

## United We Stand

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# United We Stand

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## Summary

Dean believed himself to be completely happy.  
Only years later would he realized that he hadn't been.  
But neither had he thought much of Fergus Crowley when they first met.

## Notes

Alright, so this is it for this series. Definitely. Sort of. Ish. Oh, I don't know what may happen, just enjoy.

The door slammed shut behind Sam. Dean slumped down on the couch.

He was never going to see his brother again. He'd chosen to go to college, to never tell him and Dad a word about it until the second he was leaving, and that was it.

That's what alphas did, Dean thought bitterly; making decisions for everyone else, not caring one bit how it affected the omegas in their lives.

He had never been meant to be an omega, and yet here he was.

Someone had to look after Dad.

For three years, he did just that. Then, one day, he walked out of the run-down garage he worked at and realized his life was going nowhere, it had been months since he and Dad had even really talked, and he was just done.

A few weeks later he was working in Topeka in another garage. Two years after that, he heard of Dad's death and decided to let Sam handle it. Whatever little money there was left would help his career.

And the whole time, Dean was sculpting.

He'd always been fascinated by statues, by the thought of creating something with his own two hands.

And slowly, eventually, he got better at it.

It took a while for him to be able to rent a small studio to work on when he wasn't busy in the garage, but he managed well enough.

And then, somehow, with a lot of luck and a little help from a nice alpha called Benny he'd befriended, he was introduced to an energetic beta called Charlie who ran a gallery.

His first showing ever took place on his thirtieth birthday.

He sold four pieces, and Charlie told him most attendees had been impressed with his work.

After this, although it was by no means smooth sailing, things just kept getting better and better. He was getting more and more known; critics had decided to bestow positive reviews on him; and all in all he had better prospects than he'd ever hoped to find when he'd left Dad and Lawrence behind, like Sammy had done.

Sometimes he thought about seeking Sam out. But he wasn't sure he'd be welcome. From his homepage, he knew that he had become a lawyer and was slowly advancing in the difficult topic of omega rights.

He liked to think they had at least that in common. Being allowed, as an artist, to express his opinions more freely than other omegas for the simple reason that he was considered rather

eccentric by fault, he also gave money to several omega right organization and volunteered in shelters whenever he could.

People were talking behind his back, of course, talking because he was slowly growing older and had never mated. After all, he wouldn't be able to have children forever.

Once, these whispers would have pained him. Now he just smiled.

He had slowly learned to accept that, as the doctors had told Dad after his surprise presentation, he simply wasn't made to have children.

He had his statues. He was bringing beauty into the world in another way.

At the same time, it was difficult imagining an alpha who would ever be interested in someone like him.

He had one night stands on a regular basis, and he believed himself to be completely happy.

Only years later would he realized that he hadn't been.

But neither had he thought much of Fergus Crowley when they first met.

It was at another one of his showings; two hours in, Charlie was already skipping around delightedly, several pieces having been sold at almost thrice the sum of when he'd first started sculpting, and Dean was enjoying himself as the star of the evening.

Benny was the one to introduce him to Fergus Crowley, as always eager for Dean to find another important connection to the issues important to them both. Dean had known of the politician the way one remembered the representatives of one's state, and had already dismissed him long ago as being a quite cold, ruthless career man with no real fire behind his policies but the desire to annoy his Republican mother. Dean couldn't really blame him, though. He'd met the woman at another event.

But not only was the man clearly disinterested in topics which affected over half of his voters, he also kept following Dean around the whole evening in some ill-judged attempt at alpha posturing. And he'd never liked that, not even as a one night stand.

So the guy had left without his number, and Dean had believed he'd never hear from him again.

Just to prove to himself how right he'd been about him, he looked him up once he got home.

Exactly as he had expected. An alpha with no passions but power and money, who could debate the plight of millions at a desk but would scarcely raise a finger to actually do anything about it. A man who lacked charm in interviews, had no apparent love for his teenage son born out of a short affair, seemed to have dispatched of several political rivals by means that, if not illegal, had at least been highly immoral, and was quite too old and set in his ways to change.

He'd definitely never hear from him again.

Just a few days later, Crowley had called his studio and had been so insistent that they should “discuss policies” over dinner that Dean had considered it better to get it over and done with instead of trying to convince him over the phone.

