiet voice of the angel.

"Don't Dean, you know, you can't get away. Screaming won't help you. You can't escape." The calm voice was so typical the angel's voice. Dean could feel something warm on his cheeks.

Was he crying?

The angel showed him his blade. The whole silver angel blade was covered in blood, his blood. Castiel tilted his head.

"I'm gonna end this now, Dean. It's time, don't you think so too?" he said, moving the blade down to his heart and forcing it slowly into the warm pulsating organ.

Dean tried not to scream too much...

... when he jerked in an upright position. He felt two strong hands gripping on his shoulders and when he recognized Castiel, he swiped his hands away, still affected by the painful memory of his dream.

Massaging his forehead, Dean closed his eyes. It had been so real and since the angel was standing so close to him, he could nearly feel the pain slowly vanishing from his body.

"It wasn't real, Dean." The low voice rose from Castiel, who was obviously trying to comfort him but failed all the way.

"Cas, I told you, keep the hell away from my dreams!" The hunter bursted out and threw an angered look towards the angel.

"Dean, I was not... You seemed uncomfortable that is why I woke you up. I did not mean to make you angry." Again, he did not mean it, but made it worse in the end.

Dean hid his face in his hands, rubbing over his temples, trying to convince the upcoming headache to leave him alone.

After a few moments of silence, the angel finally spoke up again.

"I wouldn't do anything like that to you. I could never hurt you like that." *So he was watching me for real*, Dean thought while he kept staring straight forward, honestly trying to ignore every word the angel used to make him feel better.

He could not make him feel better, not with these empty words.

The hunter took in a few deep breaths and eventually managed to look up at the angel.

Actually he could not believe what he saw, the angel was not even looking at him anymore, instead he was facing the floor and Dean could have sworn that he wanted to burst right through it, just to make him happy again.

The sight in front of him was just too much to bear. He noisily cleared his throat to gain Castiel's attention, moving backwards toward the edge of the bed and pulling up the blanket. The angel turned his gaze and stared at the hunter in confusion. With an annoyed grumble, Dean murmured something and pulled on the blanket once more.

*Don't make me regret my decision now*, he thought, hoping that Castiel would read his mind, even though he had said he should not do it.

When the angel finally made a slow move forward, Dean sighed with relieve.

Castiel seemed nervous but followed the silent order of the hunter. Before he could join the hunter on the bed, though, Dean snorted.

"Your shoes. Your trench coat and the blazer! Take them off. You don't wear those things in bed." The angel worked on his shoes and removed trench coat with blazer before climbing into the bed and turning his back towards the hunter, since Dean seemed to prefer it that way. The man pulled the blanket over them, refusing to say anything right now.

It was weird enough that he allowed a fully clothed angel sleep in his bed, who just had tortured him in his very dream.

A few moments passed, when Castiel felt the arm of the hunter moving around his waist, the same way he did the night before, in the tent. But this time Dean decided to do something utterly different.

He grabbed into the angels side and started to pull a little, to make the angel turn onto his back. With nearly no protest, the angel turned around, when Dean moved his arm around him once again and made him turn towards him.

Castiel stared into Deans eyes with confusion written all over his face. The hunter took in a deep breath, feeling himself growing tired again.

"I want you to sleep. Just, close your eyes and sleep, okay?" he said, hoping that he would gain another excuse why the angel does not need to sleep. To his surprise Castiel slightly nodded.

"Is that what you want me to do?"

"Yes." Dean furrowed his brows a bit and watched as the angel closed his eyes, refusing the hunter to stare into his blue eyes.

"Cas?" The Winchester gained no reaction and decided it was best to just keep quiet now. With a nearly pleased sigh, he moved his arm around the angel again and closed his eyes.

It seriously had been a long day and Dean was pretty sure, he would not wake up screaming again this time.

## Kapitel 8: Of beauty and beastliness

### 8. Of beauty and beastliness

#### Mirrors don't reflect the inside

The morning came too soon for Dean Winchester. His eyes had shot open when Sam knocked on the door of his room.

He muttered and turned around just to face a silent looking angel. Well, he had not opened his eyes yet but he knew, Castiel was there, staring at him, as always.

Dean shrugged mentally, he did not care about that, it was way too comfortable right now. The warmth of the other body close to his own and the arm around his...

*Stop.*

Dean opened his eyes, not able to move. He gulped.

*Not good,* he thought.

Castiel had been in thoughts until the older Winchester had woken up. Watching the man sleep had been quite interesting for the angel.

While following every move of the hunter he had noticed some strange thoughts wandering around in his head.

He was partially ashamed of even having those thoughts in the first place.

For the next couple of hours he had just thought about telling Dean or not and now that he saw into those green eyes in front of him, he knew he had to keep it for himself. Even though he doubted this would work for long.

Dean was supposed to be his charge and he had a duty to fulfill. He could not let himself be distracted by such kind of thoughts and feelings.

"Good morning, Dean. How did you sleep?" Castiel asked, his voice a little rough. Dean felt goose bumps crawling down his back. He cleared his throat and smiled vividly.

He was not sleepy anymore.

"Like a baby." Dean had to admit that this was actually the truth. The nightmare he had before had not occurred again and he really had slept quite well. When he saw Castiel narrow his eyes, he explained.

"It's a figure of speech, Cas."

"I figured that since you are obviously no baby anymore." the angel replied matter-of-factly. Dean smiled. This angel was just weird.

"Then, how did you sleep, Dean?" When the angel repeated his question Dean cocked his brows.

*Right*, he thought.

"I slept well, Cas." The angel nodded. This horrible and awkward silence Dean disliked so much set in again.

Another knock on the door almost ripped Dean out of thoughts.

"Dean, c'mon, open up, dude." The older Winchester moaned, disentangled himself from the angel and sat up. His hands ran over his face.

"Do you want me to open the door, Dean?" The hunter nodded a little absent, glad of the angels offer.

A long yawn escaped his lips when he stretched himself.

Oh hell, I slept well. Those beds are awesome.

Meanwhile, Castiel had moved, or better, zapped to the door and opened it. He stepped aside to let the younger Winchester in.

Sam was more than surprised to see the angel without his trench coat and without his dress suit. He narrowed his eyes.

"Cas? Is there something I should know?" he asked, tilting his head trying to find the answer in the angels face.

Before Castiel could say anything though, Dean joined the questioning.

"There's nothin' you need to know, Sammy. He just stayed overnight, so he had not to wait on the roof. What did ya think?"

Dean could not even believe how fast this excuse made its way over his lips. At least, it sounded very reasonable.

On the roof, Sam furrowed his brows but nodded understanding.

"Well, let's get ready then! Time for some breakfast before we leave this place of joy and happiness! No need to stay here much longer." he said, rubbing his hands together and tried to act cool in the situation.

When Dean furrowed his brows too, observing his brothers weird behavior he rolled his eyes. "Something wrong Sammy? Did a pink little monster bite ya in your sleep?" He placed himself on the bed, grabbed his shoes and started to put them on.

While his brother tried to remain collected, shaking his head and making a few huffing sounds, Castiel walked back to the bed and sat down on it next to the older hunter.

Dean threw the angel a look from the side.

*You should get dressed too, Cas*, he thought and watched, as Castiel simply nodded and moved to the other side of the bed immediately, retrieving his clothes.

"Actually not a pink monster. Whatever. Could you hurry up? I wanna leave!" Sam continued, crossing his arms over his chest. His facade was breaking quickly.

Dean started to grin victorious.

His brother just could not keep anything from him.

"So, I guess you hadn't quite the awesome sleep I had with my personal dream catcher!"

"I have no idea what you're talking about but fine. If you're satisfied, I couldn't sleep that much. Busy... thinking." Dean just shook his head and enjoyed to tease his brother.

In all those years, Sam had not managed to keep everything for himself, he tried it but in the end, he would always reveal it by his own acting.

Dean jumped to his feet, grinned and made his way to his brother, leaning a bit closer to him and tried to speak in a low voice.

"If you want I can lend you Cas for the next 24 hours!" Smacking the younger hunter on his shoulder, he turned around and looked towards Castiel, who had finally managed to pull his dress suit and trench coat over and was actually busy, with something on the floor.

"Do you have to wish the ground goodbye or what takes you so long?" Dean spoke up again, hoping, his little joke about sharing him did not insult the angel.

Finally, Castiel rose to his feet and walked around the bed slowly, nearly stumbling over nothing but the floor.

"Cas? Are you hurt?" Dean could see that something was odd about the angel. He wasn't moving the same at all.

Instead of the elder Winchesters worry, Sam could not resist to grin, since it looked like the angel had serious problems walking straight.

He was about to ask Dean once more, if he did not miss anything special that night, when the angel eventually managed to move around the bed, facing the ground all the time, like it would burst open and swallow him if he did not do so.

The Winchesters stared at him in confusion and followed his gaze towards the floor. When Dean found the reason for the weird walking, his eyes widened in disbelief as opposed to Sam, who bursted out laughing.

"I cannot fix them. I tried but it does not work." Castiel said, looking up and felt ashamed to admit, that he had such a minor problem right now.

"Are you pulling my leg, Cas? You seriously have to!" Dean could not believe what he saw but gladly his brain worked the problem out for him.

The angel's problem was simple, he could not tie his shoelaces. He never needed to do so, so he never tried it before.

Now, the laces were loose and he could not walk steady ahead.

"I'm sorry, Dean. I will just move without walking." he said and demonstrated by fly-zapping himself a few feet closer towards them.

"Yeah from now on every human will start screaming. Good idea." Shaking his head nearly violently Dean had no choice and just got down on his knees right in front of the angel. As he reached out for the laces, he could hear his brother laugh and snicker next to him.

"Oh Dean, don't forget the square knot so they won't open up again!"

"Shut up or bend down, bitch!" Dean yelled angrily at his brother and turned his attention back to the angel's shoes.

Wait a moment, Dean remembered yesterday.

"How did you put your shoes on, yesterday at the lake?" he asked.

"I slipped in, as you would call it. But it does not work now, have I broken them?" Castiel replied curious.

Dean smiled at this.

"No, you didn't." He still could not believe, he had to do that but somehow it reminded him of those days, when he had to do it for Sam, a much younger and more innocent version of course.

Each day, he tried to teach him how it was done but his little brother seemed to enjoy those moments, with his older brother by his side or better, at his feet.

That thought made the hunter grin a little and he finally finished to tie the shoes in front of him and looked up to the angel.

"Done. You're now able to walk again." With a slight smirk, he stood up from the floor again. Castiel concentrated on the hunters head the whole time and when his face got

in sight again, he managed a little smile combined with a nod.

"Thank you, Dean."

The spoken to felt another one of his little brothers elbows poked into his side. Sam witnessed it for the first time that the angel showed something like joy on his face.

"Does that mean, Dean flipped the switch in you and you're going to grin at us all day, Cas?" Sam said, showing a big smile himself.

He tried to enjoy the sudden show of feelings on the angels face, instead of emotions of other kinds, which just had crept him out before, was this one quite a sight. Castiel just tilted his head and the smile on his lips vanished in the motion.

"Great job, professor. You confused him, if he doesn't do it again, I blame you. Now let's go. I could swallow a whole melon right now and afterwards another and hotdogs and maybe some omelet and maybe a nice slice of apple pie and..."

"Yes Dean, you're hungry. We got it." Sam interrupted his brother's fantasies, turned around and led the way towards the huge stairs of the hotels auditorium.

The older Winchester followed him a few steps, before he turned towards Castiel. As expected, the angel did not seem to dare to follow them.

*You always wait for an invitation*, Dean thought and sighed heavily.

"C'mon Cas, we're leavin' afterwards anyway. Just stay with us." he said and walked a little faster, to catch up to his brother.

As he reached the entrance of the dining hall, he took a glance over his shoulder, searching for Castiel but he could not see him on the stairs or above.

Frowning, he was about to enter the Disney like decorated hall when he stopped in his motion and noticed the angel right next to him, staring into the great hall with hundreds of hungry, eating and talking people.

Dean wondered how he could even believe, that Castiel would have left them without any words and shook his head in amusement.

He kept wondering though, why he had felt a low wave of disappointment inside of him, when he thought the angel had seriously left. His thoughts got cut off when he noticed Sam waving towards them from a free table, already piled up with different types of exotic fruits and bottles.

Before he moved to his brother, Dean caught the curious look on Castiel's face next to him.

"Amazing what humans do to enjoy their food, eh? C'mon, Sam's waitin'!"



Tapping the angels back slightly, they finally entered the hall and Dean was sure, he would not leave before he was filled to the top with everything that looked good and expensive.

Who knew whenever they could enjoy something exclusive like this again?

An hour later, they were still sitting on their table. Both men had shoveled so much food in that Castiel was expecting them to explode sooner or later if they kept doing this.

Concerned, he kept watching the Winchesters until Dean started coughing.

He started hammering his fist against his chest, choking.

"Dean?" Castiel asked when the hunters face turned red. The angel looked at Sam, helplessly seeking for an advice.

"You have to slap him on the back. He just ate too much! Nothin' to worry 'bout." Castiel did as he was told.

He slammed his hand on the older hunters back and it seemed to be helpful indeed. Except for the fact that Deans face was now in his apple pie!

Sam started laughing and earned a few confused looks from other guests.

When he heard his brother grumble a 'thank you Cas' he laughed even louder. That was a sight to behold!

Castiel lowered his sight.

"I am sorry, Dean." he said, handing him a napkin so the hunter could clean his face. The older Winchester glared at his brother. For this, his baby brother deserved to be punished. But later! First things first. Dean cleared his throat.

"Fine, if everyone's ready, Cas can you zap us back? I don't wanna stay here for any longer!" When the angel moved his hands to touch the hunter's forehead, Dean insisted.

"Wooh, not here. We're goin' back in our rooms. We don't wanna freak out some innocent people!" he said, grabbing Castiel's hand and lowering it again.

Just a few minutes later, all three men were back in their room.

"Alright! Let's get us back to my baby. I hope it didn't miss me too much and I swear to god if I find any bird poo on it I will...!" Castiel looked at Dean, his expression annoyed.

"Please do not take my father's name in vain." Sam just smiled and Dean threw his hand up in defense. "Won't happen again!"

They did not bother in checking out or anything else, therefore, they just grabbed their stuff, burned the key cards and access passes and left without a trace of ever being there. The cooling ash was the only sign that somebody had been here.

The next second the hunters opened their eyes they were standing right beside the '67 Chevy Impala. Dean turned around immediately and inspected his baby.

"Aah, baby, I missed ya. How you doin'?" He opened the door and fell into the seat, gripping the steering wheel.

"That's good." Dean purred and leaned back into the leather. "Dude, you've left your car for just a day! Not a month or somethin'." The older Winchester did not care about the look his baby brother gave him, he just gave him the finger and with this, the discussion had ended. Sam rolled his eyes.

"Dean, move your ass outta there. You're gonna dismantle those tents. Meanwhile, I'm gonna tell Bobby we accomplished the mission." Dean moaned.

"C'mon Sammy. You expecting me to do that all alone?" Sam shrugged.

"Castiel surely will help ya, right." The angel in question nodded slightly.

"I shall do so."

"Fine."

And now the discussion had really ended. Sam went aside to call Bobby and Dean moved himself out of his beloved car.

Dean pointed to the tents.

"Let's get started before the bitch starts complaining again." Castiel tilted his head.

"Why do you call your brother a dog, Dean? I do not understand the meaning of offending him." The Winchester could not help but smile.

He turned his head to the angel, while he started walking.

"It's not like I'm really insulting him. I'm just bullying him. He does the same with me sometimes. So don't mind it, Cas." The angel nodded.

There was not much he could do but trust the hunter. Castiel knelt down next to Dean, watching him pull out the nails which secured the tent.

The angel walked over to the other tent doing the same what the hunter did. He pulled out the nails, loosed the cover and rolled it up. He put the poles next to each other and fixed them with an elastic band.

For Castiel it was far more complicated than for Dean and he was glad, when the

hunter gave him a hand with it after dismantling the other tent.

"Let's store them in the trunk. We'll give them back later." Dean said, noticing the abrupt turn of Castiel's head towards his baby brother, ready to fight.

Sam walked around the Impala slowly, waiting for the dial tone to be replaced by the sound of Bobby's voice.

When the called one finally picked up, he could hear him murmur something that sounded like 'son of a' before he turned his attention to the young man.

"Sam, I didn't expect ya to call so early! Did ya find this trickster-angel and smacked his bottom a few times or what?" The old hunter seemed less stressed, even though Sam could hear someone else around him.

"Well, you could say, we managed, talked it out and in the end, we got nothing but we're alive. At least something!"

Sam did not feel the need to talk about any details to bother Bobby with, it was not necessary for the old man to worry about more than he already did.

"Fine then. Listen, we... I mean, I found something that might save us a bit of time to think about, how we can stop the apocalypse. We should have thought about it earlier but whatever. If we could destroy the current vessel of Lucifer, he will seriously have a hard time to find another one that will not burn right away." Bobby was fumbling around with some paper.

Sam just nodded, forgetting again he was talking on the phone and waited for his friend to continue, when suddenly he could hear the old man curse on the other end again.

"I'll do the rest."

A familiar voice from nearby made the young hunter jump. Crowley had appeared right beside him and snatched the phone out of the Winchesters hand.

"Thanks Bobby, I'll be home before midnight. Bye!" he said and hung up, throwing the phone back into Sam's hands.

Placing his hands back into his pockets he rewarded the confused Winchester with one of his patronizing smiles.

"Crowley."

Sam took a few steps backwards and stared at their new guest, turning towards his brother and the angel for a second, only to look at Crowley again.

"What are you doing here? What did you do to Bobby?" "Relax, we worked together. Doing some... proper research." Showing his teeth in another wide smile, the well

dressed man made a few steps forward.

The smile on the demons face froze, when he noticed, how the angel of the Winchester brothers drew his blade.

Dean saw the reason for Castiel's defensive behavior and got to his feet in a split second, walking towards the demon in fast steps, even passing the angel in the process.

"Crowley. What do you want? You better have a good reason or just go back where you came from!" Dean welcomed the demon with one of his death glares and was about to draw his colt, to at least hurt or ruin the suit of the demonic bastard right before him.

Castiel had approached them too, his angelic blade still ready to do what needed to be done, just waiting for any sign or some kind of order.

"Dean, Bobby said that he'd find a possibility to throw some stones at Lucifer and even to slow down the apocalypse."

The younger Winchester raised his arm and placed a hand on his brother's shoulder, to stop him from doing something stupid.

"We should probably listen to him." Sam continued. Since nobody seemed to attack, Castiel finally lowered his guard but kept his weapon in hand.

"Remember the times when we said we don't work with demons? I miss these times." Dean said and shot one bullet straight towards the already gone demon.

Murmuring and grumbling, the older brother kept his eyes on the new position of the demon that had saved himself a few feet towards the Impala.

"I saved your ignorant little butt last time and that's how you thank me? Dean, I'm hurt!" he said with a mix of amusement and anger. A thin line between both emotions!

"Yeah, thanks for letting me suffer because of your angel phobia!"

The hunter could not express how much he disliked to be in the demons debt but remained calm anyways.

None of them seemed too proud of the current situation and silence fell over the odd group. Dean eventually decided to not shoot at the demon anymore, put his gun away and took in a few breaths.

"Why did you come here? Bobby could've told us everything. So why exactly are you here?" Sam managed to ignore the need to punch his brother's guts and focused on the demons words instead.

"The same reason as always, Dean. We have to kill the devil. What else?" Crowley

answered, not waiting for any response.

"The one million dollar question is: how are we gonna do it?" He looked around and met the eyes of the hunters and the angel, lingering at those blue once for a bit longer.

"No one? Fine. Since I'm such a generous guy, I got something that might be of interest for you. Actually, your old friend Bobby helped me figure out the main facts. You might honor him later." He pulled out a piece of paper and throwing it towards the Winchesters. Sam caught the crumbled paper and unfolded it.

"Stone carving at its best. You'll think they're alive. Huntsville Museum of Art. Grand Opening." he read out loud, looking up in confusion.

"So what? Are we gonna to bore Lucifer to death with a little bit of culture?" Dean snarled snatching the paper away from his brother to have a closer look.

"No, you brain ache! Gorgons!" Crowley spit back, annoyed by the fact that the older Winchester always had to be so damn clueless.

"Gorgons? You mean like, Medusa? You serious?" Sam asked and granted Crowley's idea with a faithless smile.

"Medusa? You talk about hot chicks with snake hair?" Dean spoke up and grinned, the kind of Medusa he knew was naked and would not turn anyone into stone at least not the whole body.

"The thought has some kind of foundation actually." The Winchesters and the demon turned their face towards the speaking angel.

"You see! Your pet angel said it!" Crowley was rather amused to get approval from the always moody angel. When he earned a threatening look from Castiel he just shrugged. "What's the matter, darlin'?" Dean snarled. He did not like the demon call the angel 'darling'.

"Cas, what do you mean by 'kind of foundation'?" he asked, not willing to show his anger. "Having a gorgon looking at Lucifer, he's gonna lose his vessel. Consequently, he would have problems to find another one who could keep him inside without being destroyed at once." Sam nodded understanding.

Bobby had said the same so Crowley had a point there.

"And if Lucifer doesn't have a vessel he can't fight Michael which means, they can't devastate the planet." Crowley smiled proud about the fact that the Winchesters understood his plan.

Dean furrowed his brow.

"You know we could simply die and turn into stone. Why don't you go and try it

yourself? Scared?" he mocked the demon and smiled. Crowley rolled his eyes.

"Guys, I don't know if you noticed but I was the one who gave you the clues. So you're gonna do the dirty work! Do you understand?" The demon kept his professionalism while he spoke. Besides, he already knew that Dean Winchester was a royal pain in the ass.

He still could not believe that this very human was Michaels 'oh-so-preferred' vessel. Crowley sighed.

"We're all in the same boat, floating towards the edge of a huge abyss. So you think I care? Let's face it boys. You have no choice. My enemy is your enemy. How about we just take each other by the hand and are a big happy family?" Crowley reached out and showed his best fake 'best friends' smile he could offer towards his audience.

The brothers exchanged a glance.

"What do you think, Sammy?" The young hunter shrugged.

"Worth a try." Now it was Dean who sighed. "Don't worry, I'll be there too, watching over you." Crowley said smiling, his hands shoved in his pockets.

Dean surrendered. He threw up his arms.

"Fine, okay. We'll do it. We'll catch Medusa. Sounds like fun. Can't wait for it." The older hunter's voice was dripping with sarcasm when he said that. Dean walked past by his brother and the angel towards his car.

He sank into the seat, moaning.

Sam turned back to the demon and held up the leaflet.

"Hope, this is gonna work. Don't be late." Crowley smiled and waved at the two men.

"I never am." With this, the man in the black suit disappeared.

After Crowley had left, the silence was very welcomed by the hunters. They did not like this demon and they did not like it, that he spent so much time with Bobby either. But they had other problems right now.

Those gorgons for example! If Crowley was right and this was a big if, than they could smash Lucifer's vessel and stop the apocalypse. Dean could hear his brother talk to Castiel before he heard footprints approaching the Impala. The car door creaked a little and moved down when Sam got beside him.

The fluttering sound of wings told him that Castiel was now at the back seat, staring at him with those blue eyes of his.

Geez, Winchester! Dean rubbed his palms over his eyes.

"I don't like the idea Sammy. I really don't trust this dude. He's a douche. What does he expect us to do? I mean, shall we ask Medusa nice and politely to come with us to face the friggin' devil or what? Doubt she's gonna come with us."

"Dean." The hunter could almost feel the angel leaning forward.

"We have to try, Dean. There are not many possibilities left to defeat Lucifer. We must not let him fight with Michael." The Winchester groaned.

"I know. It's just don't trust this guy, okay?" Sam put a hand in his brother's shoulder.

"It's not that you're goin' there alone. We're comin' with you all the way." Sam smiled comforting before he put on his puppy gaze, saying 'start driving, we don't have much time'.

Dean could not help it but laugh. He started the engine and drove back onto the asphalt street. "First things first, though." the older hunter started.

"We'll return those tents in the trunk, then buy some pie and then we're gonna head for Huntsville." Sam cried out.

"Haven't you had enough for breakfast already?" Dean shrugged.

"It's a long way, we'll need supplies!" Sam threw him a 'sure, a long way, of course' look before his brother turned the key and the engine roared up.

Huntsville

"So, this is it? The place where the key for Lucifer's doom is located? Seriously?" Dean could not believe his eyes when he put the car on hold in front of a little rustically but also old fashioned building. Before they had left Winchester, they had returned the tents and since it was not Wednesday, the stores were open.

Sam could not believe how much food and beer his brother had stored in the trunk but if it made him happy, he just let him do so.

Castiel had placed himself on the backseat, since the older hunter had somewhat ordered him to stay with them. Possibly it was not even an order, more like an opportunity to spend more time around human behavior.

He did not mind it. The only thing that irritated him was the slow movement and the steady concussion of the car. A weird way to travel.

It took them less than two hours to get to Huntsville and the museum was still open for visitors.

"It's a museum, Dean, Not a plaza hotel. Let's get inside before they close." Sam did not even wait for his brother to say anything stupid again, got out of the car, smashed

the door violently and walked towards the entrance.

"One day I'll smash him as hard as he does my baby." Dean grumbled and glared bloody holes into his brothers back.

"Dean, we shouldn't let him go alone." The low voice from the backseat rose and the hunter turned around.

"Anyone who hurts my car gets to feel my wrath. Even Sam can respect that and I'd say, you wouldn't want anyone to hurt your beloved things either, right Cas?" All he got from the angel was an intense stare, followed by silence and finally, the angel dropped his head and nodded.

"Let's go. Can't let him walk around alone, he might get lost." The hunter grinned a little, gaining nothing but a confused look and got out of the car too, waiting for the angel to follow him.

Sam was already at the entrance, checking the flyers with the one Crowley had given to them. They were identical.

"So what? Are we going in and friendly ask if they come with us or what?" Dean narrowed his eyes a bit as the sun that rose above the trees burned into his eyes.

"I don't think it will be that easy. It's never easy to ask a mystical creature to work with you. Especially when we're talking about the devil." The younger Winchester opened the door and made his way towards the box office, his brother and Castiel close behind.

"No free entrance? Well, those gorgons know what money's worth, I guess." Dean said and waited for Sam to buy them three tickets, when he froze at the sight in front of him.

The first attraction of the museum was obviously a group of young adults carved out of stone, nearly stripped down to the shorts which seemed to be running from something.

Those bastards even go for kids, dammit, Dean thought and frowned at the stone figures and turned away. Castiel moved past him and knelt down next to the attraction, reached out with his hand and slightly touched the stone.

The woman behind the shelter started to yell.

"It's strictly forbidden to touch any of the exhibits! Please, respect the rules when you enter the next room! Some pieces are fragile!" She seemed upset and shook her head, even after Castiel had slowly removed his hand from the stone.

"Dean, this isn't simply stone." He said quietly, staring into the stone grey eyes of the human statue.



"Obviously not! They're humans turned into... I mean they look like real human beings so life like. We should send the creator a gift basket with a card!" Dean turned towards the woman behind the shelter and grinned a little.

