

Caged Flowers

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Caged Flowers

by [Wingless](#)

Summary

When a bad decision has Dean facing a considerable sentence in prison, he fears the worst. His life has never been easy, but at least he could be there for his brother and had some sense of freedom. The reality behind bars, in the confines of his own cell of all things, seems to be even worse than he ever imagined, as his cellmate is one of the scariest people he's ever met. Even though the Russian mobster starts out by living up to the reputation that precedes him, soon, a not entirely fear-based tension forms between them. What starts as a risky fling that has to be kept in secret grows into something Dean never expected to find behind the bars.

Notes

I want to warn you that even though I did some research, my depiction of life in prison is very inaccurate, but I believe that's not what you came here for. This fic is finished, it's 49K in 13 chapters. Updates every Friday if real life doesn't decide to screw with the schedule.

I took a bit of an experimental approach (at least for me) to this fic. You get a chapter with Dean's point of view and the next chapter is a re-telling of the same events from Cas' POV. I tried to make sure that Cas's chapters bring new facts into the story as well as insight on Cas' thoughts and feelings so it doesn't get boring. I hope you enjoy having both sides of the story as much as I enjoyed writing them :)

Huge thanks go to:

[nerditoutwithbooks](#) for reading the first draft and encouraging me to continue

[deanieweaniewrites](#) for fixing my poor grammar

[winchester-of-the-lord](#) for the read-through and the amazing art

Everybody at the Ass Kicking Writers discord server for the support

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

Dean



When Dean first meets his cellmate, he doesn't know what to think of him.

He enters the cell he was pointed to by a guard. There are two bunk beds but a single occupant splayed on one of them listening to his MP3 player. He doesn't raise when Dean enters, doesn't reply when Dean greets him and proceeds to ignore him for the rest of the day. Dean's grateful for that, it could be worse. His cellmate could have expressed his dislike for Dean, interrupting his solitude in a violent manner. Ignoring is the better option.

It's a bit intimidating, though, like being in a cage with a sleeping tiger.

Dean tries to be subtle as he watches the guy, trying to learn at least something that would tell him what to expect from him.

He's older than Dean, probably in his mid-thirties. An inch or two shorter than him but where Dean's getting a bit soft, he's nothing but firm muscle. Every inch of his skin Dean can see except for his face is covered in colorful ink and Dean would bet it runs under his clothes too. He has a permanent scowl on his face, dark brows drawn together, blue eyes in stark contrast with dark hair and stubble. He has an air of easy authority around him and moves with the confidence of someone who knows he's the most dangerous person around. Dean's certain he's not one to mess with. At least because the guy has money and doesn't shy away from flaunting it. His cell is full of little luxuries from the MP3 player to books and snacks. All the things Dean will never be able to get from the commissary.

When he finally talks to Dean, it's just a few words. Not advice per se, more of telling Dean what to do not to get in his way. His Russian accent is so prominent it's hard to miss.

Dean finds out his suspicion about his cellmate was correct the next day.

He enters the yard with a sense of dread, feeling like all eyes are on him, considering how much of an easy prey he is. He tries not to jump when a heavy hand lands on his shoulder, but fails.

"Easy, boy," the guy says holding his hands up. "I just wanted to invite you to our table." Dean looks where the stranger is pointing and sees a table occupied by a bunch of inmates. Dean's first thought is that they don't look like criminals. If anything, they look normal. He lets himself be led to the table and goes through the round of introduction. These men don't exactly look like someone who would protect him, but a small group of mismatched friends is better than being on his own in a place like this.

"Oh, so you are the one who shares a cell with Krushnic?" Garth asks, "you poor thing," he adds. He's a skinny guy with a goofy smile who prefers sitting on the table instead of on one of the benches.

"I don't know, the guy hasn't introduced himself," Dean admits, an uneasy feeling growing in his chest.

"I thought no one was to share with Krushnic," Bobby murmurs. He's the one who spotted Dean and dragged him into their small group. He's older than most here, but he looks like he can still hold his ground in a fight.

"They must be running out of space," Kevin says looking up from the notepad he's scribbling into.

"So who's this guy?" Dean asks.

"Castiel Krushnic," Benny replies in his characteristic drawl. He looks like the strongest of this group, his presence actually giving Dean a sense of relative safety.

"Russian mafia," Ash adds, a little bit too excited. "The guy basically owns this place." He says it like it's the newest sensation he read in a tabloid, but Dean feels anxiety gripping at his insides.

"What do you mean?"

"He bribes the guards so much he can basically do what he wants," Aaron explains, "and of course he has people working for him from the outside."

"He's the one who pulls the strings in here," Benny continues, "everybody who ever tried to go against him ended up dead."

Dean swallows over the lump in his throat. He looks over the yard where Castiel is leaning against a wall surrounded by his suite. The sleeves of his jumpsuit are tied around his waist and the white tank top he's wearing under is revealing his tattoos. He's smoking, looking like he isn't paying attention to anything his companions say. It takes Dean a moment to realize that him smoking in such a public place is a huge fuck you to the rules. Dean heard that the guards usually turn a blind eye on smoking but Castiel doesn't even try to be subtle. He doesn't have to and he makes sure everybody knows.

"Oh no, look, you scared him!" Garth cries out. Surprisingly, there's not a trace of mockery in his tone.

"I'm not scared," Dean huffs. But he is. No matter how tough he pretends to be. He's been scared to go to prison in the first place. Now when he knows his cellmate is a mob boss, it's just one more reason for fear.

"I think as long as you keep out of his way, he won't try anything funny," Bobby muses.

"Stay alert, just in case. We can keep you safe when you're out of your cell, but once the door is locked, you'll need to do it yourself," Benny adds. It's probably less assuring than he intends it to be.

Dean doesn't sleep that night. He lays motionless on his bed, trying not to make a sound. He listens for any sign of Castiel moving. Nothing suspicious happens but Dean still doesn't dare to close his eyes.

Over the next couple of days, Dean gets used to being in prison. Thanks to Bobby and the others, he learns the basic rules that keep him out of trouble. Nobody is giving him a hard time even though he feels like he has "newbie, easy to bully" written on his forehead.

"Maybe that's thanks to Krushnic," Benny says when it comes up in a conversation in the mess hall. "People are afraid to touch you because they think you're under his protection."

"That's pretty stupid. The guy doesn't care about me," Dean protests, "most of the time he doesn't even acknowledge my existence."

"I think you should count yourself lucky he doesn't," Ash notes.

"Maybe Dean would like for Castiel to *care* about him," Aaron chuckles nudging Dean's shoulder.

"Shut up, Aaron," Dean growls.

"Yeah, not everybody enjoys sucking their cellmate's cock," Garth says pointing his fork at Aaron.

Aaron shrugs. "All I'm saying is *I* wouldn't mind-" he trails off as Castiel walks past them. Aaron's eyes widen with fear and all color drains off his face.

The moment Krushnic is out of earshot, the other three burst into laughter.

The strangest thing is, Dean has to agree with Aaron about Castiel being hot. It's hard not to notice what Castiel's body looks like when they share a cell.

Dean tries not to look when Castiel changes clothes or when he works out in their cell every evening but fails most of the time. It's not entirely his fault that sometimes, he catches himself thinking about the tattoos and how far down they run and where they stop. He wakes

up with a boner a few times but doesn't dare to get himself off in Castiel's presence even though he's sure he heard Castiel jerking off one night when Dean couldn't fall asleep.

The rumors about sexual encounters in prison scare him enough that he decides to abstain for as long as he stays here just to not draw attention to himself.

When he's assigned a job, Dean's happy, because a job means commissary money and commissary money means he'll be finally allowed a phone call. He doesn't even mind working in the laundry. He'd rather do other jobs but all those he applied for were already taken. At least he's going to learn something new.

His excitement falters a little when he comes to his first shift in the laundry and is met with Castiel's cold glare. It's not that he doesn't like the guy, he's just nervous around him and he considers it a success that he has managed not to step on Castiel's toes for the first two months of his incarceration. He'd like it to stay that way, that's why he's not looking forward to spending time with the guy outside their cell.

It doesn't take long before it becomes obvious the feeling is mutual. Castiel has never been outright rude to Dean, he mostly ignores him, which was probably only thanks to the fact that they could cohabit the small space of their cell without actually communicating. It's different in the laundry. Dean's never operated the industrial washing machines they use here and he doesn't know Castiel's system for dealing with the heaps of dirty clothes and linen. He tries his best, but his best doesn't seem to be good enough for Castiel.

During his first shift in the laundry, Dean hears Castiel talk more than in two months of sharing a cell. It's mostly barked out instructions and hissed reprimands when Dean screws up.

Dean screws up a lot.

He thought it would be getting better after a few shifts, but it isn't. The work is harder than one would think and Dean's getting distracted by Castiel - by his deep rough voice that still sends a shiver down Dean's spine, by his cat-like movements, by the tattoos on his arms moving with the strain of his muscles as he works.

He's actually getting angry with Castiel. They've been sharing space for months and all he does is ignore Dean, which fine, he doesn't have to be friends with his cellmate but he'd expect some basic human decency. A hello and how ya doin' would suffice.

It's hard to be treated like he doesn't exist. Even harder to be treated like a nuisance. And that's what's been going on ever since he started the laundry job. Castiel treats him like he's a stupid useless piece of shit that only makes his life harder despite Dean trying his best. After two weeks, Dean's fed up with it.

That's how he finds himself standing up to Castiel Krushnic.

"I told you not to do it like that!" Castiel yells, pushing hard at Dean's shoulder. Dean stumbles a few steps but straightens when he finds his footing. For the first time, he doesn't

cower, doesn't keep out of Castiel's reach. He turns towards him, shoulders square, and takes a step forward.

"I'm trying to do it right."

"You're not trying enough. You're gonna hurt yourself, stupid boy." He says it as if Dean hurting himself would be a personal offense to him.

"I don't know any other way to do it, because you didn't show me!"

"Just pay attention! I'm not your babysitter."

"Then stop acting like that! It's not your business if I hurt myself!"

Castiel averts his face and scoffs like Dean's the dumbest person he knows. It's like a trigger which makes Dean's frustration turn into anger.

He does the dumbest thing of his life, dumber even than the one that landed him in prison.

He swings at Castiel Krushnic.

Castiel ducks with practiced precision and before Dean even realizes he missed, Castiel's hand wraps around his throat.

Dean chokes, fingers scrambling at Castiel's hand as he stares into the man's stormy eyes.

Dean's overwhelmed with fear. But it's not the only thing making his blood rush and his heart beat frantically. There's a part of him, the one he usually keeps pushed into the deepest corner of his mind, which wants him to stop fighting, and submit to those strong fingers instead, submit to the dangerous man holding him.

He can't do that.

So he grabs Castiel's forearm, which feels like it's made of steel, with both his hands and tries to kick at Castiel's legs.

Castiel growls and takes a step forward, probably planning to press Dean against the wall that's somewhere behind him, so he can restrain his legs too.

The wet floor betrays them both.

It's Dean's foot that slips, but it doesn't matter, because they both tumble on the floor. Dean falls flat on his back, Castiel on top of him.

Dean gasps when the breath gets knocked out of him and hears Castiel's pained grunt. The man doesn't move, his whole weight resting on Dean.

The moment Dean recovers from the fall, he curses himself, because his stupid *stupid* body totally misinterprets the situation. It doesn't matter that the anger drained out of them both, it's still a damn dangerous situation, but all his body perceives is that he's lying under the

hottest man around. All he can focus on is the warmth of Castiel's body and his heavy breath next to his ear. He doesn't smell of the cheap prison soap, but of some fancy shampoo he gets from the commissary.

He doesn't move until Dean grabs the back of his t-shirt. Then he starts pushing himself up on his hands, grunting. The shifting makes his thigh rub against Dean's crotch and *fuck*.

Dean gets very still as his cock starts to stiffen. He closes his eyes and tries to will it away, but Castiel is still there, still touching him in places.

"Are you alright?" he asks in the husky voice of his and Dean wants to laugh hysterically because he's definitely not alright.

He forces himself to look at Castiel. "Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. You?" his voice is strangely high pitched, but he's gonna pretend that's normal.

"I hit my bad knee," Castiel admits. Dean noticed the slight limp in Castiel's step but never tried to find out the cause. It's not like he could ask the mob boss about his physical weakness.

Castiel starts getting up gingerly trying not to put weight on the sensitive knee. Then he suddenly stills and Dean *knows*, he just knows that Castiel saw his boner if he didn't feel it against his thigh. Dean knows he's going to get killed, or at least beaten, or raped brutally.

Castiel looks him in the eyes with an unreadable expression.

"I... I don't... I'm sorry, I-" Dean stutters in a vain attempt to save the situation. He's cut off by Castiel's palm pressed to his mouth.

Dean tries not to move, he barely breathes, his eyes fixed on the man who has him at his mercy. Castiel is leaning close again. His eyes are boring into Dean like he's searching for something. Then his other palm presses against Dean's hardness. Dean exhales through his nose, his eyes fall shut. He hates himself. He hates that not having an orgasm in two months is stronger than his sense of self-preservation. Castiel rubs him through his pants, not exactly gently, but the firmness of his touch only makes Dean harder.

Then Castiel hisses and lets go of Dean's mouth to put his hand right next to Dean's head to support himself. His other hand stays on Dean's cock.

Dean opens his eyes and stares up at Castiel. His pink lips are parted and his bright eyes darkened. He moves his hand deliberately slowly as if he's giving Dean a chance to push him away.

Dean doesn't.

Castiel leans even closer to Dean's face, so close Dean can feel his hot breath.

"You make a sound and it's game over," he whispers.

Dean nods minutely. He feels like he's going to blackout. His head is spinning, his stomach is churning with fear, but his body is ablaze with arousal.

Castiel's eyes leave Dean's face just for a moment as he pushes Dean's pants and underwear down to reveal his hard cock. He spits into his palm before he wraps it around Dean's shaft. Dean has to bite his lip to stiffen the sound that fights to get out of his throat.

Castiel's hand is warm and firm and he definitely knows what he's doing because Dean's shaking in no time. He's panting loudly but manages to keep any sounds from escaping his lips.

He grabs onto Castiel's sleeve when he feels like falling apart.

Castiel's eyes are hungry on him like he's feeding off of Dean's pleasure. He licks his lips and moves his hand just right and Dean falls over the edge.

He comes with a silent cry, throwing his head back as his body spasms and releases. Castiel works him through it, stroking lazily until Dean's entirely spent, lying boneless on the wet floor.

Then he wipes his hand on Dean's t-shirt and pushes it up to reveal Dean's soft belly.

"Stay still," he orders, voice low and rumble and Dean feels a new surge of fear.

Castiel pushes himself to his knees, his pain momentarily forgotten. He pulls the front of his pants down just enough to whip out his cock.

Dean's breath hitches at the sight. It's big and hard, its head glistening with a bead of precome. His eyes fall on the cat with its mouth wide open tattooed on the back of Castiel's hand holding his cock and the Russian letters on his knuckles. He wonders what they mean.

Castiel jerks himself hard and fast, his eyes on Dean. Dean couldn't rip his eyes off him even if he wanted to. He's gorgeous. His cheeks are flushed and his hair messed up and he's letting out tiny grunts of pleasure.

He squeezes his eyes shut and his face scrunches as he comes all over Dean's soft cock and exposed belly.

Dean's cheeks burn with shame because if it was physically possible, he'd come again just from the sight alone, from being used like this.

Castiel doesn't give himself time to recover before he tucks himself in. He grabs the hem of Dean's shirt and pulls it over his head. Dean doesn't protest, obediently raising his arms so Castiel can strip the shirt off.

He uses it to clean the cooling mess on Dean's crotch and belly, then he gets up and throws the shirt into one of the washing machines. As Dean pulls up his pants, Castiel walks to the pile of freshly dried t-shirts, grabs one and throws it at Dean.

He doesn't speak for the rest of their shift.

Dean can't sleep thanks to the turmoil in his head.

He doesn't know what their encounter meant to Castiel. Hell, he doesn't even know what it means to him. He realizes part of him liked it. The part which makes him watch Castiel when he stretches, the part that comes up with fantasies about tattooed hands and soft pink lips. That part definitely enjoyed Castiel pressing him down to the cold floor and getting him off.

But mostly, he hates himself for not stopping it, for not putting up resistance, for letting Castiel do that to him. He hates Castiel too. He feels used even though he knows Castiel jerked *him* off without wanting anything in return. He feels like Castiel used that secret part of his mind against him and that's where the resentment stems from.

The fact that Castiel hasn't as much as looked his way since doesn't help. But what did he expect? That they would become friends thanks to a jerk/off session? That Castiel would suddenly treat him better after coming all over him? It's stupid and he knows it. He knows he should be glad that Castiel didn't hurt him like he expected him to.

Dean huffs and turns to his other side facing Castiel. He's asleep with his back pressed to the wall, one hand under the pillow. He has a shiv there, Dean knows because he accidentally woke him up in the first week and met the weapon up close. He was lucky Castiel realized who he was before he cut him open.

That was when Dean realized he was really rooming with a dangerous criminal. It's difficult to see Castiel for what he is when he's asleep. His face is relaxed, looking almost soft and he seems smaller curled on his side. If he wasn't so handsome everything would be easier. And if Dean wasn't so horny and so gay.

Dean manages to avoid Castiel for most of the next day because it's their day off. He only comes to their cell a few minutes before lights out. Castiel is already in, lying on his back, chewing a chocolate bar. Dean grits his teeth, green with envy. He can't buy anything which means he hasn't eaten food with actual taste in months. He'd kill for a chocolate bar.

He turns towards his bed and freezes. There's a chocolate bar on top of the covers. Dean grabs it angrily and turns to Cas. What the hell is the fucker thinking? Is that some kind of payment for sexual services? Does he think Dean's some whore that will get him off for candy?

"What the hell is this?" Dean barks out holding up the chocolate. Castiel turns his head, his face looks like it was carved from stone. He extends his hand. "Give it back if you don't want it," he says coldly.

Dean's hand tightens around the bar convulsively. He wants it. He just doesn't want the implications behind it. But Castiel would say if he had some expectations from him, wouldn't he? Dean looks at the candy in his hand and decides it's worth the risk. He will have to fight Castiel off if he tries anything again.

He tears the wrapper and bites off a huge chunk. He can't fight back a moan when the chocolate melts on his tongue. It's almost better than yesterday's orgasm. Almost.

He drops himself on the bed to enjoy the treat. He's sure the smirk he saw on Castiel's face was just a play of his imagination.

Art by winchester-ofthe-lord



winchester-ofthe-lord

"He's the one who pulls the strings in here," Benny continues, "everybody who ever tried to go against him ended up dead."

Dean swallows over the lump in his throat. He looks over the yard where Castiel is leaning against a wall surrounded by his suite. The sleeves of his jumpsuit are tied around his waist and the white tank top he's wearing under is revealing his tattoos. He's smoking, looking like he isn't paying attention to anything his companions say. It takes Dean a moment to realize that him smoking in such a public place is a huge fuck you to the rules. Dean heard that the guards usually close an eye on smoking but Castiel doesn't even try to be subtle. He doesn't have to and he makes sure everybody knows.

Huge thanks for giving my idea a visual form goes to wonderful Lou (winchester-of-the-lord). You can find this awesome picture on [tumblr](#). Sharing is caring ;)

Castiel

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all your lovely comments! I hope you enjoy this chapter too.

It became a tradition that Castiel oversees the arrival of new inmates. He's leaning against the wall next to Henriksen as they line up to get their clothes and beddings. Castiel is good at assessing people, he can point out troublemakers as well as those who are prone to get bullied.

So he watches and he tells Henriksen what he notices, it's as dull as anything in prison but it doesn't happen every day which makes it a break from the routine.

It doesn't happen often that someone catches Castiel's attention. Not like the guy standing second in the line right now. He accidentally steps the man behind him on foot and gets his things knocked out of his arms. Instead of getting into a fight, he offers a charming smile, makes a joke.

Castiel sees right through the false bravado but he appreciates it anyway. The guy is terrified, but he's trying his best not to show it. He's a good kid. Cas can tell one when he spots one. The kind of young man who ends up in prison because of dire circumstances. Usually through desperation or sheer stupidity.

"See something you like?" Henriksen asks, eyes on Castiel's face.

"That one," Castiel points, "put him in my cell."

Henriksen raises an eyebrow. "Pretty little thing, but I never thought you were inclined to that."

Castiel frowns. He can't pretend he didn't notice the guy is pretty. He's handsome in the soft youthful way. He doesn't belong to prison like a flower doesn't belong to landfill and fuck if Castiel's getting soft, but something about that kid makes him feel protective.

"Mind your business, Victor," he growls.

The guard shrugs his shoulders. "Just don't do anything I couldn't turn a blind eye on."

Castiel realizes he made a mistake when the kid enters his cell. He introduces himself as Dean Winchester and tries for small talk. It seems like he has read some kind of "how to survive your first time in prison" guidebook. Step one: greet your cellmate respectfully, introduce yourself, ask about the cell.

Castiel ignores him. He only wanted the kid in his cell so no one dares to bully him. He's not going to babysit him. His presence is annoying already. He watches Castiel when he thinks he's not looking with a mix of awe and fear on his pretty face like he's some kind of a wild animal.

Eventually, Castiel takes mercy on him, tells him where to put his things, explains the lockdown and count routine, reminds him not to touch his things. Dean drinks his words like they can save his life.

"He's like a fucking puppy," Castiel complains to Balthazar the next day. "So eager to please."

Balthazar gives him a strange look. "That's usually something you appreciate."

Castiel rolls his eyes. "It's not like that."

"No? Then why did you want him in your cell?"

"I must have momentarily lost reason," Castiel grumbles and takes a drag of his cigarette before passing it to Balthazar.

"Yeah, that's something that happens to you when you see a set of pretty lips."

This time, Castiel punches his shoulder, but he can't entirely fight back a laugh.

"I said it's not like that. It's just...he doesn't belong here."

"Most guys don't," Balthazar replies, he's suddenly serious. It's not a good look on him.

"A lot of them do," Castiel muses. He knows Balthazar's right. Dean isn't special, there's a lot of people like him. Kids with potential, who get ruined in prison, who get out with no purpose, no way to get around and end up back behind bars in a few months, a year if they're lucky.

For some reason, Castiel can't stand the idea of this happening to Dean. It's stupid to think he's the one who can prevent it, but when he saw Dean in the line of newcomers, he felt like he needed to try.

"Hey, I'm not against you having a little pet project," Balthazar says when it's clear Cas won't share his thoughts. Castiel takes a breath to protest, but Balthazar's quicker to continue. "Just don't get too involved, you know how those things end."

"Don't worry," he mutters leaning against his friend's shoulder in a sign of affection.

Castiel doesn't intend to follow each of Dean's moves to keep him safe, but he needs to know the kid won't get involved with the wrong people. That's why he watches him on the first day. He feels relieved when he spots Dean at Lafitte's table. Benny is a good guy, former cop which is a fact that could make his life in prison a living hell. Fortunately, Castiel is the only one aware of that fact and he's keeping it safe for an exchange of Lafitte's loyalty. So Dean's in good hands.

It's still not enough to keep him safe.

Castiel usually takes a shower during the day when the bathrooms are empty, but sometimes, he has to go during the busier times in the evening. He hates all the gossip and naked teasing that goes on in there.

He tries to ignore everybody and just get through the ordeal as fast as possible, but a name catches his attention.

"Dean? Yeah, I know which one. Nice ass, pretty lips, would look even better spread around my..." a huff ends Gordon's sentence when Castiel slams him against a wall, forearm pressing against his throat, making him struggle for breath.

All the eyes in the bathroom are on them. Castiel doesn't need to see them to know that some of the guys are prepared to help Gordon, but they won't cross Castiel if it's not necessary.

He makes sure his voice is audible even though it's an angry growl. "Touch him and I'll cut off your cock and feed it to the dogs," he says, staring into Gordon's eyes for a moment before stepping back and letting air back to Gordon's lungs.

"Sorry, Krushnic," he gasps, "I didn't know you claimed him."

Castiel's stomach twists at Gordon's choice of words. He lets his eyes roam over all the present guys who are still watching the confrontation before he says coldly to Gordon but to everybody else too: "Now you know."

He puts on his clothes quickly, not bothering with drying off properly and leaves.

He hates the lie, hates the idea of *claiming* someone his property especially without him even knowing about it. But it will keep Dean safe so it's worth it. No one will touch Dean. Neither will Castiel. Not that he wouldn't want to. It's almost torturous to have someone like Dean so close. There's something about him that makes Castiel want to just grab him and...

Maybe it's just because he didn't have sex in quite some time. He tried to restore his long-gone relationship with Balthazar, but they found out it just didn't work behind the bars and decided to stay friends instead. There were other affairs, but not as many as one would expect in prison.

It's not that Castiel couldn't find someone willing. No, it's actually the opposite problem. He's afraid that someone would be willing without actually wanting to have sex with him. Out of fear, out of hope that it would get him benefits. That's why he's resolute not to advance on Dean. He would hate himself if he pressed the kid into anything. Taking advantage of his position is something Castiel's brother would do, Castiel refrains from it.

But it's hard. Sometimes, it's literally hard to share the small space with Dean. At least thoughts don't hurt, do they? So Castiel doesn't restrain himself from imagining Dean on his knees in front of him when he jerks himself under the blanket. And well, maybe he does it when he's sure Dean isn't asleep. He lies to himself that it's to make Dean feel free to do the same when in reality he hopes for some reaction from Dean. Even a horrified one would be

good. If he knew Dean is disgusted by even the idea of having sex with Castiel, it would ease his mind. And if Dean's reaction was positive, if he started jerking off too, then maybe... But he doesn't so Castiel needs to keep it to his fantasies.

Castiel doesn't have to work, but he likes to. Physical activity keeps him from going insane and the laundry is a good place to meet with people to talk business.

Dean, on the other hand, needs the job. The kid doesn't have a single thing from the commissary. He lives with just the basics provided by the prison, which must be hell. Castiel can't imagine going a day without good coffee, music, and a soft blanket.

"He will have to wait," Zachariah says looking up from his papers. He pretends to be important because of his job as a clerk, but he's an inmate like everybody else. Castiel is ready to remind him of that. He places his hands on Zachariah's desk and leans forward. Zachariah gulps, but he doesn't avert his eyes. "There's no vacancy. He will get a job when somebody gives their up, or leaves, or fucks up."

Castiel frowns. That could take too long. "What about the laundry."

