

(Don't) Need You

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(Don't) Need You

by [ElegantGhost](#)

Summary

Sam escaped his abusive father's wrath and ran away to Stanford. Three years in, he's exhausted and starving, but determined to graduate with honors. Until one night, when college librarian Cas and a strange man abduct him, whisking him away to an isolated cabin. He wakes up in an adult-size crib. These two strangers say they can take care of him. Sam has heard that before. He has no desire to be their baby. Only to escape and lead his own life. But throughout his escape attempts, nightmares, seizures, fevers, panic attacks, flashbacks, and more, they treat him with nothing but love. Soon, he has more questions than answers. Who are they? Why are they doing this? And why is there a yellow-eyed man standing over his crib?

Notes

Supernatural AU. Slight pre-series, 21-year-old Sam: College Student. Fourth season, 29-year-old Dean: Hunter. Fourth season Cas: Angel-turned-human, adapted to life as a Stanford librarian. Dean/Castiel in existing relationship, though it's by no means the focus of this fic.

Abducted

Sam was tired. He was also hungry.

But in all honesty, he'd been tired and hungry for a long time. Ever since he'd started college three years ago. Stanford was everything he thought he'd wanted. Somewhere he belonged. An escape from his abusive childhood.

It wasn't cheap, however. He couldn't afford the meal plan. He could barely afford student housing.

His roommate, Jessica, helped him out where she could. She gave him food under the guise of accidentally buying too much. But he'd slowly been losing weight since freshman year. His face was gaunter now than when he left home, and that was saying something. His old man hadn't exactly kept the cupboards stocked.

As for sleeping, well . . . he hadn't come this far to fail his classes. He studied into the wee hours of the morning, despite Jessica's protests. She frequently played his mother when he insisted on studying all night.

"Young man," she'd say, "Don't make me pull out the puppy eyes. Lights out in ten minutes, okay?"

Ignoring her wasn't the smartest move, as the epilepsy he'd had since his dad kicked him in the head was acting up. Now more than ever.

Jessica hadn't known about his condition. She'd freaked out when he'd had his first grand mal seizure in front of her. For that, he could hardly blame her. But his condition wasn't in his school records.

The seizures were so infrequent before college that he forgot he had them. They were getting worse by the day, but without health insurance, there wasn't much he could do. He hadn't been willing to risk his grades to get the extra sleep he needed. It would jeopardize his academic scholarship.

Now, he entered the university library and found a quiet corner in the back. He passed one of the librarians as he did so, nodding with a polite smile. The man – Cas, his name was – smiled back, eyes wrought with concern. He was a man of few words. They only exchanged pleasantries each day.

Occasionally, Sam felt a curious stare drilling into the back of his neck. He might have paid more attention to it, or tried to get to know the man better, but he was too busy working himself into unconsciousness. Seizure or no seizure.

At the moment, he felt like he was walking through a dream world. Books and shelves blurred as he passed them. His eyes burned with tiredness. A fog had even veiled his right eye, because it was so dry.

Darkness was beginning to fall beyond the window. The library closed at nine, so he had about three hours to get through as much assigned reading as possible. Hopefully, he would be able to focus.

His stomach growled, unhappy with his decision to skip dinner. Time was like gold these days. There wasn't enough of it. There would never be enough of it. It was like a weight on his shoulders, crushing him, always there, reminding him how important it was to put his freedom to good use. To make something of himself, despite his childhood.

He spread out his books on the table, organizing them for maximum efficiency. Scarcely had he settled into chapter sixteen of his history textbook before the words began to overlap. He blinked hard and scrubbed a hand over his face. Was it his imagination, or had someone turned up the heat? The library felt more cozy than usual. The warmth, coupled with the soothing scent of books, was lulling him to sleep against his will.

He slumped in his chair, weak with hunger, eyes drooping with fatigue.

Darkness was encroaching the edges of his vision. Not in a scary, imminent- seizure kind of way, but more in a two-minutes-until-brain-shutdown kind of way. His body was no longer giving him a choice. He could sleep, or he could pass out. But he *would* shut his eyes and rest.

Grumbling under his breath, Sam cast a bleary look around. Not many student chose to spend Friday night at the library. He was a rare breed. There were a couple students sitting one table away, but they looked as fried as he felt. Hopefully, Cas and the other librarians would cut him some slack.