Who knew if she was not one of them? Sam thanked her, paid and tried to push the angel and his brothers out of her side.

"What did ya mean, Cas? What's wrong?" When they entered the big hall, with the main attractions, their mouth fell agape. The place was crowded with people, not only with stone statues but also the amount of visitors seemed huge.

"Nowadays even gorgons know how to make a living." Dean took a few steps into the hall and observed another pair of statues.

He leaned towards a woman-figurine with nice features that was sitting on a chair and holding a phone in her hand.

Whoever you were calling, never got the chance to say goodbye, he thought with a sad smile on his lips. He took in a sharp breath as suddenly Castiel was placing his hands on the woman's bare leg, remaining there for a second.

"Cas, remember, no touching just watching!" The hunter said with a slightly amused tone in his voice. Without a warning, the angel grabbed Deans hand, placed it on the same spot where his right hand was lying.

"It's not cold, Dean. These people seem to be turned into stone recently. Their still alive!"

Sam looked into both directions if someone had noticed that his brother and the angel were touching the exhibits but it seemed they were lucky.

Dean removed his hand from the statue. As the angel had said: warm stone!

"What do you mean, still alive? How can they be alive if they're turned into stone?"

"I don't know. I have never encountered gorgons before." Castiel got up again and glanced around the hall, noticing the many excited and happy looking visitors staring at the statues.

"Wait, you don't know? How can you not know something this important?" Dean furrowed his brows and got up from the ground too. Castiel remained quiet and lowered his gaze.

He could not know everything but Dean was obviously thinking the angel was a huge book of information.

The lack of it always seemed to make him upset and the angel had to deal with that.

"But this kind of information would have been of importance before we accepted to

work with Crowley!" Dean continued to ramble but the younger Winchester interfered.

"The question is, if the people are still alive, how will Lucifer react inside his vessel? Maybe he will be caught?" Thinking about Lucifer being unable to move again, made the older Winchester grin.

They just needed to convince the gorgon that the world would be a better place without the devil walking on earth. Sounded easy!

"Alright, let's go then! We've gotta talk to Medusa!" Dean said cheerfully and received an odd look from another visitor standing behind another stone figurine. The man just shook his head and walked away.

"Dean, if the information on those flyers is correct, we don't talk about one person. It says something about a duo of genius art creators. So we're obviously dealing with two of the gorgons." The younger Winchester tried to speak not too loud so the rest of the audience would not notice them.

"I don't think we can just walk into their office and have a chat with them."

"Why not, Sammy? Maybe we should ask them for an autograph or a little stone souvenir for us to take home? C'mon, we gotta try it!" Dean walked over to a man in a black suit with sunglasses.

How stupid to wear sunglasses inside of a building, he thought and put his 'hey buddy' smile on.

After Dean got thrown out of the museum, Sam and Castiel just followed him with their heads facing the ground, they got back to the car and decided what to do next. They knew it would take them some time to plan things, so they checked in at a nearby Hotel, the Embassy Suites, booking one room for two days.

Sam insisted to share one room, he said it would be too expensive to book two rooms but in reality he wanted to keep his eyes on his brother and the angel since Gabriel honestly asked him to do so. Dean just shrugged it off and entered the suite.

It was just a standard room with two beds, couch and a bath including shower and toilette.

At least everything was working.

The little room even had a small, old television and a big cupboard. Everything smelled freshly cleaned, so they would enjoy their stay for sure.

The taller Winchester placed himself on the right bed close by the door and started his typical way of research, asking the World Wide Web about myths and urban legends.

Since Dean had lain down onto the other bed, silence and the soft typing of Sam was all to be heard. Castiel stood nearby the door for the first ten minutes but he somehow felt drawn towards the couch next to the older hunter's bed and took a seat on it, facing the floor and waiting for anything to happen.

"It seems it's not easy to kill a gorgon. The only thing that comes up over and over is..."

"Best way to kill them is probably to behead them. There's nothing that excels that method." Castiel looked at Sam, who just made a turtle face and closed his laptop again.

"Fine. Beheading. Not really creative but it should work."

The younger hunter stood up and shoved his computer back in his bag.

"I suppose we go for it tonight. The museum closes for the weekend so we should have enough time to convince them to help us or to get rid of them. Both will do." Dean nodded slightly when he turned his head and stretched on the bed.

When his brother opened the door again, he asked.

"Where you goin'?"

"Getting some mirrors of some kind. Don't wanna end up as part of the exhibition. Besides, I'm getting hungry, too." his little brother replied and shut the door behind him.

After dusk, around ten-ish, the men had decided to get going. Packing all the things they needed in a bag which actually were only three machetes and a gun, just in case. Sam had left to buy pocket mirrors when he left for food.

He did not like the idea of using their weapons as mirrors, especially not, when they intended to talk first.

Dean on the other thought about running into the building with the blades in their hands. Sometimes Sam even wondered whether his older brother was just kidding or was serious about the things he said.

Whatever it was, Sam wanted to do it the easy way first before covering everything in blood. It was a short walk of twenty minutes from their hotel to the museum.

Castiel could not help but frown, when he sensed the demonic force of the man standing nearby the entrance. He knew how smart Crowley was and this made him dangerous. He could not trust him.

"Look at that dude." Dean snarled making a disgusted face. Sam rolled his eyes.

"At least he's there as he said. We still can get rid of him after we shoved Lucifer's ass

back into that dark pit he crawled out of. But for now, be a little professional, dude." The older Winchester shrugged and put on one of his patented smiles.

Sam laughed.

"Dude, you don't wanna get laid, do ya?" The smile on the hunter face vanished.

"Bitch."

"Jerk."

Both men turned their faces to the demon.

"What took you so long? Did you walk your little puppy there or what?" Castiel tensed his muscles and glared at Crowley. The demon looked at the older hunter.

"You better leash him. Don't wanna get him hurt, do you?" Crowley's smile grew wider when Dean stepped forward threatening him.

"Try him." the Winchester hissed. That went far enough. Sam stepped in between.

"Okay, stop this. We've got work to do." he said, indicating to the door.

"Well then, enjoy." Crowley said and stepped back.

"Wait, you're not comin' with us?" Dean asked surprised. He had not expected that.

"No, you idiot. I'm gonna wait here and take care that no one gets in!" The elder Winchester smiled wickedly.

"Of course you do." When the three men reached the door, they could hear the demons voice one last time.

"Oh, and, don't forget to shut your eyes!"

They finally broke into the museum and made sure to stay as quiet as possible.

Dean made his way straight towards the stairs where the guardian had prohibited him to pass and talk to the artists.

He figured that their targets would either be inside their office or, if they were not, they might find some information of their whereabouts instead.

Dean was about to break into the office, as he could hear voices from inside.

"Jackpot." A jarring laugh rose and the hunter made a face.

What a voice, hell. No doubt they can turn people to stone, he thought not moving. Dean glanced back hoping to see his brother or the angel.

When nobody was in sight, the hunter prowled back. Turning around the corner he could see Castiel helping his brother to search the giant hall.

"Hey, Sammy, Cas. Found them." he stated and waved his hand.

Right when the angel and his brother decided to move to the hunter, they heard the clicking of heels.

Dean froze in motion as the door opened. He nearly prepared himself to be turned into one living sculpture too, when his eyes met the sight of the woman before of him.

"Simply knocking would have gotten you in earlier." The hunter stared straight into the eyes, waiting for something to happen but it seemed he was out of danger.

"Oh, don't worry dear, if I wanted you in my collection, we could've done that hours ago." Another woman appeared in the doorframe and smiled nearly friendly.

Since he was still alive he could finally observe what exactly was standing right in front of him.

Dean could have sworn that artists never looked that great, more like old hags with nice grandma smiles but these two women seemed completely different.

He could not say if those two were twins but they surely had some looks alike upon them. Long curly hair, nice curves and even their faces expressed pure beauty. Before his brain managed to work again, he threw a suggestive grin to both of them.

"I prefer to leave amemorable first appearance but you took that goal for yourselves." When he did not get any response, his smile weakened slowly.

"You're not the one for small talk I see that. Well we have... I have a little something to ask one of you or both if you prefer working together. Uhm, which one of you is Medusa? I forgot your sister's name, unfortunately." he continued and his smile grew again.

The two pretty alike looking women shared a glance at each other, before they turned their gaze towards the hunter.

Their pretty faces and sweet smiles had changed into deathly glares.

Facing her sister, it looked like they were talking to each other silently before the other one nodded, moved past Dean and walked down the stairs.

He moved out of her way, not daring to touch even an inch of her.

"You have no idea, human, what you got yourself into." An inhuman hissing appeared behind Dean but when he turned around, the second one was gone too.

Shit, Sammy, I guess talking won't get us anywhere, he thought, while he glanced towards a group of figures where he thought his brother and the angel had hidden but he could not see them anymore.

Then, he turned his attention back towards the gorgon sister number one. She had moved even closer to him.

"We know why you're here and the answer is: no." she said with a bloody sweet smile on her lips.

She reached out with one hand to touch him, but the hunter stumbled backwards, nearly taking two steps at once he managed to get away far enough to feel save again.

"We haven't even started talking yet dear. If the end of the world comes, you and your sister will die too! Medusa, gorgon whatever! You will die, if you don't work with us!" he said, trying to convince her with the fear of death, which managed to get a few demons to work with them the past few years.

A low not amused laugh escaped the woman's throat and she fixed her eyes on Deans.

"Don't you dare taking our sisters name into your mouth again vile creature! You have no right to speak her name out loud. Ignorant and proud humans like you were the reason for her death! Don't think, don't even consider that you could ask us to help you with anything!"

With a swift move, she jumped down the stairs and landed right next to the Winchester.

"Don't you think you're special just because you're still alive. We could have killed you earlier, if we wanted but it seemed unfair to us. We prefer a proper fight before we take our prey." The woman shook her head, making her curled hair flip and swing around her, her bones slightly cracking she moved closer towards the hunter.

"I haven't killed any of your kind, okay? You must be mistaken." Dean was not sure why but since he was able to see what they had to fight, everything felt alright, but who knew how long this would last? He still wondered how it was possible that he was not a fossil already but he did not feel like asking right now.

"Foolish ignorant human. You're all the same." With another deep growl the woman reached forward but stopped her move immediately, sniffing into the air and grinning a wide smug smile.

"Angel? You shouldn't come out yet, we love to play hide and seek with our new exhibits." she said, glancing around for a sign of the feathered friend of the hunter. Well, that was definitely not good! Dean stepped further back.

"Uhm, just a question before we start the whole slicing thing." the hunter started,

receiving an impatient and greedy look from the gorgon.

"How come, that I'm still me? How come, that I haven't joined your little army of the Flintstones?" The creature laughed loudly.

"Because, you impertinent little human, I am wearing contact lenses. That's a very nice invention of you humans, if I am perfectly honest. With these, we can lure more victims into our traps." she hissed and put one foot before another, getting closer to the hunter.

A long serpent like tongue flicked between her lips and Dean flinched. It would have been great to have his machete now but Sam was the one who had the bag.

The only thing he had right now was the pocket mirror in his back of his jeans.

The moment when the first of the gorgons started to move, Sam pulled on Castiel's coat and signalized him to hide with him behind some stone figures.

If the gorgons sensed the angel's grace, they could possibly screw their plan to convince the women to help them.

"I will get them." one of the sisters said and while she moved away, her body started to twist and transform into something else.

The last thing Dean saw was a long scaly tail sliding out of his sight before he turned his attention to the one before him.

As he noticed that she was obviously preparing herself to transform into her real form too, her clothes fell to the ground.

The lady watched her sister walk away and around a corner, searching for the other two men. She would take care of the single hunter in front of her.

"Whoa. That's the first time I'm not glad to see a brunette hot chick with big boobs right before me!" Dean said, mouth agape and staring but immediately hiding his eyes when the head of the woman moved around to face him.

The air around him was suddenly filled with noisy hissings and he did not need to see, what the woman's hair turned into. Her beautiful curly hair wriggled and slithered on her head, forming itself into fifty or more snakes at once.

"Dean! Move your ass outta there!" He could hear Sam from somewhere behind him and turned around, opening his eyes just enough to see where he was running to.

Behind him he could hear a wet sound, followed by ripping skin and stretching bones. The second woman was transforming her body into something else too it seemed. When he finally reached Sam and Castiel behind a group of stone figures, he caught his breath and smiled a bit.

"I wonder why all of these dudes got turned into stone. It's not really worth the sight! They're nice but..."

"Dean!" Castiel screamed out when a long scaly tail wrapped itself around one of the statues next to them and got thrown in the air. The long tail of the beast gripped another and diminished their defense.

A sound of broken and splintering stone was hearable in the huge hall.

It was quite a mess. During the fight many of the statues hit the ground and broke into pieces. The hunters could not help it but they were no match for the gorgons. Not even Castiel could block all their attacks. It was difficult to fight with closed eyes.

At least for the brothers.

Castiel's senses were more sensitive due to his grace, but now, that he was cut off from heaven his strength had weakened. Therefore, he knew what to do but he was not that strong anymore.

Castiel moaned when he hit the glass cabinet. He had been fast but the gorgon's tail had been faster. The glass crunched beneath him when he stood up again.

He heard Sam cry out and turned his head in the direction where the sound had come from.

"Sammy." he heard Dean yell just before another cabinet shattered. Castiel senses told him that something moved forward to get him. He knew it was one of those creatures. He held on the blade in his hand, moved forward, ducked and whirled around. He could hear the gorgon cry out.

"You little... how dare you? I'll enjoy tearing your feathery ass apart!"

"Don't think so, bitch!" Somehow, Dean had managed to get behind the creature in front of the angel.

The hunter drew back his arm intending to cut the machete into the gorgons flesh but before he could do so the tail wrapped around his leg moving upwards until the Winchester was not able to move anymore.

The angel had no time to react because Sam ran into him. Both men fell to the ground but managed to get behind a small partition wall.

"Cas, we need a plan." Sam said, breathing heavily.

"We first need to get Dean back." Sam opened one eye, staring at the angel beside him. "What?"

"That's right, little boy. We got your friend." One of the gorgons said. Like a command Dean started to yell painfully.



"Stay where you are, Sammy. Don't open your eyes-shit." The eldest Winchester hissed in pain when he felt one rib breaking and piercing his flesh.

"Come out come out wherever you are."

"I actually like where I am, right now." Sam said and could hear a displeased murmur when he slid his pocket mirror to spy on the gorgons.

"Cas, I need you to do something. You've got to trust me on this." The young hunter whispered and felt the angel's eyes on him immediately.

"Oh, boys, come out and play. Shall we? Or do you wanna let this hunter enjoy the fun on his own?" One of the gorgons hissed cheerful. Dean moaned when the creature tightened its grip around him.

He felt a stinging pain in his arm before the bone broke. All the air was dragged out of his lungs when another bone broke.

"Hey, little human! Why don't you open your eyes? It would be over faster, don't you think?" Dean turned his head when he felt the warm breath of the gorgon next to his ear.

"Thanks but no thanks, I'm actually quite enjoying myself right now." he snapped back and earned another cracking bone.

The older hunter bit painfully onto his lower lip. He had been through hell, literally.

There was no pain he could not take. Before Dean could say anything else he heard Castiel's rough voice. Both gorgons turned their head in his direction before another closer sound occurred.

It was the sound of something sharp slashing through wet leather and something very solid. The forceful grip around him diminished until he got loose. Somebody grabbed the hunters arm pulling him away.

"Dean?" Sam's husky voice stated, but was drown by the loud yell of the gorgon.

The older Winchester could not help but to open his eyes and stare at the still moving body of the creature, head off.

"Sister!" The other creature cried out, let go of Castiel and rushed forwards. Dean looked automatically at his brother before turning his vision to the gorgon.

Sam was fast enough to cover his brother's eyes with his hand but he did not make it. Staring right into the stunning eyes of the furious gorgon he felt how he started turning into stone himself.

"I shall destroy all of you." she cried, but before anything else could happen, a loud

growl cut through the chaos, followed by a painful scream of the snake like creature.

"My Eyes! How dare you, demon? You will pay for this."

"Don't lose your head, darling. Isn't that healthy as far as I know! Besides, where you're going you won't need your eyes anymore, assure you that." The familiar voice of the black suited demon Crowley occurred.

"You can open your eyes now, boys." the demon said and Dean wished he had not done that. He stepped back and stared, mouth agape. His brother had turned into one of those stone figures.

"No, no, no, no, no, Sammy." This was his fault, he knew.

"Dean, she is escaping." Castiel said, intending to follow the other gorgon when he saw Dean collapsing next to his brother's statue.

"Oh dear, what a shame. You better fix that!" Crowley said shrugging. The angel threw him a furious glare before hurrying to the brothers. Castiel knelt down beside the older hunter. The man in front of him was a complete mess now. Therefore, the angel laid a hand on his chest, trying to heal the broken bones.

"Cas... Sammy is..." Dean's voice sounded weak and his breathing was hard and fast.

"I know, Dean." the angel replied quietly, watching the hunter sliding into unconsciousness. Castiel frowned.

This time he had to concentrate more than last time he had healed the Winchester. His powers were certainly weakening with every day.

After healing the older hunter completely, Castiel rose back to his feet. Crowley was standing beside him.

"Now, what are we gonna do, darlin'?"

Both men silently stared at the stony figure of Sam Winchester.

## Kapitel 9: The normal abnormality

Updated Version

### 9. The normal abnormality

#### Something is wrong

He opened his eyes. At least he believed he did, since the sight in front of him did not change at all. Sam was surrounded by nothing but darkness, a black hole with no sound, no light, no exit.

„Dean! Cas! Anyone hear me?" Screaming into the endlessness, he tried to move but he could not even feel his skin or any other part of his body.

Nothing was moving. If he would not be able to listen to his own breathing and screams he would have thought he was torn apart and just something inside his brain had not recognized it yet, but he was breathing.

His ears were working. His brain was working. His voice was working.

„Anyone here?" he yelled again, waiting for any sign of response.

If this was hell, it was not what he had expected. Not from what Dean had tried to hide from him, this could not be it.

It felt like an hour, more or less, he could not figure it out but finally there was another sound than his own breathing and his slowly growing heartbeat.

„Hello Sam, it's been a while since we had time to talk." The Winchester froze and his breath died in his throat. From all voices in the world he would never have begged to hear that specific one. Not this close to him and not in his brain.

Maybe it was not real and his mind was just fooling around?

If that thing was like a black box, people tend to go mad within minutes so he was lucky he made it to here.

„No Sam, I'm real. I'm glad I sensed your state of mind soon enough to get here. You haven't been dreaming enough lately. You should sleep a little more. Just for me!"

„Go away! You're not here!" Sam closed his eyes, replacing the current darkness by another even though he did not see the owner of the voice.

It was all black, nothing else. He could not stand it and opened his eyes again.

Still, there was nothing.

„Oh Sam, you can trust me. I'm the only one you actually should believe in. Everyone else just wants you to behave like a good little boy but you're much more, Sam." the well known voice continued, a voice which was not even the owners real one, just the burning vessels throat that formed the words the owner wanted it to.

„Shut up! I won't listen to anything you say. Every word from you is a lie and nothing else!" Sam moved his head around, searching, seeking any kind of reflection or touch since the voice seemed so close he could even touch or better punch the owner.

„I won't do it. I will never give you what you want. Never." The hunter continued and finally he could feel his feet. He walked forward, tapping into the dark nothing that spread before him. Silence again.

*He's gone Sam, he's just in your head*, the Winchester kept trying to believe in his own thoughts, when he suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder.

He turned around and was confronted with the burned and broken face of Nick, Lucifer's vessel, and he looked awful. Even his hand and arm looked like the skin was scaling off.

„Sam..."

„No!" The boy would not listen to anything anymore. Slapping the hand from his shoulder and moving backwards he felt the lack of ground under his feet but it was too late.

He fell. The feeling made his stomach cringe for a moment, when a hand gripped his arm and held him right where he was.

„Sam, I'm not your enemy. I'm sorry for everything you need to witness in the future but I have no choice. It's fate. You and I: we!" Lucifer smiled at him.

Sam did not even know how he could see the devil since there was no light, nothing to reveal him but he was there. It made no sense.

Panicked, he turned his head around, facing the deep nothing under him.

*Everything but him*, Sam thought and ripped his arm out of Lucifer's grip.

This time, he fell and nothing stopped him. Sam closed his eyes. He was ready for whatever would come. Death or not! He would never say ‚yes'.

*Never ever!*

*Never!*

Dean flinched and opened his eyes. Jerking into an upright position he looked around, finding himself placed on a bed in his and his brothers hotel room. *Sammy*. The thought of his brother struck him like lightning.

The older Winchester ran a hand over his face, then, he looked again. The room was not empty. In the darker corner of the room was the stony figure of his brother.

„Oh, no, no, no, Sammy, oh please, don't. God please." Dean pleaded, rising to his feet and hurrying over toward the statue.

At Sam's figure, the older hunter reached out but did not dare to touch the stone.

„He is still there, Dean. Inside!" The Winchester turned around to see Castiel standing in the middle of the room. He had not heard the angel coming. Dean suppressed a sob, turning completely to the angel.

„What do you mean, he's there, inside? Cas, get him out! Please tell me you can free him from this!" Castiel stepped closer, his gaze locked on the older hunter.

„I am sorry, Dean. There is nothing I can do. I am..." His gaze dropped to the ground.  
„I am not strong enough." Dean shook his head.  
„No, Cas. Don't tell me that bullshit. I don't believe you. You're a friggin' angel. Use your mojo!" The hunter had stepped closer to the angel and grabbed his trench coat.

Castiel, in turn, remained calm. Putting his hands onto the hunters he spoke.  
„I can't and I apologize for being useless to you, Dean." Dean let go of the angel, turning around in the process. He felt anger boiling up inside.  
It was his fault that Sam had turned into stone.  
If he had not looked at that gorgon he would have been alive and breathing, anything but this.  
Dean ran his fingers over the still warm stone figure which his brother had become.

„Sammy, I'm sorry. So sorry." he whispered.  
„I'll find a way to get you back. No matter what it'll cost!"  
The angel behind him shifted uncomfortable. He did not like the scene in front of him. Did not like the way his charge was so dismayed.

Something inside of him curled up and twisted painfully. Again, he felt this strange feeling he could not clearly identify. In an instant, he knew what he had to do.  
With a flapping sound of his wings, the angel was gone, leaving Dean alone.

He had known where to find the demon. Crowley was still at the museum, some business he had to attend to. When Castiel appeared next to him, the demon was rising to his feet.

„What a pity. The blood is already solidified but I'll take it as a souvenir of our little adventure." The demon turned the little bottle in his hand and made the thick blood wobble inside.

Castiel was no fool, he knew when somebody was keeping secrets and this demon had certainly one, regarding the fact that he had stayed behind.

„Shouldn't you be with your little hunter-friend? Suppose he needs somebody to hold him tight right now." Crowley said without looking at the angel while he placed the bottle into his jacket.

„You know how to free Sam from his current condition." Now, Crowley was looking at him.

„Oh, really, do I? What made you think that?" he asked, smiling innocently.

„You would not act so calm about it, if you did not. You would be furious about it, since both, Sam and Dean, are the only ones who can help you defeat Lucifer." Castiel explained matter-of-factly. Crowley cocked his brows.

„Guess, Sam is not the only one with brains here. Well, yes you're right. I might know... something."

Pause.

When Castiel did not reply, the demon continued.

„There is indeed a way to release Sam but you can't be expecting me to honestly tell you, do ya?"

Castiel tensed, clenching his teeth. He would do whatever was necessary. He knew Dean needed his brother.

„What do you want?" The angel's voice was rough and low in a threatening manner.

„World peace." was the fast reply. When he said that, the angel did not even smile about his little joke. Crowley rolled his eyes.

„Geez, you really have to start developing a sense of humor. That's horrible, you know that?"

Pause.

„Whatever. Back to business! I will tell you what you need to do and in return you owe me."

„What is it you want, demon?" Castiel kept his voice calm and distanced even though he wanted to kill this abomination in front of him.

Crowley's smile grew.

„I want you to owe me a favor! Whatever it might be, you will do it without questioning. What do you think, little angel? In return, I'll tell you how to bring little Sammy back to life." Castiel frowned.

He did not like the idea of making a deal with Crowley, but he had no choice. He urgently wanted to help his charge. That was his duty, his responsibility.

Castiel closed his eyes for a second. When he opened them again, his gaze locked with the demons.

„I accept your offer. Whatever it may be, call me, I will be there." the angel said. Crowley smiled victorious.

„Very well. Wise decision. But don't you dare to forget about it."

„I will not." Castiel cut the demon off.

„You need blood. Fresh, warm blood. Of a gorgon. Since you let one of them escape you and your little hunter-friend can track her down, collect the blood, cover stony Sam with it and he'll be normal again. Easy peasy, don't ya think? Embarrassing you didn't know that!" Crowley said, yelling the last words because Castiel was already gone.

The demon snorted, shook his head and left the building, attending his own business.

Dean did not bother turning around when he heard the fluttering sound of Castiel's wings. He had not even noticed that the angel was gone. Eventually, he turned his head when Castiel raised his voice.

„Dean. We have to go."

„Why? I'm not leaving him alone, Cas. I won't." Castiel's expression softened a little. Nonetheless, he did not make any attempt to move towards the older hunter.

„Crowley said there is a way to bring Sam back."

Immediately, Dean was back on his feet.

„What? Why didn't he tell us earlier, that sonofabitch. He shall rot in hell. I'm gonna take care of that by myself."

„Dean." The angel's voice was calm and patient, as always. The hunter's attention was back on him.

„He said, the blood of a gorgon would be enough to turn him back. It has to be warm.

We have to find the escaped gorgon." Dean sighed. Somehow, he could not help it, but feel relieved to know that the demon had helped them, again.  
Helped? The older hunter tensed. His eyes were wider than usual in shock of the realization. At ones, he stared at Castiel when the insight made his brain start working and evaluating the consequences.

„Crowley told you? Just like that?" Dean asked suspiciously. The angel nodded.  
„Without expecting you to make a deal?" Castiel lowered his gaze. He could not lie.  
„You've got to be friggin' kiddin' me! Goddammit Cas!" Dean's frustration turned into anger and he took a few steps forward closing the space between him and the angel.

„Dean..."

„We don't make deals with demons! We could've asked Bobby! Or searched for a cure by ourselves, but we don't give in to damn demons!"  
Dean kept shouting at the angel, who had not even tried to look up again until Dean was finally done with his angry voice.  
„So what? You sold your soul to Crowley and he's coming to get ya in ten years?" *Did you kiss that bastard too*, Dean could not say that thought loud since it was obvious. Deals were always sealed with a kiss.

„I don't have a soul to sell, Dean. I'm an angel of the Lord. Or at least, I'm still an angel. Jimmy's soul isn't mine to sell." Castiel immediately answered, tilting his head to the side as he noticed the way Dean clenched his teeth together.  
The hunter frowned, his mouth slightly open and stared into the angel's eyes. He took a deep breath before he continued.

„Fine. So no deal like that but what did he want? What did he get from you to share this information? What Cas?" Dean stretched out his arms and gestured with his hands in the air.  
„A favor." Castiel could feel that the Winchesters rage was slowly vanishing.