Zachariah frowns. "You work in the laundry."

Castiel fights the urge to roll his eyes. "I'm aware of that. What if I complain that I can't manage the work on my own."

Zachariah raises an eyebrow. "I can clearly remember when you demanded to be left alone."

"Well, but the number of inmates has increased, hasn't it? And I have a bad knee. It hurts when it's rainy outside. So just fill in the request for more staff in the laundry, then make sure Dean gets the job."

Zachariah leans his head to one side. "I could do that."

Castiel grins sharply. Zachariah winces at the sight.

"Let's talk about price."

It was a really stupid idea and Castiel should do something about his protective tendencies towards Dean before he fucks up even more.

It's been frustrating enough to share a cell with Dean but spending time with him in the laundry is a peak of masochism. First of all, Castiel has to actually communicate with Dean. Which includes looking at him which is something Castiel tries to avoid. The air in the laundry is hot and humid and Dean is sweating, sandy hair sticking to his forehead begging Castiel to brush it away. His white shirt clings to his body and he smells of sweat in the not at all disgusting way. It makes Castiel very grumpy.

It's not like Dean's an idiot who can't operate a washing machine or fold bedsheets, but everything he does grinds against Castiel's frayed nerves. So he's being an asshole, he knows he's being an asshole, but he can't stop himself. And the more Dean tiptoes around him the more he feels like being an asshole.

Then Dean finally snaps. When Castiel pushes him, he expects Dean to retreat, but instead, the boy straightens his stance and levels Castiel with a firm stare. Something in Castiel's chest moves at seeing that the kid actually has a backbone.

"I'm trying to do it right," he defends himself, taking a step forward.

"You're not trying enough." Castiel spits out. He wants to see how far Dean's going to go. He wants to rile him up just to make sure he's not just a pliant puppy. "You're gonna hurt yourself, stupid boy." He adds bitterly. It would piss him off if Dean got injured doing the job Castiel found him to help him.

"I don't know any other way to do it, because you didn't show me!" Of course, he didn't, because it would mean more talking, more looking, Castiel can't do that.

"Just pay attention! I'm not your babysitter."

"Then stop acting like that! It's not your business if I hurt myself!"

A mirthless laugh escapes Castiel's mouth without his say so. Dean's right, Castiel shouldn't give a fuck about him. But here he is, making their lives a mess because he can't help himself but care about Dean.

It takes him by surprise when Dean's fist flies towards his face. He ducks out of instinct and grabs Dean's throat without really thinking about what he's doing. Then he freezes. Dean's skin is hot under his palm and he can feel his frantic pulse. His eyes are wide with fear and lips parted around a breath he can't take because of Castiel's fingers squeezing his windpipe.

For a moment which feels much longer than it actually is they stare at each other. Then Dean seems to wake up from the trance and starts struggling. He fights like a frightened animal, scratching at Castiel's forearm, kicking at his feet. Castiel growls and takes a step forward to push Dean against a wall. He doesn't realize what's happening when Dean drags him to the floor. He registers Dean's pained gasp before blinding pain shoots through his whole body as his bad knee hits the hard tiles.

He breathes through the pain, everything else momentarily forgotten.

Only when his knee stops throbbing does he remember that the warm he feels is coming from Dean's body pinned under his weight. He's too shaken by the fall to force himself to pull away, but then Dean's hand tugs at his shirt, snapping him out of the dazed state. He pushes up on his hands and looks down at Dean. He's very still, his eyes are closed. Castiel frowns, he hopes Dean didn't hit his head.

"Are you alright?" he tries to keep the concern out of his voice, it comes out rough.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. You?" He says, opening his eyes. He doesn't look like he wants to fight anymore. From this close, Castiel can see the splatter of freckles over the bridge of his nose. His lashes are so long they cast a fan-like shadow on his cheeks which are dark with blood. His plump lips are still parted, pink and wet. He looks like a fuckdoll. Castiel feels another surge of anger.

"I hit my bad knee," he answers and starts getting up. It's difficult if he doesn't want to put weight on his left knee. It results in accidental rubbing against Dean. He looks down to make sure he's not hurting him. His body realizes what's going on before his mind catches up. His blood rushes south as he sees the bulge in Dean's pants and he realizes he felt it pressed against his thigh just a moment ago.

For a second, he's unable to move, his mind short-circuiting. He looks Dean in the face trying to find something that would tell him he's taking this wrong. The signs are all there though, he just didn't read them right. Dean's dilated pupils, his flushed cheeks, Castiel took it for fear, but it wasn't just that.

Dean starts to apologize, to make excuses. Castiel can't hear any of that. He presses his palm against Dean's mouth to shut him up. He wants it to be real. He wants Dean to want him.

His heart is beating painfully hard, his cock is getting heavy. He knows he could take Dean if he wants, that the kid wouldn't probably even put up a fight.

Part of him, the part he shares with his brother, wants to do just that. It thrives on Dean's fear, wants his submission. Castiel pushes it down, but he can't do the same with the stupid hope that grows in his chest. He needs to give it a chance at least.

He presses his hand into Dean's crotch and watches his eyes fall shut with what he believes is pleasure, not disgust. He rubs him roughly and feels his cock getting bigger under his ministrations. Castiel's cock reacts with an interested twitch.

The discomfort in his knee turns into pain and he has to shift his position, has to move his hand from Dean's mouth. He almost chokes on relief when Dean doesn't scream or try to get away.

He would let him go. Not because he'd get in trouble if Dean made a scene. Because he's not going to force him, he's not going to do anything that would hurt Dean.

He might have felt differently when he was holding Dean by his throat, but now, when Dean's looking up at him, his protectiveness is back. He wants to make Dean feel good and he wants Dean to want it.

He resumes stroking Dean's cock through the thin fabric of his sweats. Slow, ready to stop if Dean expresses a sign of discomfort. Dean doesn't, but it's not enough. Castiel needs it to be clear that he won't continue if Dean changes his mind.

He leans close to Dean's ear, takes in his smell and realizes he doesn't have the right words. He's not good with promises, but he's a master of threats.

"You make a sound and it's game over. " It's harsh and impersonal. It's comfortable. It works. If Dean wants Castiel to continue, he'll stay silent, that's all the confirmation Castiel needs.

Dean nods his understanding even though he looks like he's not paying attention. He becomes more alive when Castiel pulls down his pants and underwear, slicks his palm with spit and wraps it around Dean's cock.

If there was still any doubt Dean's into this, it disperses when he bites his lip, keeping a sound in.

Castiel's heart lurches, his blood thrums in his veins. Dean is beautiful in his want. His hips are twitching to meet Castiel's touch and he's swallowing moans. Castiel knows he's not going to last, not after months of not even jerking himself off, but he's going to make every minute count.

He draws as much pleasure from Dean's body as he knows how and the sensation of Dean twitching and trembling under his hands is making him unbearably hard. He keeps his eyes on Dean, taking it all in. The want he feels is growing rapidly.

He wants to claim Dean, wants to mark him, to devour his beautiful mouth and fill his body. He wants to take. Instead, he gives. He gives Dean all the pleasure he can with just his hand.

He watches with a sense of pride as Dean comes, his body arching like a bow, his hand clenching Castiel's sleeve like it's a lifeline.

Castiel milks him for every drop until Dean's boneless and squirming with oversensitivity.

He's so aroused he could cry. He's been imagining Dean for so long, that seeing him now, being able to touch him, is almost too much.

"Stay still," he orders huskily even though Dean doesn't seem able to move.

He ignores the strain on his knee as he pulls out his cock and strips it quickly. It doesn't take much for him to reach the peak when Dean's eyes are on his cock, following every move of his hand. Castiel squeezes his eyes shut, clenches his teeth to hold back a cry.

When he sees the mess he made of Dean's soft belly and spent cock, he feels like he might come again.

He averts his eyes, distracts himself by pulling his pants up because otherwise, he might give in to some of the stupid ideas surfacing in his mind like running his hands through the cooling come, spreading it over Dean's skin, or licking it clean.

He cleans Dean up using his own t-shirt, perfunctorily, not thinking about how pliant Dean is in the postorgasmic state.

They get back to work. Guilt settles over Castiel, heavy and uncomfortable like a wet blanket. After all the pretending of being the good guy, Castiel gave in to his nature and acted like the immoral bastard his family always wanted him to be. He took advantage of Dean's sexual frustration. Dean's arousal surely wasn't about Castiel, it was just biology, the right kind of friction combined with long abstention. If he's lucky, Dean won't be angry, because he got an orgasm out of it, but that doesn't make it alright.

The rest of their shift is in silence, Dean doesn't try to talk about what happened even after they return to their cell for which Castiel is grateful. There's a brief urge to apologize but he decides it's better to pretend it didn't happen. It definitely won't happen again. It was a moment of weakness on both their sides, nothing else. There's not a reason something should change between him and Dean.

"What happened?" Gabriel asks, handing Castiel a cigarette. Castiel shakes his head, still catching his breath.

"You only run this many laps when something's bugging you," Gabriel continues.

"I'm fine. Just wanted an exercise, you should try that too."

Gabriel shoots him a disgusted face. "I have other outlets for excess energy," he adds with a sleazy smile.

Castiel scoffs and takes the cigarette from his fingers, taking a long drag. Gabriel's innuendos are the last thing he needs. The truth is he was running to get rid of unwanted thoughts.

Last night he slept better than in months. And if he fell asleep to the memory of Dean's cock in his hand, he can't be blamed. The problem revealed itself in the morning. Apparently, after their encounter, Castiel's body started to react to Dean even more than before so it was enough for Castiel to hear Dean's sleepy moan as he stretched to get a boner. So he decided to run. His knee hates him for it, but there's nothing to do about that.

"What the hell is this?" Dean's angry voice distracts Castiel from enjoying his chocolate bar. Castiel scowls, for a moment, confused why somebody would be angry about getting free candy.

Then it hits him. He didn't think when he was buying the candy, it didn't occur to him that the gift could have some implications. He didn't buy Dean chocolate as a reward for sex, if he wanted to pay for sex, he wouldn't do it with candy.

He bought it because he knows Dean won't spend his hard-earned commissary on anything but phone calls. Castiel doesn't know who he's calling, but it must be important, a family member or a lover. Dean deserves some treats though, living on nothing but prison food sucks.

It's not that surprising that Dean's suspicious about Castiel's act of kindness after months of Castiel being less than friendly. It almost makes him feel bad. Almost.

He extends his hand, eyebrow rising. "Give it back if you don't want it."

He notices Dean's fingers tightening around the bar, watches his torn expression. He can almost hear the clogs working in Dean's head.

Eventually, Dean unwraps the bar and devours nearly half of it with one bite. The sound he makes is an evidence Cas was right to forbid him any sounds when he was jerking him off. It also makes Castiel's pants a bit uncomfortable, but he smiles anyway.

For some reason, Dean accepting his favor feels like a win. He's definitely going to buy Dean more things in the future.

Dean

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all your sweet comments! I suck at responding to them individually, but I read every single one of them and they all make my heart melt!

There are no unwanted advances from Castiel, but there's more of little favors. Some treats, a fancy shampoo, some magazines. Dean tells himself he would be stupid not to accept them. It keeps him wondering if that's what it feels like being somebody's whore in prison.

Aaron nudges his shoulder in the mess hall. "Hey, you've been oddly silent. What's going on?"

"Nothing," Dean blurts, realizing that he's been zoning out.

"He's right," Kevin agrees, "is somebody bothering you? Is it Krushnic?"

"Um, what? No, no, no one's bothering me," he sputters praying that his ears aren't turning red.

"You look kinda unhappy," Bobby says over a mouthful of his burger. Dean was excited when he found out burgers were on the menu only to discover they taste like sawdust.

"I'm in fucking prison, Bobby, there's not many reasons to be happy."

"I will let you beat me in Monopoly," Garth offers.

"Thanks, Garth, you're a sweetheart," Dean says and chuckles when Garth blushes a little.

"You should work out, it would make you stronger and it helps to get your mind off the fact you're locked up," Benny suggests.

"Ugh, no thanks. I feel miserable already, I don't need to torture myself on top of it."

Benny shrugs and steals Dean's unfinished burger. Dean pushes his tray away and leans back in his chair, propping his legs on the table. His eyes fall on Castiel sitting with his lackeys at a table across the room.

"What's up with the limp?" he asks. Benny follows his gaze to Castiel.

"Something's wrong with his knee."

"I know that, but what happened?"

He sees the spark in Garth's eyes. The inmates love to gossip. "I think he was shot through the knee," he says a bit too excitedly.

"I heard he used to be a promising athlete when he was young, but he overworked himself during practice and got injured," Kevin says.

"That's bullshit," Garth scoffs.

"And your version isn't bullshit? He wouldn't walk at all if he got shot."

Dean's getting ready to intervene before a fight can break off, but Benny's deep voice cuts them both off.

"I heard he got kneecapped by a cop when he got arrested." There's something in his tone that makes Dean believe his version is the truth.

Dean is dreaming. He knows he's dreaming because he's not in his prison cell. He's not sure where he is, a motel room probably. Definitely in bed. There are flowers all around him, covering him. There are birds too. No, they aren't real flowers, not real birds. They are tattoos. Tattoos covering strong arms that are wrapped around Dean's body. Dean's fingers dig into inked skin as a heavy body moves on top of him. He moans as hot lips press to his pulse point, as a hard cock rubs against his own. He looks up to see blue eyes.

"Cas-"

His whole body is thrumming with pleasure, but it's not enough. He bucks his hips up to chase more friction but his cock only meets empty air.

"Come on," he growls.

"I'm here."

Dean startles awake. That voice wasn't in his dream, he really heard it. He opens his eyes and yelps when he sees the figure looming over his bed, hands propped on the upper bank and leaning down to look at Dean.

"What the fuck!" Dean breathes out, clutching at his chest, his heart feels like it's going to jump out.

"You were moaning in your sleep," Castiel says, calm as always. "I thought you were having a nightmare, but I see it wasn't the case."

Even in the dark, Dean sees Castiel's stare shifting from his face to where the thin blanket is straining over his hard cock.

Dean clenches the blanket in his fists, but before he can tell Castiel to go fuck himself, Castiel drops himself on the edge of the bed. Dean's mind is still half asleep, confusing dreams with reality. His heart picks up its pace if that's even possible and his cock twitches as

he feels the warmth radiating off Castiel's body, as his eyes fall on the peonies peeking from under the sleeve of his t-shirt.

Castiel tugs at the blanket and Dean lets it slip from his hands. He watches Castiel as he pushes the blanket to the feet of the bed and tries to keep his breath steady when Castiel's hand lands on his hip.

His fingers bend under the waistband of Dean's pants.

"If you make a sound..." He doesn't finish, he doesn't have to. Dean remembers his condition. He lies down and lifts his hips so Castiel can pull his pants down. This time he takes them off entirely and drops them on the floor.

Dean spreads his legs, knees bend. Castiel positions himself between them. He slicks his palm with spit before he starts stroking him - slowly, almost thoughtfully.

Dean swallows back a moan and grabs the railing at the head of the bed. His hands itch to touch Castiel but something is telling him it wouldn't be welcomed. Their first encounter wasn't personal. It was hot, but it lacked intimacy as if the act was detached from who it was with.

Or at least that's what Dean thinks, what he thinks Castiel felt like. He would probably touch anyone like that if they were willing, he didn't care it was Dean. And Dean isn't going to demand more from him.

He can't keep himself from closing his knees around Castiel, though. He sees his expression changing, but it's hard to read in the dark. Castiel stills and when his hand leaves Dean's cock, Dean is a breath away from begging him not to stop. Instead, he bites his lip and stares in disbelief as Castiel puts his pants down revealing his own cock - semi-hard and just as gorgeous as the last time. He looks at Dean, probably checking for any sign of resistance, then leans on top of him so he can grab both their cocks in one hand.

Dean has to press his own wrist to his mouth to not break the silent rule. It feels so damn good. When Castiel starts to grind down against him, pushing into the wet tight space of his hand, Dean feels like he might lose his mind.

Feeling Castiel's cock already makes this so much better than the last time because he can feel Cas' arousal, he can see his face as the pleasure grows.

He grabs Castiel's shoulder because it's impossible to keep distance, it's impossible to feel detached like the last time. This isn't just about sexual gratification, this is about Castiel and him and Dean still likes it. Hell, he likes it even more even though he knows it's fucked up.

He wraps his legs around Castiel's waist, pulling him closer and Castiel goes willingly. His breath is hot on Dean's neck, his stubble rubbing against Dean's cheek.

With a strange dreamlike feeling, Dean realizes there's really a bird tattooed on Castiel's body. He can see its head on the side of Castiel's neck, one wing spread to his front, the other to his back and the tail feathers fanned over his shoulder. Dean doesn't remember ever really

looking at it, but he must have noticed it before if it was stored into his subconsciousness and emerged in his dream.

Castiel gives a particularly hard thrust as if sensing Dean was drifting off. Dean bites down on his wrist to keep silent. He bucks his hips up to meet Castiel's thrust and the growl he earns is the best encouragement. All restrains slipping from his grip, he moves his hand from his mouth. Cas' eyes fly to Dean's face when Dean's hand joins his around their cocks and the look in his eyes almost does Dean over.

Their movements grow frantic, muscles shaking, breathing rugged. Castiel loses it first. He comes with an almost surprised expression. Dean feels him trembling, feels the vibration of his chest when he moans, feels his cock twitching. spurts of hot come fall on Dean's skin just as he arches his back, hit by his own orgasm.

He knows he's still gripping Castiel's shoulder and his legs are clenched around Castiel's waist, but he's unable to force himself to move.

Castiel doesn't seem to mind. He's supporting himself with one hand next to Dean's head, his other hand is still touching their softening cocks. His head is bowed low between his shoulders and he's breathing heavily.

The only time Dean saw him this relaxed he was asleep. Without thinking about it, Dean raises his hand to run his fingers through Cas' hair, but before he can touch him, Castiel moves, sitting back on his heels. Dean's suddenly embarrassed by even thinking about such a gentle gesture.

He's not sure what Cas uses to clean them up, his mind is still fogged up with the afterglow of the orgasm. When he fully comes to his senses, Castiel is already crawling into his own bed and a moment later, Dean hears him snoring softly.

Castiel is bored, Dean can see that. Their time outside the cells was cut because some assholes started a fight in the mess hall.

Castiel is lying on his bed, but his legs are bouncing and he's throwing a cellophane ball into the air and catching it. Dean learned by observation that his cellmate likes to move. It seems like there's restless energy inside him that doesn't have many outlets in the prison.

Dean realizes he's been watching him for a while when Castiel turns his head and their eyes meet. Dean immediately averts his gaze pretending he's reading but he hears the rustling of sheets as Castiel sits up.

"Why are you here," he asks. His voice will never stop surprising Dean.

"Uhm, what?" Dean fights the urge to look around for somebody else the question might be addressed to.

"How did you get here?" Castiel asks patiently. Dean swallows around the lump in his throat. He's been here for months and it's the first time Castiel is showing an interest in talking to

him.

"An armed robbery. It went wrong. I shot a guy. I didn't want to."

Castiel nods. "Yeah, I wouldn't think so."

Dean frowns. "What do you mean?"

"You don't look like you would be able to kill someone on purpose."

From Castiel, it sounds like a mockery. Dean bristles up.

"Well, not everybody is a born killer," he snaps.

"Right," Castiel utters and starts to play with his ball again.

The silence suddenly feels annoying and Dean realizes he really wants to keep talking to Cas. Even though the conversation isn't smooth, it's better than ignoring each other.

"What about you?" Dean asks.

Cas catches the ball and looks at him with a raised eyebrow. "You just guessed."

Dean huffs and shakes his head, ignoring the uncomfortable feeling in his gut. It's hard to accept the fact that Castiel *really* killed people.

"I mean, why are you *still* here. It seems you have the money and influence to get out of here."

Castiel shrugs, not denying it. "I'm hiding here."

"Hiding from what?"

"My brother," his tone makes hairs raise on Dean's arms. He doesn't ask, he doesn't want details. If someone like Castiel needs to hide from someone then they must be a real monster.

"This is the only place where he can't kill me. Well, he tries sometimes, sending people, but he won't come here himself. This is like my fort. The guards want me here, most of the inmates want me here too."

Dean has to make some real effort not to gape at him. That's been the longest he heard Castiel talk, and more honest than he'd ever expected from him.

"Is it worth sacrificing your freedom?" Dean asks surprised by how soft his own voice sounds.

Castiel looks at him, there's something undefiable going on behind his eyes. "I was never free," he says eventually, "this is the closest thing to freedom I ever had," he adds.

Dean's heart is thudding hard as he shares a long look with Castiel, almost like it does when Castiel is touching him. Dean knows there's something dangerous about that feeling, but he

can't figure out why.

The spell is broken when Castiel gets up and walks towards the bars. He cracks his neck before he starts doing pull ups.

"Do you do that because you need to stay strong or because you're so bored?" Dean asks watching the strain of Castiel's back.

"Neither," Castiel replies on an exhale. "Both," he corrects himself. "I want to be fit, but I also like it. It's endorphins."

Dean gets momentarily lost in thoughts about other activities producing endorphins so when Castiel jumps down, leans against the bars and says: "You should try it too," Dean's confused.

"What?"

"Working out."

Dean scoffs. Does he really look like such a weakling that everybody keeps suggesting exercise? Or is the pouch on his belly getting too prominent?

Castiel walks closer. "It's only a matter of time before you get into a fight."

"I know how to throw fists," Dean protests. His father made sure Dean could protect himself and his brother.

"But you can be easily overpowered by a bigger man."

Dean clenches his teeth. "You should mind your business."

Castiel shrugs. "Maybe I am."

That makes Dean bristle up. What the hell does he mean? Dean isn't his business, he isn't his property no matter what they do when the lights go out.

Before he comes up with a retort, Cas speaks again. "I'm bored. Let's bet."

The anger that raised in Dean's chest so suddenly cools down a little. "For what?"

"I bet you can't do a hundred sit-ups."

"I can't," Dean snorts. "Why would I bet about that?"

Castiel hums. "Maybe a bet wasn't the right word. A challenge then. I challenge you to do one hundred sit-ups in one go. There will be a reward."

Dean narrows his eyes. "What kind of reward."

Castiel tilts his head in consideration. Dean waits. The truth is that he's bored too. And maybe Castiel and Benny were right - physical activity might do him good. Besides he's

curious about the reward Castiel would come up with.

"So?" Dean prompts him when the silence stretches for too long.

"What about a blowjob?" Castiel says so casually that for a moment Dean thinks he misheard.

"You'd-"

"Suck your cock. Yes. If you make a hundred sit-ups in a row."

Dean's heart is beating fast. The idea of Castiel's pretty lips wrapped around his cock makes his cock perk up with interest. But he would be stupid to give away how much he wants it, Castiel's confidence is annoying enough already.

"Are you sure it would be worth it?" Dean asks faking disinterest.

Castiel shrugs, then the bastard licks his lips. "It's up to you. My offer stands," he says and drops himself on his bed.

Dean squeezes his eyes shut to calm himself but all he can think about is Castiel on his knees in front of him, his blue eyes looking up, his pink lips stretched around Dean's shaft.

Dean opens his eyes with a hard exhale. He gets up with a grunt, finds himself a place between the two bunk beds and lies down on his back. With the first sit-up he already knows that this was a really stupid idea, he's only going to embarrass himself. He expects Castiel to laugh at him, but he gets up silently to sit at Dean's feet. Dean manages not to jerk when Castiel's strong hands wrap around his ankles.

With an almost gentle tone, Castiel talks him through the exercise, fixes his position and tells him how to use the right muscles without putting a strain on his neck and back. It's strange to feel Castiel touching him casually, weird spending time with him like that. He likes it though.

"I think that's enough for today, you'll have to work up to a hundred," Castiel says, patting Dean's knee. Dean nods gratefully, he's panting, his abdominal is burning.

"You should stretch now," Castiel adds and shows Dean how. Dean feels as if somebody chewed him and spit him out, but there's a pleasant thrum in his veins and his head feels unusually light.

"You should do it again tomorrow," Castiel says.

"Will you help me again?" Dean asks without thinking.

Castiel nods. Dean might be mistaken, but he'd say the corners of Castiel's lips twitched a little.

"And I work out," Dean says into the receiver. He can hear Sam holding back laugh on the other end. "You know, to keep in shape."

"What shape?" Sam blurts out, chuckling. Dean rolls his eyes, the phone cord wrapped around his finger, but he can't help but grin at the sound of his brother's laugh.

"Next time you're going to tell me you eat vegetables and I'm going to start to believe prison is actually good for you," Sam says.

"Haha, funny. I kinda like it, you know? The exercise. Keeps my mind off the fact I'm locked up."

"Yeah, I get it," Sam suddenly sounds serious again. Dean hates it. "What about education?" Sam suggests.

"What do you mean?"

"In a correctional facility, you should have the opportunity to attend classes. You could get your GED while you're there."

"You spend too much time reading about prisons on the internet," Dean grumbles. He's put off by Sam's over-excitement, but when he thinks about it, it's not such a bad idea.

"You should think about it," Sam says, voice small.

"I will," Dean promises. "I have two minutes left, you can tell me about the crazy book you're reading." His heart flutters at the excited squeal that comes to him through the line.

"I'm thinking about taking GED classes." He doesn't know why he feels the need to discuss the matter with Castiel. He could tell Benny or any of his *friends* but for some reason, he wants to know what Castiel thinks about it.

Cas turns from the fresh bed sheets he's been folding. He gives Dean a puzzled look like he too can't believe Dean's sharing this information with him.

After a moment, he nods and turns back to his work. "I think it's a good idea," he says. Dean's chest fills with undue relief. "Working on yourself while you serve your time will make you leave as a better man. It will give you a better chance of getting a normal life after you get out."

While Castiel's approval pleases him, Dean feels a pang of melancholy at Castiel's words. There's a grim undertone in them Dean can't not notice. He wonders if Cas envies other inmates the chance to get their life straight. As they work side by side in silence, Dean tries to imagine what Castiel's life might be like outside if he chose to get locked up voluntarily to get away from it.

Dean sees himself as a loser compared to Cas, because he's no one in the prison while Cas calls all the shots. But unlike Castiel, he has a future, he just needs to fight for it. He's going to start the classes as soon as possible.

Castiel

Chapter Summary

Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays to everyone!