He just needed to sleep for a minute. Just a minute. With a heavy sigh, he rested his head on his arms.

As soon as he closed his eyes, everything slipped away.

He woke to someone gently shaking him.

“Sam? Please wake up, Sam,” a low voice said. “The library is closing now.”

Not ready to wake up, Sam only groaned and turned his head. He didn't care if the library was closing. They could leave him here all night. He was too comfortable to move.

The hand on his shoulder was relentless. It squeezed, fingertips digging into his shoulder through his green hoodie. “I'm sorry, Sam, but I need to close up now. Are you okay to make it home?”

Sam raised his head. A string of drool dangled from his lip. He wiped it away, ears burning. Falling asleep over a table was bad enough without coating it with his spit.

Cas was standing over him. If he noticed the drool, he didn't say anything. He patiently waited for Sam to get his bearings. It was a battle to keep his eyes open and work the blood

back into his limbs. All the while, Cas studied him with thinly veiled worry.

Sam shifted under his stare. He tried to give him a reassuring smile. Clearing his throat, he said, "I'm fine. Sorry for falling asleep. Thanks for not waking me up until now."

He pushed his chair back from the table, standing to gather his books. They were heavy. He almost dropped one in his clumsy, half-asleep state.

"Do you need a ride home?" Cas offered. "A rainstorm moved in while you were asleep. It's pouring out there. If you like, I can give you a ride back to your dorm. I need a few minutes to shut off the lights and lock the doors, but--"

"No," Sam cut him off, voice rough with sleep. "I mean, I appreciate the offer, but I have lots of reading to get through tonight. I'll be writing papers all weekend. I'm sure you know how it is."

Cas looked disappointed when he nodded. "If that's how you feel. I couldn't help but notice how you don't have a raincoat. That's all."

"I'll live. It's just a short walk. Thanks anyway."

He shoved his books into his bag. It wasn't that he couldn't use a ride home. Just that he had a policy against trusting anyone since he'd escaped the clutches of his father. It was safer that way. He might make an exception for Jess, but no one else.

Cas seemed like a nice enough guy, but there was something about him . . . He gave off a paternal vibe (even a maternal vibe, which made even less sense). It was confusing, and more than a bit unnerving. So, no. Sam wouldn't be accepting his invitation. He'd had enough parenting to last a lifetime.

Offering one last apologetic half-smile, he turned to walk away. Other students were also packing up their bags. One study group, too. Burning the midnight oil.

Rain pattered against the roof. By the way the volume fluctuated, it was pouring in sheets. Fantastic. But if nothing else, it would help to wake him. He couldn't afford to fall asleep again before he'd finished his reading.

He shuffled to the door, shoes dragging over the carpet. Gripping his book bag as if to brace himself, Sam ducked his head and pushed open the door. A gust of wind threw it open. It slammed against the doorstep.

Rain wet his face in seconds. It soaked through his clothes until they hung from his frame. He'd only taken a few steps. Perhaps it was a bad idea to reject the offer of a ride home. But there was no point in accepting it now. His sopping wet clothes would soak the upholstery. Water trickled down the back of his neck, making him shudder.

A smile tugged at his lips. He wouldn't be surprised if Jessica made him strip before entering their room. A hot shower and cocoa were sure to follow.

Worry about the condition of his textbooks plagued him as he began to walk. The dorms were only ten minutes away in fair weather, but now, he was either sloshing through puddles on accident or walking around them. His shoes were soaked, along with his jeans.

“Shit,” he cursed when he lost his balance. The ground disappeared from under him. He’d found the quad stairs. The hard way.

Gravity wasn’t kind as he tumbled down the steps. His elbow cracked against a corner. White hot pain engulfed his arm. At the very least, he’s bruised the bone. But it was nothing compared to when his forehead slammed against the last step. He sprawled at the base of the stairs, staring up at the sky.

Rainfall echoed in his ears. Shadows blurred together. When he dazedly reached up to feel his head, his fingers came away crimson. His nose might have been bleeding too. Something warm dripped onto his upper lip.

He blinked, confused. Was his face covered with rainwater or blood? Probably both.

The ground was cold and hard beneath him. He wanted his bed. His chest heaved, shifting his clothing. Everything hurt. But he’d had worse. Thanks to his dad, his pain threshold was higher than most.