„What kind of favor?"  
„I don't know yet. He said when the time comes, he will come and I will do what he wants without any hesitation. That is all." The angel kept his eyes locked with the hunter for a while until Dean closed his eyes. Their ,deal' was already done.  
He could not change it anymore. The hunter sighed and looked at him again. A smile on his features, he was about to reach out to pat Castiel's shoulder but stopped the movement and lowered his hand again.

„What do we have to do then?" the Winchester asked, waiting for the angel's explanation.

„Alright, so we need the monster bitch to spill her blood all over him. Fine, let's go find that bitch." he said confident that they would find her in minutes and return his brother to the way he was before, alive and bitching.  
„I don't think we need to search for her. She will come to us eventually." Dean furrowed his brows and stared at the angel in confusion.  
„Why would she be that stupid?" Castiel turned his gaze towards the stone figure of

Dean's brother before he continued to explain.

„We are responsible for her sister's death. She's the last of her species. Therefore she has nothing to lose but to get her revenge." With that, he locked his eyes with the hunter again.

„She's probably as angry as you Dean. She lost her family so we shouldn't underestimate her." The angel said with a low voice, as if the gorgon was already waiting for them.

„Well, she's on the list of endangered species! Let's make sure she won't stay there too long." The hunter turned towards the door, made his way to his beloved car and collecting a few bottles to carry the blood with them later.

It would not be such a great idea to drag a dead gorgon body through a hotel room, much less the thought of the blood stains on the ground they would leave later, but he could not worry about that right now.

Sam was important, who knew if that demon bastard did not lie to the angel. Castiel appeared next to him and watched as he placed the bottles into his jacket.

„I think I know where she is right now." he said, moving his head around, staring into the darkness as he would sense her presence somewhere close by.

„Let's go then! Can't let her wait!" Dean said and drew the long machete from his belt. A second later, they were back in front of the museum. The angel moved a few steps down the street and tried to somewhat pin-point the creature's location, but it seemed he failed to do so.

„Why exactly would she come back here? I bet she's hiding somewhere close the hotel instead! Maybe she even followed us." Dean waved his head around and waited for Castiel to zap them to another place, but, instead, the angel kept moving forward. He entered a back alley, stopped his movements and waited, perking his ears for any sign of the gorgon.

Dean sighed heavily and followed the angel into the alley.

Castiel drew his blade and kept his ears and eyes open, he could feel the creature close by when the sudden surprised scream of the hunter behind him ripped him out of his state and made him turn around.

The gorgon had appeared right behind Dean and had already disarmed the hunter by throwing his machete far away with her tail.

Castiel ran towards her to help the nearly unarmed hunter who managed to keep the creature on distance with his colt.

While her upper body was busy to dodge Deans attacks, her tail wiggled around and seemed to recognize the angel on its own. Without a warning the long tail smashed against Castiel's chest, lifted him from the ground and threw him into the air.

A loud metallic impact was hearable, shortly followed by a ‚thunk‘ of a lid smashing shut.



Dean did not bother to look where the angel had been thrown off to and tried to fire another salvo at the gorgon. The whip-like tail of the creature smashed against his side and he lost his precious colt just as he lost the machete before.

„I may be blind, but I can still smell you, you little prick!" she hissed infuriating. The snake lady started to wind her lower body around the hunter and started to laugh maniacally.

„I'll crush your little body and this time, you won't recover! That's what you get for killing my sisters! Vile human! Beast." she hissed and screamed into Dean's ears, staring at him with the deep holes where her eyes had been before she started to squeeze her muscles around him, leaving him no space to breathe anymore.

The glass bottles bursted under the pressure and the shards cut into Deans sides. He felt the blood rushing through his head and heard the pounding sound of his heart in his ears.

Just when he thought the next sound he would hear were his breaking bones again, the pressure started to weaken again and was followed by a few more twitches before the body of the gorgon fell backwards.

Her head just rolled into the other direction and jumped a few times over the ground. The still hissing and moving snakes writhed a few more times before they grew silent too.

Dean stared at the slightly with red sprinkles covered angel in front of him.

Castiel was still holding his blade up high and was panting.

A piece of wet paper was stuck in his hair and his clothes were covered with bloody stains and several black- greenish wet spots.

Under his left shoe Dean could spot even more wet and dirty paper. The angel lowered the blade and moved forward pulling at the snake's body which was still curled around the hunter.

„Oh my god, Cas! What's that? Did you go into a dumpster?" He waved his hand and smiled, the color of his face turned back to normal in the meantime.

„Exactly." was the short, not amused reply of the stressed looking angel who started to pull the beheaded body up, so the blood would not run all onto the ground. The hunter stumbled for a few seconds but managed to stand by himself.

„We have nothing to take the blood back! The bottles are broken, useless!" he told Castiel and flinched as he felt his own sticky wet liquid soaking through his shirt. Picking up his gun and the machete, Dean listened to what the angel said.

„We've got to hurry. We might need a lot of blood to free your brother." With this, Castiel reached out for Dean, touching his forehead and getting both of them and the dead gorgon back to the hotel room.

Without any hesitation, they moved the dead body over to Sam and lifted her upper part over his head. Her thick blood started to drip slowly and turned into a small trickle. Dean even squeezed and shook the gorgon, but it seemed not enough to

make her bleed more. The hunter pulled out a knife and started to cut into the flesh and veins under the lost neck of the beheaded woman.

Finally the blood seemed to run properly and covered the stone figure of his brother. The trickling died slowly and as they wanted to drop the body to the ground, its color changed to grey and bursted into pieces, leaving piles of sand on the ground. Dean had no time to wonder about that and turned his attention to his brother, who was still only a fossil and not alive at all.

„It doesn't work. That bastard Crowley! I knew it!" He clenched his fists together sunk to the ground right before his brother. The Winchester felt dumb for even thinking that a demon could say the truth at least once.

Castiel did not move at all.

Why would the demon lie? He would get nothing from the angel if the cure did not work. It made no sense.

A dull smashing sound was hearable as Dean tried to punch his fist into the ground, causing him to hiss at the pain that caused the sudden exertion to his still bleeding wounds. He did not even look up when he felt the hand of the angel on his shoulder. His brother was gone and he had no idea how to save him. It was hopeless.

„Dean."

Castiel could see the pain the Winchester was in but he could do nothing to stop it. He tried to comfort the hunter and placed both his hands on his shoulders and squeezed them a little. Castiel did not know if that would be a comforting gesture but he could not come up with anything else.

„We have to find another way. There has to be another." the muffled voice of the hunter rose. He was obviously fighting the urge to give in into his sorrow, but his voice was already trembling.

Castiel could simply not lie to him. He did not know what else they could do but he just did not manage to tell Dean that it was probably impossible to find another cure. The hunter would not listen anyway.

Suddenly Dean turned and his hands shot forward. He buried them into the dirty fabric of Castiel's trench coat. His hands were shaking and the Winchester managed to look up to the angel, his face expressing despair, anger and fear.

The angel's eyes were filled with sympathy and pity for the hunter. He tried to come up with some sort of comforting words when a loud yawn followed by a body crashing to the floor made both their eyes go wide. They turned their heads around simultaneously and stared at the younger Winchester who was rubbing his head slightly and sat up from the ground.

As Sam noticed his brother and the angel, he grinned wickedly.

„What did I miss this time?" he said, before he glanced around and noticed that they were back into the hotel.

Trying to remember what had happened he rubbed his head a few more times and stared at his brother who was obviously close to tears again.

Before Sam could say anything else, Dean was wrapping his arms around him, hugging him as if he would never want to let go again.

Trying to say something, Sam opened his mouth but closed it again. He looked at the angel, confused and not knowing what happened. Castiel's gaze moved to the pile of dust that had been the body of the gorgon, Sam's followed suit. It did not take long until he connected the points in his head.

Like a switch that was pushed he remembered. Those eyes, the sudden feeling of tiredness, the darkness in the end! With a soft smile Sam wrapped his hand around his brother, petting on the small of his back.

„It's okay. I'm okay." he said softly. It took the older hunter one more moment before he let go of his baby brother, smiling into his face.

„If you do such thing again, I swear I'll break your nose!" he told the younger man and at that very moment Dean knew everything was alright again. He had his brother back.

Sam smiled back, wiggling his brows.

„So, you're gonna tell me about the thing going on between you two now or do I have to turn to stone again?" Dean stood up.

„What the hell are ya talking about? There's nothin' goin' on, dude. You're the one I have trouble with. Not him!" He glanced back, catching Castiel's gaze. The older hunter frowned. The angel looked like a mess.

„You should clean yourself up, dude." he said, when he heard Sam sniffing. He wrinkled his nose and replied.

„I'd suggest he takes a shower first. He smells like a walking dumpster." Dean shrugged.

„He fell into one earlier." The younger Winchester could not help but laugh, especially when he saw the angel's confused face. Castiel looked down at his vessel.

„I don't understand. Why do I need to get wet?" His gaze moved back to Sam and then, to Dean.

„Because you're dirty! And when people get dirty, they get a shower!"

„And in the meanwhile, I'll get some food and look around for a launderette. I need to wash my stuff as well." Sam added, having a big smile on his lips like nothing of this ever happened.

„Oh, what? You're not gonna do this, are ya?"

Dean stood up and crossed his arms over his chest. Sam looked indignant.

„What am I not gonna do?" His smile grew wider.

„Seriously? C'mon, I'm not his babysitter!"

Castiel closed his eyes for a second. He simply did not understand this human. First, he was close to rage, then, he was all happy again and now he was in a different mood once more. Obviously, feelings were quite a complicated thing.

For an instant, he was scared.

He did not want to become a human being. He already had feelings and they were already bothersome. He simply did not need any more of them! Castiel lowered his shoulders.

„Just tell me what to do." he said patiently. Sam beamed when he heard the angel and hurried to gather his wallet.

Before his brother could say anything else, he stated.

„Dean will explain to you. I'll get supplies. Enjoy!" With this, the younger Winchester ran out of the room, slamming the door shut.

As soon as Sam had left the room his mood was down at zero. His smile had faded. Walking down the floor and out of the building he decided for one direction and started walking, deep in thought. He could not tell Dean about Lucifer.

About his dream or whatever it was. It had to be a dream of some kind. Lucifer had said it, too. He ran one hand through his hair.

He must not let the devil convince him to say ‚yes'. Sam sighed. He did not want to think about that right now but he knew this would be not possible at all.

Suddenly, his phone was ringing.

Ripping him out of his thoughts he stared at the display.

Furrowing his brows he answered the call.

„Dean?"

„Hey Sammy. Since you're already on the run, I've noticed a lack of clothing here. Maybe you could get our angel something to wear? I don't think we want him to walk around in his coat only, right?" Now it was Deans turn to tease his brother.

He tried to overact the fact that he was way more concerned of having either a dirty or clothless angel around them.

„Oh! C'mon Dean! I'm not your housewife who keeps washing your stuff, getting your food and waking you up in the morning! Every morning! Go shopping with him yourself dude! Besides, it's still a couple of hours before the shops open!" Sam protested, but continued to walk towards the newly spotted launderette on the other side of the road, checking time and prices to make sure they would not waste too much time.

„Oh man. Sam be a good little wifey and just do it. You always say my taste in clothing is bad so friggin' do it. Just something that looks similar and I dunno what size he wears, but mine should be fitting, maybe a bit smaller, ‚kay?" The voice of his older brother was replaced by a quiet laugh and followed by silence.

Sam sent a few cursings into the air but also thanked his brother for dragging his thoughts into a different direction. He would look for some new clothes for the angel. Good, he always took his wallet with him. Preparing himself for the shopping he seriously felt like a mother figure. Looking down at his watch he frowned.

It would take at least two more hours for the normal shops to open! The younger hunter sighed.

Dean hissed painfully. The water burned terribly in his wounds. He wanted to scratch

but he knew this would make things worse. The hunter rested his head against the cold tiled wall of the shower cabin.

He had told Castiel the purpose of ,taking a shower' and the ,how to' as well. First, the angel had stared at him in confusion, but then he had understood. Dean had taken a quick look on the angel's clothes and frowned. There were bloodstains and other dirt he did not dare to guess what it was.

The button-down was not white anymore, more yellow-ish and the pants had some holes in it. Therefore, Dean had guessed Castiel's size and called Sam to get the angel a new everything. Luckily, the tan trench coat was just slightly dirty but not torn.

The younger Winchester had protested against buying Castiel new clothes since he did not know what to buy, but Dean was confident he would manage it. This was his little sweet revenge for explaining the procedures of cleanliness to a socially awkward angel of the freaking Lord!

The older Winchester washed out the shampoo and turned off the water. Grabbing a towel he wrapped it around his waist. He really had needed this shower. He could feel it in his muscles. They were still sore but started to relax.

Castiel was deep in thoughts when the bathroom door opened and a dripping Dean stepped out. One towel wrapped around his waist another rubbing over his body and hair which was sticking up all over the place. The angel tilted his head, not moving his gaze from the hunter. Dean had noticed that and cocked his brows.

„Stop staring and get in there. Your turn and don't forget: shampoo for the hair and gel for your body. And now move, I wanna get dressed." he said a little too impolite, but Castiel did not seem to care about it anyway.

The angel stood up from the bed, his eyes traveling down towards the towel and remained there for a few seconds.

The deep cuts the glass had caused the wounds on the hunter's body were still fresh and shiny red. When he passed Dean, he kept his eyes on the floor. That carpet had to be very interesting.

As he moved his hand upwards slightly touching Dean's skin, the open wounds started to heal off. Dean had not seen that coming but recovered from the sudden touch immediately.

Before Castiel closed the door, the Winchester raised his voice once again.

„Don't you dare to put those clothes on again when you're clean! Sammy's getting some new ones for you!"

„I understand." was the deadpanned reply of the angel.

After closing the door, Castiel recalled what the hunter had told him. He took off his trench coat, followed by the blazer of his suit. He opened his button-down and shrugged the fabric off his shoulders.

When he reached out for his shoes, he could not suppress a soft smile, as the memory who had last tied them came up. Shrugging the thought and the feeling off Castiel walked over to the shower. He froze when the corner of his eye caught his image in the mirror. He had never seen his vessel without clothes before.

Curious, he moved a hand over the body.

Castiel frowned. The feeling of his skin was strange.

„You okay in there? Cas?" Castiel's head turned immediately toward the door when he heard Deans voice.

„Yes!" was the prompt reply before the angel moved into the cabin. A little confused he looked around. There he found the shower gel and the shampoo.

Castiel looked up at the long silver pipe ending in the showerhead. He lowered his gaze again to the mixer tap and turned it around.

Castiel flinched when the cold water hit him without warning. As fast as possible, he turned the tap into the other direction.

When the water changed from icy cold to burning hot he moved it again until the water had a nice temperature.

After Castiel had closed the door behind him the older Winchester had started to dress up. He chose his favorite denim, a black t-shirt and a nice green button-down. Sam had been right. He needed to wash his clothes as well.

He was running out of briefs.

After an unbelievable long time Dean started to wonder what might have happened to the angel, but before he could ask the door sprung open and Castiel walked out of the bath. When Dean turned around his mouth fell agape, eyes wide. There was an angel of the Lord standing in the middle of their hotel room.

Naked and dripping of water and he was staring at him, his head in that tilted position, that was so Castiel-ish. Dean cleared his throat. He felt a little uncomfortable right now.

„Cas, where is your towel?" he asked. The angel turned completely, which meant, Dean had a full sight of his front.

Needless to say that his mind was already blank. Castiel walked back into the bathroom and returned with a towel in his hand, holding it in front of him. The hunter could do nothing else but stare. His eyes followed every move the angel made.

„Dean?" Castiel move forward, this confused look of his on his face.

„You... uhm... have to wrap it around your... uhm... waist." Dean's brain was still not working properly, that was not a good sign.

Not at all!

He was not supposed to react like that.

To make matters worse, Sam opened the door in that very moment.

„Hey, Dean, I've got some holy shit..." Sam almost dropped the bags and in fact he did, but after he closed the door again and leaned against it.

Eyes wide in shock, he inhaled the air deeply before he held his breath for a moment. He really did not want to see that! From inside the room he could hear his brother curse and obviously ordering the angel to do something.

He waited for a moment.

„Dean? Is it safe to come back inside?" he asked, his voice a little high in his opinion. Sam could hear his brother curse once more before he opened the door. „Yeah." was the cold reply of the older Winchester.

Sam peeked around the door and saw Castiel wrapped in a towel. He was safe again! „I've bought you a new suit and underwear, Cas." The hunter started, closing the door. „Dunno whether it fits or not. Try it anyway, first." Sam frowned.

Was it just him or were both men embarrassed? At least Dean's cheeks were quite red and Castiel, well, he was Castiel. Perhaps a little more blushed than normal though. The younger Winchester felt the urge to kill himself right now. Right where he was standing!

„So you brought food too?" Dean asked, trying to cut through this very embarrassing silence. Sam handed Castiel the bag with his new clothes and indicated him to dress up in the bathroom.

Dean, in the meanwhile, had already attacked the food bag, searching for burgers and pie but the first thing he pulled out was salad. His mind was only capable to care about one thing at a time, so, the images of a completely naked angel in their room were blocked with his need to eat.

„So, how exactly did you manage to get me out of that death trap? I didn't even know that it's even possible to turn from stone into flesh again." Sam grabbed the salad, placed his butt onto his bed and shared a few looks between his brother and the bathroom door, where the angel had disappeared behind.

Dean did not stop searching in the bag for pie, when he heard his brother's question. „Dude, where'e the pie?" The older hunter grabbed the burger when he finally noticed the little box with a cake pictured on it. „Aah, there you are."

„Dean?"

The older Winchester turned around, unwrapping the burger. „Dean? How. Did. You. Get. Me. Outta. There?" his younger brother pressed. Sam knew exactly what his brother's behavior meant and he did not like it. „Crowley." The hunter replied with a full mouth.

The door opened and Castiel stepped out of the bathroom. Both men turned their heads to the angel. They were quite surprised that the angel had managed to dress up on his own. Dean cocked his brows.

There Castiel was: black suit with a modern cut, a white button-down and a navy-blue tie hanging around his neck not knotted.

The tan trench coat was in his hand.

„Guess you bought the right size, Sammy." Dean said, whipping his hands on a paper towel.

„Well, no thanks to you, dude." Sam replied and turned his attention back to his

wonderful salad for another bite.

The older Winchester stepped closer toward the angel and grabbed his tie.

„You have to learn how to knot it." he said, closing the top-button of Castiel's shirt before knotting the silky cloth.

When he was done, Dean glanced down to the angels shoes and smiled.

„You tied your shoes, good." The hunter could not help but being a little disappointed though.

„I watched you doing it." was the calm reply.

When Sam cleared his throat both men froze.

„Dean, I asked you how you knew what to do to get me out of there?" The young Winchester was not stupid. He knew exactly that having the angel around he would find out what he wanted to know. Castiel could not lie. As expected, Castiel raised his voice.

„I asked Crowley to tell me what to do. In return he can ask me for a favor." Sam frowned. He turned his attention to Dean who obviously had to fight the boiling anger inside him.

Apparently, the angel did that without involving his older brother.

„What favor?" Castiel moved his head from one side to the other.

„He did not say." Dean had walked back where he was standing before, attacking his burger again.

„You mean like, he's showing up whenever he wants and can ask for whatever he wants?" Sam stopped poking into his salad for a second and stared at the angel since his brother was obviously not in the mood to talk anymore about deals and demons.

„Exactly." was the short reply from the angel, who slowly turned his gaze from the younger hunter towards his older brother.

Sam sighed heavily but his expression softened.

„Well, thanks Cas. You shouldn't have done it but still, I'm glad you got me out of there so fast. I dunno what might have happened if I went on dreaming too long." The confused look of the angel made the younger hunter purse his lips.

They seriously should thank him more often just to receive that startled look in Castiel's face.

„Which gets me to the more important question." Dean said with his mouth full and swallowed shortly before he continued.

„How was it? Being a fossil?" Sam closed his eyes and waited a few seconds until he had finished chewing.

He threw a happy smile towards his brother and shrugged softly.

„No big deal. It wasn't painful. It just felt like you were tired, like you haven't slept for days and it was relieving to close your eyes and just fade away. Not as bad as you might imagine it."

„Just sleeping and dreaming while we got nearly smashed out here. Lucky for ya



Sam!" the older hunter growled while he opened the little pie box in front of him. His eyes filled with happiness and joy. Pie! Everything was just pie.

„I'm sorry? It's not like I wanted to be turned into stone or something. Besides, it wasn't that enjoyable to dream on forever. I don't want to remember that part."

When the younger Winchester noticed the concerned look on the angels face next to them, who was still standing at the same spot, holding his dirty coat over one arm, Sam got up from the bed placed his salad aside and took the dirty fabric from him.

Dean seemed to be rather satisfied with his answer even though he knew he would have to tell him about Lucifer, but maybe he could wait a little longer.

Since his awesome big brother had tossed his bloody and dirty clothes around, he felt the urge to shout at him again, but remained calm and collected instead.

„By the way. I found a launderette. You can go and wash our stuff there." He simply stated, gathering the stuff from the ground before he threw the stuff on Dean's bed. The older Winchester made a face that spoke volumes.

„Sam..."

„No Dean."

„Sammy..."

„No."

„Saaaam."

They stared at each other in silence for a few seconds. Non-visible sparks flowing and swords were clashed against each other. The angel switched between Sam and Dean, but could not figure out what was happening.

He simply did not understand all of this. Sam broke the intense staring and huffed angrily.

„Fine! I swear that's the last time I do it! You can't always expect me to do the dirty work and you sit around and do nothing. I'm not, I repeat, I'm not the one who's responsible for cleaning!"

He grabbed the now empty bag and smashed all of the dirty clothes inside, grumbling in annoyance.

„Sure Sammy. You'll be my hero if you get me some fresh undies too!" Dean could just not hide his victorious grin and received another death glare and a ‚jerk‘ from his younger brother. He finished pushing all of their clothes down into the bag and turned towards the exit.

„Hey Cas." The angel turned his face toward the younger hunter.

„Keep an eye on him for me, ‚kay?'" Sam continued and grinned a little.

He was not serious at all, but he felt like Castiel needed some kind of ‚work‘ to do instead of standing around staring into space. Before he left the room the angel gave him a slow nod in return.

Sam closed the door behind him, still feeling a bit annoyed since he had given in to his brother once more.

*At least I've got time to call Bobby*, he could not tell Dean yet, but Bobby would listen to him for sure. With this thought, he left his brother and the angel alone.

An awkward silence had spread throughout the room when the door was shut. Dean tried to concentrate on his pie again, but his eyes travelled towards the angel automatically.

„Like he has to tell ya to look over me!" he said and grinned a little, since his brother had left them Castiel had not stopped staring at him for even a second.

A tickle ran down his spine. Sometimes the angel did not even need to do anything but stare to creep him out.

He took in a deep breath and smiled at his trench coat-less friend, before he patted the empty place next to him.

„You make me way more nervous standing around and staring, sit down will ya?" With that he turned his attention towards the little box of pie again, took a look inside once more and the sight and scent filled his heart with joy.

Dean felt the bed move slightly when Castiel sat down next to him. Grabbing the plastic fork he started to enjoy the pie. Again, he felt the awkward silence over them gaining control and eating him from the inside out.

„Hey Cas, I know you... normally don't need to eat but I'd say you'd be an idiot for not trying this pie at least once!" The hunter broke the silence and threw a glance towards the angel. Castiel opened his mouth to obviously say he had no need for anything like that, but before he could start to refuse Dean ripped the box into two.

He moved one piece of pie on the other half and placed it into the angel's hand, piercing the sweet treat with another fork.

„Enjoy." he simply stated before his mouth attended to the very important mission of devouring his own pie.

Castiel stared at the human made food in his hands, exchanged looks between pie and the not attention paying hunter. He wanted him to eat that thing? The Winchester always seemed to have a thing for these so called ‚pies' and since he shared it with him he might try to appreciate it. Gulping, he moved the fork decorated with a little piece of pie towards his mouth.

Several minutes passed with neither of them saying anything, just devouring the sweet treat in silence.

Dean somehow missed the second piece on his side and when he finally finished his last bit, he turned his gaze towards the still chewing angel. Waiting and staring at him. *He really ate it*, he thought and placed his trash on the night table next to the bed.

A second later Castiel moved past him and placed his part next to Deans, before he sat down again, hands on his legs and staring curious at the hunter.

The Winchester nearly started to laugh when he noticed a little bit of pie crumb

remaining on the angel's mouth corner.

Castiel did not know why the man was smiling, but he seemed to be in a rather cheerful mood so he returned the smile and nearly grinned at the other.

His smile froze when he felt one fingertip of the hunter on his lips, brushing against them and taking the remaining pie away with it.

Dean was not sure if what he did right now was a good idea but it was too late to change it. With a swift move he sucked the crumb of pie from his finger while he kept staring at Castiel. A weird feeling grew in his stomach, but he kept smiling at the confused looking angel.

When Castiel lowered his head a bit, staring at the carpet in front of the bed, the hunter's attention moved towards the angel's hand which was tightly grabbing into the sheets.

Dean furrowed his brows and slowly placed his hand on top of his friends, firmly squeezing it.

Immediately, he felt regret when the angel flinched a bit, and buried his hand even deeper in the sheets and started shaking.

Castiel remained at the same spot nevertheless. His upper body was actually leaning a bit towards the hunter.

„Cas? Everything alright?" Dean's hand reached out towards the angels shoulder, receiving a slight shiver from the other once more.

When Castiel finally looked up at the hunter he could not grasp what he saw in those blue eyes in front of him.

Sam tucked the clothes into the washing machine, added washing powder and closed the door. The machine started to rattle and their clothes started to do barrel rolls in front of him. It would take some time for them to finish.

Since he could not really stand the interested looks of the women inside of the salon he decided to take a walk around outside, instead. Sam wondered why the hell anyone would wash their clothes so early in the morning.

Maybe this town was known for early birds. He had to call Bobby anyways, wondering if the demon, if Crowley, was still seeking safety from the old man or was just wasting space and nerves of the aged hunter.

Waiting for his friend to answer his call, he tried to gather his thoughts about his meeting with Lucifer. Maybe it had been a dream after all?

„Sam? Is that you? Is everything alright?" The fast and surprised voice of Bobby was hearable. So the demon had told him about the accident and that he was a non-walking fossil for a while.

„Yeah Bobby, everything's fine. Except that I'm reduced to do the laundry."

There was a short moment of silence before the old man replied.

„Well, at least better than being a stony figure, don't ya think?" Sam smiled. Bobby made a point.

„Tell, me boy. How're you doin'? What happened anyway?"

„Did Crowley not tell you that part?" A low growl was to be heard before the older

hunter spoke.

„I wanna hear that from you, idjit, since this demon was way too happy in my opinion." Sam cocked his brows.

„Happy?"

„Yeah, didn't tell me why but it can't be anything good." Sam's smile disappeared. He knew exactly why the black suited demon was ,happy'.

„Is Crowley there with you?"

„Na, had some work to do. Finally got some time for myself!" Bobby snarled a curse the young hunter could not understand but he did not need to.