Thank you for your lovely comments, I'm happy you like the fic and I hope you enjoy this chapter

It's one of many restless nights. Castiel keeps tossing and turning in his bed. The feeling of being trapped and suffocating is so strong he wants to scream. He needs to move but he doesn't want to wake Dean up.

He clenches his eyes shut and tries to focus on his breathing. Inhale on a count of five, hold it in on seven, exhale on eight.

His breath hitches when he hears the moan. It sounds soft and pained. Castiel turns to his side and stares at Dean. He moans again, writhing in the sheets. He's obviously in distress, his breath coming in pants between the moans.

Castiel gets up. If Dean's having a nightmare, the least he can do is to wake him. He freezes mid-step as Dean lets out another moan. Castiel feels like laughing at himself. What he thought was a moan of pain now clearly sounded like a moan of pleasure.

He leans against the upper bunk, bowing to look at Dean. He's sweating, his lashes are fluttering as some arousing pictures must be running under his lids, his hard cock tenting the sheets is the proof. With a crooked smile, Castiel is about to return to his bed when one of the moans takes the shape of a word.

"Cas-"

His heart stutters before it starts to race. He suddenly feels too hot, a little dizzy as he's staring at Dean's face. Maybe he misheard. Maybe he just wished for Dean's dream to be about him.

"Come on," Dean begs from his sleep.

"I'm here." He doesn't mean to say it loud enough for Dean to hear it and startles a little when Dean bolts upright, blinking the sleep out of his eyes before his gaze falls on Castiel. There's the familiar mix of fear and arousal in his eyes that shouldn't be as arousing as it is.

"What the fuck?" he breathes out.

Castiel stomps on his own panic, he clenches the rails of the bed so tight his knuckles turn white, where Dean can't see it.

"You were moaning in your sleep. I thought you were having a nightmare." He manages to sound calm, even smug. He looks at Dean's bulge. "But I see it wasn't the case."

The light coming from the hall outside the cell is too weak for Castiel to see Dean's blush, but he's sure it's there. The way his shoulders slump and he clutches the blanket closer to himself makes something in Castiel's chest clench painfully. He doesn't want Dean to feel ashamed.

He sits down on Dean's bed, moves deliberately slow, waiting for Dean's reaction. Dean's eyes are like those of a hungry wild animal, expectant but suspicious. Castiel grabs the blanket and tugs gently. Dean releases his grip and lets Castiel get rid of it. Still careful not to scare him off, Castiel places his hand on Dean's hip. His fingers touch bare skin under the waistband, hot and smooth. Dean's breath is hitching, his chest heaving and Castiel realizes he's starting to breathe in sync with him.

"If you make a sound," he says because it's familiar and easy and they both know what it means. Dean is nodding before Castiel finishes the sentence.

He watches in awe as Dean lies himself down and lifts his hips, graceful and naughty at the same time. Castiel strips him off his pants and discards them on the floor. Dean bends his knees and spreads his legs, inviting. Castiel takes the place Dean makes for him.

Dean is sleep-warm and pliant. For a moment, Castiel wonders if he even knows what he's doing or if he's still half asleep. At Castiel's slow strokes, he swallows a moan and stretches his arms up to hold on to the head of the bed. He's the epitome of pleasure, relaxed and riled up at the same time. It's like touching a white-hot iron, shaping it with his hands. An overpowering urge surges in Castiel's mind to make Dean feel good, to give him everything.

Castiel's taken aback when Dean moves and his bare legs press to Castiel's sides. He looks at Dean and is taken aback when he realizes that what he sees in Dean's eyes is trust. It's absurd. Castiel is the last person Dean should trust. It still makes Castiel's heart flutter. He remembers the sound of his name coming from Dean's lips. He doubts Dean even knows he was moaning Castiel's name, but Castiel lets himself believe that at least in his subconsciousness, Dean might want him. He gives in and pushes his pants down.

He feels like he might burst into flames from how hot he feels when he leans over Dean and presses their cocks together, stroking them both with one hand.

It's incomparable with the first time. In the laundry, it was in the heat of the moment, a blind chase for release. It was good, but it was cold. With Dean's fingers digging into Castiel's shoulder and his legs wrapped around his waist, it's impossible to pretend it's impersonal. Dean's biting on his own wrist to keep the sounds in and Castiel curses himself for insisting on silence. He'd love to hear Dean moan, he'd love to make him cry out his name again, fully awake this time. He gives a hard thrust, face pressed against Dean's neck where he knows is a constellation of freckles. Dean's hips meet Castiel's movement forcing a low growl out of him.

He startles at Dean's touch on his cock, gentle at first, then getting firm. He looks Dean in the face not sure what he's searching for. Maybe he's making sure it's really him, or he's

expecting him to be asleep. He doesn't know himself, but he realizes that to this moment, he's still been doubting that Dean's into it. But now Dean's writhing under him, working them both with his hand. It's not just Castiel jerking Dean off anymore, it's both of them pushing towards a climax, moving in sync, sharing hot breaths.

It's good, it's overwhelming. Cas hasn't been touched like this in a long time and he falls over the edge too soon. His orgasm rips through him in waves, leaving him breathless. His brain feels fried but he knows Dean's coming too. Their shared space is filling with a hot wet mess.

The aftershock still rings in his ears. Their spent cocks are still pulsing in his hand. Dean's not letting go of him and Castiel is grateful for that because he feels like he would drift away for how light his head is.

He's snapped out of his blissed-out state when Dean raises his hand, probably to push him away. He moves before Dean can do that and dispel Castiel's delusion. His expression is enough to do that, though. It's embarrassed and regretful. Castiel's heart sinks. He's been stupid, reading too much into Dean's reciprocity. It was just sex. They both liked it, there's no denying that but perhaps the almost cuddling at the end was too much for Dean.

It's okay. Castiel won't do anything like that again. Sex is alright, sex is good, anything else would be stupid anyway. There's no space for emotions in prison, there's no space for emotions for someone like him. If all he can get is sex with this beautiful boy, he's gonna take it.

He cleans them up with his towel and buries himself in his sheets, still half-naked, skin still tingling. He falls asleep easily like he always does after an orgasm.

There's a single blemished mirror in this part of the compound and it's fogged from Castiel taking a shower. He wipes it with his dirty shirt and looks at himself. The finger-print bruises on his shoulder are barely visible among Castiel's ink, but he knows they are there. He presses against the tender skin and flashbacks of Dean's expression when they rubbed against each other like horny teenagers flood his mind. He suppresses a hysterical laugh. It's a paradox. He dreamed of marking Dean as his, not just with words that were mostly lies, but for real. But at the end, Dean was the one who marked him.

He's pretty fucked. Instead of getting Dean out of his system, it's even worse. He wants him. He wants him so much he's losing focus on important things. He's reminded of that when the other shower stops running. He shakes himself and hurries to do what he came here for. He slips the little bag into a pocket of the jumpsuit hanging on one of the hooks in the bathroom and leaves silently, his thoughts inevitably returning to Dean.

Castiel is digging into a plate of tasteless lasagna when the first plate flies across the mess hall and the shouts start. He exchanges a meaningful look with Gabriel across the table and turns to watch as the fruit of his work of the past weeks gets harvested.

The New York car was developing their own way of getting contraband inside. Something Castiel couldn't tolerate. It wasn't that hard to make sure one of their members was caught high which led to a series of searches and consequent punishment of several members. That wasn't enough, though. With Gabriel's help, Castiel made them believe they had a rat among themselves.

It's unfortunate that they chose dinner time to start fighting, but the feeling of satisfaction is stronger than the irritation about ruined mealtime. That's only until the guards decided for an emergency lockdown.

The feeling doesn't come suddenly with the sound of a locked door. It creeps in. Castiel tries to take his mind off the fact that he's locked in a small room. He tries reading, but he can't stay focused. He listens to music, eyes closed, pretending that he's somewhere else. It doesn't work. It's like an itch in his mind. He needs to move to know that he can. He knows he's acting like a restless child, but playing with a ball made of cellophane wrappers brings him at least some relief.

When he catches Dean looking at him, he expects him to seem annoyed, but Dean's eyes are full of nothing but curiosity. It's not the first time Castiel noticed Dean watching him, but it was normally with wary, like a small animal watching a predator, waiting for it to strike, calculating the best route of escape. This time there's interest in his gaze, expectation.

Castiel has never given Dean a reason to see him as anything but dangerous, yet he sees it in Dean's gaze that things have shifted between them. The walls that Castiel deliberately put between them so they won't get too close to each other has been torn down. Maybe it's time to step across their ruins, to stomp the bricks into dust.

Dean looks away the moment he notices Castiel looking back at him, his cheeks getting an adorable pink tint.

"Why are you here?" Castiel breaks the charged silence. Dean looks up, almost panicked.

"Uhm, what?"

Castiel has no right to feel offended by Dean's confused reaction. It's the first time he speaks to the boy apart from giving him orders. It still stings a little.

"How did you get here?" he repeats slowly, giving Dean time to process. He hates small talk, but he already feels that focusing on Dean is easing his mind.

A wild assortment of emotions flicks over Dean's face. Castiel catches regret, embarrassment, and suspicion. Eventually, he schools his expression into a blank mask. Castiel hates that look on him. Dean's face is beautiful for its expressiveness, for its softness. It's not meant to be set like this.

When Dean finally answers, it's cropped like he's reading off a list, like it's about somebody else.

"An armed robbery. It went wrong. I shot a guy. I didn't want to."

Castiel nods as his assessment of Dean being a victim of circumstances is proven right.
"Yeah, I wouldn't think so."

"What do you mean?" Dean sounds offended like it's worse to get in prison for being stupid than for doing harm on purpose.

"You don't look like you would be able to kill someone on purpose."

He means it as a compliment. He never saw those who have no problem with inflicting pain on others as stronger. Dean though, must take his words wrong because there's an angry spark in his eyes. "Well, not everybody is a born killer."

"Right," Castiel growls his response.

Talking to Dean was a bad idea. They should go back to keeping their mouths shut around each other and just jerk each other off in secret from time to time. Castiel is a criminal, a killer, after all. If Dean is to get out of here as soon as possible and get back to normal life, he shouldn't be associating with people like him.

He gets back to his idle game. He doesn't feel on the verge of a panic attack anymore, the fact that the door's locked is forgotten, overpowered by a wave of irrational anger.

"What about you?" Dean's voice is much softer than a minute ago. Castiel has to look at him to make sure he didn't imagine it.

"You just guessed." There's no point in denying who he is or in sugarcoating it for Dean. Dean thinks of him as a murderer and he's not wrong. Castiel doesn't regret the deaths he caused and he's not going to change it to get an approval of a green-eyed boy.

Dean huffs and shakes his head. "I mean, why are you *still* here. It seems you have the money and influence to get out of here."

"I'm hiding here." He's not ashamed of that either.

"Hiding from what?"

This time he hesitates a little, not sure how much he can share. But Dean seems so guileless, he's naive to the politics of the prison. Castiel decides to trust him. Dean himself showed trust to him already, not just with his past but with his body.

"My brother," Castiel says, the words taste bitter in his mouth.

Dean's eyes widen. There's the strange look in them again like he's scared of what he's gotten himself into but he wants more anyway. Before he can really think about it, Castiel hears himself giving an explanation.

"This is the only place where he can't kill me." For some reason, he wants to tell Dean. Maybe because nobody actually cared before. "Well, he tries sometimes, sends people with specific orders, but he won't come here himself. This prison is like my fort. The guards want

me here, most of the inmates want me here too." It's not the whole truth. Dean doesn't need the ugly details. Knowing them would put him in danger.

Dean's silent for a moment, thinking about what Castiel said. When he speaks up, it's soft, tentative.

"Is it worth sacrificing your freedom?"

The question touches something inside Castiel. It feels as if he struck a string and made a strange, melancholic tone run through Castiel's body.

"I was never free," he says after a pause, his tone matching Dean's, "this is the closest thing to freedom I ever had."

They stay silent for a moment, their gazes connected. Castiel's skin prickles but in an entirely different way than during the bout of claustrophobia. The pressure is growing inside his chest as he's staring into Dean's eyes. He feels like he's going to lose himself in them.

He gets up and to the bars. The urge to move around is back, but for a different reason.

The strain of muscles as he does pull-ups clears his mind a little.

"Do you do that because you need to stay strong or because you're just so bored?" Dean asks.

"Neither," he says, then thinks better about the question. "Both. I want to be fit, but I also like it. It's endorphins," he explains.

An idea sprouts in his mind. He has to fight back a grin. He's excited about it even though it's a bit dumb. He apparently can't help himself but act stupid around Dean.

He jumps down and leans against the bars, looking at Dean.

"You should try it too," he says and realizes he's talking out of context when Dean gives him a confused look.

"What?"

"Working out."

Dean's expression is adorably disgusted. Castiel walks towards him.

"It's only a matter of time before you get into a fight." He doesn't intend to belittle, but Dean's frown tells him he did.

"I know how to throw fists," he protests.

"But you can be easily overpowered by a bigger man." It would be one of the perks of getting Dean into working out. He wouldn't have to worry about him that much. The other perk is having an excuse to talk to him, spend time with him, touch him if he's lucky.

Not for the first time, Dean surprises him by his defiance. There's more in him than met Castiel's eye at first.

He gives Castiel a hard look. "You should mind your business," he growls.

Castiel feels his own expression harden. "Maybe I am," he says because fuck it.

Dean bristles up like he's been hit. He's squaring his shoulders, taking a breath through his nose, getting ready for a fight.

Castiel realizes he didn't have a right to say that. No matter how much he'd like it to be true, Dean doesn't belong to him in any sense of the word.

He doesn't give Dean a chance to say any of the harsh words that must be coming to the tip of his tongue.

"I'm bored," he says instead. "Let's bet."

It works at distracting Dean. He deflates.

"For what?"

"I bet you can't do a hundred sit-ups," Castiel says keeping his face and tone neutral.

"I can't," Dean snorts. "Why would I bet about that?"

"Maybe a bet wasn't the right word," he thinks out loud. "A challenge then. I challenge you to do one hundred sit-ups in one go. There will be a reward."

Dean looks at him suspiciously but it's clear the proposal has spiked his interest. "What kind of reward?"

Castiel hesitates. He's not sure how much he can dare before he scares Dean off.

"So?" Dean urges and Castiel decides to just take the risk.

"What about a blowjob?"

Dean's eyes widen comically.

"You'd-"

"Suck your cock. Yes. If you make a hundred sit-ups in a row." Castiel repeats with his arms crossed on his chest, getting himself ready to be refused.

Color rises into Dean's cheeks and he looks like he's warring with himself.

"Are you sure it would be worth it?" he teases.

Castiel doesn't jump to it. He shrugs nonchalantly and lets his eyes wander down Dean's body. He licks his lips before he looks back into Dean's eyes.

"It's up to you. My offer stands," he lets the words hang in the air and goes to lie down on his bed, pretending that he doesn't care about Dean's answer while he internally prays for him to take the offer.

He deliberately doesn't look at Dean but he can sense he's being very still. Then he hears a huff of air and the squeal of the bed as Dean gets up.

A little gingerly, Dean lies on the floor in the middle of the cell. His first sit-up is a tragedy. Dean's feet fly up and he's trembling, visibly straining his neck more than he should. There's a lot of work in front of him if he wants to get his cock into Castiel's mouth. It's kinda flattering that he tries.

Dean startles a little when Castiel holds his ankles, but he listens intently when Castiel gives him advice.

Sweaty and panting is a good look on Dean, Castiel could watch him like that for a whole day, but he doesn't want to ruin him on their first work-out session. It would only lead to him giving up and that's the last thing Castiel wants. He's already looking forward to giving Dean his reward.

He talks Dean through a set of stretching exercises that only give Castiel new material for his bedtime fantasies.

When they are done, Dean looks tired but satisfied. The endorphins are doing him good, he looks radiant and Castiel feels drawn to him like a moth to a lightbulb.

"You should do it again tomorrow," he suggests suddenly afraid that Dean would say it's too much work and he's giving up.

"Will you help me again?" Dean asks instead a little bashful.

It's hard not to smile with the warmth that is surging up in his chest.

Dean

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late update! I was kinda busy. I also kinda forgot what day it was :D

It doesn't take long for Dean to realize it will take longer than he expected to work up to one hundred sit-ups. He doesn't mind, though. He likes the work-out. Maybe it's the endorphins, but it might as well be because of Castiel.

Their relationship feels less strange now, they talk quite often and they work-out together. Dean tried pull-ups too and found out they were much much harder than sit-ups, but he's gonna beat them at least because Cas laughed at him, when he tried for the first time.

"Is there someone waiting for you outside? A girlfriend or a wife?" Castiel asks one day while Dean's doing sit-ups.

Dean exhales as he lies down. He looks up to Cas' face, but Castiel's eyes are on Dean's bend knees.

Dean frowns a little. "No, no girlfriend. No boyfriend either," he adds. He knows many guys who consider themselves straight get involved in same-sex relationships in prison. He wonders if Castiel is that case. For some reason he wants him to know that Dean's into guys outside the prison too.

Castiel's eyes meet his, but he just nods without responding to it.

"What about family?" he asks.

"I have a younger brother," Dean answers swallowing around the lump that forms in his throat. The worst part of being in prison is not being able to look after Sam.

"You worry about him" Castiel guesses. Dean nods.

"He has nobody but me." Dean has to turn his head so Castiel doesn't see the tears burning in his eyes.

It's so fucking hard. Not only he's worried every day that something bad will happen to Sam because Dean's not around to protect him. He also feels so damn guilty.

Castiel's hand on Dean's ankle tightens, drawing his attention back to the present moment.

"He's going to be alright." There's not enough inflection to make it sound reassuring, but Dean appreciates the effort. He wouldn't expect someone like Cas to be good at comforting

others.

Dean nods and takes a deep breath. "What about you?" he asks turning back at Cas.

"The only family I have is here." It sounds cold, but Dean knows it's just a hard truth. He wonders if Castiel ever feels lonely or if his tight knitted group of followers he calls a family is enough for him.

Dean hums, deep in thought, then he resumes his set of sit-ups.

"Fuck yeah!" Dean cries out, fists in the air when he finishes the sit-up number one hundred. He's exhausted but happy.

Castiel is smiling too. It's a rare occurrence and Dean likes it.

He puts his hands behind his head and grins. "Am I gonna get my reward now?"

Castiel shakes his head. "You have to wait."

"Are you gonna back off?" Dean teases. Castiel seems like a man of his word.

Castiel raises an eyebrow, it's strangely intimidating. "You don't trust me?"

Dean gives him his best cheeky grin. "Trust a mob boss? Do you think I'm an idiot?"

To his surprise, Castiel huffs out a laugh. Dean's chest swells with triumph.

He doesn't have to wait long for his reward.

He's in the shower. It's his favorite part of the prison routine. The water pressure sucks and the water isn't exactly hot, but it's the closest he gets to feeling normal while still being locked up.

He's standing under the spray, his eyes shut, the water falling on his scalp when somebody pushes at him. His heart stops, he's been wary of the shower time during his first months, but nobody ever bothered him so he lost alertness.

He gropes blindly for the strong hands that pushed him while blinking water out of his eyes. He opens his mouth to shout but a wet palm presses to his mouth just as his back hits the moldy tile wall.

He finally recognizes who attacked him and relaxes a little. Castiel's eyes are intent on him and he's pressing a finger to his own lips. Dean nods in a sign that he understands the wordless order and Castiel lets go of his mouth.

He turns the shower off just as the guard calls for everyone to finish and leave. Dean gives Cas a wide-eyed look but the man seems unphased.

They're in the furthest stall, so nobody has to pass them as all the inmates exit the bathroom. They wait, standing very close to each other and Dean is suddenly very aware of the fact that Castiel is naked. He tries to keep his eyes on Castiel's face, but it's impossible, the colorful swirls of ink on his skin are too taunting. Dean studies the tattoos he can see from his point of view and pretends he isn't also appreciating the body that carries them. There are flowers mostly but between their blooms and stems and leaves emerge animals, several birds, a serpent, probably a tiger but Dean can't see properly.

"Is anybody there?" the guard calls and Dean wonders how it's possible that he doesn't check the stalls. The door shuts with a loud sound that makes Dean flinch.

"They will find out," Dean whispers.

"They won't be looking for us," Castiel replies with such certainty that Dean relaxes.

Cas turns the shower back on, which Dean's grateful for because he's started getting cold.

Then he drops to his knees, his hands coming up to Dean's hips, surprisingly gently. Dean looks down at him, feeling like he's going to have a heart attack.

Castiel isn't big and bulky, not as much as other guys in here, but there's a quiet strength emanating from him as well as natural authority. Seeing someone like him on his knees sends an excited rush through Dean's body and his cock is stiffening before Castiel even touches it. When he does, it's with a tentative hand. He strokes a few times. Dean lets out a heavy breath and leans against the tiles. Then Castiel's hand slips down, fondling his balls while Castiel nuzzles at the base of Dean's cock. Dean gasps a little.

It takes him a moment to realize Castiel stopped touching him. He opens his eyes to see Castiel's blue stare at him. Dean bites his lip, afraid he did something wrong.

"If you make a sound-

Dean nods.

Castiel licks his lips before he swallows him whole.

Dean could cry. It feels amazing. Castiel definitely knows what he's doing and he's damn good at it. While his lips and tongue work Dean's cock, his hand is working his balls. Then it moves further back, pressing against Dean's perineum and Dean's hips jerk which makes him push his cock deeper into the hot wet heaven of Castiel's throat. He can't get enough of that feeling, his hips are moving on their own accord. He's fucking Castiel's face and Castiel lets him. He lets him take what he wants and it's a turn-on all in itself.

Dean's getting close, his balls drawing tight, but he wants to hold on for as long as possible, he wants this to last forever. But then Castiel's finger brushes Dean's hole and when it pushes just the slightest bit in, Dean comes, pressing both his palms to his mouth to muffle the moans.

He doesn't collapse only thanks to Castiel's firm hand on his hip and the tiled wall behind him. His vision is hazy as he watches Castiel spit on the floor, the jizz and saliva disappearing in the drain.

Castiel gets up and Dean's hands instinctively come to his shoulders. Part of him is still afraid he would get pushed away, but he doesn't. When Castiel starts stroking his cock, Dean watches, mesmerized by the sure motion of Castiel's elegant hand, by the red tip peeking from the circle of fingers, by Cas' cock being the only part of him devoid of ink that Dean can see.

It takes stomping down on his sense of self-preservation when he wants to touch Castiel's hand. Castiel gets very still, he gives Dean a questioning look like he doesn't trust Dean to know what he's doing.

Dean wraps his fingers around the base of Castiel's cock and feels it twitch. He gives Cas a reassuring nod and Cas withdraws his hand, bracing himself against the wall next to Dean's head. Dean jerks him off the best way he can, pulling out all the tricks that always work for himself. He can see that Castiel is trying to last. He takes advantage of Castiel's eyes being shut and looks as much as he wants to. He wonders how many people ever saw Castiel like this with his defenses down, lost in pleasure, his face slack and muscles trembling.

Castiel's eyes open when he approaches climax, they're wide and dark and fixed on Dean's hand. He comes with a filthy moan that gets swallowed by the sound of the shower. Hot come spills over Dean's hand and falls on his hip. It occurs to Dean that Cas might have a thing for that, for coming on somebody else's skin. When he brushes his thumb over Dean's messy hip, Dean's not sure if it's to clean it up or to rub it into his skin. The thought makes his knees weak again.

Dean's scared when they walk to their cell entirely too late. He wants to trust Cas that he has it under control, but when he sees the guard waiting by their cell, his stomach drops and he has to force himself to keep walking.

As Castiel calmly walks by the guard, Dean sees something passing from his hand to the guard's, but he can't tell what it is.

"I hope it was worth it," the guard mutters and winks at Dean before he closes the gate behind him. Dean tries to stay calm, but he feels his cheeks getting hot and he nearly chokes on air.

He drops on the bed and fights the urge to hide his face in his pillow.

"It was," Cas mutters, barely audible, as he stretches on his own bed. Dean thinks his cheeks are going to catch fire.

Dean isn't fine.

There's nothing fine about being in prison. It's frustrating and humiliating and boring and depressing and Dean hates it.

But for the sake of surviving and keeping his sanity, he finds little things that make him feel better.

Talking about cars with Bobby and movies with Aaron and Kevin, playing board games with Garth and Ash, sharing recipes with Benny. He's not sure he would be friends with any of them in the outside world, but in here, he's incredibly grateful for them.

Then there's Cas. Dean started cherishing the time with him as well. He likes their work-out sessions and he likes talking with him. They talk about the books they read and the places they would like to visit and Cas listens when Dean talks about Sammy.

Very often they don't talk at all and that's nice too. Dean figured out that silence is natural for Castiel. In his case, it's not a sign of disdain which is what Dean thought at first. It doesn't mean disinterest either. Castiel is just comfortable in his silence. On the occasion he invites Dean to share it with him, Dean cherishes it.

They are silent during the time between the washing cycles. Cas is sitting on the table. Dean is leaning against it, reading a magazine. Cas jumps off and pushes at Dean's shoulder. Dean turns without hesitation, facing the table, his back to Castiel. He drops the magazine on the table and braces himself on his hands when he feels Cas' hands on his hips.

He holds his breath in anticipation when Castiel pulls his pants down.

He thinks of the first time in the laundry, how different it felt. His heart was beating as hard as it is now but for an entirely different reason. He wasn't sure what was coming, what kind of treatment Cas would give him.

Now he trusts the man fully. Every touch of his makes Dean shiver with excitement because he knows Castiel will bring him pleasure.

He's brought back from his reverie when Cas pushes two fingers to his lips. Dean takes them in without hesitation, sucking on them, running his tongue along and between them.

Before he came here he would feel ashamed for getting hard from sucking on somebody's fingers but he's well past that.

He breathes out through his nose, disgruntled when Cas pulls his fingers out.

"If you make a sound, I'll stop," he says. His voice is low and rough, but warm. His lips are so close to Dean's ear that if Dean moved a little, they would touch his skin. If Dean turned his head, he would be able to kiss Castiel's lips.

It's a dangerous thought. It's been sneaking into his mind more and more often these days.

The thought is startled out of his mind when Cas' wet fingers brush against his hole. Dean lets out a breath and lets his head fall between his shoulders. Cas rubs his rim pushing just the slightest bit inside.

Dean's stomach ties itself into knots when he realizes what this means.

If Cas wants to put his huge cock inside him with nothing for lube but spit, it's going to be a horror. He's terrified but he's not sure he has it in him to push Castiel away or tell him to stop.