Groaning, he climbed unsteadily to his feet. His dorm. He was trying to get back to his dorm. Jessica would be pissed when she saw him. As if staying out this late wasn’t bad enough.

“Freshmen are being hazed tonight, Sam,” she’d say. “You need to be more careful. You can’t just wonder around by yourself.”

Sam was so busy watching out for more stairs that he almost didn’t see the black car on the corner. Chrome glinted under the streetlight. It was a thing of beauty. His eyes trailed over the sleek frame. Raindrops danced on the hood. Although he wasn’t well versed in classic cars, it must have dated back to the sixties.

Limping by, he was startled to meet the eyes of a man in the driver’s seat. He lifted a hand, embarrassed to be caught staring. The man didn’t return his gesture. Sam looked away.

Whatever. Some people were friendly. Others weren’t. To be entirely fair, his appearance might have something to do with that. He didn’t have a mirror, but he didn’t need one to know he looked like a pile of suspicious crap.

He was soaked to the bone. Suffice it to say, he’d showered long enough. There was a shortcut to his dorm between two office buildings ahead. It was something of an alley. Not the safest route, but hell. He was dead on his feet, starving, and he just wanted to get home. Mend up.

“Just a little farther,” he muttered to himself. “Then shower, cocoa, and three more chapters of reading. Maybe an ice pack or two.”

Thunder rumbled overhead. He looked up, nearly losing his balance. Every step took effort. If someone saw him, they might mistake him for a drunk. It wouldn't be entirely inaccurate. He was drunk from lack of sleep. He was also beginning to suspect that he'd hit his head harder than he thought.

The silhouette of an approaching man caught his attention. Orange light outlined his head like a halo.

Sam staggered to a stop, eyebrows knitted in confusion. It appeared to be the same man who'd given him the stink-eye from the car. But that was impossible. The car was behind him. Unless it had circled around the buildings to cut him off. But why-

"Hey, buddy," the man called as he neared. "You okay? You aren't looking too good."

Sam nodded, trying to find his voice. "I'm fine. Just on my way home."

The world shifted suddenly. A wave of vertigo made him throw out an arm for balance.

The man leapt forward and caught it, grip strong and unyielding. "Are you sure? How about we get you some help, huh?"

Visions of hospital corridors, stark white and cold, flashed through his mind. His dad glaring at him behind the nurses' backs, eyes promising retribution. The doctor's understanding nod when offered the boys-will-be-boys explanation. The bruising grip on his arm, a warning to stay quiet.

Sam's heartbeat pounded in his ears. He felt a wave of panic. When he tried to pull away, the man didn't let go.

Just stay calm, he tried to coach himself. *It's not this poor bastard's fault you have issues.*

"I'm fine, really," he said, willing his voice to remain steady. "You can let me go."

"I can. But I won't."

Sam's heart skipped a beat. "What?"

Someone grabbed him from behind. A rag was clamped over his nose and mouth. He gasped, inhaling the unmistakable fumes of chloroform. It was so strong, he felt nausea grip his gut. Saliva flooded his mouth. He was going to puke.

"Shhh," the man holding his arm hushed. He stepped closer, pinning Sam with his body.

Sam flailed, reaching up to claw at the hand holding the rag. The man restrained his free arm. The bones in Sam's wrists grinded together. He grunted in pain and struggled even harder, tossing his head back and forth.

"You're all right. You're fine, kiddo," the man murmured. "Just take some deep breaths. It'll all be over soon. Cas, go easy. He needs to breathe."

Sam lurched in shock. *Cas.*

He didn't hear the rest. Bile flooded his mouth, and he gagged.

The man in front of him swore, gripping his neck and forcing him to bend over. The rag fell away. Crisp, fresh air flooded his lungs. It only seemed to make the nausea worse. His head was spinning. A wave of weakness overcame him. It was suddenly too difficult to stay upright.

He staggered and fell to one knee, scarcely hearing the sharp, "He must have a concussion. Plan B. Damn it."

Sam's stomach contents splattered over the pavement. An arm encircled his waist to support him as the rain washed everything away. He swayed, dazedly watching it drain into the sewer grate. If it weren't for the extra support, he'd be kissing the pavement.