The young Winchester inhaled as much air as his lungs were capable of to store.

„When I was trapped in that stone, you know..." he blurted out.

„I met Lucifer."

Silence.

For a moment there were only Bobby's breaths he could hear. Then.

„What did he say?" Sam's expression softened a little. Bobby did care about him and he would never stop.

„He tried to convince me to say ,yes'. Tried to convince me that he's the only one I could ever trust." He sighed.

The young hunter stopped walking and looked around. He had not noticed where his feet brought him, but now he was standing in a park. At the other side he could see the Museum of Art. From the outside, it looked quite normal. No signs of any intruders. Sam bit his lower lip. He should go back to the launderette.

„Boy, don't let him get to you." Bobby said, worry in his voice.

„He needs you more than anything. Without you, he can't do anything. Well, not more chaos and death he already caused, I mean!"

„I know. It's just, I want it to be over, Bobby. All of this."

„I know, son, I know. We will find a way, I promise." The old hunter paused for a moment.

„Does Dean know about it?" Sam frowned.

„No, he has his own problems of some kind."

„What does that mean?" He could not help but smile a little.

„There's some tension between him and Cas, lately. Even Gabriel noticed! Honestly, there's nothin' more I know. You know Dean, he's not talking and well, Cas is Cas!" He could hear the man laugh.

„Whatever it is, hope they sort it out soon! For now, I need to check on the laundry. Hear you later Bobby and thanks for listening, man."

„Yeah, yeah, whatever, boy." was the grumpy voice and a curse followed. Apparently, Bobby was cooking something and let it burned.

Again, Sam could not stop laughing. What would they do without this old man, he did not know. The Winchester hang up and hurried back to the launderette. He went surprisingly far for such a short chat.

„Cas? What's wrong?" Dean repeated himself and kept staring into the angel's half closed blue eyes. Something was wrong.

Suddenly, the angel stood up from the bed and was about to walk away when the hunter grew tired of the silent angel's behavior. He grabbed Castiel by the arm and pulled him back before he could walk away.

He opened his mouth to ask the angel once more but he did not have the time to say any more, his back was pushed down onto the bed, his arms pinned next to his head and he could feel a sudden weight on top of him. How the hell could the angel be so fast? Dean was way too confused to yell or scream at first and remained quiet for a moment, immovable and just staring up towards the other man.

When his brain finally started to work again he realized what exactly the angel had done. His wrists were tightly trapped in Castiel's grip and it felt like a heavy weight was nailing his arms down. The angel was sitting astride on top of him, his lower body pressing against the hunters and making him unable to move.

Only his legs were somehow free but right when he tried to move them Castiel used his own legs to secure that Dean could not move away, not even if he wanted and did his best. He caught him and could do whatever he wanted, even kill him right there.

„Cas, you have ten seconds to get the fuck off of me and explain what the fuck you think you're doing!" Struggling against the tight grip he yelled at the angel. As expected he did not gain any kind of reply from the topping angel who just kept staring straight down on him.

„Dude, get off of me! I swear I'll...!" Castiel lowered himself down and nearly touched the forehead of the hunter under him with his own, but, instead, he remained a few inches above of him.

„This isn't funny anymore. Get off me!" Dean kept yelling at him but he knew it was pointless. The angel was not listening to him or he did not want to listen at all.

All he could do was to stare into Castiel's face and search for any kind of sign, but all he could see was desire. Dean could not help it.

The angel was way too close to him, and either someone had turned on the heater in the room or his cheeks were burning.

The weight on top of him and the closeness of the other body made it even worse.

No, don't think about it, just don't think about it, he tried to keep his eyes shut and ignored that view in front of his face, but closing his eyes did not help him ignore the warm breath on his skin nor the heat that was building between their bodies. Castiel moved.

That was all Dean could recognize for now and he could feel the pressure against his lower half increasing.

His eyes shot open again and he realized what exactly was going on. The angel pressed his hip against his own and moved slowly but precise backwards and forwards, increasing the friction with each movement. Dean inhaled sharply at the sudden tension.

Not good, that's not god. He felt everything and it was definitely not supposed to feel like that. Castiel could not make him feel like that. When he felt his body giving in to the treatment he tried to struggle once more.

„Cas, snap out of it, that's not you!" Dean felt like talking to the angel, who was pretty much out of his mind, was useless but he could not do much else. He had to admit that Castiel was strong, way too strong for him, a simple little human. Someone seemed to think it was necessary to remind him of that fact at least once a day.

„You're not like that Cas. That's not you!" Dean repeated himself, less strong and confident than before since the movement of the angel made his mind go crazy.

It could not be that his body reacted that way, it just could not be, but it was and there was no way to deny it since he could feel it down in his crotch.

When the door of the hotel room opened, both men froze, but kept their gazes locked on each other.

„Hey guys I'm back. The clean clothes mission is..."

Sam was about to enter the room when he finally recognized what was going on or better, what he thought was going on right now.

„I'll be waiting in the car." he shortly added before he smashed the door shut again, walking away from the hotel as fast as possible, trying to remove the image from his head.

„Sammy? Come back!" Dean needed help and not some intimate time with the angel, but his brother was already gone again. A relieved sigh escaped him as he noticed the harsh grip on his arms weaken.

„Cas?"

Castiel slowly sat up, still connecting their hips but his expression had changed from, Dean did not even dare to call it what it truly was, but the closest thing that came up in his mind with, was simple, lust turned into a blank stare.

„Don't touch me again."

The words lingered in the room, but the angel had vanished into thin air, leaving the confused and slightly aroused hunter behind.

# Kapitel 10: Smack Down

## Updated Version

### 10. Smack Down

#### Ready for round one?

Sam sincerely needed to learn how to knock before he entered a room. He tried to remember that from now on, but he had to blame himself since he was the one who told Castiel to 'have an eye on his brother', though he knew that he did not mean it like 'that'. At one point he was even glad to finally get to know what was going on since neither the angel nor his brother felt the need to tell him. But showing was another way of informing him.

At least, they were still wearing their clothes otherwise he would not be able to get the image out of his head so soon. Fine, if his brother was busy and relieving stress that way he would not interfere. Dean was his brother and if he chose to have that kind of stuff going on with an angel of the Lord it was certainly not his problem.

After he stuffed their newly washed clothes and bought ones into the trunk of the Impala he sat down on the drivers' seat.

There was no way he was going to sleep for a while, not when Lucifer had told him that he was waiting for these special little moments. Sam knew he could not stay awake forever, but at least he could try from now on.

Sam's gaze wandered back to the hotel. He could not help but smirk.

His awesome lady-killer-brother who was hundred, no thousand percent straight, had a relaxation time with their angel. He certainly would never stop teasing him with that one.

Especially with the fact, that Dean seemed to be not the one on top!

Oh no, that was way too much fun. The young man's smile grew. He would enjoy teasing his brother with that, for sure!

Suddenly, the entrance door of the hotel opened and his brother left the building. He looked a little stressed. Sam's smile grew more, even though it may have not been possible. He could watch his brother approach the Impala. His face still blushed. The younger brother opened the door.

"Wow, that was fast, dude." The older Winchesters face darkened. "Missin' the fun here. This guy's gone mental, man." Sam cocked his brows.

"What? Who? Castiel?" "Of course, who else do you think I'm talking about? He just..."

jumped on me!" Sam tried to hide a grin.

"Yeah, sure he did!"

"Bitch."

"Jerk."

Before Dean knew what he was doing, he sat down on the passenger seat and closed the door. Something was wrong with this position.

"What exactly do you think you're doin'?" He tried to ignore his inner conflicts and pushed them aside since the here and now was way more important.

"I'll be driving. What else does it look like?" Sam cocked one brow, still grinning at the flustered look of his brother. That tiny bit of red on the older Winchesters face was rather funny to look at.

"What makes you think you can drive my baby? Let's switch!" Dean opened the door and wanted to exit the car again when Sam shook his head and his voice darkened.

"You've been up the whole time I assume.

At least, that's what it looks to me. You got me out of the stone, therefore I'm gonna drive." Now it was on Dean to stare at his brother. He did not understand his logic but what he saw was his baby brother determined not to let him drive. Besides, he was definitely not in the mood to drive right now.

He had to think! And he certainly could not afford to drive his baby into the next tree or wall.

Dean sighed.

"Yeah fine, but this time only! Don't get used to it."

"Yeah, whatever you say, man." was the soft reply. The doors closed and the engine roared up.

Sam maneuvered the car from the parking lots onto the street, heading towards the closest highway. They should leave this small city before anyone noticed anything.

Half an hour later they noticed the route sign for Birmingham. Sam changed the lanes and joined the highway I-65. There, they could reallocate their resources and check for any signs of demon or angel activity.

Perhaps they were lucky and could have a proper hunt without getting smashed in an instant of a second.

They could also check for any more signs of Lucifer and the apocalypse. Calling Chuck



would be a good idea since he was a prophet and supposed to know what was going on.

Sam turned his head slightly to watch his brother sleeping in the seat.

He was moving a little but still more than usually.

He frowned and turned on the radio. Music was blurring out and he turned down the volume.

The driver decides the music! One of Deans rules.

He remembered that smell.

Last time, he was lucky enough to escape the sight and that awful smell shortly but since he woke up in this place, it seemed like the smell had already branded itself into his mind, so he would never forget it anymore.

When he first got aware of that scent it nearly made his soul cry. It was pitiful and disgusting at the same time, how could anyone stand that kind of smell? Cringing his nose he wished he could lose the ability to taste and smell.

That thought brought him towards his second sense.

His mouth was filled with a sweet, copper and sour taste, that made him want to vomit, to add another kind of 'flavor' to that mixture.

As he moved his tongue a bit he could feel a few lumps of coagulated blood, his reflex made him swallow but even that simple move was painful. His throat was dry and burning like someone had made him eat hot coals. Maybe he even did, he could not remember.

Why exactly was this happening and how did he get here in the first place?

He wanted to leave.

Leaving meant he had to move, but when he tried to send that signal through his body, the only response was a numb feeling and another aching pain flowing through his bones and muscles. It was not that bad, though.

He could stand pain but still, it was unpleasant. As he tried to clench his fists he could nearly hear a few bones crack but it could also have been just his memory from previous hours.

Previous?

What exactly happened before he woke up? With the noise of his own bones he noticed another of his senses was back and he would use it.

Every regained ability would lead him to the closure. Why and what was happening? His ears perked and tried to figure out what his surroundings could be. Was this some kind of room or corridor?

A cave?

A building?

He focused on every sound but the only thing that got him focused was a heavy breathing. It could not be himself.

He never had to breathe in such a short pace since he never really got that tired but still, the sound of those breathings matched perfectly to his moving chest.

The pain would have made grown men mad already, but he could stand it. He was not weak. He was not useless.

He was...

"Good to see you back once more, Castiel. I thought you'd passed out a bit too soon last time." a voice said cheerfully next to him.

The person obviously was in a happy mood today. What day exactly was it? He could not remember how long he had been here.

"Let's see, how much it takes, to make you squeal under this blade today, shall we?" With those words he stopped playing around with the angels own weapon and slowly, nearly softly traced it down over the bare chest of the angel.

Dean increased the pressure on the angels skin, leaving a thin but shiny cut right under his collarbone. The hours older marks of his treatment were already sealed shut thanks to the angel's still present ability to heal himself. That only would make it even more interesting to break the spirit inside that vessel.

The angel pulled at his chains, trying to free himself but in vain. Dean grinned.

"That's the spirit I wanna see." he said laughing, encouraging the angel to wriggle a little more by pressing the blade into his flesh.

Castiel escaped a low growl. And indeed, the chained angel pulled again on his chains, stronger than before.

The hunter let his gaze wander off.

"What a view." he purred, taking in the sight of the bonded angel. Blood staining and wettening his black pants, the arms and his head tied to the wall to prevent any moves.

Some wounds were only leaking blood, apparently not caused by the angel blade.

Others were shining, like the one he had caused a few seconds before.

Castiel's expression had darkened. Hair was hanging in his vision, his bright blue eyes hidden behind half closed lids.

Dean moved his hand to the angels face, grabbing his chin tight and pulling it forward. Castiel hissed dangerously, staring right into the green eyes of the hunter.

"Don't you have to say somethin'? Anything? No? I'll make you say somethin' then." Dean whispered, moving closer and cutting the pale skin once more.

Neither of the two men averted the eyes from the other. Like a staring contest, they kept looking. Blazing green versus bright blue!

"What do you say? What do you want me to do?" Finally, Dean's gaze moved on, like his hand.

They moved down the throat and the bare chest, covering the fingers in the red liquid. The hunters hand and gaze stopped above Castiel's heart.

The angel tried to say something, at last, but he could not understand it. Dean moved closer to hear Castiel say something.

"Dean!" And again!

"Dean!"

"Dean." Sam was shaking his brother with one hand, while using the other to drive. The older hunter opened his eyes, alarmed immediately.

"I'm awake, I'm awake." he said, adrenaline rushing through his veins. For a second he was confused, not knowing where he was, then, his brain started to function again.

"You alright, man?" Sam asked concerned.

"You did not seem to enjoy dream world much!" he added, receiving a confused look.

"What? No, everything's fine. Was a bad dream! Some kind of." Dean saw his brother frown. "Flying... in a plain. Horrible and they had no pie!" he added, forcing a little smile onto his lips.

There was a short moment of silence, then, the eldest Winchester noticed the humming radio. He turned the radio up and made a face.

"What the hell, Sammy." he cursed, intending to change the frequency, but his brother stopped him.

"Driver picks the music, dude! This time it's me. You've got to live with that for now!" he said victorious.

"C'mon, that's not music, that's... urgh." Dean shuddered, earning a big smile from his little brother. "Sucks to be the passenger." he stated and drummed with his thumbs on the steering wheel.

"Bitch." he said and "Jerk." was the prompt reply of his brother.

Dean's gaze moved to the window. Watching the trees fly by he drifted into thoughts.

What the hell is just wrong with me? What the hell is wrong with us? Apparently, the apocalypse showed some effects on them after all.

He could not explain those dreams and the weird behavior of the angel. The hunter sighed when he thought about what had happened in the hotel.

*What went wrong, what triggered such a reaction, I don't get it.* Dean cursed in his thoughts. *I need a girl*, he decided. *With big boobs, blond hair, easy to pick up. Yeah that's it.*

The eldest Winchester smiled. Tonight, he would get laid!

"Where almost there. The next exit should be ours." Sam said, cutting the silence. His brother turned around, checking his watch. It was past two in the afternoon. Lunch-time! The older hunter yawned and stretched as far as possible.

"That's good news. Need some food. Where's the next stop anyway?"

"Birmingham. Figured we could stop there for lunch. As you said, you're not the only one with a rumbling stomach." Sam replied, changed the lane and exited the highway.

Ten minutes later they approached the big sign stating the name of the City in front of them. "Welcome to Birmingham, Alabama. The magic City? Seriously?" Dean snored partially annoyed, partially surprised. His brother simply shrugged.

"We won't stay long anyway. Just enjoy the sight." Sam kept looking for some kind of diner. His brother turned with a 'whatever' back to the window, paying no attention to his brother. He sighed.

"Dude, any slower and a snail can bypass us."

Pause.

"I'm driving the mandatory speed, dude. I won't get caught due to excessive speed." Sam deadpanned. Another sigh from the older brother!

"You wanna talk..."

"No, shut up." This time it was up to Sam to sigh.

His brother was unbelievable stubborn.

The brothers stopped at the first restaurant they saw. It was one of those cheap ones, but still better than a diner. Sam was determined to eat there: reasoning, that they needed normal food and could not live of burgers and salad only.

Dean had disagreed as always, but when he noticed the nice waitress with the blonde dyed hair he was very enthusiastic.

He poked his brother and indicated him to check the woman out. Sam frowned and curled his lips a little.

"Not bad." he said, receiving a glare from the older Winchester.

"Saw her first!" he replied and both men took a seat.

Five minutes later that very waitress with the blonde hair approached their table. Her eyes immediately rested on Sam moving quickly to Dean and back to Sam.

"Hello, what can I get you, sweetheart?" she asked with a high pitched voice, handing them the menus.

"A Miller and do you have any starters?"

"Sure, I recommend Sally's tomato soup. Sally is our cook. People come here because they like her cooking." Dean rolled his eyes.

Being ignored like that was not something he liked much.

"Than one soup please, thanks." Sam said, looking at his brother with an apologizing expression.

"And what do you want?" That was a punch in the face. Her voice was not high pitched anymore, it was more a disliked growl, but still polite.

Dean put on his best seductive smile.

"Budwiser, if you don't mind... Mandy." The woman cocked her brows, turned around and left.

Half the way back, she turned her head to smile at Sam, before she disappeared behind a door. Dean stared at Sam.

"Dude, the hell?" The younger Winchester simply shrugged.

"What? Not my fault that you're not her type." he replied frowning.

"Yeah, whatever."

The whole time Dean tried to get the waitress' attention but she did not bother and ignored the hunter in every way possible.

When she served the beers, she smiled at Sam. When she came back with his starter she leaned a little into him.

When the brothers ordered their lunch she ignored Dean as much and polite as possible, constantly starring at Sam.

When Dean finally realized that he had failed completely, he tried another waitress. With the same result! Sam had stayed quiet, but kept watching though.

While eating, they did not talk much.

Dean was pissed from head to toe and Sam did not know what to do, because he did not want to be the one who got showered in his brother's anger.

Suddenly, Dean started to move uncomfortably on his seat. He started to search for something in his pockets until he found it.

With a full mouth he glared at the display of his cell phone. He picked up and mumbled a "Chuck?" Sam stopped eating as well, curious looking at his older brother.

Usually, when Chuck called, it did not mean anything good. And he was right when Dean's expression darkened. The older hunter swallowed before he started talking.

"Where? Haleyville? Got it!" Pause.

"How many? Don't know? Okay. Fine, We'll handle that. No problem." Again, silence. "You alright?"

Pause.

"Yeah. Whatever you say, dude." Dean took the phone from his ear and looked at it. He was a little confused.

"He just hang up on me! The hell?" he said and turned to Sam.

"Job?" He nodded.

"Job!"

A few minutes later they left the restaurant, Sam noticed a phone number and a little drawn heart under their bill. Before his brother could notice it he scrunched it up and threw it in a nearby bin.

"Demons? That's all Chuck said?"

He entered the Impala on the passenger side, knowing his brother would not even let

him try to argue about who was driving, Dean was way too tensed right now.

"Yeah. Killing some innocent people he said and we're such kind hunters to go and save the rest of the town before it's a demon city. Something like that."

The older hunter placed himself onto the seat and minutes later they were back on the road again.

Dean inserted one of his favorite tapes and turned up the volume, playing one of his favorite songs, Ramble On by Led Zeppelin for the nearly nine millionth time and making his younger brother flinch next to him.

Sweet revenge!

He grinned, sang along for a while and kept his gaze onto the highway, looking out for the Haleyville road sign.

"So, why is Cas not with us right now? Somehow I got used to have him around the whole time. Did you break his little heart or something?" Sam said yelling, trying to drown the music with his own voice.

"I can't hear you Sammy!" Dean turned up the volume even more, making the music nearly hurt in their ears but he would not talk about the angel.

He would not think about him.

He would not do anything else regarding the angel until his brain was ready to deal with whatever had happened in that hotel room.

Sam gave up again and sunk into the seat.

It was useless but he would not stop trying to get answers from his brother who seemed to enjoy sulking in his huge pile of secrets and lies.

That could never be healthy, not at all.

"One more thing Sammy: I dare ya, if you even start to sniff on any demon blood when we reach the town I'm gonna drag your ass back to Bobby and never let you outta that bunker again. Got me?" Dean yelled even louder over his own music.

Sam just rewarded his brother with an annoyed look and stayed silent for the rest of the ride.

A few hours later

"Alright. So, we have like what? No murder? No missing people? No parents gone mad? Not even a lost kitten? What the hell is wrong with this town?" They walked across the 21st Street towards the, as some citizens had stated, only bar in the whole town.

Spending all day asking around and playing FBI did not get them any answers or hints of any kind of demon activity.

Dean needed a drink or two or more.

"Maybe the prophet has lost his mojo too since god is out of town?" the older hunter suggested, kicking a few rocks in front of him into the high grass near the road. Sam shook his head in disbelief. A prophet could not lose his god given power all of a sudden.

"Maybe Chuck forgot that it hasn't happened yet? Probably it will happen in the next few days?" Sam still believed that somehow the prophet was right.

Dean stopped in front of a sign stating 'Bank's Bar-B-Que'. Hopefully, he could find himself some nice little lady who was not too picky and would not prefer his younger, taller, blood addict brother. He smiled full with anticipation and entered the not quite bar not quite restaurant like house. His smile died a little when he noticed that he was lucky if he could get drunk in here.

"That's not even a pub. They don't even have a proper bar in this town!" he said quietly since there was not even some kind of loud music playing in here.

Just a young lady sitting on a small chair in front of a small crowd playing a song with her not that small guitar!

Sam enjoyed the look of the little restaurant not quite pub and let his eyes travel across the room, searching for an empty, not too open but free table where they could settle down. He grabbed his brother by the arm and dragged him over to a group of tables standing in corner. At least they could talk and discuss what to do next in here without getting too much attention.

Dean kept his eyes locked on the girl with the guitar and did not even care where his brother was dragging him to.

The song she was playing ended right when they sat down and the dark brown haired girl left the small stage right after the audience started to applaud.

The older hunter made a face and turned his attention towards his brother.

"Is it just me or is the flesh burning to ash somewhere behind the counter?" He was not sure if they should stay in the shabby pub or just run before they got infected with something.

Sam was about to reply something when two huge menus were held in front of their faces. The cards were shaped like the body of a bull and decorated in red orange colors and the name of the pub was written in golden letters.

"I recommend the daily special. It includes a bit of everything and is great for the first



visit in Bank's Bar-B-Que!" a friendly female voice said and when Dean looked up from the menu his eyes went wide. It was the girl who had been playing the guitar, who was now wearing an apron and had her hair tugged into a ponytail.

A huge smile grew on his face and he leaned back into the seat.

"Well if you recommend it, it must be good." he stated, his eyes traveling towards the name tag of the girl. "Myra." he added with another big, cheerful smile. Sam only furrowed his brows and took a look over the menu.

"I guess I will risk the 'Hot and spicy dare me plate'. Sounds like fun to try and a simple water please." He closed the menu and gave the waitress a slight smile.

"Well if you insist I could call the ambulance right away if you prefer it." Myra joked and smiled at the younger hunter before she turned her gaze back towards Dean, still smiling friendly.

"Would you like a bottle of our special town-brewed beer to your order? It's one of the best in this area."

The older Winchester had started to observe the female a little further and was ripped out if his examining eventually.

"Sure, I'll take whatever you want me to." He winked at her and smiled promising. It seemed to work well since Myra did not frown nor removed her happy smile.

"If you just buy everything on the menu and tip me well afterwards, I'll be fine." She took the menus away holding them in front of her breasts and turned towards the kitchen. Dean licked his lips as he watched the waitress leave.

Once in a while, even he had to be lucky. Sam leaned closer over the table and to his brother. "Dean, you know if you're so desperately seeking to get laid, you could just let Cas..."

"Don't dare end that sentence or I swear I'll make you regret every second from now on." the older Winchester said in a pressed and dark voice, staring bloody holes into his brother who just shut his mouth, swallowed and turned his head around, searching for anything weird in the pub.

Right after Myra delivered their order she returned to the small stage and grabbed her guitar, gaining cheers from several customers and continued to play a song.

While Sam was rather proud of himself that he did not burst into tears eating the spicy plate, Dean could not even enjoy his meal since he kept his eyes locked on their waitress who was a pretty good musician too.

It seriously must have been his lucky day.

"Hey, are we gonna call Chuck and ask if he might named the wrong town or date or

are we goin' to sit around and wait 'til anything happens?" Sam took a few sips from his water and exhaled happily. He had survived, but his face had turned red in the process and he felt slightly hot all over his body.

Not an unpleasant feeling, but his tongue was killing him. "Maybe we should just wait a bit longer." Dean said, his head leaned on one hand and his elbow placed on the table.

When the song was finally over the hunter started to cheer and applaud even louder than the rest of the customers. Myra even threw a look towards him and grinned a little. Everything was going well.

*Tonight I'll be a lucky laid man*, Dean thought and watched as their waitress left the stage, ready to cash them up. She was tugging at her apron and hurried over to them.

"Everything fine with you two?" She grinned and shared looks between the two Winchesters, as she noticed Sam's red face she started to giggle.

"I'm proud of you! You're the first one who managed the whole plate!" She patted the younger Winchesters shoulder before she turned her attention back towards the older brother.

"So, do you always play in here or only on Saturdays?" he started a little small talk before he wanted to get to the point. Myra simply nodded, her hand still laid down onto Sam's shoulder. "I can't pay my room with just tips and the salary of a waitress. Therefore, I usually play and entertain the people in this town. It's also not much but cheering them up and playing music is what keeps me goin'. Anyway time to pay me out, guys!" she said smirking and opened her purse.

"So you're room, where is it? Maybe I could take a look inside. Ya know we're inspectors and we might find something to help ya drop the bills." Dean was proud of himself for thinking about such a gorgeous excuse to just get into her pants. He would find another one to make his brother leave later.

Myra looked surprised and turned her attention towards Sam.

"Really? That would be great! My tap is leaking and I always wondered if I could lower the charges if they don't repair it!" Her hand grabbed slightly into the younger hunters shoulder before she lowered it down into Sam's back.

"So, I'm done for today, would you mind to come and inspect my current state?" Dean's jaw went open.

He could not believe it. Sam stared upwards into Myra's face as she leaned down a little, obviously showing her real intention and kind of inspection. His younger brother did not even seem to notice at first, what a moron. Sam switched between his brothers mouth agape face to Myra's seductive smiling face.

She removed her apron, removed her hair tie and waited for the young hunter to

stand up who was still busy grabbing money out of his wallet.

When he felt her hand on his own pulling him upwards, he finally understood what the hell was going on. Sam slowly turned his gaze towards his brother and tried to express his best 'I'm so sorry' expression he could come up with.

It did not help Dean's ego a tiny bit!

The waitress moved her arm around Sam's and dragged him away from their table. Dean still could not believe it.

He stared at his brother and internally wished for Sam to die at his feet. While the younger Winchester and Myra left the pub Dean ordered another beer but switched his order into their best Whiskey, whatever they called their best.

If he would not get laid today he could easily just get drunk as fuck.

It did not take Dean long to get drunk. After a few shots of Whiskey he had decided to make the 'barkeeper' or who that dude was supposed to be to mix his drinks. If he did not get laid, fine, he still could get seriously drunk.

The hunter made a face and finished his drink.

It was some mix of rum, orange juice and whiskey with a little cherry swimming in the liquid. It did not taste very nice but it was effective.

He already felt his body burning. It was time to leave. Otherwise he would throw up sooner or later. He felt a taste of bile in his throat and decided for the former.

Dean stood up and hit the table, almost falling back into his seat. Catching his balance, he left some money next to his glass and staggered to the door. Outside, he inhaled the cold fresh air. The hunter was surprised to see that it was dark.