Then it hits him.

All he has to do is make a sound. There's no way Castiel wouldn't keep his word, Dean's sure about that.

The thought makes him relax and truly appreciate the sensation of Castiel's finger rubbing and pressing. Then it's gone. Dean looks over his shoulder to see what's going on just when Cas whips out his cock.

Dean can't but watch as Cas spits into his palm and strokes himself to full hardness. He opens his mouth to protest when Cas steps closer, one hand on his cock, the other on Dean's shoulder, but any sound that would leave his throat dies when Cas pushes his cock between Dean's thighs.

Dean exhales shakily. The sensation is strange but not unpleasant. He presses his legs together to make the space tighter for Cas to thrust in and as always with Cas, just lets it happen. And as always, it's good.

It's much better than he would ever expect. With his arm around Dean, so he can stroke his cock, Cas is pressed against Dean's back, warm and solid. Dean can feel his cock between his legs, his balls slapping his ass, his cock poking at his balls.

Castiel's hand tightens on Dean's hip and he presses his face to the back of Dean's neck. It's the most they've been ever touching. And Dean loves it.

He doesn't know when he has started to associate Castiel's touch with comfort, but ever since that moment, he craves it. He wants more of it, he wants more of this, he wants everything. He wants Cas on him and in him and with him.

As he approaches his climax, Dean's happy for being forbidden to make a sound because otherwise he'd cry out Castiel's name and there would be too much in it. There would be a confession and a plea and a demand in the way he would say Castiel's name and he doesn't dare to voice anything of it. So he clenches his teeth to keep it in.

Dean feels Cas getting closer, he recognizes it by now, he expects the hard huff of breath and the low grunt. What he doesn't expect is Cas muffling his sounds of ecstasy by biting down on Dean's neck, right where it joins with his shoulder.

The pain shoots through Dean like lighting, mix with his pleasure and knocks him off the edge with such a force he can't breathe for a moment.

When he comes back to his senses, there's come on the table in front of him, there's come on his inner thighs too and there's Castiel's hot tongue smoothing over the bite mark on Dean's skin.

Dean feels shaky, unsteady, when Cas' hands let go of him.

"Wow, did you fight him or fuck him?" Aaron asks.

"What?" Dean blurts out, not really paying attention to the conversation, lost in thoughts, lost in memories of his activities with Cas.

Garth gestures towards Dean's neck. Dean's hand automatically flies up to press against the bruise left there by Castiel's teeth.

"It's a hell of a mark," Benny observes.

"Whoever did it to you really wanted everyone to know you're his," Ash adds.

"That's not what it was!" Dean bristles. He knows it's not what it was. Castiel just wanted to muffle his cry, same as when Dean bit down on his own wrist. There was nothing more to it. Dean's sure about it.

The idea still makes his heart beat faster and blood rise to his cheeks.

He doesn't stop thinking about it when he walks into his cell and almost collides with Castiel.

"Uh, hey!" he greets awkwardly, jumping back to get some space between them.

"Hello, Dean," Cas replies but raises an eyebrow at the strangeness of them greeting in the gate of their cell like that.

Then his eyes fall from Dean's face to the dark spot on his skin. The look on his face makes Dean weak in the knees. It's dark and possessive and at that moment Dean dares to believe Benny was right.

"People notice," Dean mutters, trusting Cas to catch what he's talking about.

He does because he reaches up and touches the bitemark. It's nothing but a gentle press of his fingertips but it sends a bolt of electricity through Dean's body.

"Let them notice. They'll leave you alone," he says, his tone dipping low in the way Dean started to associate with sex.

"Because you marked me as yours?" The words leave Dean's mouth before he gets control over them. He hopes they don't sound too eager, that they don't reveal Dean's hope.

Castiel's hard gaze bores into him.

"You don't have to tell them it was me." It's as if the icy blue of Castiel's eyes fills Dean's veins with cold.

It's just a mark and he was being stupid thinking it meant something. He shouldn't get into his head any more ideas about the things they do with Cas being personal.

Before he manages to come up with the least awkward way out of this, there's a voice behind him. "Winchester, come with me."

Dean turns to see the guard. His face is serious. It makes Dean's stomach lurch.

"Where are we going?" he asks, voice smaller than he'd like.

"Shut up and come."

Dean shoots the last look to Cas. He thinks he noticed a shadow of concern on his face but it might be just another of his delusions.

He follows the guard, focusing on keeping his head up and his breathing steady. There are eyes on him, somebody shouts something but he doesn't hear the words.

They come to an office. Dean's never been here before and he doesn't have time to read the name plaque on the desk because of the guard motions to the landline. "You have a phone call."

Dean picks up the receiver, his hand is shaking. "Dean Winchester."

"Hello, Dean, this is Jessica Moore," an unfamiliar young woman's voice says. "I'm calling from Summerhill General Hospital. We just admitted your brother Sam."

The world shifts and Dean tries not to fall off. There are black spots at the edges of his visions and ringing in his ears so loud that he barely hears Jessica explaining that Sam was in a car accident and is now undergoing surgery.

"He begged me to call you. I wasn't even sure if it was possible. I lied about his condition being critical to get to you. I'm happy it worked."

Dean doesn't reply, her words barely register. All he can think about is Sam in a car accident, Sam in the hospital all alone.

"Dean? Are you there?" Jessica says, sounding concerned.

"Yes," Dean forces himself to say. "Thank you for calling me. I... can I talk to him? When he's awake?"

"I'll make sure he has his cellphone when his condition allows it," she hesitates," but will you be able to call?"

Right, he's in prison, he can't call his brother whenever he wants. "I'll try," he says, not sure she can even hear him for how weak his voice is.

"He'll be alright," she says as if she's able to see the unshed tears welling in the corners of Dean's eyes. "I'll tell him I talked to you."

"Thank you," Dean says again. He vaguely registers her goodbye and hangs up.

"Bad news?" the guard's voice startles him. He forgot the man was even there. Dean ignores him. He sniffs and rubs his eyes and heads back to his cell. The guard trudges behind him.

"Fuck!" Dean yells when the shock and grief turn into anger.

He feels like his chest is full of angry bees like there are worms crawling under his skin. He needs to get rid of them, but he doesn't know how.

"Fuck!" he yells again and this time hits the wall with his fist. The white-hot pain shoots through him and clears his head for a moment. His knuckles are bloody and his wrist is throbbing but it seems to kill the bees, stop the worms.

He raises his hand again, but before he can strike, a strong grip stops him. He jerks and turns to meet a steady blue gaze.

"Stop," Castiel orders in a voice firm as stone. "You're hurting yourself. Whatever's going on, this isn't helping."

Dean feels his shoulders slump and the anger draining out of his body leaving him exhausted and aching.

He wrenches his hand free and immediately regrets it. Castiel's touch was anchoring and now he's afraid he's gonna float away. He wishes he could curl against Castiel's strong chest and drink up his strength.

"Tell me what's wrong." Castiel's voice is softer but it's still authoritative enough for Dean to be unable to stay quiet.

"It's about Sammy," he says the words wrecking something in him over and over again.

Instead of making him elaborate, Castiel grabs Dean's shoulders and manhandles him until he's sitting on his bed, Castiel by his side.

Castiel waits, the silence stretches for so long that eventually, Dean feels the need to fill it. "They called from the hospital. He's been in a car accident." He rubs his forehead trying to put together Jessica's words. "He needed surgery. I think it was just his leg, but I'm not sure, it was hard to pay attention." He heaves a deep breath and looks at Castiel. Castiel's gaze is

steady. Not pitying, not judging. Just there, a solid presence, a fixed point in the turmoil of Dean's emotions.

"I need to talk to him," Dean says through heavy breathing, "I need to know he's alright. I need-"

"You can call him tomorrow, don't you?"

Dean shakes his head, desperation closing his windpipe.

"You don't have money in your trust fund," Castiel guesses. Dean doesn't have to reply. He runs his hand over his face and into his hair, tugging hard, the pain clearing his mind a little.

Castiel nods and leaves without another word. Dean sighs and drops on his bed. He secretly hoped Castiel could fix his problem, even though he knows it's naive. There's no reason why Cas should take care of him.

He curls up on his side and squeezes his eyes shut. He will simply have to wait, but it's going to be torture. He lets his thoughts flow, but they are mostly questions he can't find answers to before he can call Sam.

Is he out of surgery already? Is he in pain? Is he afraid? How the hell did he get in a car accident? And what if his condition gets worse? What if there are complications to the surgery? What if...

The worst scenarios play in Dean's head. He doesn't even sob, he just lets the misery fall over him like a heavy blanket. He's not sure he will ever be able to get up. And it doesn't even matter anymore. It's not like he has a reason to get up while he's in here.

He doesn't know how long he spends like that, he might have even drifted off. He opens his eyes when a strong hand shakes his shoulder. Castiel is crouching by his bed, blue eyes serious. When he's sure Dean is paying attention to him, he presses something against his chest. Dean grabs for it blindly before looking down at it. It's a burner cell phone. Dean's jaw falls slack as he looks at Castiel. There's hardly anything more difficult to get than a cell phone, anything hardly more dangerous to possess.

"Hide it well. If you get in trouble because of it, I won't save your ass. If you rat on me, you're dead. I'll want it by the end of the week." The part of Dean's brain which isn't totally overwhelmed, realizes that this is the Castiel everybody else knows.

"Yeah, yeah, sure." Dean nods.

Cas gets up. Dean catches his wrist but lets go the moment Castiel freezes.

"Thank you," he blurts out. He can't believe Castiel really did this for him.

Castiel accepts his thanks with a curt nod and leaves the cell, giving him privacy to make the phone call.

"Yes?" Sam's voice sounds tired on the other end of the line.

"Hey, Sammy. How are you?" Dean tries hard to keep his voice even, but the words hitch in his throat anyway.

"Dean!" Sam cries out so loud Dean covers the phone. "Dean, how did you-"

"It doesn't matter," Dean says, keeping his voice low. He's grinning so wide for hearing Sam's voice his cheeks hurt. "How are you?" He asks again.

"I'm... I was in surgery," he answers hesitantly, guilt clear in his voice.

"I know. A woman named Jessica called me."

"Oh, Jess, yeah, she's a nurse. I asked her to do it. Wasn't sure she'd make the call through."

"She sounded very charming."

"Yeah...uh... she is. Very... very charming."

Dean can't hold back a laugh. He's sure his brother is blushing.

"So other than having a crush on a nurse, how are you?"

"I don't... I'm alright. My thigh bone was broken nastily, so they had to fix it. My ribs are busted but otherwise, I'm good. You don't have to worry."

Dean lets out a sigh. "What the hell happened?"

"I was hit by a car. A drunk driver."

"Fuck," Dean hisses pinching the bridge of his nose.

"I'm okay, Dean, I promise."

"I should be with you," Dean whispers over the lump in his throat.

"You should be taking care of yourself. How are you? How did you get a phone?"

"It's complicated," Dean grumbles.

"Dean, please, tell me you're not getting into trouble because of a phone call." Dean's heart aches as he imagines Sam's face. The long-suffering expression of *why do I have to be the sensible one when I'm younger?*

"No, I'm not, I don't think so." He replies after a moment. There's still a chance Cas will want him to pay back for the phone but he's never wanted anything before.

"I have...a friend." it feels so daring to call Cas a friend, also very unfitting. They are more than that and less at the same time. "He helped me out."

"I'm glad you made friends there," Sam says and Dean realizes it's the first time they talk seriously about Dean's life in prison. Usually when Dean manages to get a phone call he asks about Sam's life, makes sure he's alright. He never shares much himself, just unimportant things that wouldn't make Sam feel bad for him. It never occurred to him it might make Sam worry more. "Is anybody giving you a hard time?" Sam asks.

"No, no, I'm okay."

When Dean was sentenced, Sam freaked out, he was scared Dean would get beaten and raped for being gay. The next question comes a bit more hesitant, but also more pressing.

"Nobody's forcing you into anything?"

Dean hesitates too, thinking about Cas. If anyone saw their encounters, it might seem that he did force himself on Dean. At first, it even felt like that.

Realization emerges from a corner of Dean's mind and he knows it's been there for a while. He knows he knew even before he put it into words. He always had a way to make Cas stop. Castiel always gave him a choice.

The little formula ushered every time he touched Dean " *If you make a sound, it's game over,* " sounded like a threat. Like Castiel was warning Dean that if he does something to expose what Castiel is doing, he will stop bringing Dean pleasure. But Dean realized somewhere along the way, that he was actually giving him an out, telling Dean how to make him stop.

At first, Dean was enjoying the ride too much to realize he was given the reins, but he understands now. The understanding makes him dizzy.

"Dean?"

Dean realizes Sam was talking and he wasn't paying attention.

"Sorry, what?"

"I asked if you needed me to send you some money."

"No, don't. You're gonna need money for medical expenses."

"Yeah, but-"

"I'm alright, Sam. Really," Dean says using his big brother voice that Sam knows not to argue with.

"Fine," Sam sighs. "Will you be able to call me again?"

"I will."

"Good. Take care then. Jess is saying that I should sleep. She's kinda scary." He stage-whispers the last part making Dean chuckle.

"Ask her to marry you," Dean says and hears a huff before Sam hangs up.

He closes his eyes and presses the phone to his chest for a long moment.

"You look much better. Is Sam alright?" Cas asks when he returns to the cell for a count.

"Yeah, he's doing well considering the situation. " Dean answers. He clears his throat. "Thank you again for helping me out. I know it's not a small feat."

Castiel waves it off before he starts changing into the t-shirt he sleeps in.

"You care a lot for him." It's not a question, but it's an attempt in conversation. It makes Dean's chest feel lighter. He wasn't sure they were on speaking terms.

"I do. He has no one but me left. He's my responsibility. But I was stupid enough to get myself in prison." Sadness creeps into his voice.

Cas sits on his bed, leaning against the wall and looks at Dean.

"You were trying to provide for him. That's how you ended up here?"

Dean frowns. "How do you know?"

"I just guessed," Cas says with a shrug. "You're not the first one who committed a crime to provide for a family."

Dean sighs and looks down on his hands. "It was stupid of me." He never felt this ashamed of anything. Not even when John caught him making out with a boy in the back of the Impala.

"It was," Castiel says. "But it also shows how much you care. And that you were desperate."

Dean looks up at him. His words aren't doing much to lift the guilt and shame off Dean, but he appreciates the effort.

"Why are you the one taking care of him?" Cas asks after a pause.

"My mom died when we were kids. Dad got himself killed a few years ago. Drunk driving," he adds. "That's why I freaked out when I heard Sam was in a car accident."

"I see. But he's doing well. It wasn't serious?" There's genuine interest in Cas' tone.

"His thigh bone needed to be fixed, but he should be alright."

"I'm glad," Cas says softly and Dean feels affection spread through his chest like a wildfire.

Castiel

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all your comments! I'm happy to see that you enjoy the two POVs :)

Castiel feels pleased when it becomes obvious that Dean isn't going to give up. Working out together becomes a part of their routine. Surprisingly, it makes being around Dean a little easier, maybe because it lost the taste of forbidden fruit.

Castiel gets to know Dean a little better. The kid is just as sweet as Castiel thought at first, but there's also a stubborn strength in him. It revealed itself before when Dean stood up against Castiel, but it's especially evident in Dean's approach to Castiel's challenge. Quite often, Castiel has to stop him from overworking himself. That one time he laughs at Dean's pull-up, Dean's eyes sparkle with defiance and he adds pull-ups into his work-out set. Castiel is already thinking of making another challenge out of it when they're done with the first one.

From the tidbits of his past he tells and the way he acts, it seems that Dean has been through a lot during his life. It sparks Castiel's curiosity. He doesn't want to pry for answers, afraid it would only make Dean withdraw. He has to start slowly, gently, which is something he's not really used to doing.

"Is there someone waiting for you outside?" he asks between sit-up number 31 and 32. "A girlfriend or a wife?" He doesn't know why he chose such a question and curses himself a little. Does he really want to know if Dean's in a relationship?

"No, no girlfriend," Dean says when he catches his breath. Castiel hates the relief he feels. "No boyfriend either," he adds. It makes Castiel look at him, searching his face for a hint of why he added that. Does he want Castiel to know he's queer?

"What about family?" he asks to distract them both.

Judging by Dean's expression turning sad, it wasn't the best idea.

"I have a younger brother," Dean says, sounding strangled.

"You worry about him." It's not a question. The brother must be the one Dean calls.

"He has nobody but me," Dean says. He turns away, but Castiel still notices his eyes glistening with unshed tears.

He squeezes Dean's ankle in what he hopes might count as a comforting gesture. "He's going to be alright." He's horrible at this.

Dean takes a deep breath and tries for a brave expression. It makes him look very young.

With a pang of guilt, Castiel realizes he doesn't know how old he really is. Before he can ask, Dean turns at him with a question of his own.

"What about you?"

It takes Castiel a moment to come back from his thoughts and realize what he's asking about.

"The only family I have is here." He says. It sounds grimmer than he feels.

He half-expects pity, but all he gets is a thoughtful hum before Dean does another sit-up.

Dean's excitement when he wins the challenge is contagious. Castiel's grinning as he watches Dean squealing in delight.

"Am I gonna get my reward now?" he asks as he spreads on the floor with his hands behind his head. He looks like an epitome of lechery and he must know it. Castiel likes him like that, asking for what he wants. At the same time, it makes him feel a little mischievous. He wants to tease Dean, make the gratification that much better thanks to the wait.

"You have to wait," he says fighting back a smile.

"Are you gonna back off?" There's the defiant part of Dean again, provoking Castiel to action. He's not going to jump on it, not this time.

"You don't trust me?" he asks, keeping his expression serious.

Dean raises an eyebrow. He looks like a cheeky brat. Castiel wants to take him apart, but he has to wait too.

"Trust a mob boss? Do you think I'm an idiot?"

Laughter bubbles up from Castiel's chest and he can't hold it back.

It's been so long since Castiel felt a thrill like this he almost forgot how good it is.

The sound of running water helps to drown out any noise he makes as he enters Dean's stall. The sight that rewards him for his stealth is astonishing.

Dean looks so relaxed with his head bowed so water runs down his neck and shoulders. It's the first time Castiel sees him completely naked and he takes the time to enjoy the opportunity.

He traces the shapes of his body with his eyes. Takes in the softness of it, the hard edges too. Appreciates the shape of his legs, a little bowed, like they are made to be wrapped around a

lover. He takes notes of the places where Dean's freckles are more prominent, thinks of tracing them with his lips.

He runs out of time too soon.

It feels like sacrilege when he pushes Dean against the wall. He holds his mouth shut with his hand and watches as Dean blinks water and fear out of his eyes.

He sees the recognition settling in and feels Dean relax. It's the trust again, it makes Castiel's heart beat faster.

He gestures for Dean to stay silent and lets go of his mouth. He hears Henriksen call for everybody to leave because it's lockdown in ten minutes and turns the water off.

He tries to calm Dean with a look, but he still feels him shake a little. It might be just the cold though. Castiel himself feels like he has a fever standing this close to Dean. He feels Dean's eyes on him. He lets Dean look his share but he just soaks in the warmth growing between them, breathes in the wet air smelling of Dean's body wash.

"Is anybody there?" Victor calls and Castiel rolls his eyes at his sense for drama. The door shuts with a bang that makes Dean jump.

"They will find out," he says, voice low and agitated.

"They won't be looking for us," Castiel assures him as he turns the shower back on because Dean's shaking is getting worse.

He lowers himself on his knees, careful about the bad one. He grabs Dean's hips, feeling the softness of his love handles. He's aroused already. Castiel brings him to full hardness with his hand. Dean sighs heavily and leans against the wall, ready to succumb to the pleasure.

Castiel moves his hand to Dean's balls and drags his lips up Dean's shaft. He hears Dean's gasp and is reminded of the rule. The chance that anyone will come in is pretty

small, but they need to be careful. Besides, if Dean makes a sound with the rule at place, Castiel knows he needs to stop. The existence of the boundaries feels important.

Dean is biting his lip, looking down at Castiel like a hurt puppy, waiting for him to continue.

"If you make a sound-" Dean's nodding eagerly before Castiel finishes.

He takes him in without further ado. He always liked the feeling of a hard cock in his mouth. He likes the power it gives him over the other man. Dean's unrestrained reactions are exactly the reason why. He keeps his eyes shut, his lips are

parted around a soundless moan as Castiel sucks him expertly. When Castiel teases Dean's perineum, Dean's hips buck forward. Castiel doesn't choke on his cock only because he prepared himself for it. Dean tries to hold back, but with Castiel's hand on his ass, he can't. He's fucking Castiel's mouth with abandon. Castiel focuses on breathing, he's holding on to Dean's firm asscheeks, enjoying the way they tighten with each thrust. He can tell by the way

Dean's breathing and his hips are losing rhythm that he's getting closer, but he's trying to last. It's not like he isn't enjoying himself, but Castiel wants Dean to break apart. He brushes a wet finger over Dean's hole.

It's a risk. He knew men who hated even being touched there and they haven't discussed this stuff with Dean. Dean's reaction makes it clear that he's not that kind of guy. Castiel pushes in, just the tip of his finger. Dean spasms like a pinned butterfly. He comes into Castiel's mouth, moaning into his palm held over his mouth.

Castiel spits out, his hands still on Dean's hips, because he felt Dean's legs buckle. He gets up, his legs are stiff from kneeling but Dean's hands landing on his shoulders make him forget it. Dean's eyes are devouring him, tracing the movement of Castiel's hand when he starts stroking himself. Dean coming into his mouth was enough to make Castiel painfully hard, but the way Dean's looking at him brings him even closer. His breath hitches with surprise when Dean touches him. His cock gives an interested twitch under Dean's fingers. He looks Dean in the eyes, making sure that he knows what he's doing. Dean gives him a nod and moves his hand up his shaft.

With his weight supported by the wall behind Dean, Castiel closes his eyes and takes what Dean gives him. Dean might be young but his hands are skilled. It only takes minutes and Castiel has to grit his teeth to hold on. He doesn't want to come too soon. Dean's touching him. Not because he has to, there's nothing that would make him feel obliged, he already deserved the blow job. He's jerking Castiel off because he wants it. Castiel is going to savor every second of it.

When it becomes too much and he feels fine tremors running through his body, he opens his eyes. He wants to see Dean, see his hand on his cock.

He breaks his own rule and lets out an obscene moan as he comes all over Dean's skin. His brain still fried from the climax, Castiel moves like in a dream. He touches Dean's hip, rubs his come into Dean's skin as water washes his mark away.

He doesn't know why he's so obsessed with marking Dean. There's something animalistic inside him that wants to rub all over Dean, that chants *mine mine mine* every time he sees him. It's stupid and dangerous and totally unfair to Dean.

He thinks about it when they dry themselves and dress and only stops when he sees Ketch waiting at the entrance to their cell. He gives him the payment they agreed on for letting them stay past the lockdown.

"I hope it was worth it," the asshole says, unable to keep his mouth shut. Castiel ignores him but Dean looks like he's going to faint with embarrassment. It's kinda adorable.

Castiel waits for Ketch to be gone.

"It was," only loud enough for Dean to barely hear.

The look Dean shoots him is entirely worth it. He manages not to laugh when Dean turns to his side, hiding his face.

Castiel exhales heavily and relaxes into the mattress. The shower, despite the bad pressure and lukewarm water, was good. The handjob even better. The only thing that's missing for this evening to be perfect is having Dean in his arms as he falls asleep. The thought startles him. He looks at Dean's back moving with steady breaths. He wonders if Dean likes to be held. Not by someone like Castiel for sure, but by someone gentle, caring.

He looked like he could use a hug when he was talking about his brother. He's holding himself up, doing good for being in prison for the first time, but Castiel knows it's not easy for him. He wishes he could offer some comfort. He wishes he was the right person for that.

He falls asleep to the idea of Dean in his arms.

In the morning and during the following days, Castiel works on wrapping his head around the idea that he can satisfy his protectiveness over Dean by other ways than just pressing him against his chest and hiss at everyone who comes closer. It seemed Dean was enjoying their work-out session and consequent little chats so Castiel draws from that. They talk more. In the laundry during work, in the dark, before they fall asleep. Dean opens surprisingly easily. He talks about his brother a lot, boasting with pride. They talk about books and movies. Castiel gets Dean some books and magazines to read and the smile he earns for it warms him to the core. Castiel doesn't open that much himself, but Dean doesn't seem to care.

At first, Castiel feels obliged to fill the silence every time they're deliberately spending time together just not to bore Dean or make him feel pushed away. It's unnatural for him though and it draws a lot of energy from him. Then he realizes Dean doesn't mind the silence and he feels relieved and thankful.

Their relationship is much more balanced now and even though it's not purely physical anymore, lust is an important part of it. Dean's willingness breaks Castiel's heart a little. He doesn't put up resistance, doesn't question what Castiel wants from him, never asks for anything, just takes whatever Castiel decides to give him and seems happy with it.

They are having a quiet moment in the laundry, waiting for the washing cycle to finish so they can transfer the laundry into the dryer. Dean is reading a magazine about cars, which is something he's passionate about. Castiel is watching his focused face. Dean looks up, just a flicker of green behind long lashes but it feels like being hit by lightning.

He goes willingly when Castiel pushes at his shoulder to make him turn around. He abandons the magazine and leans on his hands. It's strange how natural it is. Only months ago they were fighting in this same room, the sex a result of a struggle.

Now Dean holds still as Castiel pulls his pants down, shoulders relaxed, breathing even. Only when Castiel runs his hand over the globe of his firm ass does he give a shiver. Castiel presses himself close to Dean's back, soaking in his warmth.

Dean's eyes are closed when Castiel puts two fingers to his plump lips. It takes just the slightest press for him to open his mouth and suck Castiel's digits in. Castiel's knees get weak. Dean's treating his fingers like they're his cock, licking and sucking eagerly. Each

swipe of tongue sends a bolt of electricity to Castiel's cock and he can't help himself but grind against Dean's backside.

The exasperated sigh Dean lets out when Castiel withdraws his fingers makes him want to laugh.

"If you make a sound, I'll stop," he promises, his voice sounding choked to his own ears.

He's so close to Dean he can count his freckles. So close he could run his lips over them. The urge is so strong it's almost blinding. Castiel bites his lower lip to distract himself and remembers what he was doing to do.