"There you go, deep breaths," the man was saying. "Let's get you somewhere dry."

Sam was dragged to his feet between the two men, arms quickly situated around their necks. The ground blurred. His shoes scraped over the concrete, and he distantly realized he'd left his book bag behind. How would he finish his reading assignments without his book bag? He'd flunk his classes, then flunk out of Stanford, and everything he'd worked for would be for nothing.

A horrible grating sound broke through his thoughts. He was dragged into a car.

You should really oil those hinges, he wanted to say. *Sounds horrible.*

A mumble must have escaped his lips, because someone was shushing him again. There was something soothing about it. Warning bells were going off somewhere deep within his mind, but he was too tired to care. He closed his eyes.

The smell of vinyl invaded his nostrils as a seat rose up beneath his cheek. It was almost as comfortable as his bed. His hair was lovingly pushed back by a warm hand. Someone was also arranging his legs.

"Later, Cas," a voice ordered. "Get in the car. Let's blow this joint before someone sees us."

Doors slammed. Others opened. The car rocked with the weight of them climbing into the front seats. The engine rumbled to life. Heat immediately poured from the vents. It made Sam shudder. He'd forgotten just how uncomfortable being cold really was. Being a college kid was making him soft.

"He awake?"

The seat strained as someone turned. Fingers pried open Sam's eyelids. He didn't fight them at all. Each eye caught a glimpse of a front seat before sliding shut.

"I can't tell. I don't think so. His pupils are unequal and dilated. He's unresponsive. What the hell happened?"

The car turned. Sam's body rocked with the movement.

"Kid fell down the stairs, that's what happened. I thought you were supposed to drive him home."

"He refused. What was I supposed to do, knock him out with everyone watching?"

There was a sigh. "You're right. I'm sorry. It's not your fault, it's just . . ."

Sam felt the weight of a stare.

"He's been through enough," Cas finished softly.

Warmth, Water, and Pain

Chapter Notes

Hey, all! So I wanted this chapter to be longer, blah, blah, blah. But I know some of you are checking frequently for updates and I thought I'd alleviate some of the self-torture, at least for the next five or ten minutes. Here it is. Enjoy. Try to savor. Gonna be a couple days before the next update.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sam came back to awareness slowly. He hadn't realized he'd fallen asleep. Even now, his eyelids were too heavy to open. His forehead itched, but he couldn't muster the energy to scratch it. And his clothes were wet. Why were his clothes wet?

A car door shut without slamming. The door near his head opened – the hinges squeaked again – and someone worked their hands under his shoulders. They gently pulled him from the car. His head lolled over an arm. Breath was hot on his neck as his legs were hoisted up, too.

“Cas,” came the harsh whisper above him. “Grab the med kit, and then start the bath. He’s freezing.”

Sam heard the words, but they confused him. Blearily, he realized he was quite warm, cradled against whoever held him. Heat seeped through his clothing on that side.

Though his eyes were closed, he thought they might be in some kind of garage. It was also warm, at least room temperature. Rain pattered against the roof. Heat from the car's engine rose up beneath him in oil-scented waves. His nose twitched. The scent of leather was coming from somewhere. And gasoline. For mowing, or perhaps a chainsaw.

It almost smelled like home. His stomach clenched. Please, let his father be drunk and already passed out on the couch. A cruel kind of hope flickered in his chest, but it was quickly extinguished when he remembered that someone was carrying him. If not his dad, then who?

A breeze wafted through his hair as the man holding him sharply turned. Distance between them and the car engine widened, and yeah, okay: the draft made him shiver. Sam tried to remember why he was so fixated on temperature. He drew a blank, inwardly shrugged, and turned his attention to other matters. Like trying to open his eyes.

He managed to part his lips, but that was it.

Keys jingled, a door opened, and boots thudded over hardwood. Sam felt his forehead wrinkle. Seriously. What the hell was going on? His body ached all over, especially his head.

There was a persistent throbbing behind his eyes. He groaned.

“Sam? Are you awake, kiddo?”

The voice sounded vaguely familiar, but he couldn’t place it. If he had a face to go with it . . .

Somehow, he found the strength to open his eyes. Just a bit. The ceiling was made up of wooden planks. They blurred together until he saw double. The light, though dim, made him squeeze his eyes shut as the throbbing behind his eyes increased. But he wanted to see the face of whoever peered down at him. He braced himself as he forced his eyes open again.