How long have I been drinkin'? Dean scratched the back of his head before he started to walk, but then, suddenly, stopped again. Where to go? The hunter looked around. They had not rented a motel room yet and he certainly would not sleep in his car. "Ah, shit." the man growled and started walking. At least, he tried to, but the pavement beneath his feet was shaking.

Not far away of the bar slash restaurant slash whatever this building was, Dean found himself staggering across a little park.

He noticed a bench and he sat down. It was way safer to sit instead of walking around during an earthquake. The man's back hit the back rest of the bench and his head fell backwards. Now, all Dean saw, was the dark blue sky with little white dots.

He snarled unpleasant.

"What a shitty day, jeez." The Winchester sighed and wrinkled his nose. Being dumped

three times at one day, that certainly was not his lucky day!

"Sammy got lucky, yeah, great." he murmured with a big yawn.

"Lucky bastard." Deans gaze moved from the sky to his pants.

Perhaps, I could, he trailed off.

"Nope, not that desperate. Not yet." he said, shaking his head violently.

Dean growled again, a little louder than before. He remembered his brother's words from earlier.

If you're so desperately seeking to get laid, you could let Cas... sure Sammy. What the hell is wrong with us recently? As if Cas and I could ever... stop. I'm not gonna think about it. The man turned his attention back towards the sky.

He felt anger boiling inside. How dared this little angel to behave like that?

This little bastard. Dean snarled threateningly.

"Cas! I know you can hear me. Move your ass down here. Oh, right, you're not in heaven, are ya? I dare ya to show up, dude. Jump from whatever roof you're sittin' on! We need to talk, you little kinky angel!"

Silence.

Dean waited for any sound that could come from the angel's wings but nothing.

"Don't you dare to hide, I swear I'll find you and if I do, I'll kick your ass. Dammit, Cas, c'mon. Talk to me, man! You can't stay away forever, ya know?"

He stopped again to wait for a few seconds.

Again: nothing.

"Cas, please. Let's just talk, okay? I'm not gonna do anything to ya. I promise." He heard himself laugh inside his head.

As if you could harm anyone in your current state, Winchester. The hunter sighed.

"Cas? I said please. I'm sorry okay? I'm just..." he trailed off, closing his eyes.

He waited for the sound of wings approaching, but the result was the same.

Dean opened his eyes and looked around him just to make sure that the angel was not anywhere nearby.

"C'mon Cas! Don't make me goddamn plead! What do you want me to do dude! Falling

down on my knees and praying holy prayers to you or what?" He stood up from the bench nearly trying to fight the air just to relieve his anger.

How could everyone leave him alone like this?

"It's rather pathetic watching Michael's vessel pray to a vermin instead of real angels." The sound of wings was hearable but it sounded different in Dean's ears, not like Castiel, not like his friend.

With a slight jump he turned around and stared into the face of an old, nearly bald headed man in a black suit, wearing the smile of a candy man, who lured little kids into his vehicle.

"Zachariah." Dean gained his self control back and started to grin mischievously.

"I pray to a pretty angel and the heavens send me Mr. Clean? I might be desperate but that's just gross. Thanks, but no thanks."

The angel returned the hunters smile.

"You're nothing but a little ant, I wouldn't be that cheeky if I was you."

"Oh really, why not? You wanna teach me a lesson?" Dean asked smiling bright.

"Oh you can bet I'll do! Just turn around and see for yourself."

With his index finger, Zachariah indicated to a point behind the hunter and Dean turned around. He gulped.

There were three more angels and all looked quite ready to jump at him. He smiled a weak smile.

"If you think I'm scared now you're wrong. I'm not gonna say 'yes' to Michael." He turned his attention back to Zachariah, when he heard the angel move.

"Oh, Dean. Don't be like that. I think the alcohol went to your head, did it? You're quite drunk and people do very stupid things if they are drunk. Or maybe, in our case, you might do the right thing."

The Winchester moved backwards but was grabbed tight by two angels. He hissed.

"Nobody's there to help you, boy. No little useless angel, no little Sam. Just you and me! What do you think? Is it possible to make you say 'yes?'" The angel was way too close, Dean decided and turned his head away.

"I don't know what you're dreaming of, dude but I'm not gonna say 'yes'. You want me to tattoo it onto my forehead for ya?"

A fist hit his jaw and Dean yelled painfully.

"Keep joking, you'll stop soon enough." Dean smiled.

"Just wait for Cas. He's gonna kick your little servants asses outta here." Another punch landed on his face.

Ouch, there goes my nose.

"From what I've heard, your little pet angel won't come to help you. Seems like you pissed him off, didn't you? Besides, he can't find you, right? The sigils, right? Too bad, I wanted to talk to him as well. Another day, maybe." Dean spit out some blood and prepared himself for another punch but it did not come.

Suddenly, all four angels moved.

The one free available angel rushed forwards and was hit by an angel blade directly in his chest. Dean turned his head and saw his angel.

"Castiel, now I'm surprised. I can't tell if it's bravery or stupidity but you shouldn't have shown up."

"Let him go!" the angel said, ignoring Zachariah's statement completely.

"Castiel. Why are you doing this? I mean, look at you. What have you become? So weak and your wings: disgusting. What do you think?"

The other two angels made an agreeing noise. It took Dean a while before he understood what they were talking about.

Castiel narrowed his eyes and stepped forward.

"Let him go."

"Or what? You wanna kill us? Really? Castiel, please. You can't win this." Zachariah shrugged when the other angel did not back off. He waved his hand and indicated one angel to take care of their disobedient brother.

"I don't think he'll last long. However, back to business. Let's discuss your role as Michael's vessel one more time, shall we?" the older angel continued, smiling.

Dean ignored the angel completely, his attention caught by the angel fight in the background. Bad-ass angel versus Castiel!

It did not look good, Zachariah's angel was standing between Castiel and his angel blade and could not do anything but to back off and avoid to get killed.

"Look at that, your angel has some bite left, I guess. Fighting for such an idiotic little ant like you, giving up everything for you and your brother. I really cannot understand his actions. Seriously Dean, look at him. He was a mighty being and now he's like

Lucifer. A fallen, disgusting and disobedient little obstacle I have to get rid off!" Zachariah shrugged again, looking at the hunter.

"You know, when I made you say 'yes' to Michael and Lucifer can walk in Sam's body, I will take care of little Castiel and throw him into hell by myself or maybe I will kill him, I haven't decided yet!"

Dean's green eyes moved to lock with Zachariah's blue eyes.

"You're talking too big, don't ya think? That ain't not happen. The only one who's gonna die is you. Promise you that!" Zachariah laughed loudly but his smile froze when the painful cry behind him cut threw.

Castiel had managed to kill the other angel with his own blade. He stepped off the dead body and glared at the remaining two angels.

Dean noticed the wounds his angel had. They did not seem life threatening, but still there was a thin ray of light shining out of them and his chest was moving fast.

The hunter gasped.

Zachariah's face was disfigured with rage. He grabbed the Winchester on his upper arm and snarled at the third angel.

"Get him. Now!" The other angel moved without a word forward and landed a direct hit on Castiel. The bad-ass angel pinned Castiel's arm to his back, immobilizing him.

"You little unthankful thing. How dare you? You truly don't belong into heaven anymore. You belong to Lucifer and his little crowd of weak and disgraceful abominations."

The angel's eyes widened and Dean could see something in them he did not like to see: fear.

"C'mon Cas, don't listen to that bastard. He doesn't know anything. You're not like Lucifer and you're certainly not like him, fuck..." Dean yelled painfully when Zachariah threw him onto the pavement and pressed his foot down his back.

"Shut up you little vermin. I'm talking to Castiel!" the angel hissed and turned back to Castiel. The Winchester saw the angel struggle to free himself but in vain.

"Why don't you stop at last? Seriously, what is so important about this human? He's nothing special but you keep fighting for him like a dog in a cage. Childish behavior will not be tolerated. I will end your existence tonight, Castiel. Say hello to Lucifer!"

"I don't think so!" Zachariah turned around and was confronted with a pretty angry looking Sam Winchester holding a guitar with a banishing sigil in one hand.

"No, no. Don't you dare..." Before the angel could say or do anything else Sam hit the

sigil with his free in blood covered hand and light started to burn the darkness away.

The next moment Zachariah was gone.

The other angel was enough distracted that Castiel could kick his legs and make them both fall.

"Cas!"

Dean got up to his feet, but stumbled and fell again. Both Winchesters had to watch how the bad-ass angel bored his blade into Castiel's flesh.

With a cry he turned around and jumped away from the other angel and his blade.

Heavy sighing Castiel picked up his own blade before both angels crashed into each other once more.

The older hunter clenched his fists when his gaze wandered over a little stone.

Dean did not hesitate to pick it up and threw it against the bad-ass angels head. It may have not been enough to hurt the angel but it was enough what it took for Castiel to kill his brother.

Both, the dead body and Castiel collapsed on the ground.

The younger Winchester moved forward, intending to help the angel, but Castiel held his hand up to stop him.

"Don't touch me, Sam. Stay away, all of you!" he hissed breathless.

Covering the wound with his other hand Castiel tried to stand up again.

"Cas, you need help." Sam said with honest worry in his voice.

"There is nothing you can do, Sam, but thank you." Sam nodded and helped his brother up.

"Cas..." Dean started, but was cut off by the angel.

"Dean, no."

"But..."

"No!" The angel's voice was determined not to let the man say anything else.

He knew exactly what the hunter wanted to say and he said it anyway ignoring the angel's wish. That was Dean!

"Cas, it's not true what Zachariah said. You're not like that and you know that!"



Castiel's expression darkened.

"It is easy for you to say such thing because you did not rebel against god and his will. You did not kill your brothers and sisters. You were not disobedient. You have not been cast out of your family. You don't know anything, Dean." He stopped, biting his lower lip, apparently thinking about something.

Then, Castiel continued.

"I thank you for your help, Sam. You better leave this city before others will come to finish what Zachariah started."

And with this the angel vanished.

Dean growled deeply when he heard the fluttering sound of wings. Castiel was gone, again. "Next time I see him I'm goin' to kick his ass even if he throws me through a wall afterwards." he mumbled more to himself than to his brother who was trying to help him stay on his feet. The older Winchester looked up at Sam and furrowed his brows.

"Why exactly are you here? Shouldn't you be shaggin' our waitress?" While he took his brothers hand he tried to remove the dirt from his freshly washed trousers, still fighting to keep his balance.

Why did they even bother washing them?

"Well, if you mean sex, no, we didn't 'cause I got a message from Chuck." Sam simply said and held up his phone in front of his face.

Dean narrowed his eyes and started to read the few words. 'He's gone now. Don't go there! It's a trap! Chuck'

Dean read the message twice before he felt his own face turn into a plain annoyed stare. "Seriously. Next time I see him..."

"You're gonna kick his ass. I got it Dean. You're goin' to kick asses all day from now on." Sam ended his sentence and deleted the message from the way too late prophet.

"Shut up, Sam. Just, shut up."

Twenty minutes later, both men were sitting in the Impala heading north. Sam had shoved his brother onto the passenger seat.

His brother was still drunk even though he had insisted 'it was not that bad anymore'. Now, they were back on the highway and Dean told him about Zachariah. He had told him about what the angel had called Castiel.

The humiliations he had said, the fights. The part where the hunter had prayed for the angel was not mentioned at all during the conversation.

Dean shook his head.

"That bastard, how can he call Cas an abomination? Dammit! I'm gonna tear him another hole if he talks to Cas like that ever again!" He was angry.

Very angry. And he was drunk enough not to be able to control his anger levels.

Sam had kept his mouth shut and just listened. He had always believed that angels were gorgeous pure and good beings. But this was just...

He almost hated them as much as demons. Castiel was the exemption. He was their friend. And hearing somebody treating his friend like that made his rage boil inside. Nevertheless, he kept focusing on the details since his brother was mixing everything up and not telling the story from the beginning to its end in a straight line.

When Dean had finished talking, Sam opened his mouth, inhaling deeply.

"So what you're sayin' is, that Zachariah humiliated Cas and apparently, it got on him because you could see it in his eyes?"

"Yeah." Dean said with his mind absent.

"But, you know, he's kinda right." The older Winchesters had spun around.

"Come again? I'm not sure I understood you right?"

"You did, Dean and you know I'm right. It would be so much easier to go back to heaven. He would be back to normal then. I think that's better than being an outcast of your own family, lost in a world you don't understand, without any powers, anymore. It must be hard for him to do all those things. Remember what Gabriel said. He said, Castiel was angry! Apparently, he can feel and what he feels is rage. He's only existing but not living. Cas may not be aware of it but I'm sure he misses heaven. The worst thing that could happen to him was to fall and now..."

"Sam, the point!" Dean interrupted, massaging his eyelids.

"What I'm sayin' is: Castiel has quite a hard time. He's alone somewhere and we can't help him because we're mere humans. He's fighting against heaven and hell!" Dean nodded understandingly. This was nothing new to him, when he was perfectly honest, but, until now, he had managed to ignore that fact.

"But he's got us. You, Bobby, me!" he murmured under his breath.

"But we're not forever!" Dean closed his eyes. His brother was so damn right.

Suddenly, Dean started moving hastily in his seat.

"Stop, Sammy. Stop the car." he yelled and his baby brother hit the brakes.

"What the hell?"

Before he could do anything else, Dean had thrown open the door and jumped out of the car.

## Kapitel 11: The last resort

*[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]*

## Kapitel 12: Fooling with fools

*[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]*

## Kapitel 13: A deal is a deal

*[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]*

## Kapitel 14: Let's play tag

### 14. Let's play tag

#### Ready for round two?

He stared at the sleeping form in front of him. Dean was not sure which emotion deserved to be punched in his face first, but he knew he could not fight them all at once. Castiel was back, alive and overall he seemed fine.

Just exhausted from whatever the demon had done to him. Sam had noticed the punctures on the angel's wrist and used his skill to solve riddles and shared his thought on what probably had happened.

The older Winchester did not care. All he knew was that Castiel never had slept in the whole time he knew him and the sight of him not faking sleep but sleeping for real scared him. He did not tell anyone, but he knew it and it pissed him off even more.

The night had fallen upon them and Dean had placed himself in front of the angel, observing him as if something would come and snatch the angel away again. He would not let that happen again.

No way! His arms crossed over his chest, he kept glaring holes into the couch and the figure hidden under the blanket, waiting for him to wake up or for himself to surrender to his own weariness.

He tried to stay awake though and started to whip back and forth with the chair, nearly losing his balance when the sound of a rustling fabric was hearable.

"Cas?"

The only answer he got was a low moan and the shadowy figure started to move even more.

The angel tried to sit up properly, but his strength had not fully returned yet and he still felt weak after all.

It was a feeling he never thought he would experience in his existence. Dean forced himself to stay calm and not start to ask questions right now, but he reached out for the angel and patted his shoulder.

"Seems you should rest some more." he added and kept his hand on Castiel's shoulder, before that very angel turned away in a slow move, facing the couch and presenting his back to the hunter.

Since Bobby and Sam had used a thick blanket to cover the broken window Dean could not see much except the dark form of the angel, but it was enough, though.

Still, he could not understand the reaction and tried to reach out again and turn the angel towards him.

"What's wrong? You've been acting like that all day." Once more the sound of a shifting body occurred and he could make out that the angel was lying on his back again.

"Everything." Castiel's voice was barely enough to make it through to the hunter.

"Come again?"

Dean leaned a bit closer when the angel spoke up again, this time his volume was above adequate.

"Everything has changed! I can't return to my brothers and sisters. I can't return to my home and the worst part of it, I don't even know if what I call home is still there. I doubt! My first mistake on this planet. Those feelings... the pain. Emotions I never thought could affect me. They come and go and I don't even understand their

purpose! I'm tired! An angel doesn't feel tired, Dean!"

Castiel pushed himself up weakly, but his own weight brought him down immediately and he huffed with exertion.

"But I think I found the reason for everything. It's all because of you! You have no idea what it feels like to give up everything you knew and loved." he continued and turned his gaze from the hunter to an invisible spot in the lurking darkness behind the hunter's head.

"I loved my father and I still do. I couldn't see the reason for all this. Why he did not interfere. But I think I finally understand that reason too. He doesn't care and he doesn't want to care anymore, so why should I care? I don't know what I am doing here anymore. Why am I still present and alive when my existence seems to have no meaning? My life was lead by orders. It had a direction and I followed whatever my superior told me."

Another sigh escaped him while the hunter kept staring at him in silence.

"Millennia after millennia I blindly followed and vowed to someone I never even saw once. But I loved my father because his love was spreading among each of us, but now, I don't know if it was really him or just the belief that he was there all the time." Castiel turned his head away and faced the backrest of the couch. At least that piece of old interior would understand anything he was saying.

"Maybe he left us alone long before we even noticed. It's past. It can't be helped, we will never know." He made a pause before he decided to look at the hunter again.

It was way too dark to figure the human's expression out, but he could at least hear that the rate of the others breathings had increased slightly. He was angry for sure.

"I can't expect you to understand how it feels like, to be nothing but a tool. I let myself down to this and I should feel regret, but I don't. I feel nothing but this gnawing tired feeling that tries to push my conscience into a dark pit of nothingness and the best thing about it, I don't want to fight back." Castiel's voice broke at the end of his speech.

The anger and frustration from the beginning turned into something else. A new emotion and another one he despised. Sorrow!

No, it was more like sadness, if he remembered that one right. He knew that the hunter would probably start to shout at him each second. Pointing out how wrong he was and how everything would turn out just fine.

Everything was a lie and everything was false hope. At this point he knew it. There was nothing they could do.

It was simply hopeless, but Dean Winchester would make it better for sure.

"You're right."

The low voice of the hunter cut through the silence and the angel's eyes widened in disbelieve.

"I don't know how it feels, sure." A sarcastic snicker followed his sentence and he shook his head.

*Like our father was always around, but that sure is different,* he thought and cleared his throat. The mere amount of words that the angel had spit out made him feel way too happy than they should have.

The angel, Castiel, had spoken and that was all that mattered to him for now.

"You wanna know my reason for not giving up and talkin' the crap you did just now? It would be great if I could say my strong belief in the good things of this world would keep me goin' but if the world wants to end I couldn't probably stop it, but I sure know what I can do: I protect the people who don't deserve to die in a war between



good and evil. I try to protect as many as I can, but sometimes, I have to admit to myself that I can't save them all so I tried to lower my intents. I fight for the people I care about and I won't let them die on me. I keep waking up and breathing each day until some crazy-mutant-ninja-killer-barbie-vampire will snatch my life away, but I won't stop to try and protect them 'til I breathe my last. I will fight whatever crawls out of hell's pit or falls from heaven. Demons, angels, I don't give a fuck anymore. If it bleeds you can kill it. One thing I taught Sammy and my father taught me."

The Winchester made a pause and smiled to himself at the memory of his father trying to teach him the rules of this world.

He shook his head and looked up again, trying to use the bit of light in the room to make out Castiel's face.

"You know Cas, every person who keeps walking around with me has a rather high death ratio and everyone I care about died so far. Even my own brother." A heavy sigh escaped the hunter and he closed his eyes for a short moment before he continued.

"Sure, I don't know anything about those newly discovered feelings you're haunted by. At first I was glad to see you act a little more human and not like a bland doll sent from heaven anymore, but now..." Dean furrowed his brows in deep concern and stared straight into the others face which was still partly hidden in the dark.

"Back then I didn't need to worry about you getting hurt 'cause I knew you as an angel wouldn't even feel pain and just heal your vessel's body afterwards. Now it's different. Every time I see you bleeding, it reminds me that becoming more human also means you're getting closer to death. That thought never crossed my mind before. Seeing an angel die numerous times is fine, but I never thought you could die, too."

Something in his stomach curled up as he continued to speak. It was not a pleasant feeling to share his thoughts with the angel but he had no choice.

"You see, the list of people I try to protect has increased by one. One more to worry about! Like I wouldn't worry about pretty enough but it's fine. I know you're still capable of defending yourself, maybe not right now, but when you're recovered you can beat the shit outta me again. I'm sure of that!"

A cheerful smile had forced itself up onto the hunter's face even though he felt like he wanted to crawl towards the bathroom and puke into the holy toilet bowl.

"Yeah I surely have no idea what I'm talking about and of course I don't know how you feel." he said and finished his own speech before he let his head sink to wait for something the angel would say in return, but all he could hear were broken little gasps followed by heavy breathings.

Dean did not need to see to know what was going on.

The angel experienced another unwelcome emotion and he knew that one since he always tried his best to swallow and push it down. Mostly successful, but sometimes even he failed.

Talking was useless now.

He leaned closer, his instinct guiding him, and placed his lips on Castiel's forehead for a moment before he wandered down and repeated his action on the others lips.

When words of comfort failed, he could always express himself in other ways.

As he removed himself again, he thought it had been a mistake, but when he heard the rustling of the blanket he knew it had not.

Castiel managed to sit up a bit and moved back to create enough space for the hunter to join him on the couch. With silent understanding, Dean stood up from the chair and sat down on the couch before he leaned backwards, taking the angel with him in the

process.

Placing the others head on his chest and holding the angel in a firm embrace, he could listen to his slowly fading gasps, which started to turn into a normal slow breathing again.

"He'll be fine, right?" The voice of his younger brother emerged from the entrance of the living room, but Dean was not in the mood to answer properly.

"Fuck off Sammy." the hunter simply said and did not even turn his head around. Sam grinned a little and continued his walk, leaving his older brother and his angel alone for the rest of the night.

Dean had eventually fallen asleep after Castiel's breaths became steady, telling him the angel was finally sleeping again. When he opened his eyes the next morning, he was lying on the couch. Alone! The angel was gone again and the trench coat, which Dean had hung over his chair had disappeared too.

He hated to admit it but, falling asleep with the angel was something he somewhat got used to and waking up, knowing there was someone with him, seemed to be a normal thing now. Waking up alone this time just felt wrong.

Actually he could not believe it, after last night. Dean growled dangerously deep within his throat and got up. In less than a millisecond his senses had gotten alarmed and his mood had dropped deeper than hell!

"That... angel..." he hissed low and stomped into the kitchen.

"Bobby? Sam? Where the hell is everyone?"

Cursing, the older Winchester turned on his heel and stomped out of the room heading towards the only closed door to the small study. Opening the door he found his brother, talking to the older hunter. Entering, the hunter faked a smile.

"What you doing? You've seen angel-boy?" Straight to the point, that was Dean Winchester!

Bobby granted him a glance before he turned his attention back to his beloved old and dusty book while Sam got up and smiled cheerfully.

"Yeah, we're good." he replied, aware that he had not answered his brother's second question. Dean's brows moved upwards, still waiting for his baby brother to continue, but when there was nothing more, the older brother snorted displeased.

"What?" Sam shrugged before he replied.

"Nothing, just wondering since when you're snuggling?" From behind both men could hear the older hunter bark out a laugh.

"Our prince is becoming a princess." The older Winchester's head snapped around, glaring holes into his daddy substitute while Sam simply started laughing.

"What? You tellin' me I become girlish?" Dean stuttered, almost choking at his tongue.

"This is biologically impossible, Dean. Men cannot change their gender." The hunter did not even have to turn around when he heard the fluttering sound of wings.

He knew this sound and right the fuck now he did not want to hear it!

Slowly, he turned around. His expression a mix of anger and embarrassment. He could feel the heat rising up and turn his color into a dark shade of red. Opening his mouth, Dean tried to make some kind of sound but he failed, not knowing what actually to say. Castiel was helping out when he said.

"Hello, Dean." All the anger vanished with those two words spoken by a fallen angel of the Lord. Looking into those blazing blue eyes calmed him down. He could actually not believe it.

"Hey, get a room you two, or stop undressing each other with your eyes, would you? Now, Cas, what did you get?" Bobby held out his hand, waving into the direction of the

angel who responded immediately.

Handing over a small book he stopped right next to the old man.

"It was where you said it would be. They have filled all accidents in it which occurred within the last 5 weeks."

Bobby flicked through the pages, scanning every single one of them while he nodded in agreement.

"Sam? Take a look at that!" Sam rushed over to the table, leaving his brother stay put.

*What the hell...?* Dean turned around watching the three men.

He even caught himself looking at certain parts he was not supposed to look at. Lowering his gaze, Dean cleared his throat.

"You guys need any help? By whatever you're doing right now?" Three heads turned around not responding in any kind of way.

"Well, I'll just leave you guys then. Enjoy... whatever it is you're doing."

With that, Dean left the small room. If they did not need him for whatever they were doing, he could easily find himself occupied with something he was good in: getting his gorgeous baby ready for the street by checking every part of her.

This would certainly distract him from other thoughts about some stupid angel!

Everything had worked out differently than Dean had actually imagined. He had not been able to check the spark plugs or clean the rims.

The only thing that actually had happened was him hitting his head on the hood after checking the engine.

He simply was not able to get his head off what had happened last night.

His brain was urging him to remember every tiny bit Castiel had said or done. Or looked like! Oh yes, Dean could not get that picture out of his head anymore.

Like so many other events it had burned itself into his memory. He had never seen the angel so human. And the hunter disliked it.

This was not supposed to be. This was not normal.

Those two things had come into his mind when he had seen the celestial being standing in front of him in Bobby's living room.

Now, the hunter was sitting on the hood of his beloved car, a bottle of beer in his hand, thinking.

The knowledge of having kissed a celestial entity still felt strange but it did not creep him out as much as it was supposed to be.

*What a weird angel,* Dean thought, smiling slightly.

Moving his gaze over the place he already knew by heart, the older Winchester startled when he noticed the reason of his very problems standing right beside him, quiet and observing. Swearing, Dean slid down the hood, putting a few feet between him and the angel.

He tried to calm his heart down as he spoke.

"Dammit, Cas. Personal space! How often do I have to tell you that?" Dean knew, it was a lie, but he felt completely caught off guard and he knew, he had to hide those thoughts in case some random trench coat wearing angel would try to read his mind again.

Apparently, Castiel had not done so because he had lowered his gaze, staring down onto the ground.

"I apologize. Currently, I am very confused regarding the meaning of certain actions. Especially yours." Dean moved his brows upwards in surprise.

"Never mind!" Waving his head, the hunter walked over to the utility table dropping himself onto the edge of it.

Waiting for the other one to speak up both men remained quiet until the atmosphere became so tense, it was unbearable for the hunter and he raised his voice.

"So, what's up?" "The ceiling." Castiel's matter of factly respond was something that caused a smile onto the hunter's expression.

"Very well. Anyway, what were you guys doing? With all those books and stuff, I mean? You shouldn't be moving around. You've lost quite an amount of blood."

"Bobby has found some proof for a possible hunt for you. He has collected information about killings in a nearby city." The hunter nodded understandingly.

"What about you? You've been flying out, haven't you?" The angel nodded.

"Yes, I have been asked by Bobby to gather all the reports about the happenings."

Dean pushed himself from the table, the bottle still in his hand.

With the other he made a fluid motion of some 'plain' taking off.

"And you just flew out to grab him what he needed, huh?"

"Yes. If you ask me for something I do it as well. I believe it would be the same with Bobby." Castiel tilted his head in this specific manner that always indicated his confusion about something.