Their... date, for lack of a better word, had started out better than did would have supposed. Crowley had picked an intimate, charming little Italian restaurant rather than an expensive one with too small portions for too much money.

And he’d even been... charming.

“May I ask how you came to see Artemis as both the hunter and the hunted?”

“Because every hunter is. How could their Goddess be not?”

“And the only way to know who ends up as who is to make it to the end?”

His eyes sparkled in the restaurant’s dim light.

Dean admitted to himself that he was attractive.

Reluctantly, of course, only reluctantly.

Needless to say, that dinner hadn’t been the end.

After three months of more lunches and dinners than he could have counted, Crowley showing up on every single one of his showings to bestow his praises on each piece as he saw fit, and him even now and then offering his opinions (and strangely enough really only offering without trying to impose them on Dean’s), the artist was ready to call them friends.

“Friends” Charlie snorted. “Right. If Glinda was as much my friend as Crowley is yours, I would be preparing our mating celebration right now”.

“You know that’s not true. It’s all there is to it”.

“Dean, he brought *his son* to your last show”.

Gavin had been far more polite than Dean would have under the circumstances, and the artist had been glad to see that they seemed to get on better these days.

Still...

“Please. Even if...”

Dean would have been a fool if he hadn’t admitted to himself that he’d thought about it more than once.

Crowley was an attractive single alpha after all, and one he liked to boot.

“Crowley has... plans. Within the party. Even as a Democrat, it wouldn’t help him to mate a barren male omega”.

Her eyes softened.

“Dean...”

He shrugged.

“Some things just aren’t meant to be”.

A week later, he was forced to reconsider.

Crowley and Dean had spent the evening together, the alpha exhausted after a tiring week, and Dean, somewhat worried about how exhausted he looked, had more than once hinted that he should probably be on his way when Crowley looked at him and clearly forced himself to admit, “Dean, I’d rather you not leave... *at all*”.

It had taken him by complete surprise, and kissing him as a result might have been another example of his poor decision making skills, but come morning, waking up with him, Dean couldn’t bring himself to regret it.

Dating someone in so serious a way was new for him, after all.

Not that it would lead to anything. Not all of Charlie’s winks or Benny’s smirks could ever make him forget that, as far as mating prospects went, he was as far from ideal as he could be.

Crowley, meanwhile, looked quite as happy with their relationship as Dean was himself. About three months after they’d become more than friends, he gave an interview to a reporter who’d met him several times before, and Dean, watching it, was certain that not only she was struck by the difference of the alpha in front of her to the one he’d been a year ago.

Dean smirked when he described his private life as “perfectly satisfactory”.

He still didn’t accompany him to any official functions. He didn’t think he’d be around long enough to warrant the interest the press would inevitable take in their relationship.

At around the nine month mark, Crowley’s mother surprised him with a visit. Dean hadn’t thought much of her when they’d first met, and he came to dislike her even more.

This woman talked of her other child, Crowley’s half-brother, as if he was her only one, and kept dropping hints that he and Dean should make it “official”.

As if that was what she had done, when she’d come to America from Scotland and promptly got pregnant in an orgy.

At least he could surprise her.

“We both agree that would be a mistake”.

Rowena’s eyes had lit up triumphantly, but only after she left did Dean really understand why.

“You might have warned me this was only a game for you before you decided to laugh with my mother about it” Crowley said calmly, but there was a dangerous edge to his voice.

“What do you mean? We both know we won’t get mated” Dean argued. One of Crowley’s first and foremost qualities was his ambition. He’d have to work twice as hard if he bound himself to someone like Dean.

“I see”.

They both knew it was the end.

Dean handled it worse than he would have liked. He had no appetite and lay awake for hours each night, wondering when he’d stop missing Crowley’s comforting presence and scent.

He’d lo-

He’d liked him very much. Perhaps more than he’d admitted to himself.

Worst of all was that, for the first time, he found himself stuck in his work. He hadn’t picked up his tools in days.

After three weeks, Charlie was openly threatening to drag him to see a doctor, and Benny wasn’t far behind.

He still might have braved it all, if he hadn’t watched another report on Crowley that evening against his better wishes.