Sam was disappointed by the eyes staring down at him. There was nothing wrong with their color. They were a brilliant green, in fact. But they weren’t familiar. They offered no answers.

“You’re going to be okay,” the man said. “We just need to get you warm. Can you understand me?”

The words vibrated through Sam’s ribcage. “You’re lucky new research says concussion victims can sleep. We’ll need to wake you up throughout the night, but it could be worse, huh? Sorry if I’m rambling. I’m a little nervous about all of this. Cas and I have so much to tell you. But let’s stick to the basics for now. I’m Dean.”

Sam tried to say it. His lips formed the name, but no sound came out.

“Shhh,” Dean said, smiling a little. “Don’t try to talk. Let’s just get you warm. Whatever happens after that, we’ll deal with it.”

Sam wasn’t sure what that meant. Or why Dean was carrying him down a hall he’d never seen before. He couldn’t remember what had happened, or why he was here. It hurt his head when he tried to recall. Perhaps he should have been panicking as a result. But he was too tired. He was in too much pain. And frankly, right now he didn’t give a damn.

They moved into a room with tiled walls. He turned his head to see more. Water was running into a bath. His vision blurred and then cleared. He thought he recognized the man kneeling beside the faucet.

“Hot enough?” Dean asked.

“Yes. It should be fine.” The man turned his head, mouth creasing when he saw Sam awake. “Hello, there.”

Sam jolted a little in Dean’s arms. What was Cas doing here? Either this was a really strange dream, or his headache was making him see things.

“It’s okay, Sam,” Dean said, lowering him onto a bath rug. It was soft, like a thick bear hide. “Everything’s okay. You’re just a little confused.”

The last word echoed in his ears. He wished his senses would get it together. How was he supposed to figure out what was going on when he couldn’t grasp the smallest things?

Dean unzipped his hoodie and began to shake his arms from the sleeves. Sam wanted to ask what he was doing, but that much was apparent, and the hoodie *was* soaked. Goosebumps rose on his arms. When Dean's fingers crept under the hem of his t-shirt and began to pull that off too, Sam found the will to struggle.

"No," he slurred, clamping his hands over Dean's wrists. "Don't want it off."

This earned him a chuckle. Cas rose from beside the bathtub, walking closer. He knelt beside them. "You can't bathe in your clothes, baby."

Baby? Suddenly, the cobwebs were clearing. These guys were sick perverts, weren't they? They wanted him naked and pliant and . . . no. Just no. Ignoring the stab of fear in his heart, Sam tried to focus on his anger. He refused to let go of Dean's wrists, staring up at the two of them with nothing but distrust. They shared a glance and then looked down at him. Half-sad, half-loving, their expressions did nothing to quell his anxiety.

"Positivity only," Dean murmured, as if reminding himself. "Sam, the sooner you let us undress you, the sooner you can warm up in the bathwater. Doesn't that sound nice?"

Sam didn't budge.

Cas sighed, looking up at Dean. "Did you really think that was going to work?"

"The books said it was an effective method."

"Somehow I don't think it applies here. He has a head injury, and he's getting colder by the minute. C'mon, help me sit him up. He's shivering."

Sam fought as Cas helped into a sitting position. But his arms were so weak that Cas didn't even try to dodge his blows. Before he knew it, the t-shirt had been lifted over his head. He wrapped his arms around himself, swallowing against the bile rising in his throat. God, his head hurt.

"Jesus Christ." Dean's words were strained, like he was speaking through clenched teeth. His fingers traced the various scars over Sam's chest, barely grazing the fresh bruises. He shifted to sit behind Sam. His hands gently pressed on ribs to ensure nothing was broken.

Sam's strength was fading fast. He slumped forward, feeling Cas' hands on his shoulders to steady him.

"No broken ribs," Dean said. "He might have cracked one, though. I swear, if I ever get my hands on his father- Just look at these scars, Cas! The bastard took a belt to his back."

"That's why we're here," Cas answered, running a hand through Sam's hair.

Sam was done enduring the creepy touching, *thank you*. He jerked his head back. The swift movement caused the world to spin. There were mummings of alarm, an arm looped around his chest, and he was pulled back against Dean's chest. His head fell onto Dean's shoulder while he pulled sharp breaths through his teeth, breathing through the pain assaulting his head. He didn't plan on moving ever again. Not if it caused pain like that.