Dean's reaction to being touched is as wonderful as always. His breath hitches and his cheeks color as Castiel rubs his hole. He bows his head, his neck making a beautiful curve that Castiel aches to kiss. He pushes a little, breaching the ring of muscle. Dean tenses. Castiel frowns because before, Dean seemed fond of his hole being teased. He crouches down and spits to get Dean's skin more slippery. Dean swallows a moan, but he's still tense. Castiel straightens again and presses himself closer. He wishes he could communicate to Dean that he won't hurt him, but he can't do that with words. The idea of talking about what's going on between them scares him. He's afraid he would spill too much.

Fortunately, Dean gives in after a moment and is visibly enjoying himself. As Castiel's finger works, his mind wanders. He imagines having Dean in a safer space. He would tease him for hours with his fingers, with his mouth and tongue. He would coax the most beautiful sounds out of him. He would make him beg. Then he would enter him easily. He would fuck him deep, pressed so close to him that they would be like one.

He has to step back before he comes from the fantasy itself. Dean looks over his shoulder, his eyes are hungry. His lips are pink and swollen, he must have been biting them. Castiel chokes on the need to devour them.

He's a little rough when he pushes his cock between Dean's thighs, holding him in place by his shoulder. Dean seems a bit surprised. Did he expect Castiel to fuck him? Castiel wouldn't do that, not here, not without proper lube and condoms.

He fucks the tight space between Dean's legs, arms wrapped around him so he can jerk him off. It's like a mockery of the spooning he was thinking about the other night.

Castiel presses his face against Dean's neck, suddenly feeling very weak, Dean's hip his only anchor that he's holding on to.

It's borderline painful. The sensations, the feelings. Then it's too much. It's some primal instinct that makes him sink his teeth into Dean's tender flesh.

Finally, he's leaving his mark on him.

He barely registers Dean coming as he's lost in the waves of ecstasy rushing through him.

The guilt hits him just as hard as the orgasm a moment later. He sees the angry red and white mark on Dean's neck and his chest tightens. With most of his blood still in his lower region, the only thing he can think of is soothing the bite with his tongue.

Dean's breathing is ragged, but he's still in Castiel's arms, not trying to get away from him which must be a good sign.

As the aftershock waves off, the guilt settles in even more. Castiel lets go of Dean. He's not able to look him in the eyes as he cleans him up.

He tries not to think about it too much. Dean didn't say anything so he can't be angry, can he?

But then they meet at the entrance to their cell and Dean flinches like he's been struck.

"Uh, hey!" He sounds weird.

Castiel gives him a questioning look as he greets him. They never greet when either of them enters the cell. Dean's acting strange and Castiel has no idea why. Then he notices the red and purple bruise blooming on Dean's neck. Something ugly rears up inside Castiel's mind and it's happy to see the mark he left on Dean.

Dean notices where he's looking because he mutters: "People notice."

Not thinking about what he's doing, Castiel touches the mark. Dean doesn't flinch but something moves behind his eyes.

"Let them notice." *Let them know what we are doing. Let them know you are mine. Let them know you want this* . What he says out loud is: "They'll leave you alone."

"Because you marked me as yours?" Dean's words are like a slap. Castiel's chest tightens painfully. He has to steel himself against the emotions. He feels his face turning into stone.

"You don't have to tell them it was me." It's devoid of emotion because all feelings are getting bottled up.

Dean is staring at him, mouth half-open like he's going to say something but the words aren't coming.

They're interrupted by a guard. "Winchester," he says and they both look at him. "Come with me."

"Where are we going?" Dean sounds young and scared.

"Shut up and come," the guard barks and gestures down the hall.

Dean looks over his shoulder before he leaves, his eyes meeting Castiel's and Castiel has to fight back the urge to launch himself after him. He curses himself. It's been that stupid protectiveness that got him into this mess.

He swears under his breath and kicks the low shelf under the window. All the books and magazines he got for Dean fall and scatter on the floor. Castiel bows to pick them up, but his legs feel weak. He kneels on the floor, papers crumbling in his hands.

Dean's mad at him. Of course, he is. He did exactly what he tried to abstain from. He forced himself on Dean. People will notice the mark and they will connect it to Castiel threatening everyone who wanted to touch him. No wonder that it makes him uncomfortable.

"Fuck!" Castiel growls and throws the book he's holding across the room. It hits a wall and falls opened on the floor. It's Cat's Cradle, Dean's favorite.

It was going so well. They were talking, Dean was spending his free time with Castiel. They almost became friends. And the sex... Dean wanted it, he wasn't just accepting it passively like the first time. How could Castiel ruin it all? Why didn't he control himself? He acted like the monster he was raised to be. Selfish, demanding, tactless. Not caring for other people.

He collects the books and the magazines and puts them back on the shelves, smoothing crinkled pages with his palms.

It shouldn't hurt like this. It's not like they're breaking up. It was just sex, there were no emotions involved. So why does he feel like something is collapsing inside him?

He needs to get out. Out of his own head before he drowns in self-pity. He goes to the yard but there's a game of dodgeball going on so he decides against running laps. He hides behind a shed and smokes. He's not hiding because of the guards but because he doesn't want anyone to try to talk to him. He leans against the wooden wall and picks at the flaky paint with his fingers. His vision blurs and all he can see is Dean. Dean the first day - scared but brave, Dean in the laundry - on his back trying to hide his arousal, Dean calling for Castiel in his dreams.

"Hey, boss," Gadreel says, startling him out of his reverie. Castiel turns to him and he must look murderous because the tall guy takes a step back.

"What do you want?" Castiel growls. Gadreel blinks like he's trying to remember. "Gabriel sent me. He said your boy's in trouble."

A tug on Castiel's insides. "Where is he?"

"The cell."

He tries not to run. People are jumping out of his way.

Dean's standing at the far wall. At first, he looks alright, then Castiel realizes Dean's staring at his own knuckles stained with blood. He turns his head and Castiel follows his gaze to the red spot on the plaster. Dean raises his fist. Castiel moves. He grabs Dean's forearm so tight it might bruise but he doesn't care.

"Stop," he barks. Dean jerks and looks at him like he just woke from a trance. "You're hurting yourself. Whatever's going on, this is not helping." He tries to keep his voice calm

but firm even though he's shaking.

Dean deflates as if life drained out of him. He jerks his hand and Castiel lets go of him. He looks lost.

"Tell me what's wrong," Castiel says softly but it's still an order. He knows Dean will obey.

"It's about Sammy," he answers, words hitching in his throat.

That's bad. Dean loves his brother. It must be serious if the message got through to him here.

Castiel takes Dean by his shoulders and pushes him to the bed. He's pliant like a rag doll and just as lifeless.

Castiel sits next to him just shy away from touching his shoulder. He waits, giving Dean space. If he wants to tell him any details, he will.

"They called from the hospital. He's been in a car accident." Castiel frowns watching Dean's face crumple as he forms the words. "He needed surgery. I think it was just his leg, but I'm not sure, it was hard to pay attention," he adds. Castiel wishes he knew how to console him without touching him.

Dean sighs and looks at him. His eyes are glistening, his face pale.

"I need to talk to him. I need to know he's alright. I need-" Castiel realizes Dean's breathing is quickening.

"You can call him tomorrow, don't you?"

Dean shakes his head, he's gasping for breath.

Castiel closes his eyes for a moment as realization settles.

"You don't have money in your trust fund."

Dean looks ashamed, helpless, it's a terrible look on him. He runs his hand over his face and tugs at his hair. Castiel wishes he could do the same. He'd do it much more gently even though his hands are rough.

Instead, he turns and heads out of the cell.

The only other person who knows where the phone is hidden is Gabriel. And of course, he catches Castiel retrieving it.

"What's going on?" he asks with concern.

"Nothing," Castiel retorts and tries to push past him. Gabriel grabs his shoulder. It takes an inhuman amount of self-control not to push him away.

"It's for emergency only, you know it. The risk of using it is too high."

"Are you lecturing me?" Castiel growls.

Gabriel raises his hands in a placating gesture.

"I'm just afraid you're gonna do something stupid."

"It's not your business," Castiel barks out.

"It is." The urgency in Gabriel's voice makes Castiel stop. "I care about you. Not because you're my boss, but because you're my friend."

Castiel slowly turns and meets Gabriel's whiskey-colored eyes.

"I know you care for the guy and I know you're capable of stupid shit when you're in love."

Castiel freezes. He's not one to blush but he feels uncomfortable warmth crawling up his neck. "I'm not... I was never..."

Gabe lets out a long-suffering sigh accompanied by a dramatic eye-roll. "Cassie, stop, you're not fooling anyone especially not me."

Castiel swallows around the lump in his throat and straightens. "You don't have to worry, Gabriel, I'm being careful," he tries to sound as sure as possible, but he knows he's trying to convince himself as much as Gabriel.

Gabriel tilts his head. "I hope the kid is worth it," he sighs before he leaves.

Dean's curled up on his bed. He doesn't respond to Castiel saying his name so he crouches at the side of his bed and touches his shoulder. Dean's eyes are bleary when he opens them and it takes a moment for him to realize he's looking at Castiel. Castiel wonders if he was crying when he was left alone.

He pulls the phone out of his shoe and gives it to Dean. Dean stares at it with disbelief, then lifts his eyes up to Castiel.

"Hide it well. If you get in trouble because of it, I won't save your ass. If you rat on me, you're dead. I'll want it by the end of the week."

"Yeah, yeah, sure," Dean whispers.

Castiel gets up to leave him alone. He's stopped by cold fingers grabbing his wrist. They disappear a moment later and Castiel immediately misses the touch.

"Thank you," Dean says. It sounds shy but heartfelt. It makes Castiel's chest ache.

He nods and hurries out of the cell, not so much for Dean's sake anymore. He's trying to escape the feelings bubbling inside him.

He works out until he feels numb, then jerks off in the shower decidedly not thinking about Dean. He joins a game of cards in the common room. He's stalling but eventually, he has to come back to his cell, to Dean's thankful smile and tired eyes.

"You look much better," he says because the silence he used to find comforting is something he can't stand now. "Is Sam alright?"

Dean's smile brightens a little, shooting daggers through Castiel's chest.

"Yeah, he's doing well considering the situation. Thank you again for helping me out. I know it's not a small feat."

Castiel shakes his head. He didn't do it for Dean's gratitude. He did it because... because he's a helpless idiot.

"You care a lot for him," he tries to keep the conversation going.

"I do. He has no one but me left. He's my responsibility." There's that forcibly brave look on his face again and Castiel can imagine Dean much younger with that same expression. "But I was stupid enough to get myself in prison." Guilt, shame, self-hate. He wishes he could erase those emotions from Dean's face, from Dean's life.

"You were trying to provide for him. That's how you ended up here?" he guesses.

"How do you know?"

"I just guessed." He shrugs. "You're not the first one who committed a crime to provide for a family."

"It was stupid of me," Dean says looking down at his hands. Castiel wants to hold them.

"It was. But it also shows how much you care. And that you were desperate."

Dean shoots him a small sad smile.

Silence settles down again and even though it's much less uncomfortable, there's a curiosity growing in Castiel's head that he needs to feed or it will bug him for ages.

"Why are you the one taking care of him?"

Dean inhales deeply. His eyes search Castiel's face for a moment.

"My mom died when we were kids." Goosebumps raise on Castiel's neck. He was suspicious about Dean having a hard life, but he didn't expect this. "Dad got himself killed a few years ago. Drunk driving." Dean continues, sounding bitter. "That's why I freaked out when I heard Sam was in a car accident."

Castiel nods. "I see. But he's doing well. It wasn't serious?"

Dean's entire body relaxes visibly. "His thigh bone needed to be fixed, but he should be alright."

"I'm glad," Castiel says. Dean's eyes linger on him for a moment, bright and warm like a summer day, then he turns away with a tiny smile playing on his lips.

Castiel curses internally.

Dean

Chapter Summary

I'm sorry for the delay. I'm a horrible person who can't keep up with a schedule.
This is an angsty one

It's not the first time since Dean came here that a bus brings a bunch of new inmates, but it's the first time it actually matters.

He notices the difference the first time he sees them. They look like a tightly knit group and not like guys who met each other on their way to prison. Dean especially doesn't like the one who looks like their leader - an older guy, tall and lanky, graying hair and beard and a shit-eating grin.

"He's trouble," Benny says.

Bobby nods in agreement. "He's the type that thinks he's going to own this place."

"Oh, that's not gonna sit well with a certain Russian," Garth stage whispers. He pretends to seem scared, but Dean knows he secretly loves the drama.

Dean keeps an eye on Castiel, but it wouldn't be difficult to notice the change even if they weren't so close.

Castiel is tense, short-tempered, always looking over his shoulder.

To Dean, it doesn't look plausible that he'd be worried some new guy would jeopardize his position. There must be more behind it.

"Something's bothering you," Dean dares to say one night. He only gets a low growl in lieu of a response.

He should keep his mouth shut, leave Castiel alone when he's apparently not in the mood. But Dean was never good at doing the sensible thing.

"Is it the new guy Alastair?" he guesses.

The reaction is so abrupt and violent he doesn't have time to brace himself for it. Cas is in his face in a second, one hand clutching his shirt, the other pointing into his face.

"Stay the fuck out of my business, " he growls. "And stay the fuck away from him."

Dean didn't feel afraid of Cas in months, but his heart is in his throat now. He nods vehemently, trying to convey obedience but not daring to speak up.

Cas lets his hand fall from Dean, he cusses in Russian and slams his fist down on Dean's mattress before he stands up and walks to his own bunk.

He slumps against the wall, hands behind his head, feet on the floor, eyes shut. Dean watches him for a moment and sees through the forced calm.

Judging by Cas' reaction, he was right about Alastair. The guy must be dangerous, so dangerous that even Cas can't keep his calm. It's bad then and Dean should listen and mind his business. He can't though.

When he needed it the most, Castiel helped him without Dean even asking. Dean knows it's not expected of him, but he still feels the need to help Cas now. There are not many ways to do that, but Dean knows of at least one way to calm Cas down, to make him feel better for at least a few moments. And he's happy to provide it.

He gets up and walks towards Cas. He doesn't falter when Cas' eyes open and bore into him. He nudges Cas' foot with his own making his knees spread before he sinks down onto the floor, kneeling between Cas' legs.

He sees Castiel's eyes widen and feels a strange satisfaction at the sight. Despite the look of disbelief on his face, Castiel doesn't push him away when he teases him through the ugly prison pants and lifts his hips off the bed to let Dean drag the pants down. His cock is gorgeous even soft. Dean nudges the base with his mouth, nose buried in the coarse pubic hair. He lifts his eyes to Cas' face to enjoy his expression once more. It's hungry and still surprised.

Dean enjoys feeling Cas growing hard in his mouth. He feels triumphant when Cas lets out a quiet moan and his hand lands on the back of Dean's head, fingers raking through Dean's hair.

He feels Cas holding back, but doesn't make it easy for him. He's taking him as deep as he can, swallowing around the head. When Cas comes down his throat, Dean makes sure he swallows it all. He keeps sucking him until he's soft and oversensitive, until his breathing sounds more like a whimper and his hand tightens in Dean's hair. Then he finally lets Cas' cock slip off his mouth.

"Dean-" Castiel breathes out uncharacteristically soft, his hand slips from Dean's hair to his cheek, the touch gentle, but Dean doesn't let it linger. He gets up, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He looks down and sees Cas with all the hard edges softened. He dares to sit down next to him, back against the wall, their shoulders a breath away from touching.

"So, now when you've calmed down, are you gonna tell me what's going on with Alastair?"

Cas huffs out what's halfway between a laugh and a defeated sigh.

"He's my brother's second in command."

"Wow. He must be serious."

"Yes. I think he figured out I know something he wants and if he kills me, the information is lost. That's why he sent his best torturer."

Dean looks at him with wide eyes. "You think he's going to torture you? In here?" As awful as this place is, Dean has always considered it safe. Of course, there were fights and you didn't want to cross certain people, but as long as you stay low you could be pretty safe. Dean thought that if the drama got too big, the guards would interfere. It's hard to accept people can kill or torture each other here. Probably because most people he associates with want to get out, but it seems there are others that have nothing to lose. People like Castiel and Alastair.

"He's clever, creative and sadistic, the best combination for a torturer." He pauses. When he talks again, it's with an urgency that makes Dean's chest clench. "He doesn't have to use violence to make people do or say what he wants. That's why I need you to-" Castiel stops himself and averts his eyes from Dean's face. Dean leans closer.

"What do you need from me?"

Cas scoffs like Dean's a naive child, but at least he looks at him. "He will try to get to me. And he'll do it through my people. He might try to use you too."

Dean swallows thickly. "You think he will hurt me to hurt you?"

The idea seems to make Cas uncomfortable. He nods but at the same time looks away. Dean finds it ridiculous. Surely, Cas would be pissed if something happened to him, but it would be stupid to think that he would exploit some important secret to save him.

"I'll be careful," Dean promises nudging Cas' shoulder.

"I'm gonna get rid of him soon," Cas growls. It sends a shudder down Dean's spine.

Things get bad pretty fast. The problem is that Alastair isn't a common newcomer. He brought his people with him, and he works hard to get more people on his side, either with threats or favors. According to Cas, he might even have a hand in the change of some guards. The first time Castiel comes to their cell after one of the new guards dares to do a body search, he seems ready to kill someone.

The fragile balance has shifted. It makes Castiel furious. Dean tries to offer comfort the only way he knows how. He jerks him off, lets him fuck his mouth or between his thighs or just dry hump him. Castiel always returns the favor and he's all the more gentle for how hard he took his pleasure on Dean.

They are lying under the table in the laundry on a pile of clean sheets. Castiel pushed Dean down there when he came from who knows where with his knuckles red with blood that wasn't his. He pressed Dean down, pinned his hands above his head, buried his nose in

Dean's neck and rubbed his hard cock against Dean's hip until he came into his pants. Then he sucked Dean off so slowly he thought he'd lose his mind before achieving an orgasm.

Now he's resting with his cheek on Dean's thigh, finally calmed down. Dean knows they should get decent. Nobody ever comes to the laundry but it doesn't mean they can't. He doesn't move though. He likes it. It's almost romantic in a teenager sorta way. Lost in the moment, he rakes his fingers through Castiel's thick hair. Cas makes a sound, not unlike purring and rubs his stubbled cheek against the sensitive skin of Dean's inner thigh. Dean gasps and squirms. With a delighted sigh, Castiel does it again. He seems very fond of coaxing such reactions out of Dean. He turns his head and soothes the irritated skin with his lips. If he's going to continue like this, Dean's going to get hard again soon. He tugs at Castiel's hair a little and gains a blue-eyed stare. He remembers something.

"Cas?"

"Hm?"

"Have you thought about protective custody?"

"What?" Cas scoffs.

"Uhm. You know, Sammy's big dream is to become a lawyer so when I got arrested, he started reading up on everything concerning prisons and this is something I remember. When you're in danger, you can ask for protective custody and be transferred into solitary."

Frowning, Castiel crawls up so he's face to face with Dean.

"The hole," he growls, "we call it the hole, Dean. And the thing you're talking about is checking in, going into the hole voluntarily."

"Yes. To be safe." Dean hates the idea of Castiel going away but even more, he hates the idea of him getting hurt.

Castiel shakes his head, huffing out a mirthless laugh. "Listen, Dean," he says, his fingers gently closing around Dean's chin so he has to look Castiel in the eyes.

"You never check in. *Never* until you are absolutely sure you'd die the next day if you don't."

Dean opens his mouth to protest but Cas squeezes his chin and Dean shuts up.

"Checking in is a shitty move. The shittiest. When you're not lucky enough to get transferred to another prison, the moment you get out of the hole, you have a target on your back. Even the lowest rat will try to get you because they'll know nobody will have your back." Castiel takes a deep breath. "Do you understand?" he adds.

Dean nods. "But your life *is* in danger-

"Stop it." Castiel cuts him off, tone harsh. "Nobody's going into the hole."

"Alastair should," Dean mutters.

Castiel closes his eyes. A disgusted shiver runs through his body. "Let's not talk about the hole anymore."

On instinct, Dean puts his palm between Castiel's shoulder blades and rubs a gentle circle there. "Cas?"

He doesn't expect Castiel to share what's going through his head, but Castiel opens his eyes - dark and intense and says in a way one shares a secret that has been weighing down on them for a long time: "I'm claustrophobic, Dean."

"You what?"

Castiel rolls his eyes. "I'm scared of confined-"

"I know what claustrophobic means!" Dean cries out, his hands balling in Castiel's shirt. "What I don't get is how the fuck are you deliberately locked up in prison while being claustrophobic."

It falls in place, Castiel's restlessness after the lock-up, his constant need to move, the way he snapped when Dean suggested covering the window of their cell with a blanket so the light from the yard wouldn't shine through at night.

Castiel just shrugs. "It's not that bad."

"Does Alastair know?" Dean asks as fear grips at his insides.

Castiel hesitates but nods.

"But the hole," Dean says when it dawns on him, "you could get there! He could arrange it, provoke you. The new guards-"

"Stop talking about it!" Castiel raises his voice which makes Dean jump and starts pushing himself up.

"Sorry," Dean sighs, grabbing Castiel's wrist. Castiel doesn't pull away, just stares at the point of contact. Dean can feel his quickened pulse under his fingers. "I'm sorry," Dean repeats.

Castiel shakes his head. "It's okay. It's gonna be okay."

"I'm gonna ride my horse to B6," Garth says and reaches for the chess piece. Benny groans because it's a stupid move. Kevin slaps Garth's hand.

"You're never gonna learn to play chess if you keep calling them horses!"

"But they *are* horses, Kev!" Garth insists. "And this one is particularly cute. Look, Dean, isn't he cute?" he shoves the figure to Dean's face almost slamming it into his nose. Dean gently guides his hand away, chuckling.

"Horses aren't cute, Garth. Have you ever seen a real horse? They are-" he doesn't finish because somebody pulls hard at his shoulder.

"Hey, asshole!"

Dean jumps up and turns to see a sandy-haired older guy he doesn't know by name.

"Give it back!" the guy barks and pushes at Dean's chest.

"What the hell?" Dean doesn't push back, he knows better than getting provoked so easily. The entertainment room is full today and he can already feel many stares on him.

"My music player! You took it!"

Dean raises his hands. "Dude, calm down. I didn't take anything from you."

"I put it right there," he points at a low table next to Dean, "and it's gone now."

"Kubrick, calm down. You have no prove Dean was the one who took it," Ash says but Kubrick doesn't react.

"Give it back!" he shouts, taking a step into Dean's space.

Dean tries to keep his voice calm and friendly. "Look, Kubrick, maybe you forgot you put it somewhere else. Or it might have fallen down."

"Do you think I'm an idiot?" with that, Kubrick grabs Dean's shirt and raises his other hand to strike but freezes.

"Is there a problem?" Dean doesn't have to turn to know who the voice belongs to. Kubrick's eyes dart to Castiel and they widen momentarily before he turns his angry stare back to Dean.

"Yeah, but it's not *your* problem, dickhead. This sissy stole from me."

Out of patience, Dean pushes Kubrick's hand away. He lets go of Dean's shirt but with a growl reaches for his throat.

Dean feels Castiel moving next to him, then he sees Kubrick bent in a half, his hand being twisted behind his back.

"Touch him again and I'm going to break your arm."

"Ow, ow, guards! I'm being assaulted."

The only guard present is Davies and he's on the other side of the room with his back turned to them. He either doesn't hear him or pretends not to.

Castiel pulls on Kubrick's hand. The guy groans but stops struggling.

"Oh look," Castiel hisses. He pushes his foot under the table and kicks at a Kubrick's player. It slides across the floor towards Dean. Dean bends and picks it up. Kubrick reaches his free

hand for it but Castiel snatches it first. He throws it across the room.

"Get the fuck out," he barks and pushes Kubrick in the same direction. He barely catches himself on a chair.

"Fucking fags! You'll burn in hell," he shouts over his shoulder as he stumbles away.

"Thanks, but you didn't have to," Dean says quietly, only for Castiel to hear. His hard stare is fixed on something or someone but before Dean can find out, he shakes his head and walks away.

With a heavy sigh, Dean sits back down. When he looks up there are three pairs of eyes fixed on him.

"What?" he cries out.

"So it was the Russian!" Garth manages to squeal and keep his voice down at the same time. "I knew it!" he punches the air.

Ash shakes his head. "I thought they were just rumors. Didn't think you were this stupid."

"Dean, if he's forcing you into it-" Dean interrupts Kevin's concerned speech.

"He's not. Not that it's any of your business. Everything I do with Castiel is consensual, alright?"

"I can't believe you're fucking Castiel Krushnic," Garth whispers with a sigh.

Dean groans and hits his forehead on the table, making the chess pieces jump.

Starting the GED classes was one of the best decisions Dean has ever made. It gives him something to look forward to every week, something to occupy his mind with. It gives him hope.

He's deep in thought as he walks down the empty hallway leading from the education center to the cells. He can't wait to discuss with Cas what he learned today.

A heavy body collides with him like a freight train and pins him to the wall. He's seen the guy but never learned his name, all he knows about him is that he's big and hard as a rock and just as dumb. He pushes against him, but he's unmovable.

"Well, hello," comes a sleazy voice from somewhere behind the guy's bulk. He steps away, still holding Dean with one hand around his throat. Dean can see that the speaker is Alastair. He strides closer with a grin on his face that makes Dean feel like he swallowed something slimy that's now crawling in his stomach.

"What a nice catch," Alastair drawls, "Castiel's favorite boy toy." Dean kicks at the giant's knee but he doesn't flinch.

Alastair steps even closer, so close Dean can see the sadistic glint in his eyes and feel his stale breath on his face. Alastair places a hand on the other man's arm and Dean finally can breathe as he lets go of him and steps back.

The relief lasts just for a moment until Dean feels something pointy against his side. He looks down to find out it's a shiv made from a toothbrush sharp enough to sink between his ribs.

"He has surprisingly good taste, our Castiel," Alastair says and runs his hand down Dean's cheek. Bile rises in Dean's throat. He thinks about screaming but it seems like a bad idea.

"I bet he doesn't treat you right," Alastair purrs and pushes his knee between Dean's making him spread his legs. "I would treat you right. I'd do things to you that would make you scream. Tell me, Dean, does Castiel make you scream?" he whispers into Dean's ear as he presses his hips against Dean's. Dean closes his eyes.

"He's gonna kill you," Dean growls.

Alastair scoffs. "Oh, you're so naive, Dean. See, Castiel isn't very fond of killing. He's a weakling, a black sheep of the family."