"What did you expect me to do, Dean? I believe that you have a reason for asking me those questions." After a long sip, the hunter threw the bottle into the bin next to the table and stepped closer. *Dammit stupid angel.*

"You've lost a lot of blood and you're thinking you can keep jumping around after that? Seriously? If I didn't know better, I would have said you're still some powerful angel but you're not. Christ, you're friggin' losing your mojo, stop hopping around as if nothing happened, goddammit!"

The moment Castiel's body tensed up Dean knew he had offended the angel with his words. They were the truth, though!

When Castiel stepped closer and into the Winchester's so cherished personal space, blue met green and set loose a fierce battle of silence.

At the same time someplace else

John got out of the car and headed towards his lovely family home, passing his front yard and the small freshly built fountain with birds spraying water from their tiny beaks.

The air was filled with the chirping of birds and a light warm breeze was welcoming the man. The sky was clear.

The moon had risen and stars were already visible. It was a perfect end of the day and a perfect life, with a perfect home and a perfect family.

*Just perfect.* He listened to his feet scrunching over the pebbles, while he kicked a few bigger stones in front of him out of his way.

A heavy sigh escaped him as he reached out for the door handle and entered his house.

The familiar smell of the freshly cooked meal crawled up his nose and lingered on his tongue, promising the taste of whatever the woman of his children had prepared.

It had been a long, exhausting day but he had to work hard to keep his family in the upper class and pay the bills and the house.

His wife was busy keeping her eye on the newborn. *Another mouth to feed, great John.*

As he closed the door he noticed the sound of heels.

*I told you to not wear them in the kitchen.* The clicking of heels got faster and closer.

"Hey honey! How was your day?" The warm voice of a woman was hearable from the kitchen and shortly after, he could catch a sight of her, walking towards him and cleaning her hands with a green towel.

John kept staring at her until she threw her arms around his neck and gave him a soft peck on the cheek.

"Dinner is ready and Danny has good news! He didn't wanna tell me before you'd arrive. So let's hurry up! I'm burning to know what it is!"

She let go of him and left him alone in the entrance. A smile forced its way up his lips until his cheeks started to hurt.

He did not care that much about it, not even when he felt an aching pain rise.

John followed his wife into the dining room. A big table with enough room for his family and a few more for visitors was decorated with candles and a huge amount of cutlery.

Way too much in his opinion, but his wife seemed to think good news needed that kind of decoration.

He stopped his movement in the doorframe and stared at the shiny knives and forks and spoons which surrounded the white plates.

Red napkins had been folded properly and were set right on top of them. *Such a useless waste of time.* John observed everything but had to stop when someone poked him in the back. "Daddy! You've gotta move!"

The high voice of his little girl appeared from behind, shortly followed by a snort.

"Yeah dad. Your in the way. Move it old man!" A high pitched giggle and a snicker later, John walked into the room and took a seat.

*Same place as every day and every week and every month and every year.*

"Daddy! Daddy! What's that in your hair? What's that in your hair?" The little girl jumped on his lap and reached out for his hair but he grasped her little hand before she could reach any further.

He tightened his grip a little too much and caused his daughter to shriek in pain and shock of the sudden treatment.

He let go of her immediately and she jumped off his lap, straight towards her mother.

"Mommy, Mommy!" His wife stared at him in confusion while she hugged her girl and observed her hand. No damage at all but the little girl was still close to tears.

"Geesh. John what's gotten into you? It's alright darling. Daddy is just a bit stressed from work today." The mother knelt down and kissed the little girls hand softly.

"There all better." she said and smiled cheerfully.

"You're a strong little girl right?"

"Yes mommy." A fast nod and a gleeful smile followed.

"I'm strong!" She jumped up and down and clapped her hands together before she took a seat close to her mothers.

John felt a strong hand on his shoulder and turned his head a bit to see his oldest son staring at him with a toothy smile.

"If you hear what happened today you'll gotta buy me a damn motorbike or maybe two!" his oldest said, confident as always and slightly disrespectful as always.

He took a seat right next to his father and pushed the napkin out of the way. Ready to get straight to the meat. The woman still observed her husband nervously.

She never had seen John hurting her daughter in any way.

Not even while he removed a band aid or anything. The girl was his little precious princess. It was unbelievable that anything at work could have upset her mate like this.

"Danny you have to wait. John. Let's do the grace." she whispered and folded her hands, while Danny grumbled since he already marked his piece of meat with his fork before he pulled back again, folding his hands but leaving his eyes open.

John took a look around. His perfect little family.

"Dear god, bless this wonderful cooking and bless the woman who..." John started, feeling calm again when suddenly somewhere from upstairs the scream of an infant was hearable and his wife startled from her seat. Ready to check on her child.

"Sit the fuck down Denna!" Freezing in her position, her eyes widened at the sudden outburst and it took her a few seconds to say something.

"Laslie is crying, John. I have to see what's wrong with him. I'll be right back" she said and stood up fully.

"I said." John started and smashed his fist onto the table hard enough to make his glass start shaking and fall over, pouring its content onto the white cloth.

"Sit the fuck down." he continued without looking up at her. His voice was filled with hatred and an abnormal cold presence.

It was just not her John. Not the man she married years ago. Not the man that walked out the door this morning who kissed her goodbye. This was not John.

"Danny. Could you take your sister upstairs? Your dad and I gotta talk." A fast nod and her son was up on his feet, but a strong hand grabbed his arm and pulled him down.

"I said: sit down. What part of 'sit down' didn't you get boy?" he hissed sharply and forced his boy back on his butt before he stood up himself.

Staring straight onto the sliced meat he repeated:

"Sit down Denna."

"But John I..." He moved around the table and grabbed his wife by her neatly tied up hair. A surprised scream followed by agony escaped her throat.

"John! You're hurting me! Let go! What's gotten into you?" She tried to free herself and reached backwards when she felt her husband push her head forward.

He smashed her face onto the white plate once, twice and as he threw her down a third time, the plate shattered and cut into Denna's cheek and forehead.

While he watched his kids ran off and up the stairs screaming, he kicked his stunned wife's chair, sending it to the ground with her before he reached towards the candle chandelier on the table.

Pushing a single finger against it and sending it down onto the beautiful deep blue dress Denna was wearing. John did not waste time and left the dining room, while the dark fabric started to catch fire.

His little princess was waiting for him and the little prince would stop screaming soon, too. With a soft smile on his lips, he made his way upstairs while his walk was accompanied with the sound of pure agony.

Later, on the road

Dean changed the tape in the cassette recorder. Sam had shown up in the garage to inform them what Bobby had in mind for them. Now, the brothers and the angel were sitting in the Black Impala heading towards Wayne for their next job.

Since Dean had revved the engine none had spoken a word. Sam kept himself busy staring out of the window and brooding about their current case.

He and Bobby had come to the conclusion that whatever was going on was supernatural! If people started to murder their beloved ones, there could not be any other option than demons, possession or dark magic being involved.

No way.

Whatever it was they would probably find answers soon enough. As long as they had not to deal with the devil himself, nothing worse could happen.

His thoughts got cut off when his brother suddenly turned the up radio and something he called '*music*' started to attack his ears.

"Dean! Seriously dude one day when we're old you'll be deaf!" Sam nearly screamed and reached forward to turn the volume down again.

An unamused snort was hearable before the older brother spoke up.

"If the predictions are correct, we won't be livin' long enough to get deaf. So stop whining Sammy."

Dean, nonetheless, did not turn up the volume again but instead, he glanced into the rearview mirror and observed whatever the angel was doing on the backseat.

Apparently, Castiel did nothing at all but when he felt the human's gaze on him he lifted his head and returned the look.

The hunter tried to focus on the street again, but found himself spying upwards again and again, waiting for the angel to say anything but he kept staring in silence.

A few more minutes passed before the oldest Winchester turned around completely to face the angel personally without a damn mirror between them.

"What?" he broke the silence and ignored the hands of his brother fumbling on his shoulder.

"Dean! You're driving goddammit!" Sam managed to pull the car over and prevented them from crashing into another bigger car.

"If you two have to stare at each other then let me drive! I'm not keen to die 'cause of your damn problems man."

Sam kept his hand on the wheel in case another car would approach them, but was pushed away by his brother, who finally turned his attention back to the street.

He knew that the situation was tense and the quietness of the angel made it worse. If there was tension, it had to be released and if his brother had to witness, fine, but he could not concentrate on this damn job nor could he concentrate on driving the damn car.

Crashing his baby would cause more pain than a broken nose, anyway.

"Hey Cas, why don't you go back to Bobby? Help him do some research or anything. We manage this on our own." he said and gripped the steering wheel tightly, causing his knuckles to turn white.

Sam threw his brother a '*what the hell dude*' look before he turned towards Castiel, who was still staring holes into the front seat emotionlessly. Right when he thought that the angel would not even respond to Dean's stupid idea, that very angel spoke up.

"I don't understand the point, Dean."

"The point is you're getting back to Bobby's and stay there." was the prompt answer from the oldest Winchester. *Seriously, we don't need you limping around and acting weird while we question the town's people*, he thought, but immediately reminding himself that he had chosen the wrong words.

Expecting to see an angry angel staring at him he took another glance in the mirror but was surprised by the calm expression of the angel.

"You told me to '*not fly around*' so much." Castiel raised his hands and marked the part of Dean's own words.

A deep growl formed in the hunter's throat and forced its way up.

"We're not that far away yet. It won't cost you much mojo to get back. Besides, it's not like you're helpful anyway!" *That's it, keep telling the broken that he's useless, great deal*. Dean shook his head and threw another glance towards the angel. Still nothing. Not even a furrowed brow. Castiel remained calm.

"Well I think it's a good idea to show Castiel how the job is done and how to get information. If we show him he can perform better next time."

It's not like you were born with the natural talent to act like an agent, Dean. Dad had to teach you too." Sam interfered and put on a cheery smile.

If his brother continued to talk like this they would end up in the roadside ditch eventually. When he peeked behind him, he observed the angel.

Castiel was still sitting in the middle of the backseat, no need for seat belts, his hands folded into each other and slightly bent forward. The younger hunter turned his gaze back to his brother, when the car was pulled over and came to a sudden hold. Earning a confused look from his brother, Dean got off the car.

He walked around it until he reached the backdoor and opened it.

"Out, now!"

When Castiel did not move the Winchester bent down to have a look onto the backseat but the angel was already gone.

"What is the purpose of your actions, Dean?" Castiel waited for Dean to close the door and turn around. Tilting his head the angel tried to understand the hunter's expression.

"My goddamn purpose is to get your ass back to Bobby's. I'm not letting you go with us on that hunt, Cas." *I won't let you get hurt!*

It would have been an understatement if one had said Dean was pissed. The last day had shown that Castiel was becoming more human and the hunter certainly disliked it! He could not cope with protecting another important person.

He already had to take care of Bobby and Sam and this was difficult since a lot of people tended to die lately. *Don't make it so hard, Cas, please*, Dean prayed in his thoughts, but the angel did not seem to notice even that.

Not a good sign!

The angel's voice pulled him back into reality.

"I don't want to stay at Bobby's, Dean. Why don't you understand such an easy thing? I'm going to stay!"

Apparently, Castiel had grown himself some balls, or he was just too damn stubborn. Whatever it was, Dean did not agree with it, not yet, at least.

"I said no, Cas. And this means you'll go back!"

"No."

The Winchester rolled his eyes. *C'mon, Cas, why do you force me to this?* Despite the fact that part of him wanted to have the angel around, the remaining parts told him to put this little celestial being to safety.

Threateningly, Dean made a step forward, looking down at the smaller angel.

"You won't stay, Cas. End of discussion. Don't make me force you to leave."

"Make me!" was the dead panned respond and for a moment silence sneaked up between both men.

"Guys, stop this. Just get back in the car, jeez." was Sam's voice to be heard from behind. "Sam, this is none of your business, shut up." Dean commanded before he made another step forward.

"Cas, I'm warning you."

"Dean, nothing you say or do will change my mind. I am coming with you!" The hunter nodded understanding and bit onto his bottom lip before he drew his arm back, ready for the first blow on the angel.

Before he could land a hit on the other man, Castiel had moved to one side and kicked his knee into the Winchester's stomach.

The fast move caused Castiel to freeze for a moment and fight the upcoming dizziness. Closing his eyes for a second he did not see the fist rushing forward, hitting



him directly on the nose.

Blood started to flow immediately and ran down the angel's lips and chin before it dropped onto the trench coat.

"You still wanna stay?"

"Yes." Dean barked out a laugh of disappointment. *As if a little punch would change his mind, great, Winchester! You're awesome.*

Dean rushed forward, aiming for the angel once more, but his strength was one thing that apparently was not yet affected by the loss of his mojo, as Dean had to find out mere seconds later.

With one hand Castiel countered the hunter's attack and smashed him onto the ground. He could feel a sharp pain running from his knee to his head, leaving a tingling feeling. Trying to stand up, Dean failed that attempt when he realized that the angel had pinned him down. Straddling him, Castiel watched Dean trying to free himself from the strong grip.

"Dean." The angel started but was interrupted by Sam.

"Wait until he has stopped fighting. He won't listen to you, Cas. He never does!" The younger Winchester smiled a sad smile while he waited that his brother stopped this ridiculous behavior. Castiel did as he was told. And a few moments later, Dean stopped, glaring at him and his brother alternately.

"Dean?" The hunter locked eyes with the angel. "Don't make me go back, Dean."

With this Castiel let go of the hunter and stood up. Sam and his brother did it likewise.

"He stays with us Dean. Just accept it and drive!"

Wiping away a few more drops of blood, Dean glared holes into his younger brother's chest before he shrugged, causing him to hiss at the sudden pain and agreed with a "Fine!" before he nearly limped back towards the driver seat.

Right in front of it he could feel a hand on his left shoulder, taking the pain away, but when he turned around to stare angrily at the one who healed him, there was no one. Turning his head around again, he noticed that Castiel was already back in the car, staring straight forward and ignoring the Winchester completely.

And so the fun ride continued.

Wayne County Sheriff Police Department 5

The door opened and a young woman stepped out. For one moment her gaze wandered through the room until she found what she was looking for: three men in suits, one with a tan trench coat. Walking closer, she started to speak.

"Welcome to the WCSPD 5, gentlemen. My name is Stacy. I'm the boss's secretary. He's awaiting you, please follow me!" Dean and his brother exchanged a quick look before they rose to their feet and followed the red haired very small woman.

Castiel followed suit. He and the older hunter had not spoken since their fight, but threw deadly glares at each other nonetheless.

It was needless to say that Sam was sick of it and the only thing he could do by now was being professional for three and ignore those kids.

Right now, they had worse problems than a little fight between his brother and the angel. There seemed to be something happening in this town.

Something that could not be explained with normal logic and the three men were there to solve the case. Just ten minutes ago they had introduced themselves as FBI investigating the killings. Castiel had caught the people's attention immediately what they dismissed as being some intern from the GBI.

Apparently, this answer had been satisfying since nobody bothered to ask them any more questions.

Followed by the three men, Stacy entered the Sheriff's office and introduced them. "Hey, Nick, these gentlemen are Mr. Hetfield, Mr. Sambora and Mr. Walsh." She looked at Castiel and smiled supporting.

"Mr. Walsh is an intern, Nick. Don't be rude, yeah?"

With this, Stacy left the office but turned around one last time.

"Oh and, keep your hands off, will ya?"

"Yeah, I'll do my best, Sweetpie." Nick replied and waited for the woman to close the door before he looked at the men in front of him individually.

"Gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

"We're here for the killing. The husband kills family case!" The Sheriff nodded understanding.

"Yes, I know. That was unbelievable. This bastard killed every single one of them. And then..." Nick shook his head and stood up.

"I guess you wanna talk to him in private. I'll take you!" The man grabbed one file from his desk and stood up, crossing the room and opening the door. He smiled at Castiel before he spoke.

"So, let's get going." The hunters and the angel followed suit.

While walking towards the interrogation room Nick kept talking. Mainly to Castiel. Since he was an intern he figured it would be helpful to know a little more about police work. Meanwhile, Nick completely ignored the Winchesters what made both hunters quite uncomfortable.

And not because they feared Castiel would say something stupid.

When they finally arrived at the door separating them from John Meldon, the Sheriff stopped talking.

At last!

Dean already had started to wonder whether this man was breathing or not. Opening the door, he stepped aside.

"Gentlemen, he's all yours, now!" The older Winchester had to force himself to smile when he walked by the Sheriff. When Castiel followed he earned a friendly wink before the door was closed again.

The man sitting at the table did not bother to look up when the three men entered the room. He kept his gaze onto his hands. Sam and Dean exchanged a look before the younger hunter sat down and started to speak.

"John Meldon? My name is Sam, this is Dean and Cas. We're here because..."

"I don't care why you're here. Just leave me alone." John interrupted Sam with a loud yell. Now, it was Dean's turn.

"We're just here to find out what happened. No need to get all rude, man!" Finally, John looked up, directly into the older Winchester's eyes.

"You wanna find out what happened? I insulted, slapped, strangled and burned my wife, my little daughter, my sixteen year old son and the baby in my house after I have been promoted at work. That's what figgin' happened. Now get the fuck outta here, goddamit." Dean and his brother went silent, not sure what to say about that reply.

"You have been in love with your wife." Castiel stated matter of factly and three pairs of eyes rested on him. One warning him to shut up but he continued, anyway. "Why would you want to kill something that you cherish more than your own life?"

A desperate laugh escaped John's throat.

"I dunno, man. I really don't. I guess, I just... snapped?" Tears started to run down the men's cheeks.

"It was just an ordinary day. I came home from work, Denna had already prepared

lunch. I dunno what happened. I just thought it was too much. She annoyed me, my daughter's cries annoyed me, my son's stupidity and impoliteness and the baby..." Now, John was sobbing miserably.

"I don't know why, but I couldn't take it anymore. I just wanted it to stop."

"Did you notice anything unusual? The smell of rotten eggs, or flickering lights, anything?" The man stared at Dean like he was an alien.

"No, what are you? Crazy? You should get the fuck outta here. I don't need some suits acting all helpful when they actually make jokes about me." Sam started to calm the man's upcoming anger down.

"We're not intending to make any jokes about what happened. It is important to know about that."

"Get the fuck out... Sheriff, Sheriff." The door opened and Nick entered the room.

"Get them outta here. I don't wanna see them again!" John was yelling at the four men in front of him. His eyes already dark red from crying, his nose running.

Leaving the room, Sam and Dean inhaled air deeply.

"What the hell happened?"

"He got upset." Castiel replied calm, his eyes trained on Dean.

"Okay, follow me." Nick led them toward another door. The room behind it was dark with a giant window built into the wall. Right through it, they could see John Meldon sitting at the table, crying and broken.

"Did he really strangle his whole family?" Sam asked, keeping the man in sight.

Nick nodded.

"Yes, all five of them. First the woman. He beat her, then, went upstairs to get the kids and the baby and then he strangled and hung them. Afterwards, he burned the whole house down."

"What about his belongings. Did you find anything strange?" Nick started to bite on his thumb, contemplating.

"No, nothing strange or unusual. Just a wrist watch, wallet, tissues. General stuff everyone's having in the pockets, you know." Dean nodded.

"So, what are you guys gonna do about it?"

"We'll need to get to the house. Try to find anything useful there." Nick laughed out loud. "Yeah sure, if you wanna crawl in the dirt, don't mind. You won't find anything there. Everything burned down. I'm telling ya, it's a mess." Dean rolled his eyes. This man was completely useless and definitely staring too much at the angel.

"We're going anyway." he said with a low voice. Still looking at Castiel, Nick said.

"Sure, I can give ya a ride, if you want to!"

There were times when Dean Winchester could be very patient, but then, there were times, like right now, when his patience got to an end.

Tensing his muscles the hunter stepped forward towards Castiel, ready to insult the Sheriff of Wayne County for obviously being sweet on his angel.

Before he could do so, another police officer entered the room hastily.

"Sheriff, sorry to interrupt but we've got a rampage at the State College, Anderson Drive. Took several teachers and students as hostages! All forces needed." He was about to leave again when he stopped and took in a deep breath.

"It's Greg, your nephew. I'm sorry." With these words he left them alone again. Nick got a hold on his desk before those words hit him and lowered himself onto his chair. He looked shocked and could not even hide his confusion.

"It's fine. We're done here." Sam said and turned around to leave the miserable sheriff alone, his brother followed suit.

"He's a good boy. He would never... He was always nice to everyone. His teacher said he even was elected as a class representative." The sheriff covered his face in his hands in disbelief.

Both brothers shared a glance before they nodded simultaneously.

"Sheriff it could be possible that your nephew's case is important to us too." The younger hunter started and moved towards the door.

Castiel kept staring at the human like he was some kind of complex artwork.

"We should go. Maybe it's not too late to fix whatever has cracked in your nephew's brain." Dean commented and pulled at the staring angel's shoulder. Nick stood up too and nodded. "I'm sorry gentlemen. I know Greg. He wouldn't do something that stupid. Let's go." They left the police department right away and followed the sheriff with the Impala.

Only a few minutes later they arrived at the Wayne State Collage, which was already surrounded by police officers and a huge amount of bystanders.

One of the officers ran straight towards the sheriff, holding up a megaphone and started to report.

Actually, it had been biology classes when the young man had obviously snapped. While dissecting a pigeon he had first attacked his classmates with the scalpel and right away killed his teacher before he took one of his classmates as a hostage.

Right now, he was on top of the building with the girl he had chosen and the police could take care of the victims.

When they entered the classroom they could not believe how a single boy could be capable to create such a bloodbath. He had killed most of them with several stabs but many more with a simple cut straight through their throat.

The only one he had not killed was the class mascot Niki, the guinea pig. When the deputy finished his report, all color had left the sheriff's face and he shakily grabbed the megaphone. The FBI agents were standing close by and looked up towards the roof.

"Greg! Stop moving! It's not too late to stop this!" The sheriff started to scream into the megaphone, while his nephew took a few steps closer towards the edge of the roof, shoving his classmate forward.

Dean furrowed his brows. Not too late was not quite the right definition in this case.

"Greg! Stop this lunacy and get down!" Nick yelled into the megaphone. He could not believe what he saw.

"Sheriff it seems he locked the door to the roof. We're working on it but..." A scream interrupted the deputy, drawing their attention back to the building and seconds later a body was thrown down the roof, hitting the ground with a loud thud.

The screams of the bystanders echoed over the place and the police tried to calm the people down and push them out of the way.

Dean threw a serious look at the angel standing next to him, but gained no response. Castiel kept staring upwards and was obviously not touched by the scenery.

"You're in a lot of trouble young man! Throw the weapon away and open the door!" Nick tried to remain calm, but he just could not prevent his voice from shaking.

The young man was already soaked with the blood of his classmates and whatever was left of the sheriff's nephew, seemed to have left him completely.

A few more steps and he was only inches away from the edge.

"Get a damn trampoline, a damn blanket, anything!" Nick yelled at his officers who had already called for the special units rescue team, but they had not shown up yet.

Greg had stopped moving forward and lifted his right hand, holding the scalpel up and

towards his neck.

His uncle's eyes went wide, Greg could see it even though he was that far away.

"I'm in a lot of trouble." the young man whispered. As the police finally broke through the door behind him, he rammed the scalpel into his neck and fell forward.

Nick had forgotten about the offer to get the FBI agents to the burnt house. Seeing his nephew die in front of his eyes was too much for him.

The Winchesters drove to the remains of John Meldon's house, but the sheriff had been right. Black, charred wooden planks and molten glass was all that was left of the family home. Dean got off the car and slammed the door shut.

His brother looked at him suspiciously. Usually, when Dean slammed the door of his gorgeous car shut it meant that something was wrong. So he simply asked.

"Dude, you alright?" Dean threw him a threatening glare saying more than words could ever say.

When Castiel showed up next to him, he turned and grabbed the angel by his collar. Pulling him closer he stared directly into the confused blue eyes.

"Why the hell didn't you do anything? Were you enjoying watching this boy jump down? Tell me, why the fuck didn't you move a muscle?"

Sam could not help himself but roll his eyes. As if Castiel was responsible for keeping everyone and anyone alive these days! The young hunter inhaled some air to interfere with his brother but Dean was faster.

"None of your business, Sam. Start searching for any leads. Just need to finish this one first!" Dean growled and waited until his brother gave up and walked over to the burned place.

The hunter turned his attention back towards the angel who had kept his eyes on the other man.

"I want an answer, now! What the hell were you thinkin' dammit?" When Castiel did not reply, Dean's anger level increased to '*now I'm gonna kick your ass*' and he was very close to start another beat down session with that angel.

Needless to say that it was very surprising when Castiel laid his hand on the other man's wrist.

"Dean."

One word and he was speechless.

He did not know how Castiel did it, but one thing he knew for sure: it damn worked! The only thing he could do now was to stare back into those blue eyes. *Oh god, that's too close!*

"I am sorry, Dean. I did not know..." Castiel trailed off, thinking about the right word to choose.

"I was in doubt. Usually you forbid to use any of my powers when we are among other humans. I did not know if I should do something or not. You did not tell me either."

A shiver ran down Dean's spine. He knew this was important but he was simply distracted by something that seriously should not ever distract him. Not at all!

"Dean?"

Castiel tilted his head, his expression showed pure confusion.

"Are you okay? Is something wrong?"

"Yeah... no... I mean: yes, everything's alright. Nothing wrong... nothing!" Dean smiled a little desperate smile and let go of the angel.

"Cas, you don't have to do everything I say. You can decide for yourself. You need to start livin' man, not just existing!"

Castiel nodded and lowered his gaze, looking at his own hand holding the

Winchester's. "Being human is difficult." Dean chuckled.

"As if angels would be easier to understand. C'mon, Sam's probably crawling along the floor. Let's join him before he gets all fussy about it." The angel nodded again but did not let go of the Winchester's wrist.

"Cas?"

"Yes, Dean?"

"We... uh. We need to..." The hunter trailed off. Looking into those blues eyes made him feel like being hit by an iceberg on the open sea while swimming.

*What did I wanna say?* Dean forced his head to start working to tell him what he wanted to know, but he could simply not come up with an answer.

"You're invading my personal space, Cas. I can't think."

"My apologies." the angel replied but did not move an inch.

"You're too close, Cas."

"I probably am." And again, the angel did not make a move.

Standing close and staring at each other caused the seconds to crawl by until a loud dark sound cut through this moment, pulling both men back to reality.

Dean's head spun around just to watch a fat pitch black crow laugh at them and fly away. When he turned his head back Castiel was standing a few feet away. *Good idea*, Dean thought and waved his hand.

"We should really get going, man."

"Yes."

## Kapitel 15: How to flush birds

### 15. How to flush birds

#### Stones are not enough

The door jumped open and three men entered the room. All three of them were dirty from head to toe, covered in black dust and slivers of glass and wood.

"Oh god, I'm so hungry." Dean threw his duffle bag onto the bed and fell beside it, stretching his limbs. His brother granted him a sympathetic look.

"You need to get your food by yourself, I can barely move my legs." The younger Winchester commented and yawned lazily while walking towards the closed door separating this room from the bathroom.

"I seriously need a shower before falling asleep."