“-get him into the bath,” Dean was saying. “He’s scared and hurt, and I think the water will calm him down a little.”

Hands pulled off Sam’s belt, but he was too wrapped up in his own pain to care. His jeans were soaked. Wet denim was usually a bitch to peel off, but Cas didn’t seem to have any trouble. Sam hadn’t bought new jeans since he started college. They were loose, drowning him whenever he wore them. Hence the belt.

He didn’t realize his boxers were gone too until Cas picked him up. That’s when the bear hide – whatever kind of fur it was – rubbed over his bare skin, and hell if it wasn’t the *weirdest* sensation he’d ever felt. It overwhelmed him until he closed his eyes, because darkness was peaceful and quiet, and safe. The pain in his head only began to fade when he touched the surface of warm water.

His eyes flew open as it surrounded him. For a moment he flailed, unable to remember what was happening or why two men were soaking him in a bath. Water splashed in their direction, but they didn’t look angry, only concerned. The one who’d been talking – Dean, his name was – rolled up his sleeves before grabbing Sam’s wrists in a firm but painless grip and guiding his hands back under the water.

“It’s okay, it’s okay,” he was saying. “Just relax. Just breathe, you’re fine.”

“Maybe we should get the-” Cas started.

“He’s okay. Just give him a minute.”

Sam was left panting, eyes wildly darting around, trying to make sense of his surroundings. His muscles slowly relaxed without his permission, soothed by the warm water and weak with fatigue. Goosebumps broke out over his limbs and torso again, in waves. He found that strange, as he was just starting to get warm. Why would he start shuddering now?

Once the shudders passed, he was able to relax. Dean released his wrists. Sam stared as they floated to the water’s surface, transfixed. He didn’t remember the last time he was weightless. It just didn’t happen. Not in this life. He was never the one floating. He was the one that people dragged under the water in order to save themselves.

It wasn’t until Dean ran a thumb over his cheek that Sam realized he’d shed a tear. What. The hell. Everything was getting hazier by the minute, but there was an utter *wrongness* here. In a bathtub, before these men, in a house he’d never seen before . . . a yawn escaped before he could stop it, triggering a burst of agony so intense that his whole body went rigid.

His jaw snapped closed, but it was too late. The pain radiated from his jaw to the throbbing knot on his forehead. Voices called his name, growing louder and more alarmed. He heard them as if at the end of a long tunnel. Fingers peeled his eyelids back. Light stabbed his eyes. He gurgled in protest, demanding darkness, but it didn’t do much good.

Water splashed. It grew cold. The softness of the bear pelt pressed against his back, and he turned his head to rub his cheek against it. It was gentle and pleasant, and he could use a little

gentle and pleasant right now. Even after all the pain he'd experienced at the hands of his father, he was reaching new heights. It was all-consuming.

"Get the kit," Dean ordered beyond the darkness. "We need the anti-inflammatory serum and morphine."

Time was lost, a foreign concept. Reality faded. Then, there was only peace.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to everyone for the wonderful reviews so far! It's great to hear from you. So, you know... *nudge, nudge* If you wanted to leave a review, maybe some of your hopes and ideas for the story, I'd love to hear them. I know you want me to update soon. I get it. :) Those comments, while certainly appreciated, can get a little redundant. Questions? Thoughts?

Important Author's Note

Hey all! Sorry I haven't updated yet, but don't be too angry. I come bearing good news!

I've started an SPN Infantilism Community over on LiveJournal. The most important feature of which is a Masterpost of **every* *single** infantilism fanfic I could find in this fandom. Want to know how many I found? Sixty-one fanfics and their respective 'verses or sequels! I counted 'verses and fics w/ sequels as one fanfic. 27+ of them are non-sexual. Have you read them all? [Click here](http://spninfantilism.livejournal.com/) or go to <http://spninfantilism.livejournal.com/> to find out.

Also, as far as this fic is concerned, YES, I'm continuing it. I won't make empty promises about when, but I'm on it. Just wanted to organize all other infantilism fics first. If you know of one not included on the list, feel free to comment there, here, or drop me a PM. Thanks!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!