"A black sheep in a family of psychos. What a shame."

Alastair's little laugh makes Dean want to puke.

"Oh, you'll stop admiring him when you find out he's just a soft piece of shit. Where's your Castiel now, Dean, hm? Why isn't he coming to your rescue? I'll tell you why. Because he'd rather sacrifice you instead of getting into a fight. He's always been like this, little Cassie. Used to hide when his family needed him."

"Go fuck yourself," Dean says through gritted teeth.

"Oh no, I'd rather fuck you. And make sure Castiel hears every sound you make." He grinds against Dean. Dean braces himself tries to detach his mind from his body.

"They say it hurts less if you don't fight, but I hope there's at least a little fight in you." Alastair grabs Dean's face with one hand, squeezing his cheeks and presses his mouth to Dean's lips. Dean pushes him away and feels the sharp pain of cut skin and a sick feeling of hot wetness soaking into his t-shirt.

He expects more pain, it doesn't come. It takes him a moment to realize they're not alone anymore and that the people rushing into the narrow corridor are what distracted Alastair from hurting Dean.

Dean manages to get out of Alastair's grip but not far enough. A punch in the face makes him disoriented, but when he blinks tears out of his eyes he finally sees the scene around him.

People are fighting. He recognizes Castiel's guys, he sees Benny, Garth, Ash and Bobby, even Aaron and Kevin.

The number of Alastair's guys is equal. Alastair himself is fighting with Cas. Talking to him in angry Russian. Dean doesn't have much time to take the situation in before he has to defend himself from punches thrown his way.

He does his best, using everything his father told him, everything Cas showed him in the past months. He wonders if the guards are going to interfere or if they let them fight until somebody wins and then just count the bodies.

He sees the turning point from the corner of his eye. Somebody kicks at Castiel's knee. The bad one. Castiel's leg folds under him and the next second he's on the floor, several feet kicking at him.

"No!" Dean cries out and throws himself in that direction but strong hands stop him. He turns his furious gaze to Benny, but his friend seems unfazed by it. He's looking down the hall. Dean follows his gaze and realizes that he hears the guards shouting when he sees them approaching.

The next few moments are a blur. He gets pressed against a wall, his bloody lip leaving a smear on the plaster. He watches as they half drag Castiel away. He shouts his name, but shuts up when he gets hit by a billy.

There is a lockdown and emergency count later. He asks the guard where Castiel is but doesn't get an answer. He still tastes blood and it makes him sick. Or at least he blames it on the blood, maybe it's actually just worry.

Did they put Cas in the hole? The idea of Cas alone in a small space makes Dean want to scream. Did they transfer him to higher security? What if he never sees him again?

Castiel

Chapter Notes

I feel like this time, the re-telling is prolonged torture. I'm sorry ;)

It starts with Victor telling him he's going on a vacation.

"You never go on vacation. Not even on Christmas," Castiel protests.

Victor's shoulders sag. "I know. Apparently, that's a problem. They said there are laws about that."

"Hm," Castiel frowns and folds his arms across his chest. "So what's going to happen? The other guys will cover for your shifts?" It's not like he doesn't have leverage on other guards, but it's different with Victor. He's almost a friend.

"No," he answers, face pinched. "They're gonna hire a new guy."

Castiel feels his stomach drop.

"Have you seen him?" he asks.

"No, but they say he's well qualified," Victor says somewhat bitterly.

Castiel scoffs. "These are the worst."

"I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault."

Victor leaves for his three weeks vacation two days later. That's why Castiel doesn't see the admission of new inmates. That's why when he hears a sickly sweet voice behind him, he's not prepared.

"Hello, sweetheart."

His body goes into fight or flight mode, but he reigns it down with his will. He clenches his hands into fists and hopes their trembling isn't visible.

"Alastair," he says in lieu of a greeting as he turns. He hoped he wouldn't see that psychotic grin ever again.

"Your brother sends warm greetings," Alastair says. He steps closer, spreading his arms like he's going for a hug.

Castiel's stomach churns, but he keeps his stance. He reaches for the shiv stuck behind his waistband at the small of his back.

"You shouldn't have come here."

Alastair drops his arms and laughs. It sounds like bubbling mud.

"Oh, and why is that? I kinda like this place. It's very... confined."

Castiel's grip on the shiv tightens, his knuckles ache. Maybe he should kill the asshole now before he can do whatever he came here to do.

"Aren't you supposed to be at work, Krushnic?" another voice comes from down the hall. It's the new guard, Uriel. "You have three seconds."

"I was on my way, sir, but this newbie needed my help," Castiel says shooting him a false smile. Uriel looks confused, intimidated even, but it just flicks across his face before he tries to restore what he must think is a professional expression.

"Then get going."

"Yes, sir." Castiel moves. He makes sure to hit Alastair's shoulder as he passes him.

"He just saved your ass," Castiel growls only loud enough for Alastair to hear.

"What the fuck does he want?" Gabriel bursts out when Castiel tells him about Alastair.

"Me," Castiel answers without a doubt.

"To kill you? Why? You're out of Nik's way."

"I'm the only one who knows where father's ring is."

Gabriel makes a face. "Is that really that important?"

"As long as he doesn't have it, he's not the real heir of the empire, he's just an impostor. I guess some fractions are starting to question his authority. Besides, the fact that he doesn't have the signet points to the theory that he's the one who killed our father."

"So he wants to know where the ring is and you're the only one who has that information," Gabriel sums up.

"If he gets the ring, he's also going to find out the other evidence of our father's murder. They are stored together."

Gabriel's eyes widen.

"But he won't get it," he says, his voice begging Castiel to reassure him.

Castiel averts his gaze and clenches his jaw.

He remembers Alastair hinting at his claustrophobia. He remembers Nik locking him in a wooden chest when he was five and laughing when he cried.

"Alastair is the best in obtaining information," Castiel says.

"But you are strong!" Gabriel cries out so loud he presses his hands to his mouth and looks around. Fortunately, they're far enough for anybody to hear them. "We won't let him get to you. And you'll get rid of him before he can do anything, right?"

Castiel doesn't answer. He's not like his brother, he can't use words to manipulate others, he won't give Gabriel false reassurances.

The fear in Gabriel's eyes grows as Castiel remains silent.

"Cassie-"

Castiel squeezes his shoulder. "Gabriel, I need to ask you for a favor."

"Anything," Gabriel breathes out.

"If anything happens to me, if for some reason I'm not able to do it myself, you have to look after Dean."

Gabriel heaves a deep breath and opens his mouth but Castiel cuts him off before he even starts.

"Stop. Don't say anything. I know. I fucked up. I grew attached to the boy. I shouldn't have, but it happened. And if Alastair finds out, Dean is going to have a target on his back."

Gabriel closes his eyes and bites his lower lip. It's hard for him. He's loyal to Castiel, he wants to protect *him* not anybody else.

"Alright," he says eventually.

"Thank you."

Gabriel gives him his most dazzling smile. "It's gonna be alright." It doesn't fool either of them.

"Of course." It's not a lie, he just doesn't believe it himself.

He lets Gabriel give him a short hug.

Alastair keeps low the first few days but Castiel isn't stupid, he knows he isn't idle. He's assembling a fellowship, getting connections. He brought a few guys with him from the

outside, but it's not enough, he'll have to get many more to outnumber Castiel's people. Loyalty in prison is a fragile thing though, and it isn't cheap.

So Castiel has to get to work too, making sure that those who are on his side will stay there. It's exhausting. The fact that he doesn't know what exactly Alastair plans doesn't add to his mood.

"Something's bothering you," Dean says softly, but his voice still rings through the darkened room.

Castiel makes an uncommitting sound. He doesn't want to talk about it, especially with Dean. Dean has a different plan.

"Is it the new guy Alastair?" The name is like a trigger and all the pent up anger and frustration just blow up. Castiel moves before he even thinks about it. Dean makes a small frightened sound when Castiel grabs his shirt and pulls him so close he breathes into his face as he growls.

"Stay the fuck out of my business. And stay the fuck away from him."

Dean's quick to nod. He's trembling a little, or maybe it's Castiel. Part of him wants to shake Dean, to get his frustration out on him, to make him realize in how much danger he is because of him.

He forces himself to let go of him and instead punches the mattress he's sitting on. Dean jumps a little. It helps in venting a bit of the pressure he's feeling, but at the same time, he hates himself a little bit more. He gets up and walks to his bed where he collapses grumpily. Trying to rule his uneven breath he squeezes his eyes shut but he still sees Dean's scared expression.

They haven't touched since Castiel bit him and if he still had some chance with him, he blew it right now. Maybe it's for the best. It's safer for Dean this way if they stay away from each other. It was a matter of time anyway for Dean to realize what an asshole Castiel is.

A shifting of feet on the rough floor makes Castiel open his eyes.

Dean's standing in front of him. It hits Castiel like a punch in the gut just how beautiful he is. He wants to beg him for forgiveness, he wants to promise he'll be gentle with him, he'll learn to be gentle *for him*.

He wants to shout at him to stay the fuck away, to stop whatever he's doing to him to make him feel like this.

Dean's gaze is even, determined as he makes Castiel spread his legs.

Castiel's heart skips a beat when Dean gets on his knees, his eyes never leaving Castiel's.

He places his hands on Castiel's knees and runs them up his thighs. He leans in and nudges his face to Castiel's crotch. Castiel gasps. His hands itch with the need to pull him closer. Or push him away, he's not sure. Dean looks up at him through thick lashes, lips parted so

Castiel can feel his damp warm breath through the thin cloth. The last functioning cell tells him Dean's waiting for consent, but he's unable to give it. He's staring at him, breath ragged, heart racing. While his brain is struggling, his body has already caught up with the program and is pretty much on board. Dean, not discouraged by Castiel's silence, tugs at Castiel's pants. Moving like he's in a dream, Castiel lifts his hips up and watches as Dean pulls them to his ankles followed by his underwear.

As they settle back to their original position, Dean repeats the same motion of running his hands up Castiel's thighs. This time the touch of skin makes goosebumps raise on Castiel's neck. Dean's eyes follow the lines of ink. He finds the little bee hidden in a honeycomb pattern and presses his lips to it. Castiel shivers. Dean moves his attention to Castiel's cock, pressing his gorgeous mouth to the base. His eyes are on Castiel's face again and the sight of him like that makes Castiel's blood boil more than the physical touch.

Dean works Castiel to full hardness gently, unhurried. When he finally takes him whole into his mouth, Castiel can't hold back a moan. His hand moves on its own volition to touch the back of Dean's head. He tangles his fingers in Dean's soft hair but doesn't push. He wants Dean to be entirely in charge. It's a very lucky decision because Dean takes him apart meticulously.

He pushes him mercilessly to the edge no matter how much Castiel tries to hold back. It's heavenly and Castiel has to admit the assholes were right about one thing - Dean's lips were made to suck cock.

Castiel groans filthily as he comes into Dean's mouth. He shivers with the force of the climax.

Dean hums, pleased, and swallows eagerly. He keeps milking Cas' cock to the last drop, to the point of oversensitivity.

Castiel feels like crying, like pushing Dean off, but instead, he clutches at his hair tighter. He'll take anything Dean wants to give him. He's utterly lost.

He blinks his eyes open, not remembering he closed them and blinks at Dean a bit disorientedly. Dean's lips are wet with spit and redder than usual.

"Dean-" Castiel says. There are thousands of words lining up on the tip of his tongue but he doesn't have any spare breath to force them out. He touches Dean instead. His fingertips barely brushing his cheek.

Dean pulls back, interrupting the contact. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. The movement has a sobering effect on Castiel. It was a blowjob, mind-blowingly hot, but just a blowjob.

Dean sits down on the bed next to him, so close Castiel can feel his warmth.

"So, now when you've calmed down, are you gonna tell me what's going on with Alastair?" he says.

Castiel laughs voicelessly, marveling at Dean once again. He got Castiel off because he knew it would calm him down. He doesn't know what to think about it. It's endearing and exasperating at the same time. Anyway, he feels obliged to give Dean the truth, so Dean's plan worked.

Dean's expression shifts from serious to shocked while Castiel tells him about Alastair's connection to his brother. He spares him the details, but shares enough to make sure Dean's scared of the monster. The idea of Alastair getting his dirty hands on Dean makes Castiel physically sick.

Dean's shoulder presses against his.

"What do you need from me?" he asks so somberly it takes Castiel's breath away. The boy seriously thinks he can help Castiel against Alastair, unaware that he's the one in danger here, that he should have run a long time ago.

Castiel looks Dean in the eyes and tries to keep his voice even. "He will try to get to me. And he'll do it through my people. He might try to use you too."

"You think he will hurt me to hurt you?" He still doesn't get it. A hysterical laughter bubbles inside Castiel's chest, threatening to spill out. He nods and looks away, afraid that Dean might see in his eyes how much the idea scares him.

Another press of a shoulder. "I'll be careful," Dean promises in a soft voice, placating even. Castiel hates it.

"I'm gonna get rid of him soon," he promises in turn.

The next week gets worse. Alastair's work is subtle but efficient. He's turning Castiel's sanctuary into hell piece by piece. When he's searched by the new guard, he grits his teeth so hard it hurts not to punch him. It's been ages since any of the guards did that. The idiot even admits that he got a tip from another inmate about Castiel carrying a self-made weapon. It makes him want to sink the shiv into his liver and twist. Fortunately for both of them, he left it in his cell.

All Alastair does is intended to get on Castiel's nerves, little jabs that make him lose his footing, wedges pushing his tightly-knit group apart.

"He insulted my mother!" Gadreel cries out wiping the blood under his nose with his sleeve.

Castiel grabs his hair and tugs sharply, making the kneeling man look up at him. "I don't fucking care what he said," Castiel hisses. "I told you not to fight."

"But-"

"This-" Castiel raises his voice and presses a thumb of his free hand to Gadreel's darkening cheekbone which makes him flinch, "-is exactly what he wanted. He wanted to provoke a fight, make you lose your temper and you fell for it hook, line and sinker."

"I'm sorry, I-"

"Shh," Castiel grabs his hair tighter. "You could have ended up in the hole and other guys too. That's what he wants, get all of my men out of the way. To have me exposed. Is that what you want, Gadreel? Do you want to leave me alone?"

"No, I'd never... Castiel, I'm sorry-"

Castiel shakes his head and cups Gadreel's bruised cheek in a mockingly gentle gesture. "So next time, whatever he says or does, you're gonna just stand there and take it, do you understand?"

Gadreel nods, red-rimmed eyes fixed on Castiel like a beaten dog. "I don't care if he insults your mother, I don't care if he punches you first, hell I don't care if he whips out his cock and pushes it into your face. You're not gonna give him or any of his men the satisfaction of getting angry. Are we clear?"

"Yes, yes, Castiel, sir," he almost sobs.

Castiel nods, pleased, and takes a step back.

"Now go wash your face, I'm sick of the sight of you."

The tall man hurries to his feet and scurries away. Castiel looks down at his hands, there's a smear of Gadreel's blood on his knuckles.

He knows that what he wants from his men isn't easy, he struggles with it himself. Unlike many others, he has something that always takes his mind off of what's going on. He has a way to take out his frustration and relax.

When Castiel comes to the laundry silently fuming, Dean's there. He doesn't try to talk, he just steps into Castiel's space, open and ready to take whatever it is Castiel needs to give him, offering everything Castiel wants to take. And Castiel, selfish and greedy as he is draws pleasure and reassurance from his flesh. He clings to him like he's a lifeline as he grinds against him or spills into his mouth. Dean doesn't complain about the bruises anymore. Castiel makes sure that Dean gets his share of pleasure, but he doesn't know how to pay back for the emotional comfort Dean's closeness offers him.

Only thanks to Dean, he's able to fall asleep most nights. Only sometimes, when Dean falls asleep first, lips swollen and hair mussed from Castiel's fingers, Castiel stares at him and wonders. He wonders how much it's just Dean being naturally submissive, how much it's just him making sure he's safe. He wonders how much if at all, it's about *them*. Would Dean bend for everyone like this or does he care about Castiel? In the darkened room, with no one to see, the idea hurts Castiel. When he imagines Dean with somebody else, with somebody in the same position as Castiel, it fills his veins with poison. Those nights, he doesn't sleep at all. He welcomes morning with dark circles under his eyes and a raging headache. He watches as Dean wakes and blinks his beautiful eyes open. The sleepy smile he gives him with a "Good morning" makes Castiel's heart hurt even more but in a different way.

"Where the fuck is it?" Balthazar asks for the tenth time, raising his voice as his patience wears thin.

"I told you I don't know!" Abner says taking a step away from him with fear in his eyes.

"And who else is supposed to know?" Gabriel scoffs, "you were the one who was supposed to keep an eye on it."

"It's a two-foot box, for god's sake, how could you lose it?" Balthazar shouts and starts walking in circles. He's going to throw punches soon.

"Somebody must have taken it," Gadreel says.

"Who?" Gabriel barks, "You are the only ones with access to the storage," he points at them. "Maybe if you weren't so busy making out-"

They start talking over each other.

"We were not-"

"What about Bartholomew? I saw him talking to Alastair the other-"

"- I told him to go fuck himself!"

"-f you weren't slacking-"

"-I swear to god if I find out-"

"-why do you have to always blame everything on me."

"Shut the fuck up!" Castiel calls over the ruckus. They all look at him at once, freezing mid-motion - Gadreel stepping between Abner and Gabriel, Balthazar with his hand grabbing Bartholomew's shirt, Inias grabbing his shoulder.

"Shut the fuck up and calm down. We're not going to fight because of a box of contraband," Castiel says, voice tired. He pinches the bridge of his nose, hoping it would stave off his approaching headache.

"But what if-" Inias starts. Balthazar cuts him off with a raised hand.

"You think it's Alastair? Trying to make us fall apart?"

"If it was him, he's being successful," Castiel says grimly, shooting each of them a hard look.

"What do you want here?" Balthazar barks at somebody behind Castiel. Castiel turns towards the entrance into the kitchen. It's the scrawny guy from Lafitte's group.

"Uhm, hi. Castiel...uhm...mister Krushnic? I- I need to talk to you," he stutters awkwardly.

Castiel frowns at him. "Talk then."

"Uhm. Do you- do you have any idea where Dean might be? He was supposed to come back from education and meet us in the entertainment room before the movie starts but that was ten minutes ago and he's not there yet. I thought he might be with-"

Castiel doesn't let him finish, he's already pushing him aside and running through the door.

He doesn't check if his men are following, he trusts them to.

There are several ways Dean could have taken from the education center but Castiel knows which one he prefers. The long empty hallway they made out in once because there are no cameras. His chest tightens at the thought. He showed Dean that way and Alastair must have watched Dean take it before. If Castiel didn't stand up for him the other day, Alastair wouldn't have figured out...

Castiel's vision darkens as he sees the figures in the hallway. Surrounded by his lackeys, Alastair is pinning Dean to a wall, touching him in the way that makes Castiel's blood boil.

Alastair turns at the sound of people approaching and his corpse-light eyes meet Castiel's, a slow grin spreading over his face.

It's a trap. Castiel knows that. He barges right in.

He can't get to Dean, but with the corner of his eye, he sees that he's doing quite well defending himself. Besides, there are enough guys having his and Castiel's back. Lafitte and his guys followed them too.

It means Castiel can focus on Alastair, the psycho is grinning at him a knife in hand, ready to pounce.

"What's wrong, Castiel? You don't like me playing with your sweet boy?" he teases in Russian.

"I'll kill you," Castiel growls before lunging at him with the goal of getting to his weapon. Alastair ducks, his ugly laughter rings through the hallway, Castiel cuts it with a series of punches, but only some of them land.

"You were never one to share," Alastair says before he counterattacks, "it gives your brother so much grief."

"Nik is the one usurping the imperium."

Alastair tsks, "Such harsh words! Nikolaj is keeping the family together."

"He's the one who killed our father!" Castiel shouts before punching Alastair in the gut. It only makes him laugh as he stumbles away.

"Your father preferred you because you were a weakling, but he'd never let you rule."

"I never asked for that!" he yells and throws himself at Alastair with a renewed force, but is met with more than just Alastair.

He's perfectly capable of fighting against three, fueled by anger against his brother, by the need to punish Alastair for landing his filthy hands on Dean. He barely feels the punches and kicks he gets, doesn't mind the blood covering his knuckles from broken noses and split lips.

He's wrestling with a mountain of a man, one that Alastair brought in with him, while Alastair's catching his breath after being punched in the gut. He's having an upper hand despite the guy's bulk. He sees the other guys coming, but doesn't react fast enough.

The pain that shoots from his knee through his whole body is like a hot wire, blinding. The leg folds under him like a broken twig and the next moment he's on the floor. All he can do is curl against the kicks that rain upon him.

His ears are ringing, but he's still breathing. He knows he's breathing because every inhale hurts. Somebody is hauling him up. He tries to put his feet under him, but one of his legs is useless so he leans helplessly against the body at his side. He blinks blood out of his eyes and automatically searches his surroundings for Dean. He notices his back as he's pushed against a wall again, this time by a guard. *If the guards are here, then it's over*, he thinks before he passes out.

Dean

Chapter Notes

I'm sick, but I crawled out of my bed to update this fic because I couldn't let you wait for the angst to end, could I? *evil laughter you will understand at the end of the chapter*

"You look like shit," Bobby says in lieu of a greeting when Dean sits down for dinner.

"I feel even worse," he admits. "Thanks for coming, by the way," he adds in Benny's direction.

"You should thank Garth, he was the one who realized something was amiss and alerted Krushnic."

Dean turns a surprised gaze to Garth who shrugs his scrawny shoulder. "The bastard chose a time when everybody was distracted, otherwise we would notice earlier."

"Son of a bitch," Dean sighs. "I hope he doesn't get away with that."

"Of course he doesn't. Our Cassie will make sure of that. You just have to have faith in him," an unfamiliar voice says. Dean looks up to see a short guy sitting down next to him.

"Sorry, brother, you're at the wrong table," Benny says.

"No, I'm not," the stranger says and digs into his food.

Dean squints at him. Light brown floppy hair, amber eyes, small mouth. The tattoos peeking out of his t-shirt consist of runes and elaborate knots that would be more fitting on a Viking warrior than on an unassuming guy like this. Dean recognizes him as one from Castiel's inner circle. He has a black eye that hints that he took part in the brawl earlier today.

"Dean doesn't need a babysitter," Bobby says, catching up on what's going on faster than Dean.

Dean gapes at the guy. "Cas sent you?"

"He told me to stick to your side in case he's removed for some reason," he says with his mouth full.

"Do you know where he is?" Dean blurts out not trying to hide his concern.

The guy gives him a long assessing look before he answers. "At infirmary. They messed him up pretty badly, but the worst issue is his knee. He might need surgery but I doubt they will allow that since his life isn't endangered. Well, at least not by his knee."

"Fuck," Dean swears under his breath and drops his face into his palms. He wishes he could check on Cas himself. He feels guilty for getting Cas into trouble, but what's worse, he's genuinely worried for him. The idea of Cas not coming back makes him physically sick.

"Aren't you at least gonna introduce yourself?" he hears Ash ask.

He doesn't have to see the guy to know he's grinning as he answers. "You can call me Loki."

Loki insists on moving to Dean's cell and doesn't budge no matter how much Dean yells at him.

Loki leans against a wall and gives a long suffering sigh.

"Look, Dean, we both know as well as Alastair that you're the best way to get to Cas." Dean opens his mouth to protest, but Loki doesn't give him the chance. "The dickhead assaulted you once, he's gonna do that again."

Dean frowns, folding his arms on his chest. "I thought he was in the hole?"

"He is, for now. But he's not going to be there for long. Also, do you really think he doesn't take precautions as Castiel did? If he can't come after you, somebody else will. I bet he won't be short for volunteers. There are guys who'd like to have their way with you now when you aren't under Castiel's protection."

Dean stares at him in shock. He didn't believe that the reason everybody left him alone really was Castiel making his claim on him, but Loki's words confirmed it. He's not sure how to feel about it.

"So," Loki continues, digging through the pile of Dean's magazines, "you have two options. You will accustom yourself to my very pleasant company, or you're getting yourself locked in the hole. It's entirely your choice. But I think I don't have to tell you which one Castiel would prefer."

Dean grits his teeth and exhales through his nose. He stands up and knocks the magazines from Loki's hands.

"Don't touch my stuff or his," he hisses. Loki answers with a wide grin.

The next few days are torturous. Loki follows him everywhere. He never shuts up. He eats through Cas' stash of snacks disclaiming that it's the payment for his services. At least he gets along with the Dean's friends so *sometimes* it's kinda fun to have him around, but most of the time Dean can't stand him.

Part of him admits that it's because his presence makes him aware of Castiel's absence.

When Castiel appears in the door to their cell, Dean feels like seeing an angel sent from heaven to save him. He fights the urge to throw himself around his neck.

"Hey, Cas," he greets him, the words coming out more softly than he intended.

Castiel's steady blue gaze makes him shiver. He missed it.

"Hello, Dean." He missed his voice too.

"Oh, Cassie, good to see you!" Loki's cheery voice breaks the spell. He steps to Castiel and hugs him a bit awkwardly. "I'm gonna remove myself. I bet you two have a lot to tell each other," he says with a mischievous grin and saucy wink in Dean's direction.

Loki leaves and for the first time since Cas was moved to the infirmary, the cell is silent. It's strange. Since their *thing* has started, Dean has gotten used to Cas. Learned to read him, to see through the hard exterior. Now it's like they're back at the start.

Dean watches Cas putting away some stuff he brought with him in a laundry bag and he sees the dangerous, cold-hearted mob boss Cas is for everyone else. He also sees how much he's favoring his left leg.

"How's your leg?" he breaks the silence. Castiel stops what he's doing, but he doesn't look at Dean. He just drags the loose leg of his pants up to reveal a knee brace. "Annoying," he answers.

Dean hisses in sympathy. He can imagine how limiting the brace must be for someone like Cas. Plus it's a weakness people know about now.

"How was the infirmary?" Dean asks in a desperate attempt to fall back to comfortable chatter. Castiel dashes his hopes when he shrugs his shoulders.

"Boring. But I had time to think." He pauses to pull something out of his bag. "I brought a gift," he says and throws something on Dean's bed.

Dean takes a look and his heart skips a beat. It's a bottle of lube and two condoms. Dean stares at them like he's seeing them for the first time in his life. He knows what the implications are, there's no way of misinterpreting this, but he still feels like he must be getting it wrong. He looks at Castiel but doesn't get any clue from him. He's just throwing away the candy wrappers left behind by Loki, his nose scrunched disgustedly.