"Yeah, whatever, Sammy." Another yawn echoed through the room. Both brothers were so busy complaining about themselves that they completely ignored the dusted angel who was still standing next to the door which he had closed quietly.

The three of them had searched every inch of the burned remains of the house. They had moved broken wooden beams, pipes, got soaked wet by liquids only god knew what they were made of and occasionally got smitten by cement slabs. Their reward was quite sobering. They had not found one tiny piece of evidence.

Nothing at all!

At one point, Sam had become that frustrated that he had started to tear a found raven feather into tiny pieces. The same went for Dean.

The only one who had been patient and calm the whole time while crawling through all that dirt and dust and more dirt was Castiel. With that stoic expression of his the angel had continued searching for any possible leads, no matter how small the evidence might have been, but even he had failed to find something.

Anything!

When the clock had stricken nine, the three men had given up. The sun had already started to sink and they were convinced they would not find anything in the dark they had not found during the day.

Now, Dean was lying on a bed in some random motel somewhere in Wayne. He was too exhausted to get himself something to eat, but he really needed to.

Lazily, he pulled himself up onto his elbows, taking in his surroundings. Now, he finally noticed the angel standing around as if he was waiting for something.

"Dammit Cas. Don't just stand there. Aren't you tired?" The angel turned his head towards the older Winchester, looking at him for a second, before answering.

"No."

*Oh yeah, that was a hell of an answer, buddy!* Dean sighed deep within his throat when he fell backwards again. Since their last little encounter, Castiel had not spoken much. Well, he never said much, but even for him 'no' and 'yes' was just few.

"Did you forget how to speak or did you reduce your vocab to those two words now?" Dean spit out.

"No."

The older hunter rolled his eyes and growled dark. *That's it*, he thought and forced himself up, one more time.

Staring at Castiel, he stood up and started to take off his dirty clothes.

"You know what, Cas? Blow me! I'm serious. I'm tired of this. Just fly out or do whatever you're doing usually when you're not around, but stop this shit!"

He shrugged off his jacket and opened the tie, very well aware that some certain angel was still there. He started unbuttoning his button-down and threw the first garments next to his bag.

As he noticed Castiel not moving a muscle, he remembered. He had told the angel twice to not waste any of his mojo for something stupid. The insight made him growl even more and he turned his back towards the still staring angel.

"Sam, hurry up!" he yelled while walking towards the bathroom door, forcefully knocking against it. All he got as a response was the increasing sound of the shower. His brother was not done yet and would enjoy the clean water way longer than needed just to piss him off more.

Dean disliked the idea to stay smelly just for the sake of sleep, but if his fussy little brother needed to clean every inch of himself for the next half an hour, he would stick to sleep now and shower later.

When he finally brought his attention back towards Castiel, he noticed that the angel had eventually moved from the door and had taken a few steps towards the hunter. Nearly deliberating if he should close the space or not.

The hunter stayed put and observed the other man. His trench coat was partly soaked and partly smeared with black coal. *Cleaning time*. Either they bought the angel some more clothing or he had to show him how a washing machine worked.

Teaching the angel that was nothing he wanted to do, though.

Not at all! While Dean was busy spacing out and fantasizing about things he needed to teach the more and more human becoming angel, he barely noticed that this very angel had finally overcome his hesitance and closed the gap between them, stopping only inches before him.

"Do you wanna make out or smite me some more?" Dean spit out. If he let the silence fell over them again, he knew what would happen.

Even though he was aware that Castiel would take him way too serious if he kept talking like this he needed words right now, but the angel did not respond in any way. He kept staring at him. Watching the human breathe, gulp and lick his dry lips in front of him. That staring! Always staring at him.

Like he was a miracle or a hallucination, but nothing real. Nothing he could touch, grasp and hold onto.

The hunter realized he had lost again when his thoughts settled around the idea, what kind of blue the angel's eyes could be.



Calling them blue was not even close to what they seemed to look like for him. It was weird enough to even waste time thinking about another man's eye color.

*Blue is the color of the deep blue sea. I hate that stupid kid's song.*

Feeling a shiver running down his spine at the thought he lifted his right hand and patted the angel on the shoulder.

If mood swings were only for women, Dean did not know how to call his own behavior these days. With a snuck grin on his lips he squeezed the angel's shoulder.

"Cas, stop making a drooling brain dead zombie outta me! You're gonna kill me one day."

His words hit something. Dean did not know what exactly caused it, but he could see a slight twitch on Castiel's face before he lowered his gaze and cut the connection which had established between their eyes.

The blue was gone.

A heavy sigh escaped him. *Yeah, a hero at words*, Dean thought and nearly lowered his chin on top of the lightly smaller man in front of him, when something stung his nostrils.

Dean wrinkled his nose as the scent of Castiel's hair and clothes.

"Dude, if Sam ever gets his beauty shower done, you go in there next! You smell like you got roasted for too long." He kept talking since it felt weird enough to be standing so close again. On the other hand, he did not even know why it felt wrong in the first place.

Castiel was the one walking up towards him.

It was not like he forced the angel or anything so why was he worried about standing close anyway? *Because you're still the one who corrupted him Dean Winchester! You gave him an inch and now he wants to take the yard. Or maybe he has his own reasons to do so and you're not even part of those real reasons? Why is that bitch takin' so long?* The hunter reached up slowly and grabbed the angel's other shoulder too.

"Hey Cas, you should take that thing off. It smells like garbage and you won't need it anytime soon." Being the only one talking here made the hunter feel more and more uncomfortable. Like he had forbidden the angel to talk or had insulted him so he refused to say anything anymore. Castiel raised his head and met the Winchester's gaze.

"Talk to me man!" Dean's patience died quickly again. It was annoying to talk without getting any kind of response, but maybe Castiel had already said way too much and would stay silent like this from now on?

"You've been friggin' loud once so c'mon! Don't make me push you off a cliff to hear you say something!" He increased the grip on the angel's shoulder and, without noticing, pressing the angel's chest closer.

"If I feel the need to talk, I will, Dean." The voice was low and calm. The hunter nearly held his breath at the angel's words, but the meaning rushed past him. The sound was way more important and shut him up for a moment.

When the door next to them opened, Dean did not even jump or tried to hide anything. The hard stare of the angel was confusing and claiming his attention way too much to bother. They were not doing anything he needed to hide in the first place, but if he was right, Sam already knew more than he knew himself so denying was also useless.

"You guys seriously need a single room for yourselves!" Sam said while leaving the bathroom, shaking his head and slightly grinning to himself.  
*First you beat each other up and later you make up for it?*

"You got some serious problems guys." He only spoke out loud the last part of his thoughts while drying his hair with a small towel: feeling fresh and clean again after crawling through coal and dust all day.

"Shut up bitch. Or we start talking about your problems." Dean let go of the angel and sat down on the bed, running a hand through his hair when the hard rock tunes of his cell phone ripped him out of his cursing-baby-brother-state.

While reaching for the phone, he lay down onto the bed and sighed in relieve before he answered the call.

"You're gettin' slower pickin' up your phone, boy. I thought I was the old one here." The rough voice of the old hunter came up, but Dean was already way too tired to even sit up again, so he just lay there and listened to what his friend had found out. In the meanwhile, Sam grabbed himself his still pretty dirty shirt and pulled it back over before he fell back onto the bed, throwing a glance at the still lost looking angel.

It was obvious that Castiel did not know what to do and where to go, so he stayed put and waited for anything to happen. The younger hunter shook his head, lay down properly and closed his eyes. His brother would probably do what was best. As long as he could sleep he did not care what these two idiots were doing.

"Fine. Gotcha. See you later Bobby." Dean placed the phone down onto the desk close-by and lowered his head into the pillow before his brothers muffled voice spoke up behind him.

"So anything new?"

"Yeah, another murder, a few suicides and someone throwing his boss out of the window. Seems pretty much the whole area went nuts, if you ask me." Dean responded feeling sick at the thought of so many people dying lately, especially in this little town.

His eyes shot open when he remembered that there was still something undone standing nearby and waiting for anything. The eldest Winchester turned his head around and found himself staring at Castiel, who had not moved an inch since he broke the eye contact.

"Cas." he started and managed to slowly sit up again. He pointed towards the bathroom.

"You did it once you can do it again, right? Just go and clean yourself up and take a rest, will ya?" Raking his hand through his short dark hair, he waited for the angel to move a muscle.

Finally, Castiel did as he was told and turned towards the bathroom door, closing it shut behind him and leaving the hunters alone.

Dean placed his head back onto the pillow and let out a relieved sigh. Sam had opened one eye to see if their friend was seriously gone before he continued to speak.

"So what do ya think? Witchcraft, black magic, curses, demons? Angels?" Sam was hoping for a proper reply, any kind of clue would have been fine since he had no idea. "Nope." Dean had already closed his eyes, pressing his face deeper into the soft pillow while he tried to ignore the fact, that the pile of clothing lying next to him was

sending waves off unpleasant odors upwards.

"Bobby's got no clue either, yet?" The youngest Winchester kept asking, but it was hopeless. A grunting sound was all he got as a reply and he gave up. Sam slowly drifted away with his thoughts. They would find out what was going on soon.

They always did.

After closing the door behind him, Castiel did not move a muscle. Dean had been right, he smelled and he had noticed it as well. Another indicator for him, that he was becoming more human every day. He disliked it, he even disliked that he disliked something. Castiel shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other.

He felt a strange pressure in his lower half. It was already distracting him for hours. Of his knowledge humans needed to use the facilities for some kind of release. The angel moved his head, looking at the different objects in the room, resting his gaze on the toilet. Castiel sighed, surrendering to his needs.

Slowly, he started undressing himself. When he was done he moved towards the toilet but stopped again, staring at it as if it was a demon in disguise.

Bending down he lifted the lid. Castiel growled deep within his throat. He could not believe he really wanted to do that! For one moment, the angel closed his eyes, contemplating, calming his mind.

Dean shifted to his side, trying to finally fall asleep. However, the hunter was not able to relax until he heard the toilet flushing. He opened one eye lazily and just a second later he could hear the muffled sound of the shower.

The Winchester shifted again. He could need a shower himself but, considering the fact that his baby brother and the angel were using the shower he would probably shower cold. Dean growled. He did not want to shower cold, he needed warmth, at least tonight!

While he kept his eyes pressed shut, he concentrated on clearing his thoughts, which made it even worse to stop thinking. *I should have headed for the damn shower right in the first place. Damn you comfy looking bed, it's your fault!* When he heard a low snore from the other bed he opened his eyes and turned around. Sam never snored, but he did it again when Dean narrowed his eyes.

*That's it.*

The older hunter sat up again and buried his face in his hand, brushing over his face while the sound of the shower increased a bit. Considering a night sleeping with all the dirt on him and smelling his sweat was just unbearable.

His head slowly turned towards the bathroom door. The light from inside crept into the room, but was not enough to lighten it up.

A bit of steam was dancing in the light and vanished in the much colder air of the main room. Dean had enough.

He stood up from the bed, walked towards the bathroom door, took a last view over his shoulder, to see if his brother was still snoring and entered the bathroom.

12 Hours earlier, some time past lunch

The door swung open and a tall man in uniform entered the small room.

"Brian, how often do I have to tell ya to submit the reports within 24 hours after questioning the suspect? Dammit, man, you're behind, again! I'm not gonna tell ya

that a third time, got me? Get yourself together or you can go on annual leave. Unpaid." The man did not even wait for the other to reply.

He simply slammed the door shut again and left the surprised man stare at the wooden door. Brian sighed exhausted and threw his roller ball pen onto his desk. He ran his hands over his face.

"Dammit!" For one moment the only thing he could hear was the sound of bypassing cars and birds. He turned towards the open window and took a look outside. It was quite a sunny and warm day. Children were playing outside, people were taking walks. Apparently, everyone had a free day except for him and his partners. *Right, my partners.* Brian scratched the back of his head, when he turned his attention back towards the loads of paperwork on his desk. He sighed.

"Here for two friggin' years and doin' nothin' but paperwork." he growled.

"Brian, get the coffee, Brian get the prints, Brian get this, Brian get that... I'm gonna show them what Brian can do!"

Determined, he walked over to the filing cabinet. One of the things one learned at the Police Academy was to lock the gun someplace safe, so nobody could take it without intending to use it. He checked the magazine which he had filled for 10 rounds. He pushed the steel magazine in the gun and pulled back the slide.

A small clicking noise told him that the gun was charged. Suddenly, Brian's thoughts were interrupted by loud shouting outside his room. He could see his colleagues rush by, yelling commands and curses. Putting the Glock back onto the shelf he stepped towards the door, opening it and watching his colleagues get armed.

One of the doors toward the questioning rooms opened and his boss stepped into the main working area, followed by three men in suits

"Hey Brian, what are you doin'?" The man turned his head towards a smaller man with dirty brown hair.

"What's goin' on, Jake?" "Some kid went mental at school. All units required." Before Brian could reply his colleague shushed him.

"You stayin' here. You got work to do." he said and continued his way, following the others out of the building.

Brian pulled a grimace, clenching his fists that his knuckles went white.

"Ridiculous." he barked out and turned on his heel, walking back into his small office, slamming the door shut.

"You got work to do, of course I do, and nobody else wants to do it, huh? Bloody hell, and that's what's called colleagues. Bite me!" Furious like hell, he pushed the papers off his desk. Brian continued his way toward the cabinet and grabbed his Glock. A smile worked its way onto his lips. "I'm gonna show them what Brian can do, what I can do!" With this he headed out his office, out of the station.

Outside he walked straight toward his black Dodge He needed to get out of here.

"Ahh, dammit, you beastly thing, get off my car!" Brian lifted his hands and tried to scare the raven off his car. The gigantic bird unfolded its wings to show the man the different shades of black before it took off. Getting in the car he snarled displeased.

"Friggin' birds. Hate 'em!" Starting the engine, he left the parking area, headed downtown.

6 Hours later but 6 hours earlier from the Winchester's

Brian checked his watch. Again. He had made a game of it, testing himself for how long he was able to resist to not looking down at his wrist.

*Just a matter of time*, he thought and glared at a group of young boys standing in front of a small shop. For almost four hours Officer Brian Fowley was leaning against a wall in one of Wayne County's bigger shopping malls. He had been watching people passing by, ready to strike if somebody did anything wrong.

However, nothing had happened until now. A couple of teens had caught his attention. They were standing in front of the store, discussing something in a very aggressive manner. Every now and then, one of the boys had looked at him, to make sure he did not notice anything. Of course, Brian did notice them and he was aware of their intentions.

*They're gonna steal somethin'. C'mon, don't lemme wait, boys.*

Finally, after a few minutes, the teens entered the store. With a smug grin, Brian put his hand around his holster. He would wait until they exited the store and then he would catch them. The man smiled proudly. He would be the hero! Everyone would admire him. Suddenly, he could hear somebody yelling and in the next second, three teens just rushed out of the store. The owner in pursuit. Brian's grin faded and he started moving.

"Police, freeze!" He rushed by the store owner, pursuing the teens. He pushed the masses out of his way, jumped over obstacles, but could not reach them. Brian snarled displeased. He grabbed his Glock and twisted the safety switch to unlock the gun. He lifted his hand, aimed and shot.

The loud exploding sound echoed through the mall and everything seemed to freeze: time and people. He was the first one who dared to move again. Stepping closer to the lifeless body, Brian smiled, he was proud. He had caught a thief!

"Ey, man, what the hell?" A young man gasped, still shocked about what had just happened. Brian turned his head, expecting cheering and gratitude, but all he could see in the man's face was disgust.

"You shot a kid, man! You friggin' shot a kid!" Somebody else added. "And stop grinning you psycho!" Slowly, the masses started to whisper, closing the circle around the officer and the dead boy in front of him. Brian furrowed his brows.

"What? I just caught a thief. So what? Aren't you grateful? Am I not awesome?" he asked, irritated by the people's reactions.

"No man, you just killed a boy. You're sick! And something like you is a cop? Oh my dear god!" An elderly woman knelt down beside the body, putting her freshly bough flowers next to his head.

"I'm sorry boy." she said before she stood up again. When she turned toward the police officer she startled. A couple of people started to scream and her brain finally realized why: She was staring right into the barrel of a gun. Before she could say anything else, Brian pulled the trigger.

When her body hit the ground he started laughing.

"I'm awesome, I've caught a thief, have I not? That's so cool, man! I need to tell that my colleagues. Hey, don't you run away." He moved his armed and pointed at another random person in the crowd before he pulled the trigger one more time.

"Didn't know shooting is that much fun! Should do a lot more of it."

Now, in the middle of the night at the motel

As quiet as possible, Dean closed the door behind him and sighted the bathroom. The pile of the angel's clothes caught his eye first, lying somewhat carefully folded on the toilet seat. The air was damp and hot steam was pouring out from above the shower cubicle. Milk glass prevented him from seeing much, but all he needed to see was the blurred image of the angel's body.

His eyebrows went upwards and he decided for himself that Castiel had not noticed him being in here yet. *Lucky me*, he thought and turned towards the sink.

When a stream of warm water started to brush over his hands and lower arms, a low sigh escaped him.

This had to do for now. While the water kept pouring out he bent forward a bit, closing his eyes for a moment. He felt tired after this long day with all the crawling in dirt and fruitless research.

The mirror above the sink was fogged and he felt the urge need to take a look at his own tired and exhausted face so he reached up and wiped the wet surface partially clean. When he took himself in sight, his ears noticed a difference.

The shower had stopped. Dean held his breath for a moment as he stared at the still closed shower cubicle, which noisily creaked open behind him. Castiel's head poked out first, revealing his wet hair and still dripping shoulders.

When he finally noticed the hunter, their eyes locked in the reflection. It only took two seconds before Dean took in a deep breath and lowered his gaze hastily. The sink was way more interesting right now.

"Dean, is there anything you want?" Wet steps moved closer and the Winchester did not need to look to know that Castiel was standing behind him now. The low voice was way too close. Clasping his hands around the sink, he forced himself to not turn around.

"No, thanks. I just thought a shower would help me sleep. I thought you might be done already." It was the worst lie he could come up with, but it seemed to satisfy the angel since he noticed his growing personal space and the sound of a rustling towel. A sigh of relief escaped him and he felt secure again before the steps approached him once more.

His body stiffened for a second before he noticed the angel's movement to the left and in the corner of his eye, he could see a hand reaching towards the clothes lying on top of the toilet lid.

"I'm done now." the angel said matter-of-factly. With the pile of clothes in his hand, still completely naked he stayed put and waited for another reply of the hunter.

The hot steamy air caused the hunter to wipe off a thin layer of sweat from his face before he turned around slowly.

A fake smile on his lips he tried to concentrate on the angel's face. "I can see that." he replied and as his brain decided it was way more important to travel down the angel's bare chest, his eyes got caught by the pile of dirty clothes and his brain started to function once more. "Just take a look in my bag. I'm sure I've got one or two shirts left over. Sam's sleepin' already, so don't worry." he said and kept his sly smile on. The angel did not move at first and kept observing the still half dressed hunter.

As if he was waiting for something else to happen, but when the seconds passed and nobody of them moved a muscle, he turned towards the bathroom door. Dean's wish to take a hot shower slowly decreased as his eyes followed the angel leaving the

bathroom and shutting the door behind him.

*You didn't stare at him. Why did you stare at him? It's not like you don't look awesome yourself, Dean Winchester. You're even better so what?* The hunter shook his head and decided to finally get rid of his own smelly clothes.

It was not supposed to feel like that and he should not be embarrassed at all, but even though he knew that, he still felt something hot building up inside him. All he needed now, was a cold shower and maybe afterwards, he could take a hot one.

Dean took his time to get all fresh and clean again.

A shower did wonders sometimes, like washing away a bad mood or bad thoughts and the hunter felt good once more, tired but good.

When he stepped into the main room, a towel properly wrapped around his waist, his eyes automatically searched for a sign of Castiel.

That very angel, not really a big surprise, was sitting on the edge of the hunter's bed. Waiting and staring straight forward, not even turning his head when the oldest Winchester walked towards him.

Dean was satisfied to see a not naked angel. It seemed that he had managed to find a fitting shirt and fitting jeans in his bag.

"Dean, there is one thing, that bothered me. All day." Castiel's voice was calm and pretty much aware of the fact that another human was in the room, resting, so he avoided being too loud. The spoken to hunter moved closer, shaking his head in the process, while a few drops of remaining water ran down his right temple.

Whatever the angel was going to say, he probably wanted to avoid his younger brother to overhear their conversation.

"Spit it out already. What is it? You need anything?" While the question left his mouth he immediately regretted asking.

"I wondered how the current mission does anything to prevent Lucifer from destroying the world. I was wondering if, in any case, this town and its people had anything to do with the upcoming apocalypse. It doesn't seem necessary to me, to stay here any longer and search for something that is probably not even there." Castiel said, still staring straight forward and not looking up at the hunter.

"You know Cas, we've no idea where Lucifer is, what he's doing and how to stop him. Shall we call for him to come and face us or what do you think shall we do Cas? It's not like we're running from him, but I won't walk straight up to him if he still drools for Sam! And as far as I'm informed, he will always loath for him. We should be glad that whatever is going on here has nothing to do with angels, demons or the devil himself! We're here to do our job. We hunt whatever drives these people mad and kill it. That's what we do Cas. That's our job. To save people!" Dean grew louder and louder with each argument.

He had enough problems. It was not necessary to remind him every damn second, that the world was about to crumble.

"I understand." The angel went silent again and raised his head, meeting the hunter's gaze.

He could not see the hunter's face, it was way too dark already, but his senses told him, that the human was angry. Always angry.

"Why didn't you save the boy?" Dean changed the topic. It still bothered him that a possible possessed victim died without the chance to question him.

Besides, the massacre and death was worse enough on its own, but without a clue, they could not prevent more of these murders and suicides.

"I couldn't peril." The oldest hunter stepped forward and stopped right in front of the angel. "Hell, like you care if anyone thinks you're weird or a psychic. You could have tried!"

"I'm not capable to save everyone Dean, neither do I tend to try to do so. Saving a single human won't change anything." Huffing at this statement, the hunter moved past the angel and sat down onto the bed. Throwing the towel from his head onto the ground, he turned his head around to face the other man.

"Yeah right. Just a single human boy." Dean repeated angrily, not even trying to keep his voice low, ignoring the fact, that his brother was occupied sleeping next to them.

"You know what I saw? A boy, with a family. A mom, dad, sister, who will spend the next years paying for what their son did. A bunch of people crying over the loss of beloved ones." He took in an annoyed deep breath before he continued.

"Also, he could've helped us to get a friggin' clue in this damn case! We're groping in the dark!"

"Coal." Castiel said without even responding to the more important matter.

"What?" Dean was not sure what exactly the other was trying to say, but he felt his anger rise with every further interruption in his speech.

"Wood that burns at a high temperature and turns nearly completely black: coal." The hunter hid his face behind his left hand. *Why did I even ask?*

"Cas, people keep turnin' nuts and killin' whatever they feel like. We need to stop this and if you wanna work with us, help us damnit!"

"You told me, to not waste my 'strength' on unimportant vanities." The angel replied and kept staring straight at the other. Whatever was going on in this town, Castiel did not sense any angel activity nor any sign of Lucifer.

Even if they hid properly, he would have felt anything or sensed even the slightest of their existence, but there was none. There was no need to stay here any longer, people started to go crazy, it could possibly affect the Winchester brothers too.

It could affect Dean Winchester.

"Right. I told you to not waste your mojo, but I also told you to stop listening to everything I say! Act on your own damnit!" *Also saving lives isn't an unimportant thing.* Another frustrated sigh escaped the hunter.

"For becoming more and more human you're obviously lacking some kind of empathy. If people die, we have to stop it. That's our damn job."

"Could you two discuss that outside or shut up already?" The muffled voice of the younger Winchester appeared behind them and Dean turned around a bit.

"Keep snoring bitch!" He needed sleep badly for himself, but first he had to finish this. Sam grumbled deeply and forced the pillow over his right ear, trying to go back to sleep again.

Dean turned his attention back to the angel.

"I said it was a bad idea. You should've stayed with Bobby. You're distracting us and you're no help dude. Seriously."

"I won't go back, Dean." Castiel responded immediately, as if he needed to make his



position clear once and for all.

"Yeah, it's pointless. I got it. Whatever. Things can't be changed anymore. People die and next time, if there is a next time, we need to be faster."

"You can't save everyone, Dean." The words which left the angel's mouth forced the hunter to clench his teeth.

"Maybe not, but I'll be damned if I stop trying. I won't give in so easily!"

When he felt the other moving a bit closer towards him, he reached up, grabbed the angel by his arm and pushed him away.

"Don't even think about it." he said angrily and made clear, that Castiel was not welcome anymore.

Not now. Dean was sick of this nonsense and all he wanted for now was to sleep and nothing else. He simply turned around and roughly slammed his head down onto the pillow. With the smelly clothes and his own sweat gone, he finally could rest.

Alright, he was only wearing a damn towel right now but who cared? With a swift move he grabbed the still properly folded bed sheet, roughly unfolded it and placed it over himself. Mission completed.

The angel could do whatever he wanted, but Dean was too tired to care if he spent his night on a roof again, counting cars, staring into the sky or just kept sitting at the edge of his bed, whatever. He needed sleep. Now!

When he felt the slight move of the bed, he could tell, that Castiel had lifted himself up. With another slightly angry grunt the hunter forced his face deeper into the pillow. *I'll save whoever I can and you won't tell me what I can't do! Dean Winchester doesn't take advice from a douche bag angel!*

The hunter could not believe that even now he was wasting his thoughts on the holy being. Even though he was exhausted he felt the urge need to keep himself awake and busy with thinking.

Finally, tired from his own brain, he lost track of time and his thoughts drifted away, luring him into an unconscious state.

He remembered that smell.

*Alright, now this is gettin' old!* Dean groaned to himself as the darkness around him slowly faded away and revealed the familiar sight of chains, tables, tools and probably the most important thing of it all: Castiel.

Something was different, however. The angel stared at him from above, a mischievous grin on his lips, like he was truly happy to see the hunter awake. Dean managed to turn his head around a bit and eventually he noticed what was wrong.

He was not tied to a wall or torture rack, he was simply strapped on a long, cold, metallic table, unable to move.

Leather straps held him in place and his sight was restricted. Castiel moved behind his head, even though the hunter tried, he could not see what he was doing.

Seconds later, he could feel more cold metal but this time it was pressed against his head around his cheekbones. Whatever the angel was up to, he obviously wanted to prevent any movement from the Winchester.

*Rememer it's just a dream. Nothing else. Whatever he does, it's not really...*

His thoughts got cut off when every muscle in his body started to twitch and tense. His body rebelled against the leather straps but it was useless. He would not escape. The feeling only lasted a few seconds before the electricity left his body, but his brain could not form any proper thoughts anymore.

His eyelids still twitched slightly.

Dean was happy enough, that he did not feel anything wet between his legs, but even if, he probably would not care right now. Not in this weird place.

"How did that feel? I thought we'd try something new today." Castiel's voice was way too cheerful. It was unusual.