The alpha looked and acted about as bad as Dean felt.

It might have been wrong of him, but he still called.

As soon as Crowley picked up he said, “I’ve been a complete idiot”.

“You haven’t been the only one”.

He sounded so tired and defeated.

Before Dean could answer, Crowley asked, “Would you come to see me? Please?”

How could he have said no to that?

Later, much later that evening, lying in Crowley’s arms, Dean finally acknowledged that it felt like coming home.

“Dean” Crowley suddenly began, “You are right, concerning my ambitions. I can even be cruel when I see fit, and I am not what many would consider pleasant by any means”.

“Shut up, you’re plenty pleasant” he muttered.

A chuckle in the dark.

“Not what I hoped to hear. These ambitions you seem to have kept as a barrier between us... I want to share them with you. Dean, you and I... between us we can change the world.”

He hadn't known Crowley wanted to reach quite that far... but it didn't sound bad. At all.

And so, he simply breathed, “Okay” against his lips.

Charlie was ecstatic when he let her know the next week he'd be accompanying Crowley to a fund raiser.

“Yeah, yeah” he said, “You were right. Happy now?”

“Not exactly. What's your strategy?”

“Oh Charlie. Do you really think you taught me nothing about social media?”

Which was why Crowley asked on the evening of the fundraiser just as they finished getting ready, “Are you sure that's a good idea?”

“Trust me. Let them guess for a few hours. And yes, you are wearing the red tie; stop hiding it behind your back”.

Dean took a picture of the two ties – his and his alpha's choice respectively – on his phone and tweeted, “Thank God I could convince the alpha to pick the right one. @fcrowley”.

Answers weren't long in coming.

“Wait, @dwin is picking out @fcrowley's ties? When did that happen? #SoConfused”

“Did I miss that thing? Did I miss that thing? #YouTurnYourBackForFiveMinutes”

“Who allowed the two hotties to take each other off the market? #PersonallyOffended”

Crowley quickly understood what they could achieve.

Their first outing as a courting couple made the local news for several days.

After a few more months, no one was surprised when Crowley made omega rights his signature issue.

Twitter still blew up.

“That's what you get from mating a badass omega #equality”

“Dear omegas, Step 1: Find an alpha, Step 2: Annihilate him, Step 3: Build him up again the way you want #LifeAdvice”.

“Anyone think of making him governor yet? #elections”

They were always careful when using social media, but it paid off.



Eventually, inevitably, on a normal date for them, Crowley asked a question Dean was only too happy to answer with a decided “Yes”.

And, despite everything, he still cried happy tears when Crowley asked for his bite mark.

A few months after their mating, he started feeling tired and nauseous throughout the day; Crowley wouldn't rest until he had dragged him to a doctor, who gave him the last diagnosis Dean expected.

Pregnant.

They were going to have a child.

They'd never even talked about the possibility, since according to Dean, there hadn't been any.

“Crowley” he said on the way home, “I...”

“Dean, nothing could have made me happier”.

Alright then.

Bobby's arrival in the world was celebrated, and not just by them and their friends.

“Alright I knew the kid would be cute, but he's downright adorable #wtf”

“Whoever said male omegas should only give birth until 30, @dcrowley just made your argument irrelevant, #CongratsGuys”

“Did you read @fcrowley stayed at his side the entire time #MyMateIsACoward”

But even so – with a mate and child Dean never could have seen coming – his second pregnancy came as another surprise.

Far less welcome was the knife attack on Crowley when Mary was only four months old.

He came rushing in to reprimand him on letting his body guards handle the... well body guarding, but instead ended up throwing himself in his arms like a damsel in distress.

At least this time they even got TMZ's approval. Not that they'd needed it.

Their common goals united them against any attack from any quarter.

Dean couldn't imagine a better life... until he picked up the phone in the studio one day.

“Dean?”

He swallowed.

“Sam?”

**Eight years later**

“I do know how to tie my own tie...”

“Yes, but this will look cute on twitter when I post it later” Dean said, taking a selfie of them.

“Now come on, Mr. President-Elect, let’s get you inaugurated.”

“The first Gentleman first” his mate said, opening the door for him.

Dean laughed and kissed him.

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