Dean almost jumps out of his skin when the guards come for the 10 pm count, he throws his sheets over the supplies and hopes he doesn't look too suspicious with his ears burning.

They share a chocolate bar after lockdown, sitting side by side on Dean's bed. Dean wishes he could say the easy camaraderie is back, but he feels like they're both treading lightly, not sure if things have changed between them or not. Dean thinks about it. What has changed is that he found out people from Cas' closest circle know about them fucking and that Alastair thinks it's important for Cas.

He looks at Cas chewing, studies his profile. Is Castiel important to him? It's a question he doesn't dare to touch with a ten-foot pole, but he can't shake off the memory of seeing him falling down.

Castiel balls the wrapper and throws it on the floor. Dean knows him enough to know he's going to clean it up later.

"So, do you want to-" he asks offhandedly, eyes darting to the bulge between them where the lube lays hidden under Dean's sheets.

Dean nods. He's nervous, stupidly so, it's not like it's gonna be his first time. It's going to be his first time with Castiel, though, and he can't get rid of a feeling that it's going to change something.

"You don't have to-"

"I want to."

Castiel reaches for him, relaxed and casual as always and tugs at the hem of Dean's t-shirt. Dean obeys the wordless order and pulls it over his head.

Castiel's hands are on him in a heartbeat, startling a breathless laugh out of him. He lets himself be pushed on his back and looks up at Cas. There it is, the look in his eyes, as if his frosty facade has melted, his mask slipped off. Dean basks in it, drinks up the idea that he's the only one receiving such a look from Castiel.

Cas leans down to suck Dean's nipple into his mouth and Dean swallows back a moan, keeping silent coming naturally to him by now. He rakes his fingers through Castiel's hair, scratching his scalp lightly.

His heart is beating fast not because of the anticipation of sexual gratification but because Castiel is back. He's back and the feeling of safety with him. It's absurd and Dean knows it. Castiel is the epitome of what he should beware in prison, he's the violent one, the one that doesn't care for good behavior, the one who corrupts guards and bullies inmates into submission. He's also Dean's only anchor, their secret intimacy the only thing that makes Dean feel normal, the only thing keeping him from going insane.

Dean's pants are already on the floor next to Castiel's when he watches Cas pull at the velcro fastening of his brace. He grabs his arm to stop him.

"Hey, are you sure?" he whispers. "We can... you don't have to-"

The characteristic sound of velcro cuts him off. "I'm fine," Castiel growls and Dean has to remind himself Castiel's annoyance isn't aimed at him but at his injury, at Alastair.

He still doesn't agree with Castiel's decision to put a strain on his knee, but he doesn't protest.

There's a phase of lazy mutual jerking off, enjoying the luxury of lube. Dean dares to let his hands explore more of Castiel's tattooed skin and feels almost triumphant when he's allowed.

Castiel is straddling his thighs, the bad leg dangling off the bed. When he grabs the lube and pours it into his palm, Dean expects some shifting around so Cas can reach his hole.

Instead, Cas leans forward and reaches behind himself. It takes Dean a moment to process what's going on. Castiel's eyes are squeezed shut as he fingers himself open. Dean watches him, not even trying to hide his surprise.

He knows there's something behind Castiel's decision to do it like this. His expression and the way his shoulders are tense are an indication that this isn't his preferred way to do it. And Dean knows for sure he made it clear he likes it the other way round. But Castiel decided to ride Dean's cock and he seems pretty insistent about it, so who's Dean to argue with that?

The only thing that bugs him is that he doesn't know why. It must be something about control, but who's really more in control in a position like this?

He stops thinking about it when Cas slips the condom on him. He can barely believe it's real when Castiel starts sinking down on him. Dean feels the give of muscles, the slick warmth embracing Dean's cock tightly. He holds his breath, fingers digging into Castiel's hips. Castiel's face is focused, lips parted, as he takes Dean deeper and Dean thinks he might go insane for this man.

Then Castiel's face twists with pain.

"Fuck," he groans leaning heavily on his hands.

"Cas!" Dean breathes out, worried. Castiel shakes his head, but it takes him a moment before he's able to talk.

"It's the knee," he explains. He's breathing heavily through the pain.

"Oh for fuck's sake," Dean sighs, "you stupid piece of... let me-" he flips them over, surprised by the lack of resistance. Castiel actually looks relieved when his weight isn't resting on his knee.

Dean looks down on Castiel and marvels at the sight. He's breathing heavily, his colorful chest rising and falling, his hair is disheveled from Dean's hands and his face is flushed.

Dean's cock slipped out of Castiel's body when they switched positions, he lines it with his hole and waits. Castiel is tense under him, his hands are tight on Dean's arms, ready to push him off.

Comforting words come to the tip of Dean's tongue but he holds them back. He doesn't think Castiel would appreciate them.

He grabs the lube instead and smears it over his cock, over Cas' hole. He feels him relax a bit under his touch, but he doesn't hurry. He drags the head of his cock over Castiel's hole and strokes Castiel's cock at the same time. He dares to lean down and press his lips to Castiel's chest. Drag them over the prayer tattooed under his ribs. He smiles against his skin when

Castiel lets out a sigh and his shoulders finally relax into the mattress. He watches as a bead of pre-come appears on the tip of Castiel's cock.

When blue eyes meet his in the dark, sure and hungry, Dean finally pushes in.

It's overwhelming. Not because Castiel's body is beautiful and he looks incredibly hot spread by Dean's cock, not because he feels so good around him. It's mindblowing because it's Castiel Krushnic letting Dean fuck him. Dean realizes very well the weight of the trust Cas gives him. He made the decision to take Dean's cock, but he wanted to be the one in charge. This wasn't his plan but he went with it anyway.

Dean's pretty sure no one in the whole prison would even dare to imagine him like this. And if they knew...

Dean pushes all the way in and sighs. Castiel's head is thrown back in a silent moan. His fingers are still digging into Dean's skin, but the touch is different. He's holding on to him, keeping him where he is.

Dean starts to move, slow at first, but he grows more sure with every thrust. He's sitting on his heels, Castiel's ass in his lap, he's holding his hips and pushing up into him. Castiel's eyes are on him. He's stroking his own cock, moving his hips to meet Dean's thrusts. The tattoos covering his body look alive, moving with the shift of his muscles. He looks downright pornographic, obscene, like a sin personified.

He lets all the sensations, all the feelings overrule him and fucks Cas with everything he has. Their breathing is hard and loud, if anyone stepped close to the gate they would know what's happening without even looking. The thought only urges him to go harder.

He wants to coax a sound out of Cas, he wants to take him apart and shatter to pieces himself. When it happens, it takes him by surprise. Castiel comes with a loud moan, he shoots so hard that it almost hits his chin. The sight alone could make Dean come. With Castiel's inner muscles tightening around him, he doesn't stand a chance.

He shivers through it, rides it out with shallow jerky thrusts. He keeps his mouth shut, but in his head, he's chanting Castiel's name.

They clean up perfunctorily. Castiel limps across the room and collapses on his bed, still naked.

Dean wants to say something, but anything that comes to his mind seems stupid. His body is still buzzing with a postcoital rush. He wonders if Castiel's heart is racing too. He'd like to feel it once, to press himself against his chest and feel him cool down in his arms.

He stomps on the thought, like he does with all the stupid ideas he has concerning Cas, but it's getting harder each time.

Castiel is miserable the next day. His knee is swollen and he barely leaves his bed, popping pills and being grumpy. Dean feels guilty even though he knows it's not his fault.

"What is it?" Castiel asks squinting suspiciously at the bag of frozen peas in Dean's hand.

"Frozen peas. For your knee." He jerks the bag in Castiel's direction.

Castiel doesn't take it, just keeps staring at it like he has a personal vendetta against all vegetable. "You stole it from the kitchen?"

Dean rolls his eyes. "The guy who works there stole it. I exchanged it for Loki's hooch."

"How did you get Loki's hooch?"

Dean sighs. "For a favor," he says with a shrug. Castiel's frown deepens.

"What kind of favor?" he asks, voice all growly. It almost seems like he's jealous. Dean tries not to laugh.

"Curiosity killed the cat. Just take it." He throws it at Castiel's chest eliciting a grunt followed by a sigh when Cas presses the bag to his knee.

"I don't like you two exchanging favors," he grumbles. His gaze is aimed at his knee, but Dean can see it's downright murderous. A tiny voice in his head tells him that Cas might really be jealous. A little louder voice adds that jealous Cas is dangerous Cas and that Loki could actually get hurt.

Dean huffs out a defeated sigh. "I let him win at the pool is all."

Castiel looks relieved. Dean's heart flutters.

Loki still sticks around and other guys from Castiel's circle sometimes join Dean and his group of friends too. It's fun, even though he knows it's all because Cas isn't in sight and he's probably doing something risky.

The stories of Balthazar's sexual endeavors make him laugh so hard he cries. Then he slips and reveals that he used to sleep with Cas. Dean's insides fill with ice. He's unable to breathe for a moment.

"Oh, sorry, kiddo. But I can swear we're no more than friends, now," Balthazar says.

Dean shrugs. "I don't care. It's not like I own the guy." But he cares. He cares a lot and he hates himself for it. Of course, he knew Castiel didn't live like a monk until he met Dean, but knowing who he used to be with and that they're still present... it makes Dean uneasy, painfully aware that it's only a matter of time before Castiel bores of him, before somebody more interesting than him appears.

Alastair dies two weeks after his assault on Dean. He starts choking during dinner and before anyone manages to do anything, he turns blue and stops breathing. Later, the word has it that he was allergic to nuts. Somehow, his lasagna contained a whole bag of crushed peanuts. There was an investigation, but no convincing evidence was found to point at anybody.

Castiel seems unfazed by it but he sleeps better that night after giving Dean a very enthusiastic blowjob.

The balance is restored. Alastair's guys figure out it's not clever to fight Castiel without their leader and they lay low. Dean has enough money spared to call Sam every other day. He's been released from the hospital and is staying with a friend. The nurse Jessica sometimes comes to check on him. Considering all the circumstances, things are good.

Dean feels like shit. There are many things that suck about being in prison but the truth is Dean's life was never great. He's used to sleeping on a shitty mattress, to eating cheap food, to a lack of privacy, to clothes that don't really fit. He's used to not being allowed to do what he wants.

The one thing that makes it really hard for him to be here, besides not being with Sammy, is that he has too much time to think. He was never one to overanalyze his feelings, but apparently, that was thanks to being busy. Now there's nothing stopping him. So he thinks, he feels, and he's drowning in it.

The whole thing with Castiel has been messed up from the beginning. Dean knew that. It was unwise and dangerous and he was half forced into it or at least he believed he was. Then it became comforting and safe and good and that's where things went to shit. Because he let himself want. He let himself want things that can't exist in a place like this, things that someone like Cas can't give him. It was okay when it was just about Dean's cock, the moment Dean's heart got involved, he was fucked.

He needs to stop it before it turns worse, before the want turns into a need. Before his heart gets broken.

Castiel's hand is sure and warm on Dean's hip. He shoves it away. His chest feels as tight as if somebody was stepping on it.

Castiel immediately steps away. Dean expects to see something horrible in his face. Anger, or worse, pain. But there's nothing. Stony cold nothing.

And that's all there is after that. He doesn't approach Dean again, he doesn't talk to him and only spends the necessary time in their cell.

Loki doesn't sit at Dean's table anymore, he sticks to Castiel's side and only shoots murderous looks Dean's way.

It's okay. It's what Dean wanted. It's the best thing. They will be just cellmates, nothing more. No dangerous feelings.

It's fucking horrible. Dean never felt so lonely in his life. There's still Benny and the guys and he calls Sammy as often as he can, but somehow, it's not enough anymore.

Now when he knows what he's missing, it's almost impossible to be without it. The intimacy he shared with Cas was raw and a bit twisted and it wasn't enough. But it was something and its absence leaves Dean feeling empty and cold.

Castiel

Chapter Notes

I fixed the number of chapters - the mistake happened when I posted the art as a separate chapter. It's correct now so don't worry, there's enough time for everything to work out for our boys. For now, though, I'm gonna make you suffer through the bad part again through Cas' POV. To avoid confusion let me remind you that this chapter starts right after Alastair's attack.

He recognizes he's not in the cell by the smell. Disinfectant and heavy flowery perfume. He must be in the infirmary then.

He makes a quick account of his injuries with his eyes closed. His knee hurts as if satan himself is squeezing it. Breathing still hurts which must mean his ribs are bruised, probably even cracked. His face is caked with blood, but he doesn't feel like his nose is broken.

A shuffling sound makes him open his eyes and he sees a familiar face. Rowena smiles down at him. She's wearing her white doctor's coat over an emerald pencil dress, her red hair is in a neat knot.

"Castiel, sweetheart, what the bloody hell have you done?"

"Happy to see you too, doc," he says. His throat is raw.

Her perfect eyebrows draw together in a frown. "You're not one to get into fights."

"Ever heard of Alastair?" He asks. Her eyes widen.

"I have, yes. Never met him, though."

"Well, he's here now. Nik sent him."

She presses her lips into a thin line.

"Let's look at you now," she says, but Castiel can sense she's already plotting something.

She clears his face and puts a bandaid to the cut on his brow. When she helps him out of his dirty shirt, Castiel looks down at his body. There are bruises and shallow cuts he doesn't even feel over the pain of his knee and ribs.

"I will take an x-ray to make sure your ribs aren't broken and an ultrasound of your knee, but now I want you to rest. I'm gonna give you something for the pain," she says already preparing the vial.

Castiel is beyond playing a hero. He happily accepts the shot. Before he succumbs to sleep, he thinks of Dean. Did he get hurt? Is he safe? Did Gabriel keep his promise? Did Alastair get thrown in the hole or is he walking free?

When he sleeps, he dreams of Dean suspended by heavy chains over huge flames. He hears Alastair's sadistic laughter as he tries to fight his way to Dean through the fire.

"You're going to need surgery," Rowena announces after she explains what exactly is going on with his knee using a lot of medical lingo he doesn't care to try to understand. "I requested permission to move you to the hospital, but as it's not life-threatening, the chance it's going to get approved is very small."

"Just do something so I can walk," Castiel waves her off.

Rowena's solution is a knee brace and painkillers. She insists to keep him in the infirmary for a few more days.

"I know that if I let you go, you're gonna recklessly strain yourself," she says sitting at the edge of his bed. Castiel appreciates the fact that he's the only patient here, he likes Rowena being unprofessional.

"With Alastair present, you are probably right."

"Speaking of your friend Alastair, I went to check on him as I thought he might be injured too. He's currently held in isolation," she says with zero attempts of hiding her delight at the information. All Castiel feels is a relief.

"I actually just came back so I have the folder with his medical information with me," she motions to the binder on the bedside table. "Remind me to take it with me when I'm done with you. You know how forgetful I am and leaving such a thing lying around might have dire consequences."

Castiel's heart picks up its pace.

"Rowena—"

She puts her small manicured hand on his good knee. "Castiel, you know I shouldn't admit that, but I care for you more than for other inmates. You saved my Fergus when your brother wanted his head. I'll always owe you."

He puts his hand over hers. "Thank you, Rowena."

She gives him a charming smile before standing up. "I'm starving, I'll be right back. Do you want me to fetch you a burger?"

He grins at her, first genuine smile since Alastair appeared. "You are godsent, Rowena."

She winks at him and leaves with a loud clap of her high heels. Castiel reaches for the papers on his bedside table.

Alastair's medical information and prescription drugs aren't the only things he leaves the infirmary with, so he's happy when he sees Henriksen's smiling face because it means no body search.

"Aren't you supposed to be on vacation?"

"Happy to see you too, Krushnic. *Someone* caused trouble so they called me back in."

Castiel makes a face. "I wasn't the one who caused it."

"Of course not, you were just an innocent victim."

Castiel stares at him without a word until Victor's grin falters.

"How's your knee?"

"Still my own, not made of titanium." After that, the guard finally understands that Castiel isn't in the mood for idle chat and lets him go.

As he walks through the compound, he's painfully aware of his limp and feels like everybody he meets stares at him. The closer he gets to his cell, the tighter his chest feels. He has to admit to himself that he's anxious about meeting Dean again. He has no way to predict what their relationship will be like after what happened with Alastair. Maybe Dean finally found reason and realized how dangerous association with Castiel is.

Castiel comes to a halt in the doorway of the cell. Gabriel and Dean are sitting on the floor, playing cards. Dean lifts his eyes and they meet Castiel's. It's like the first draw of breath after almost suffocating. It's sweet relief but it hurts a little.

They stare at each other for a few long moments. Castiel realizes the fear of rejection was unnecessary, because Dean's gaze is warm, his lips curled up just slightly in a soft, surprised smile.

"Hey, Cas," Dean breaks the silence eventually.

"Hello, Dean." He sounds rough to his own ears as if he hasn't spoken in days.

Gabriel, theatrical as always, greets him with a hug. Castiel doesn't return it, but he can't entirely hide he's happy to see his friend. He huffs out a laugh, barely audible and pats Gabriel's back. He reminds himself to thank him for looking after Dean later.

Gabriel must decide it's not the time to be an asshole and leaves to give them some privacy.

Castiel is grateful for only a moment, then a heavy silence settles in and he wishes Gabriel has stayed for a bit longer.

The cell has been his home for years now, but he suddenly feels like an intruder. It makes him unsure, vulnerable, it irritates him. He feels the walls he let fall down around Dean over the past months build up again.

He unpacks his things and cleans the mess Gabriel has left behind, while Dean tries desperately for a little chat.

It's not like Castiel doesn't want to talk to Dean. He just doesn't remember how.

"I brought a gift." He says eventually and presents the lube and condoms.

He knows it's brash and blatant and there are more elegant ways to propose something like this, but he's not made for that. Maybe Dean would appreciate something romantic, but he can't expect that from Castiel, they know each other too well.

Dean doesn't react for what feels like a torturous eternity so Castiel gives up waiting for the answer.

The guard comes for the evening count shortly after and the lights go down. The darkness seems to ease the tension a little. Castiel offers Dean a chocolate bar and they eat sitting next to each other on the bed. Castiel can see a faint scar on Dean's lower lip, a reminder of the fight. He feels guilty, because it would never be there if not for him. He also feels a new surge of anger towards Alastair. But most of all he has to gather all his self-control not to touch it, to kiss it and find out if it's still sensitive.

He basks in Dean's presence. The way it anchors him is scary. He wishes he knew how to express what he feels, he wishes he wasn't afraid of rejection.

So he goes for what's easy and familiar.

"So, do you want to-" Dean has hidden the lube and condoms under his blanket earlier, Castiel draws his attention to them.

Dean nods, but he doesn't look sure. If anything, he looks very young, inexperienced even though Castiel knows it's not true.

"You don't have to-"

"I want to." His voice is resolute, his gaze steady as he lifts it to meet Castiel's eyes.

Castiel doesn't have to say a word for Dean to take his shirt off. The moment he sees Dean's bare chest, his self-control snaps. He presses his hands to hot skin, runs it across firm pecs and softer belly, rubs a hard nipple.

Dean exhales shakily and willingly falls on his back. His eyes are dark and beautiful as he looks up at Castiel. His parted lips beg to be kissed, but instead of succumbing to that lure, Castiel sucks on Dean's nipple, earning himself a delightful little sigh. Castiel hums against Dean's skin when he feels fingers raking through his hair.

He takes his time undressing Dean and lavishing his body with attention. He wants to take him all in, every crook and cranny. He wants to imprint the feel of him under his hands into his memory so when they inevitably part, he will have this moment to come back to in his mind.

When they both grow impatient, Castiel straightens and gets rid of his pants, throwing them on the floor. He starts unfastening his knee brace, but Dean's hand on his elbow stops him.

Castiel waves his concern off and drops the brace.

He pours a generous amount of lube into his palm before he gets a hold of Dean's hard cock. He loves the way Dean melts under his ministrations.

Dean's hand gropes the sheets for the lube and as soon as he finds it, he slicks his hand to return the favor.

They don't hurry, just stroke each other slowly, faces close to each other, breaths mingling in the air between them. Castiel feels Dean's free hand wandering up his back and neck to tug at his hair as Castiel nips at his jaw, then back down to grab his ass.

It's that touch that helps Castiel finally make his mind up about how he wants to do this. He pushes himself up, straddling Dean's thighs without straining his bad knee. He takes the lube, ignoring the slight tremble of his hands as he squeezes some out.

He exhales heavily as he touches his own hole with slick fingers. It's been a long time since he's done it and he doesn't have the same patience with himself he would with a lover. He squeezes his eyes shut and breathes through the burn as he fingers himself.

He's not a huge fan of bottoming, but when he saw the hesitation in Dean's eyes at his proposition of sex, it occurred to him as the better option. He wants to connect with Dean that way, as cliché as it sounds, but he promised himself the first time he saw him he will never force Dean into anything.

He puts a condom on Dean's cock and grabs it at the base. His eyes flick quickly to Dean's face. He looks like he's witnessing a miracle. It makes Castiel's heart thud painfully against his breastbone and his cock twitch with anticipation.

He lowers himself on Dean slowly, carefully. Dean's fingers dig into the skin of Castiel's hips and he's biting his lips.

The stretch and feeling of fullness are good, satisfying. Castiel can't pretend it's not partly because it's Dean. He wants more of him, all of him. He shifts so he can take him deeper and rolls his hips.

He cries out as sharp pain shoots through him.

"Cas!" Dean's concern is clear in his voice and in the way his hands tighten.

Cas shakes his head, unable to form words to calm him down. He leans on his hands, Dean's cock still halfway inside him and breathes heavily.

"It's the knee," he says when the pain fades a little.

"Oh for fuck's sake," Dean hisses, half relieved and half exasperated, "you stupid piece of... let me-" Castiel goes with the push and pull and exhales with relieve when he lays on his back, Dean on top of him. His knee hurts much less already, but Dean's braced on his hands above him, his wet cockhead touching his thigh instead of being inside him.

Castiel feels unease curling in his gut at being on his back in front of another man. During all his life, it meant he was losing.

Dean presses his cock to Castiel's entrance and Castiel squeezes his arms. He hasn't realized he was holding them.

Dean looks him in the face and Castiel wonders what he sees there if it's fear or shame. But Dean's eyes stay soft as he pours more lube on his cock and Castiel's hole. He rubs the puckered skin of his entrance while stroking his cock slowly. He makes Castiel shiver when he leans down to kiss his chest. The tension drains out of him with each drag of Dean's tongue, each press of his finger.

Castiel's cock is weeping on his belly when Dean gets ready to push back inside. Castiel takes a deep breath. He can do this, he can get fucked, he trusts Dean, knows that he can be vulnerable in front of him.

Dean fucks into him, slow but sure. When he bottoms out, he lets out a pleased sigh. Castiel desperately tries to stick to his own rule of keeping silent, but it's harder than ever.

Instead of leaning forward and into Castiel, Dean pulls Castiel to himself so his ass is buttocks are resting on his thighs and his back is arched down. It stretches his still tender ribs, but the ache is almost pleasurable. Dean moves inside him with growing rhythm, not rough but not too gentle, like he's sure Castiel can take it.

Castiel jerks his cock, his eyes fixed on Dean. He appreciates that the position gives him a clear view even though part of him wishes he could press close to him.

He knows he's writhing desperately as his pleasure grows and doesn't care. He lowered his barriers in front of Dean a long time ago, he can let him see him like that, totally bare.

He moans unabashedly as he comes all over his chest. Dean follows close by, folding forward over him, his face almost touching Castiel's chest as he rides it out.

Castiel mourns the loss when Dean pulls out tentatively. They clean up in silence, Castiel cherishes even the smallest touch before it's time to part.

He crawls into his bed, his skin oversensitive under the blanket. His body thrums with the echo of Dean inside him and he falls into content slumber.

The pain wakes him up before dawn. He swallows the pills Rowena gave him, regretting that he won't be able to sell them.

Dean wakes hours later with a bubbly, chatty mood. Castiel hates himself for dampening it, but it's hard to be positive when his knee hurts like hell and is so swollen he's afraid to put the brace on it.

He skips breakfast because even going to use the toilet almost brought him to tears. The meds make him a little dizzy, so he puts on headphones and listens to music with his eyes shut. He doesn't fall asleep, but he entertains his mind with recalling every detail of last night.

He realizes it's after lunch when Dean brings him a sandwich wrapped in a magazine paper.

"Thank you," he mumbles with his mouth full. Dean nods, smiling. He waits for Castiel to breathe in the whole sandwich before he produces another gift.

"You stole it from the kitchen?" Castiel asks frowning at the bag of frozen peas.

"The guy who works there stole it. I exchanged it for Gabriel's hooch." Dean explains. He learned the ways of prison barter quickly. And of course, Gabriel has something to do with it.

"How did you get Gabriel's hooch?"

"For a favor," Dean answers offhandedly with a smile Castiel doesn't like at all.

"What kind of favor?" he tries to ignore the slimy feeling in his gut. He doubts Gabriel would be so stupid to touch Dean, but still...

"Curiosity killed the cat," Dean says, eyes sparkling mischievously. "Just take it." He drops the bag on Castiel.

Grumbling a little under his breath, he presses it to his knee and sighs as the cold relieves the pain.

"I don't like you two exchanging favors," he says without looking at Dean. It's the same old doubt that is gnawing at his mind. He's still not sure he's somehow special to Dean, that he couldn't be replaced with somebody else. Somebody like Gabriel. They are much more similar in character after all, so Dean might find him appealing.

The sound Dean makes prompts Castiel to cut the train of thoughts and look up. "I let him win at the pool is all," Dean says in a placating tone. He must have read Castiel's expression. Castiel doesn't acknowledge it with a reply. He presses the ice firmly against his swollen knee and relaxes into the mattress.

It's easy to obtain a bag of nuts. Castiel makes sure every other man in the prison buys one in the week leading to Alastair's death. It's a bit harder to ensure that there are no traces of them anywhere in the kitchen. Alastair's plate isn't the only one containing the nuts, actually, they are in a whole batch of lasagne. None of the cooks remembers putting them there.

When Alastair falls off his chair, choking, clawing at his throat as it closes, Castiel doesn't hurry to help him. That would be too theatrical. He steps closer though, looks at the dying man and makes sure Alastair sees him as his life drains out.

It's not the first time he had to remove someone permanently out of his way. This time he doesn't feel even a trace of remorse. He almost feels triumphant, but he's careful not to show it.