Maybe Dean's dreams were mixing in too much of his memories of hell and Alastair or the angel simply started to enjoy their small sessions. *An angel that enjoys torture, sure, dream on man.*

Dean's brain managed to form thoughts again and focus on what was just happening to him. Another jolt of electricity ran through his body and every muscle screamed once more. It did not last longer than the first one but it seemed the angel had increased the voltage. Even though the device was shut down already, he could feel his legs and arms twitch uncontrollably.

A question formed in the hunter's fried brain: how could a memory know what it felt like to be treated like this? Right when he wanted to think further, he noticed that the pain in his muscles felt way too familiar.

Just as if he had a hard and long workout, but not really as bad as it was probably supposed to feel.

Even though the method was different and not anywhere close to what he had experienced in the last weeks, the pain was not different. Being ripped open, torn apart and bleeding, but electric treatment?

Even though it was neither the right time nor place, he started to chuckle a little. A shadow leaned over him and he could enjoy the upside-down sight of a slightly confused, nearly worried angel.

"Did that last little shock break something in your head? You've already gone insane? That would spoil everything else I had in mind!" The hunter continued to chuckle but the sound of his laugh was cut off by a hand on his mouth.

Dean's eyes widened a bit as he could catch a dark shimmer in those blue eyes above him and the angel's voice rose again.

"Shh. Don't make me sew you shut, Dean. Laughter doesn't suit this place and you don't want to disturb this, do you?" With these words he removed his hand from the human's mouth, only to be rewarded with a wicked smile on the hunter's features.

"Now you screwed up. You're nothing like him, just a fucked up memory walking around in an angel's body. You aren't Cas!" The hunter felt stronger than ever before. Memories could harm him in his dreams, but as soon as he woke up this bullshit was over.

*Cas if you're watching this right now, wake me up please.* Dean wished he could turn his head around, but the device still prevented him from moving, so, instead he just closed his eyes. If only he would wake up already.

"What makes you believe that I want you to leave so soon?" The angel said as if he had read the hunter's thoughts and buried his left hand into the dark hair of the trapped

man on his table.

"You won't leave if I don't want you to. Do you understand Dean? After all those nights and days and endless hours I thought we finally got somewhere, but it seems I still have to teach you. You really are persistent." He did not want to waste any more time for words, he would let the hunter feel how wrong he was.

"And you're talking too much. Quit pretending to be something! You fucked up dream mutant angel!" Dean barked back and tried to look as amused and confident as possible in his situation. The Winchester smiled. Finally, he could see that his torturer's facade was slowly crumbling.

"Maybe you don't know the real Castiel? Maybe you haven't encountered my true self yet?" Another amused sound left the hunter's throat. He was winning this.

"And maybe you should stop talkin' bullshit and get yourself a hobby! Watch some bees or something!" He wanted his normal dreams back.

He wanted his original dreams back. He wanted something real instead of this fake pretending thing above him. He could not deny how much he despised the creature that shared the same air with him right now.

*Cas, if you hear me, wake me up already.* "Oh Dean you think it's that easy? You still don't understand!" Dean could not stand the voice of the angel anymore. The words were wrong, everything was wrong. If the pain was not enough to torture him, than listening to a rip-off angel certainly was.

Dean refused to look into the man's face and pressed his eyes shut.

"All I need to understand is that you are not him and whatever you do won't affect me anymore. I know Cas. He wouldn't do shit like this. It's simply not his style." he said and barely noticed that he had started to chuckle again. It felt weird to laugh in his current situation but he could not do much more right now.

Dean knew it.

His dream version of Castiel was nothing more than a mixed up memory filled with lies and his current state of a part of hell was affecting him too, since Lucifer was walking on earth. He could only guess.

A hard blow hit him his face. His eyes shot open and his head bumped against the metal device, which was still holding him in place. He could feel his teeth grinding against his lip and only bare seconds later he could taste his own blood.

Castiel's breathing pitched for a moment before the angel calmed himself down again. Simply beating was not enough in this case.

"You know nothing." The voice grew deeper as the creature walked around the table and reached towards an object on his utility table. Dean could not see what it was, but he already knew that it would be something to slice, rip and tear him.

A moment later he felt the weight of the other man on top of him as the angel straddled himself above the hunter, pressing their bodies together as close as possible.

"So what's his style? I wonder what he would do." The obviously revealed fake angel leaned down slowly.

Waiting for an appropriate answer, but got tired of waiting after a few seconds.

"It's a shame." Castiel whispered and leaned down further, brushing his lips over the hunter's and felt the wince rushing through the strapped body as he slowly forced his curvy knife into the soft flesh, opening old scars and tearing freshly healed skin apart again.

He aimed for the small area between the hunter's ribs and turned the knife around to pass through the gap which parted bone and muscle tissues.

While he enjoyed the gasp and scream that left the hunter's lips he made a swift move, forced the knife even deeper and turned it to the left slowly. Dean's agony increased even more and he tried to bite the fake angel away, but all he managed was to cough which forced the blade even deeper inside him.

Castiel turned his instrument around even more, nearly drawing invisible circles into the bleeding flesh under him. Suddenly, he pulled his knife out again. Observing the wound with his fingertips, he let his eyes travel upwards till he enjoyed the exhausted and twisted expression on the hunters face.

"You should see yourself Dean. You're a living piece of art. I'm the artist. You're my canvas." the angel said cheerfully before his good mood vanished at the sight of a grinning Winchester under him.

He was twitching at the pain, but his lips were forcing themselves into a bizarre grin. Laughter echoed through the endless walls of the chamber.

Dean could not hold himself back at the angel's words. There was nothing to prove anymore. It felt good to laugh even though his body was still strapped down, bleeding and the aftershocks of the treatment were still lingering in his muscles.

He knew what he would do first when he saw the real Castiel after he woke up later. Thinking about the confused look on his face afterwards made him laugh even louder. "Stop it."

The angel said with a harsh tone in his voice. The fun was over, but Dean continued his snickering, ignoring him.

"Stop laughing."

Castiel commanded again, this time, trapping the hunter's neck with his right hand. He did not squeeze it yet, but as the hunter ignored him and just continued his foolish behavior, he used his left hand too and started to cut off the hunter's breath.

"I said: Shut up!"

His voice grew louder, but Dean's dry laughter was still pouring out of the broken body. It took another tight squeeze to ruin the happy mood of the strapped human.

The hunter's laughter started to turn into half hearted coughs when more and more air left his lungs.

Right when he thought he would pass out he could feel a soft touch against his lips, followed by a tongue, precisely licking along his broken, bleeding lip.

The grip on his neck loosened and silence fell over the place. When the angel let go of his neck and lips, Dean stared at him blankly.

"You are nothing like him. Nothing at all." Right when he closed his eyes again, he could feel the sharp metal move inside him.

Tearing at his muscles, his flesh and parting his skin further.

"Make-believes are over, Dean." Words slipped from the angel's mouth, but they did not really reach Dean anymore.

He knew it was fake and he would soon be waking up. Soon enough, but until then he

could only endure the way to real burning pain. Slowly, he slid his eyes open again only to witness as the darkness around him spread again. The last thing he noticed before his vision went black was the face of an angry angel staring straight down at him, his lips moving and forming his name.

"Dean."

"Dean!" A voice was calling him, but he was way too tired to respond in any way. His eyes closed, he managed to slowly turn around, bury his face into a rather hard pillow. "Dean, c'mon!" The familiar voice penetrated him again. Dean's eyes shot open and the first thing he saw was the very face of his concerned baby brother Sam. The older hunter jerked up and looked around, taking everything in. "Dean, you alright? What the hell happened?" Sam let go of his brother's shoulders and sat back down on his own bed, still watching the older man and his strange behavior.

"Dean? Hello? Talkin' to ya, buddy."

"Where is he?" Dean stood up and walked across the room just to take a look at the bathroom. Needless to say that he was not surprised to find it empty. "Who? Cas? He's... dunno. He flew off, I guess." Sam pulled a face in surprise, still working on putting the puzzle together. "Did you have another one of those weird dreams?" Dean spun around and looked at his brother, contemplating about lying or telling the truth. This time, he chose the latter. "Could say that. Weird isn't even close to it!" Sam furrowed his brows. "Wanna talk?" "Nope!" "Okay. Anyway, uh, we got some work to do. Perhaps you get distracted with that!" This time it was Dean who looked surprised.

"Work?"

Sam nodded and gathered his things.

"Got a call from the sheriff's office. There seems to be some officer who went nuts. Happened yesterday around the same time when we went to the house but nobody noticed because everyone was busy." The eldest Winchester nodded understanding and yawned. While clapping his hands he stood up.

"I'll get myself a nice shower, you get supplies and then we're gonna have breakfast on our way before we meet the sheriff." He hurried past by his younger brother, but stopped in the threshold, throwing his brother an indefinable glance. "Now!" he added and disappeared behind the door, leaving Sam with his dozens of questions alone. A little desperate about the current situation he simply said "Uhm, okay..." and smiled helplessly. Twenty minutes later, both men were sitting in the Impala, eating their breakfast

while Dean kept staring into the rearview nervously.

When he had returned from his shower, Castiel had just stood in the middle of the room, talking to his baby brother.

Sam had read Dean's expression but had just shrugged it off, explaining himself with "Got work to do!" before he had pointed towards the food bags on the table. Now, as already mentioned, they were sitting in the Impala, heading towards the WCPS.

Dean looked into the rearview again. Since Castiel had shown up this morning they had not spoken with each other. They had not even looked at each other! The hunter felt uncomfortable. First, this weird dream and second, the angel's strange behavior, or better, his non-existing behavior.

*Dammit, Cas.* Dean forced himself to focus his attention back on the road in front of him. Finishing his burger, he cleaned his fingers by wiping them over his jacket. Unfortunately, Sam noticed that.

"Urgh, dude, you serious? I'm so not gonna clean your stuff next time!" Shaking his head, Sam turned his head back toward the window, trying to ignore his older brother's unbelievable and disgusting behavior.

He even ignored his "What?" and tried hard not to respond to it.

It took the three men just thirty more minutes before they arrived at the WCPS. Everyone was already busy when they entered the building. Dean headed directly towards Stacy who was pacing through the hall.

"Oh, you again. Good to see you. The sheriff is down the floor, interrogation room two!" she said before Dean could even open his mouth. The older Winchester glanced back at his brother and waved into the indicated direction.

"What the hell were you thinkin' Brian? I mean, you shot a teenager. A god damn kid, Brian!" The sheriff inhaled deeply before he continued.

"And why the hell did you shoot the other civilians? Did you completely lose your mind?" Nick turned around and ran a hand through his hair. The sheriff opened his mouth but suddenly, the door opened and Dean stepped into the small room.

"What the... oh, agents. Good you're here." Automatically, Nick's gaze moved toward the other agents and remained on Castiel.

"I am currently questioning Brian, I mean Mr. Fowley regarding yesterday's shooting at the mall. He has killed several civilians on a rampage and returned to the WCPS afterwards, filled a report as nothing happened and..."

"...I wasn't on a rampage, Nick. I saved lives. Those kids tried to, and as a matter of fact, succeeded in stealing. I simply caught them. Nothing else!" Brian interrupted proudly. The sheriff spun around again. His face showing fury when he yelled.

"Dammit Brian, you killed people... just stop the fuck talking!"

Dean and his brother shared a glance before the younger Winchester moved closer toward the table.

"Uhm, Brian, why exactly did you do... what you did?" he asked and received a confused look from the person in question.

"Because that's my job. I'm a police officer. I have to catch the bad people. To serve and protect! That's what I just did." The sheriff exhaled exhausted and turned around. He walked past by Dean, stopped next to Castiel and threw him a glance before he left the room. Dean noticed this but did not say anything.

He was certainly not in the mood for it. He turned back toward the police officer and smiled smugly.

"So, serve and protect, huh? Think you kinda misunderstood that phrase. Killing innocent people doesn't fall under serving and protecting. Not at all, buddy!" Brian just shrugged.

"I did what I had to do. I'm not gonna say any more!" With this, the man crossed his arms in front of his chest and pouted. Noticing something fall down, Sam bent down to pick it up.

"Hey, Brian. Why do you carry a feather around?" The younger Winchester held up the black feather so everyone was able to see it. Brian shrugged again before he replied.

"Not mine. Perhaps from this crow I scared off my car. Who knows? Who cares?" The young hunter frowned.

"Is there anything else you might wanna tell us?" Brian shook his head causing the hunters to sigh and surrender.

"Very well. That's it then. Thanks for your time and please rot in hell!" Dean said and marched out of the room, leaving a speechless brother and emotionally untouched angel behind.

Five minutes later, the Winchesters and the angel were sitting in Sheriff Nick's small office, going through the evidence once again.

For the hunters, nothing made sense. No indicators for demonic influences, no witchcraft, no nothing. The only trace they got was a handful of case reports and the belongings of the people. Dean yawned. "There is no damn connection. What made them go mental, after all? I don't get it." The sheriff started laughing amused.

"Yeah, well. Me neither! Anyway, you fancy a drink or something? I'm starving." Dean started beaming immediately. "Man, I'm in." Sam rolled his eyes. As soon as his brother heard any word that could be related to food he got hungry.

That was definitely not normal!

"Guys, I pass. Think I'm gonna stay here a little longer and check the evidence... again!" Smiling, Sam waved over the table and grabbed one of the plastic bags on it.

"What about you, Mr. Walsh? Fancy some delicious treats?" Nick asked and granted Castiel with a more than just friendly smile.

For a moment, it seemed like Castiel was not going to reply but then he stood up, nodding.

"I shall come with you. If the treats are the right ones I will be fine!" Without even wasting a glance at Dean, he walked by and followed the sheriff out of the office.

Dean mouthed a 'What the hell?' toward his brother before he rushed out of the room, following his angel and this other man.

Keeping a few steps between him and the other two men, Dean followed suit, silently watching Nick chatting with Castiel, or to be more precise, speaking to himself. Castiel did not seem to be bothered by replying to anything the sheriff said.

Apparently, the man did not care much about it, he kept on talking. When they had finally reached the café they chose a table in the far corner.

Dean was not blind, he had noticed the sheriff's intentions and he was determined to do something about it.

Therefore, he sat down beside Castiel, throwing him a threatening glare, but again, the angel ignored him. *Damn you*, he hissed in his thoughts, hoping that Castiel was aware of them. And, apparently, he was because his head turned around to look at the hunter.

It was one of those moments Dean hated and desired so much at the same time. They were simply staring at each other, blocking out everything around them. This moment did not last long, however. Nick almost threw the cup of coffee onto the table in front of Dean, and apologized with a smile sweet as poison.

While sitting down, Nick reached over the table and placed another cup in front of Castiel.

"So, how do you like it so far, Cas?" Dean almost choked on his own tongue when he heard Nick call his angel by the name he had given him long time ago. The hunter glared at the sheriff. Before he could say anything, Castiel raised his voice.

"It may have not been obvious for you, but I do not wish to talk to you sheriff. And this treat..." Castiel threw a deadly glare at the cup of coffee in front of him.

"...is certainly not what I desire!"

He turned his attention back towards the staring sheriff.

"To make my point clear: I do not care about you in any way. You mean nothing to me, so it would be advisable to stay away from me as far as possible. There are certainly other things I desire more than you!" Castiel's gaze wandered off to look at the hunter beside him, who had joined Nick in staring at the angel, mouth agape, eyebrows raised.

Without hesitation or another word, Castiel stood up and exited the café.

When the door bell resounded, Dean jumped up and followed the other man, leaving a still stunned sheriff behind.

Outside, he immediately caught sight of the angel. Castiel was standing at the corner of the building, apparently waiting for him to follow.

As soon as Dean had reached him he started off.

"The hell, Cas. What was that about? Dammit! We're undercover man. You can't do such shit. Especially not in public areas!" Dean hissed furious while he gestured with his arms. Castiel on the other hand remained calm.

He simply listened to what the eldest hunter said before he replied in a matter-of-factly tone.

"Dean, I believe you were the one who told me to think on my own. That is what I did because I do not wish to have this man close to me. I do not care about him and if I wish to have somebody's desire upon me it shall be yours."

With this, Castiel disappeared.

Right now, Dean Winchester felt really, really, really small and speechless. The hunter just stared at the wall which had been behind Castiel just seconds ago.

"This... angel..."

At the WCPS

Sam had sat down in the Impala, waiting for his brother and the angel to finish their 'date' with the sheriff. Nothing new had been discovered in the old reports and, after waving Stacy a short goodbye, he had left the police station.



Now he wished he had joined his brother instead of staying behind. He probably missed something worth a good laugh right now.

"We need to finish this job ASAP if we run into that sheriff once again, it might end up uncomfortable!" The younger hunter nearly jumped when Dean nearly ripped the door open and smashed it shut aggressively shortly after.

"Dude." Sam took a look around, not finding what he was searching for.

"Where's Cas?" he asked, furrowing his brows and staring at his still raging brother, who tried to act as cool and calm as possible. Failing completely!

"It seems that, our sheriff, did something that Cas didn't like. So, let's just agree that we don't mention him for the next 2 hours alright?"

Still frowning, Sam kept staring at his brother.

"Call Bobby. Tell him we're heading back for now. No need to waste another bunch of money for a room." Dean said and let the engine roar up, feeling immediately better as he felt the vibration of his beloved baby flowing through him.

His brother shook his head but did as he said. It would not hurt to call their old friend for some news and clues.

While he kept waiting for the hunter to pick up, he kept observing his brother's body language. Something told him that he was somewhere else with his thoughts again and, Sam knew his brother by now, he could point towards the being that was bothering the other Winchester's mind.

Finally, he could hear the clicking noise on the other side and a raspy "Hello?" from the old man.

"Hey Bobby."

"So how's it goin'?" The boys always had the perfect timing calling their old friend. Currently, he was busy emptying a huge bottle of home-brewed scotch. While he waited for the other to describe their discoveries, he took another long sip, feeling the liquid burn in his throat and hissed slightly into the phone.

"Everything alright Bobby?" Sam interrupted himself suspiciously.

"Yeah, sure. Continue. Anything unusual?" Bobby replied and waited for the young hunter to continue.

"It might be nothing but, get this: It seems all of the people who went nuts had an encounter with birds. At least that's reasonable since I found feathers among personal belongings." "Birds? Geez. What kind of birds are we talking about?" The old hunter mumbled into the phone, his brain already working like crazy.

"Uhm, black ones I guess. One mentioned something like a crow, but the ones we saw were bigger. More like ravens or something." Sam continued, not sure what exactly could be that interesting about those flying creatures.

"Idjits."

Bobby said more to himself than into the phone.

"Come back here. I think I know what you're dealing with here." He placed the phone back onto the desk and turned around with his wheelchair.

Somewhere inside the huge bookshelf behind him, was exactly what he needed now. The book of Norse mythology and divinities.

A few hours of research and preparation later

As the little amount of blue fume vanished into thin air, the hunters remained silent and waited for something to happen.

"Did it work?" Dean whirled around, looking for a sign of any supernatural being but could not make out anything.

"Maybe we forgot something?" Sam poked around inside the bowl, pushing burned clumps of blood and myrrh around. Bobby opened the book again and started to search for any kind of mistake they could have made, when suddenly someone knocked at the front door.

The Winchesters exchanged looks before the younger hunter cautiously walked towards the door.

"Anyone ordered pizza?" Dean said but placed his hand on his colt, just in case they had some kind of sinister visitor. Sam turned around and took another glance at his brother.

"Who's it?" he said out loud and waited for some kind of reply.

When he did not receive any kind of response, he turned back towards his brother and both shrugged, pulling a turtle face simultaneously.

"If you call for someone you should be kindly enough to not let him wait outside for too long. He might be gone before you open up." A deep raspy voice appeared from outside, which made the hunters raise their brows.

The younger Winchester opened the door hesitantly and narrowed his eyes.

Right in front of him an old man, white hair and beard, wearing several layers of brown tattered jackets and a rather dirty jeans came into view. Dean appeared in the doorframe and his eyes widened at the sight of the guy that showed up.

"Bobby? Old friend of yours?" He waved to the old hunter which rolled towards the boys, the book still lying on his lap, to take a look at who had decided to stop at his house. When he finally got the chance to take a look at the visitor, his eyes observed the appearance and he rudely poked the brothers into their sides.

"Move it and let him in idjits!" The old man walked past the two men and followed Bobby into the living room. The old hunter placed the book back onto the huge desk and ogled their new guest warily. Sam stood a few feet off from the white bearded man and observed him himself.

"So you are..." Dean started when he entered the room too but got cut off shortly after.

"The ruler of Asgard. The god of war, death and wisdom." Bobby said with a great amount of respect in his voice which Dean was pretty much lacking.

A forced smile made its way up onto the gods wrinkled face.

"You summoned me. What do you want?"

"You're Odin?" Sam asked as if Bobby's description was not clear enough.

A simple "Yes." was the short and precise answer that left Odin's mouth before a short laugh disturbed the moment of upcoming respect.

"No offense, but you look pretty puny for a god." Odin turned his head towards the older Winchester and stared at him blankly.

"I assume, you thought a god like me should appear with thunder, a storm, flashing lights and with wind blowing through his long untamed hair?" Dean could not suppress a short snicker, but tried to calm down right away.

"Not really but a little bit more than a simple knock would've been a bit more impressive. Just sayin'!" Sam rolled his eyes at his older brother before he cleared his throat and stepped forward.

"It seems something that belongs to you, is responsible for several incidents in some

little town." When silence was all he received, Dean spoke up.

"Your birds."

"Ravens." Sam corrected him and received a 'Sam-Winchester-the-bird-fancier' look from his older brother before he continued.

"They are responsible for several deaths and it would be great if you could take them with you. It seems they're a bit out of control."

The youngest hunter tried his best charming smile and waited for an answer.

"Just jam them back into their cage and we're done here!" Dean broke the silence again and felt his own patience fall apart.

When the god still kept silent, Bobby turned his wheelchair around and rolled behind his desk. Calling a god was simple but to make him do what you want, was obviously quite another matter.

"Hugin and Munin haven't had the chance to spread their wings for ages. They obviously enjoy the fresh air brushing through their feathers. To take that away from them would be unthinkable."

"They're killing people!"

"Nonsense!" The early raspy and nearly weak voice grew into a loud and powerful growl, which nearly made the older Winchester jump.

Odin closed his eyes and took in a long sip of air.

"You're mistaken." he simply said and opened his eyes again to exchange views with the mortals in front of him.

"Neither Hugin nor Munin killed anyone. All they do is to awake and activate what lies within the human soul. If there is a deep feeling lingering inside oneself, they're able to make it surface. Sometimes those feelings are a bit overwhelming but what the mortals do with it, doesn't involve them anymore."

"Easy to say for someone who let them free and lost control over their behavior!" Dean yelled at the god, stepping closer and feeling his natural grudge against gods and other holy beings rise inside him.

Odin remained silent for a moment, thinking if it was worth to spend any more time with these mortal beings.

Finally he raised his hands in the air and spoke up again.

"I don't think you understand the slightest. They might belong to me but I'm not in control of their actions. What they choose to do depends on Hugin and Munin themselves." He gestured towards the hunters, a nearly non existing smile on his features.

"Anyway. Who am I, to spoil my friend's fun? It might disappoint you but I don't care for the single one of you." The old man turned around, towards the door and started to walk away from the humans.

"Wait! There has to be a way to stop this! Even gods have to follow the rules!" Sam clutched at the last straw he could come up with and hope blossomed inside him, as the old man stopped his movements.

"The rules have been ripped out of the book and were tossed into the sea. As I said, I'm not going to call them back. They can spread their wings and fly as long as they wish." With these words he, very slowly, tuned and continued his leave when the older Winchester finally got an idea.

"Maybe for a price?" Dean suggested and wiggled his brows. A being like Odin would

have a weak point somewhere, hopefully. It seemed to work. The god turned his full attention to the hunter. Odin's face suddenly showed some kind of interest into the older hunter.

"What do you think you could offer to someone like me?" he said and folded his arms over his chest.

Sam noticed they had actually nothing to present but at least they had a change to find something he might wanted. The hunters tried to come up with something but their brains failed them.

Dean was the first to speak again.

"We can get you whatever you'd like to have. As long as it doesn't involve any more human lives or virgins."

"I've got no use for human belongings, or lives." Before the humans could come up with anything to offer, the sound of fluttering wings announced the arrival of their guardian angel. Not a second later Castiel showed up, keeping his distance from both Winchesters.

Dean turned around waving a bright smile at him, which vanished immediately as the angel did not even greet him like he always did.

The angel seemed to change his behavior at will lately.

"Hey Cas." he said, feeling more and more uncomfortable with every passing second, which the angel kept silent. Hemming, he turned back towards the more important matter.

Odin did not deign to look at Castiel at all and kept waiting, his patience leaving him steadily. None of the hunters could come up with anything to offer, even though Bobby had started to turn page by page in his book to find a clue.

"I have found Gungnir." The angel said out of nowhere and suddenly, he received all the attention. As the word reached Odin, Sam noticed that something twitched in the gods face. "Who's Gungnir?" Dean asked, his face showing disbelief that this thing was even a word. Castiel turned his head towards the hunter and opened his mouth when the oldest hunter spoke up.

"A spear. Excuse me: his spear." Bobby closed the book and looked up at the god in confusion.

"How can you find something he carries with him?" The hunters could not believe their eyes as they noticed that the god was somewhat struggling for words.

"You lost it?" Dean said with a big fat smile on his face.

Odin tried to stay calm and only replied a short "Misplaced." while the older Winchester found himself snickering even more.

"Seriously, how could you lose something like that?"

"Dean." Sam felt like hitting his brother with the book Bobby was holding right now but he knew it would only cause more damage and probably more stupidity.

"Alright, alright. So, let me get this straight. If we get you your little goodie, you will take those murderous birds with you?" Dean furrowed his left brow in disbelief while the god simply nodded.

"I promise, I'll take them home with me but you're mistaken. Neither Hugin nor Munin have murderous intentions. They just awake what lies within oneself." Odin snickered slightly. "Those unfortunate souls. They will be mourning over the loss of their spare time." The smug grin on his face did not show any kind of mercy or pity for all the

misery which his birds had caused on earth.

Another point for Dean for not liking gods or anything so called 'holy'.

"Fine, whatever." The hunter faked a smile and turned around to face the one who would deliver the god's precious weapon.

Castiel had been silent since he mentioned the spear and while the hunters kept talking, he kept staring holes into the oldest ones back.

"Alright Cas. Go get it!" Dean gestured towards the angel to get moving, but instead of the sound of fluttering wings, he only received a blank stare.

Sam raised a brow and switched glances between the angel and his older brother. Something told him that Dean was missing something in his command, which should not be a command in the first place.

The angel did not move a muscle. The oldest Winchester hemmed and took a few steps towards Castiel.

"I said, get the goodie to the god and everything will be back to normal." he said with a lower voice and even more silent he added a "Please?" to complete his request. He kept his green eyes locked with the angel's blue ones and waited for them to disappear, but nothing happened.

"Cas, could you please get that spear for Mr. Odin over there so he takes his little feathered friends with him?" Dean said, becoming louder by now since he got sick of waiting and not getting any response from the stubborn angel.

Castiel lowered his gaze for a moment and remained silent.

When he finally looked up again and met Dean's gaze he parted his lips and a single word left his mouth.

"No."

## Kapitel 16: Croaking Corby

*[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]*