The only way he lets himself celebrate is pushing Dean on his bed unceremoniously and swallowing his cock. Dean's ragged breath and stifled moans are like a fanfare to his ears.

The guards are suspicious, it's their job to be, but the investigation goes to hell as there's not a single trace pointing at anyone in particular. They give up soon even though the directory of the prison is angry. Fortunately for them, there's no family to fill a lawsuit. There's only Castiel's brother and with a sick satisfaction, Castiel hopes he'll hear about Alastair's end soon.

There's still a lot to deal with. Alastair wasn't alone, but without its head, the beast is dying. Castiel's sanctuary is returning back to normal and he finally feels like he can breathe within the walls and for once again, he's sure of himself.

It doesn't take long for him to find out that there are things he can never be sure of.

He reaches for Dean without hesitation. The intimacy is coming naturally to them now since Castiel came back from the infirmary. The shift in the laundry is long and boring, an opportunity to have some good time.

He notices Dean stiffening at his touch but doesn't think anything of it so when Dean turns and pushes his hand away, it comes with a shock.

It's like a punch in the gut and at the same time, there's a strange feeling of inevitability. In a corner of his mind, Castiel knew this was going to happen, that Dean would get fed up with him, would finally realize he's worth more than someone like Castiel can ever give him.

There's a strange relief, now when it's finally happening. It doesn't even hurt the way Castiel feared it would. It's more like a black hole opening in his chest and sucking everything in until there's nothing left.

"You look like a zombie," Gabriel says. Castiel doesn't react and keeps doing pull ups on the monkey bars.

It's chilly, the clouds are gray and heavy overhead, but he's going to stay in the yard as long as he can. Freezing his balls off is better than being in his cell with Dean.

He pulls up again, muscles burning, his breath comes out in a cloud.

"I thought you'd be happy after getting rid of Alastair," Gabriel says not giving up.

"I'm in a fucking prison, there's no reason to be happy," he says and jumps down. His knee protests, but it's doing much better these days.

Gabriel wraps his arms around himself and rubs his hands to warm up.

"You seemed pretty happy before. Oh-" he breathes out, eyes widening like he discovered a secret of the universe.

"What?" Castiel barks out.

"It's Dean, isn't it?"

Castiel huffs out an exasperated sound and pushes Gabriel aside as he heads towards the main building. He hates how quickly Gabriel picked up on that as if everything in Castiel's life was about Dean.

"What has he done?" Gabriel asks as he trots after Castiel.

"Nothing," Castiel grumbles and immediately regrets that he didn't ignore him entirely.

"Did you two break up? Did he cheat on you?"

Castiel comes to a halt so abruptly Gabriel almost slams into him.

"No, he didn't cheat on me," he says a bit louder than he intended, but the anger, unfamiliar and desperate kind of anger, is bubbling up in him and he can't contain it anymore. "And we didn't break up, because we were never dating. We're in a prison, for fuck's sake, Gabe, not at high school. We used to fuck, we're not fucking anymore, that's it."

"Oh, Cassie, I'm sorry," Gabriel sighs, his face a mask of pity. He steps closer, spreading his arms to hug Castiel. Castiel punches him in the face.

The splash of blood is a shock against the gray of the concrete, the sky and Gabriel's jacket. He groans, bows over and presses his hand to his bleeding nose.

"Oh, fuck, I'm sorry, Gabriel."

Gabriel waves him off. "That's okay. I get it."

Castiel stares at his bleeding friend with his chest aching. He feels like he can't breathe out, as if there's too much air in his lungs and they're going to burst.

"I think I need to talk," he says quietly, scared of his words. Gabe looks up at him. "Sure, I'll listen."

They huddle up in a storage room and drink Gabriel's hooch. Castiel tells him everything, about their first encounter on the laundry floor, about his feelings towards Dean, about sex and frozen peas, and about Dean pushing him away.

It surprises him when Gabriel doesn't offer any commentary or advice, he just listens and lets Castiel drink the rest of the alcohol.

It doesn't fix anything, doesn't make the miserable feelings go away, but it helps.

Dean

Chapter Notes

[huckleberrycas](#) made an awesome moving poster for this fic. [Check it out!](#)

Thank you for all the positive feedback and for sticking with me through all the angst.
Let's get closer to the happy ending :)

"What crawled up your ass and died in there?" Bobby asks. They are in Dean's cell alone, playing cards on Dean's bed.

"Nothing," Dean grumbles.

"Do I look stupid to you?"

Dean sighs. "Really, Bobby, I'm fine."

"Did he hurt you?"

That makes Dean freeze. "What?"

"Don't offend me by playing dumb. Did he hurt you?"

"No, no, he didn't." Dean shakes his head, frowning. "Does everybody know?"

"Not everybody, just those who pay attention," Bobby says. "Did you two break up then?"

Dean's stomach ties itself into knots. He's afraid he might puke.

"We couldn't break up because we weren't dating," he tries to sound angry, hoping it will end the conversation, but it comes out dull. "It was just sex and I cut it off."

Bobby raises an eyebrow. "Why? Was it bad?"

"Oh my god, Bobby!" Dean runs his hand over his face, feeling warmth crawling up the back of his neck and coloring his ears.

"If it wasn't bad, why did you cut it off?"

"It's not your business, Bobby."

"Maybe not. But you could humor an old man who's bored out of his mind."

Dean sighs. "Because it was only sex."

Bobby blinks at him as if he didn't hear.

"It was just sex and I wanted more, but it could never be more. So I cut it off."

"Hmmm," Bobby hums, collecting the cards and mixing them. Dean has won the round but he didn't even notice. "Tell me something, boy, do you drink coffee here?"

"Yes," Dean answers without a clue of where he's going with this.

"But it sucks, right?"

"Yeah."

"So why do you drink it?"

"I don't know. It's coffee. It's better than no coffee."

"Yeah. So, Dean, even if every time you drank the shitty prison coffee you were reminded of the delicious caramel latté macchiato from your favorite little coffee shop that you miss profusely, you'd still drink it, because it makes your day here a little bit less horrible."

Dean lets out a breath and rests his forehead in his palm. "Bobby, are you trying to tell me to

keep having sex with Castiel?"

"No, I'm telling you that in places like this, when you find something that makes you feel at least a little better for a little while, you should hold onto it. I'm also telling you you're being stupid for letting go of something that worked pretty fine because it wasn't perfect."

Dean presses his fingers into his temples.

"I fucking hate you and your offhanded wisdom."

"You're welcome," Bobby grins and deals the cards.

Dean thinks about it. He has too much time to think about it.

What tilts the scales is when Balthazar complains about Castiel being grumpy to the point of being impossible to deal with.

Dean watches him, something he forbid himself from doing ever since he made his decision to end whatever was going on between them. He can see that the lines on Castiel's face deepened and circles under his eyes darkened. He holds himself stiffly, he's restless, unfocused.

It makes Dean realize how stupid and selfish his decision was. He also realizes that the Cas-shaped hole left in his chest is bleeding too much.

Castiel looks up at him with disinterest. Dean's pretty sure it's faked.

He holds up the spare condom and the bottle of lube. Castiel doesn't move, his stare is empty.

"I want you to fuck me," Dean says with as much courage as he can muster.

"What if I don't want to fuck you?" Cas says coldly.

"Come on. Don't play hard to get." Dean wonders if he sounds as tired as he feels. He's tired of his heart warring constantly with his reason.

"Last time I touched you, you made it clear that it wasn't welcome," Castiel says, his eyes intent on Dean. Dean can hear the hurt under the cold facade.

"Yeah, because I wasn't in the mood," he says impatiently. "I was figuring something out. I didn't know that refusing sex one time, means no sex ever again."

"No. But I thought-" he trails off, shaking his head. Dean catches something vulnerable in his eyes but it's gone the next second. "So what did you figure out?"

"That I want you to fuck me."

Castiel studies his face for a long moment. Dean lets the bravado slip off so there's nothing but honesty left.

"I won't make a sound," he promises. A whole spectrum of emotions reflects on Castiel's face, each of them gone too fast for Dean to catch.

At last, Castiel reaches out and takes the lube, their fingers brushing.

It's better than nothing, Dean repeats in his head as he gets on the bed, it's better than nothing.

It's hard to keep a coherent thought when Castiel fingers him open. His hand is sure but gentle, he could easily take Dean apart just like that. Dean gives in. How could he even for a moment think he could live without this?

When Castiel pushes at his shoulder to make him turn on his back, Dean goes willingly, it comes naturally to him to follow Castiel's touch.

"What about your knee?" Dean asks when Castiel hovers over him on all four.

"It's good."

Dean takes a deep breath when he feels the head of Cas' cock pressed against his rim.

He looks up and is thankful Castiel decided to take him face to face because Castiel's gaze erases all his doubt. The way he looks at Dean is just as intimate as the way he touches him.

Castiel pushes in and it's glorious.

He's big and hard and hot. The stretch teeters on the border of pleasant and painful that Dean secretly loves. Castiel is slowly filling him further, inch by inch.

Dean feels a moan fighting its way out of his chest and he knows this time it's too much - too good, too strong, too close to what he wants. He's not going to hold it in. His mouth opens and his vocal cords vibrate and he's going to ruin everything by crossing the only limit Castiel ever explicitly stated.

Castiel's lips press warm and wet against Dean's and he swallows the sound, licks it off Dean's tongue. He saves the silence, not ready to give it up but unwilling to break the rules.

Dean reacts to the kiss like he's been poisoned and Castiel's mouth is holding the antidote.

He wraps himself around Castiel. Legs around his waist, arms around his shoulders and neck and in his hair.

He didn't know how much he wanted this until now when he knows what it feels like. He's never going to get enough, never going to let go.

Castiel's lips leave Dean's only to press kisses to his neck, his jaw, behind his ear. His teeth graze Dean's skin a few times. He's holding Dean close as he rocks deep into him. Dean feels bruises form under Castiel's hands.

They move as one, slow but hard. He wants Cas like this, the whole of him finally given without restraint. He wants to have him like this forever.

Dean feels the pleasure like a life force, he lets it overtake him, fill every cell, clear his head. There's nothing else, but the pleasure and the closeness. He never felt this close to anyone, physical contact has never filled him with so much emotion. It's overwhelming, all-encompassing, perfect.

He comes with his cock trapped between their bellies and his prostate being expertly attacked by Castiel's cock. The orgasm feels transcendental. It feels like he's leaving something, leaving himself the way he used to be and becoming his better, happier, lighter and more powerful self. It feels like for that brief moment he has everything he ever wanted, everything he needs.

Castiel whispers Dean's name right before he comes.

They cool off slowly, still intertwined, hands sliding over sweat-slick skin, lips meeting in lazy kisses.

When Castiel eventually pulls out and off Dean to get rid of the mess they made, the cold that his absence brings chills Dean to the core.

He realizes that this seems like all he wants but it's not. It's not because it can only exist in the dark, in the locked cell. He can have the sweet, warm intimacy only for it to be pulled away from him.

He rolls on his side, curls into the fetal position and lets something inside him break.

He's been holding up for so long. When he found out he didn't have enough money to send Sammy to school, when he shot the guy in the grocery store, when he was arrested and sentenced. Even when Sammy was in the hospital, Dean was holding up.

He can't do that anymore.

He's never felt this cold and miserable, this trapped between what he wants and what hurts him the most.

He made peace long ago with the fact that he'll never have the things he wants. Maybe it was

when his mom died or when his father turned neglectful. Either way, Dean just stopped wanting things. Until now. Now he wants with all his heart. He needs.

It was easier when he thought Castiel wasn't able or willing to give him more than sex. But now he knows that it's not true. He felt it in the way Castiel kissed him, in the way he held him close and shivered when he whispered his name.

He knows there's no more pretending they aren't deep in this, that they both want more. But they are in prison and things like this can't live behind bars, can't grow and will wither and die. He's afraid part of him will die too when he inevitably loses this.

A sob wrecks through his body.

"Dean! Did I hurt you?" Cas asks, panicked. His concern and his gentle hand on Dean's shoulder make Dean's chest ache a little more.

He shakes his head with another quieter sob.

Castiel leans over him, he kisses a tear off of Dean's cheek.

"Dean, please." Dean never heard him like this. Small, afraid, bare.

"I can't I-" he gasps for breath and wrings his head for a palatable version of the truth.

Castiel's hand slides across Dean's chest to find his, he intertwines their fingers and squeezes a little. Dean squeezes back.

Dean draws courage from the tight hold. "Cas, I... I want... if we were outside, I'd-"

He bites his lip and feels the salty taste of tears on it. There are much simpler words to express what he feels but he doesn't dare to speak them.

There's a pause, the silence is heavy.

"I know, Dean," Castiel says at last, "me too. I- I wish circumstances were different."

Dean's heart flutters in his chest. He turns over his shoulder to look Castiel in the eyes. He sees it there. The words he feels on the tip of his tongue, but doesn't want to say out loud because they don't belong to a dirty little cell, they are written in Castiel's eyes.

Castiel moves to fit tightly against Dean's back and pulls him close against his chest, burying his nose in the hair on the nape of Dean's neck. He holds him almost too tight, like he's trying to tell the whole world he's not letting Dean go and Dean knows that when Castiel fights for something, he never loses.

Dean never felt hope in his whole life. Now it tastes bittersweet on his tongue.

Things changed ever since Dean admitted to himself he's in love with Castiel, ever since Cas knows too.

There are little, simple touches. There are stolen kisses and nights spent on one bed without anything sexual happening.

Dean should feel happy, but he can't.

It's as if he's cradling a small, hapless animal in his hands while there are angry beasts all around. He wants to keep it alive, is willing to feed it his own blood, but knows it's impossible to succeed.

When his lawyer visits to tell him they might reopen his case and he might walk free in a few months, it's like fate laughing at him, giving him the best things in the worst possible times. He doesn't tell Cas until it's for sure. He receives a small smile that makes his heart break a little. "That's great, Dean," he says and presses a kiss to Dean's forehead.

"Oh my god, and steaks! Dean! You have to eat so many steaks for me!" Garth insists shaking Dean's arm with both his hands.

"Garth, please stop," Dean sighs with a smile.

"I can't! I envy you so much. I mean, I'm happy for you, but damn, I wish it was me too."

"Yeah, I know," Dean says feeling guilty.

"Don't feel guilty because you're leaving," Bobby grunts, "it's stupid. Garth is right, you need to enjoy every day of your freedom and think of us who are not so lucky."

"I will, Bobby, you know I will. I wouldn't have survived a day without you all."

"Well, now you'll have to take care of yourself because if you end up here again, I'm gonna beat your perky little ass myself," Benny threatens. Dean grins at him and bumps his knee under the table.

He'll miss his friends. But it won't be the hardest part of being out. His eyes find Castiel across the yard. It's instinct by now.

Of course, Benny notices where Dean's looking.

"I heard he's leaving too. He better take care of you and not pretend you never met."

"What?" Dean shakes his head to clear it because he must be hearing wrong.

"You didn't know. Ooooooh, that's either very romantic or very crappy," Aaron comments.

"But how would he-" Dean stutters.

Ash shrugs. "There's a rumor he could leave if he wanted. I guess it was true after all."

Castiel

Chapter Notes

Happy Valentine's day!

Dean stops at Castiel's bed one night after the lockdown. Castiel looks up from his book, carefully keeping his face blank even though his heart is doing cartwheels in his chest. They have ignored each other for almost two weeks and now Dean's there.

Without a word, he presents the spare lube and condom.

Castiel blinks at him, incomprehensive. He must be dreaming because Dean's behavior isn't making any sense.

"I want you to fuck me," Dean says.

Castiel doesn't know if he's supposed to laugh or scream.

"What if I don't want to fuck you?" he says. He knows he sounds cold. That's good. He didn't feel anything but cold inside ever since Dean rejected him.

"Come on. Don't play hard to get," Dean says seemingly careless but there's something in his voice that betrays him. He's nervous, unsure.

"Last time I touched you, you made it clear that it wasn't welcome." He tries not to sound jilted and fails.

"Yeah, because I wasn't in the mood," Dean says with a sigh, he's toying with the tube in his hands. "I was figuring something out. I didn't know that refusing sex one time, means no sex ever again."

Castiel clenches his teeth. "No. But I thought-" he shakes his head. There's no way he's going to admit how much it hurt. How stupid he feels now for taking Dean's rejection so hard. For thinking it was a terminal decision. He feels weak, tired. All he wants is to believe Dean that it was just a temporary thing, just a bad mood. They aren't dating after all, so there's no space for feeling jilted.

"So what did you figure out?"

"That I want you to fuck me."

Castiel watches him. He's actually looking at his face for the first time in days. He sees the brave mask slipping off, leaving behind an unsure young man. Castiel is painfully reminded

of how soft Dean is, how open he can be in his affection when given the chance.

"I won't make a sound," Dean adds when he's not getting a response from Castiel for a while. It hurts a little to know that he thinks Castiel's hesitation has something to do with that. It hurts a little bit more to realize that it can't be easy for Dean to be Castiel's secret. That he might be just as unsure of what the thing between them means, just as scared of the emotions that keep getting stronger as Castiel is.

Castiel notices the slight tremble of Dean's hand when he takes the supplies from him. His muscles are tense, he refuses to meet Castiel's eyes. For an ugly moment, Castiel wonders if Dean really wants this or if he's forcing himself for some reason.

But then he feels Dean melt under his touch as he undresses him slowly. He hears the little sighs as if with every article of clothing Castiel is removing some invisible restraints.

He knows he should hurry, that if a wrong guard walks by and gets too interested in what's going on in the cell, they might get into trouble, but he refuses to rush it. He wants Dean relaxed and pliant and half-mad with need before he enters him.

Dean's body is hot and tight but accommodates for Castiel's fingers quickly. Castiel teases him mercilessly, alternating soft brushes of fingertips against his rim with hard thrusts of his fingers. When he sees Dean's violent reaction to his prostate being stimulated, he thinks of getting him off just like that. But he's too greedy for that, his cock is begging for attention.

He slips his fingers out of Dean's body, soothing the shudder Dean gives with a soft kiss to the small of his back.

Then he makes a huge mistake. He grabs Dean's shoulder and makes him roll over. He looks down at Dean, pliant and trusting and his heart feels too big for his chest. He knows he's screwed. He knows he's going to do anything to have Dean like this again and again.

He rolls a condom on and slicks his cock before he guides Dean's knees up. Dean's cheeks are flushed and his lovely eyes intent on Castiel's face. His eyelashes flutter and lips part when Castiel's cockhead breaches his entrance. Castiel eases in slowly, relishing the feeling of Dean relaxing around him. Dean's breathing heavily, his hands come to Castiel's shoulders, resting there softly, warm and a little damp with sweat.

Castiel pushes in the final inch. He feels as much as hears the sound building in Dean's chest. He sees his lips opening for the moan.

Make a sound and it's game over he hears his own words in his mind. He realizes he doesn't want this to be over. This game of theirs means too much. And he believes, he knows, Dean feels the same.

Before any sound can escape Dean's lips, Castiel leans down and kisses him. Dean's lips are full and soft and Castiel doesn't understand why he never kissed him before. Then Dean kisses him back and Castiel knows exactly why.

Dean draws him in, pulls him close with his arms and legs like he wants to devour him whole. Castiel lets him, he's ready to drown in him. He's been ruined a long time ago and he's done with fighting it.

He knows they are moving, but it's mindless, instinctive as if being with Dean like this is the most natural thing in the whole world as if they were meant to be a single being but got separated until now.

It almost hurts - the intensity, the perfection. He thrusts harder, holds Dean tighter. He gives everything he has, everything he is, to Dean and knows he will take it, that he will accept even the ugly parts and treat them well.

He's never felt this bare, this vulnerable, but he doesn't care. There's no reason for defenses in front of Dean.

Dean comes untouched. Castiel watches his faces as the pleasure overwhelms him. He brushes his hair from his sweaty forehead and kisses him hard. His chest swells with pride at being the one who makes Dean feel like that. He's close himself and the clenching of Dean's body around him draws him even closer to the edge.

"Fuck, Dean," he breathes out against Dean's lips and comes. Black specks are floating under his eyelids and his ears are ringing and Dean's still wrapped tightly around him, his soft breath hot on Castiel's neck. He wants to live forever in this moment, with Dean's lips and hands touching him softly, with their bodies connected by the bliss.

He mourns the moment he has to pull out. He's careful, but still hears Dean hiss and sees him flinch.

He gets rid of the condom and cleans them both up with some paper tissues.

Dean's on his side, curled up like a child when Castiel returns to him. He sobs. The soft sound slices the silence like a knife and hits Castiel's heart.

"Dean! Did I hurt you?" Panic is rising in his chest. He's been careful, but he's not gentle by nature. If he hurt Dean, he'll hate himself forever.

Dean shakes his head but another sob escapes his lips. With his hand on Dean's shoulder, Castiel bows down. There's a tear glistening in the dim light sitting on Dean's skin, reluctant to run down his perfect cheek. Castiel swipes it off with his lips.

"Dean, please," he whispers, throat constricted. Is Dean already regretting giving himself to Castiel? Does he hate him?

"I can't I-" Dean trails off and heaves in a breath, fighting back tears. Castiel feels his eyes stinging too. He wraps his arm around Dean and finds his fingers. When Dean squeezes his hand back, he feels relief so enormous he feels like lifting off the ground. Dean clings to him, sniffing silently and Castiel understands. He understands that the feelings can be so enormous they need to get out somehow. In Dean's case it's through tears. If he could, he would scream himself.

Dean's breathing evens out and he tries to speak again "Cas, I want..." there's so much weight in the simple word. *Want*. Castiel wants too. He wants this. He wants more.

"If we were outside, I'd-" Dean can't continue. Castiel doesn't need him to. He knows what's on his mind. He knows how it hurts to think about it.

He's been pretending from the moment he met Dean. He pretended he didn't care, he pretended it was just sex, he pretended he didn't have feelings for him. He can't pretend this is all there is, that being in prison doesn't stain what he feels towards Dean, that it doesn't limit what they can have.

"I know, Dean," he says after a moment "Me too. I wish circumstances were different."

And maybe they can be, maybe Castiel can change them. He always refused to be the victim of circumstances.

Dean's breath hitches with another, soundless sob, but he relaxes when Castiel lies down behind him. He wraps himself around Dean and holds him tight. He's dreamed of doing it just as many times as he dreamed of fucking him.

Now when he laid his heart bare in front of Dean and accepted his in return, he can't keep his hands off him. He steals little touches whenever he can and kisses him like he needs it to live. Every little sign of affection is rewarded by a smile so warm it's as if the Sun itself took residence in their cell.

Castiel is as close to happy as is possible behind the bars. But at night, when Dean's snoring softly against his chest, Dean's words echo in Castiel's head. *If we were outside...*

Castiel knows he has to take the step he's secretly feared for a long time. He makes an appointment with his lawyer.

Hannah sits in front of him, immaculate as always, frowning down into the files. The silence is stretching forever making Castiel jittery.

"Well, I see some loopholes we could take advantage of."

"So you can do it?"

"Yes, I can," she says confidently, "I can get Dean out."

It's hard to pretend he doesn't know. When Dean tells him he's leaving, he looks almost sad, maybe regretful for leaving Castiel, maybe even guilty. It's sweet. Castiel kisses Dean's forehead, trying to hide the twitch of his lips. He can't tell Dean just yet. There's a too big a chance he'd put two and two together and figured out that Castiel is behind his release too. He's not sure Dean's reaction would be positive.

The problem is he forgot they are in prison and there are few places where gossip spreads faster.

"Why the hell didn't you tell me you're getting released?" Dean barks out of nowhere.

Castiel blinks in surprise but schools his expression before he turns around.

"Surprise?" he says.

Dean doesn't look amused.

"My sentence ends in January," Castiel explains. "Somebody made a mistake in paperwork but they can't take it back so they're releasing me the same day as you." He doesn't say the mistake was on purpose and very well paid. To his surprise, Dean doesn't express any suspicion at the consequence. His mind is elsewhere.

"But what about your brother?" the scowl on his pretty face and the concerned tone make Castiel's heart ache. He doesn't want Dean to worry about things like that.

"I can take care of my brother," he says a bit more harshly than he expected.

Dean looks at his toes and bites his lower lip.

"Does it mean-"

Castiel makes a step towards him, drawn by the old protective urge. "Somebody has to take care of you or you'll do something stupid again," he says softly.

"I think dating a mob boss is stupid enough," Dean answers. His eyes widen at his own cheekiness and he bites his lip in punishment. It's adorable and Castiel can't hold back an amused little laugh.

"Well, nobody can expect you to do *nothing* stupid at all. It would be out of character."

Dean purses his lips and punches Castiel's chest playfully. Castiel, chuckling again, catches his wrist and kisses his knuckles.

He can't wait to be out of here.

Walking out of the gate feels strange. He knew the day would come, he never planned to spend his whole life hiding behind the bars, but it was something waiting in the future. The future is now and it feels strange.

He knows it's impossible for the air outside to taste different than in the prison's yard, but it feels like that.

Dean has laughed at Castiel's clothes. The tan coat and a suit used to be his second skin, but feel uncomfortable now. Dean looks lovely in his plaid shirt that is straining over his shoulders thanks to the muscles he gained.

Castiel feels his face split with a wide grin when he sees Meg's dark pick-up and her small figure leaning against it.

"Hello, Clarence," she greets and Castiel wraps her in his arms, breathing in the smell of her hair. She suffers it for just a moment before she pushes him away.

"Who's that?" she asks with her eyes fixed on Dean.

"That's Dean. He's coming with us."

He isn't at all surprised when she makes a face.

"It's so like you to adopt a puppy even in prison."

"Shut up," Castiel waves her off before he gets in the car.

They chat a little during the drive while Dean naps on the backseat. Meg doesn't pry for details. She never cared much for personal matters, some think she's heartless because of that, but Castiel knows better.

He thanks her when they arrive and forces her into another hug. She makes him promise to call as soon as they settle in the safe house.

"The garden is unkempt but the inside should be cleaned up," Castiel says suddenly feeling self-conscious about his little house. Dean doesn't say anything, but he seems like he's taking in every detail.

"I'd never guess you'd live like this," he says when they step in. Castiel's stomach churns with nerves. He doesn't know how to interpret Dean's comment.

"Neither would my brother," he says in his defense, "that's why he hasn't found out yet." It's not the only reason why he lives like that. He likes the quiet of the suburbs, likes taking care of his little garden. He likes to pretend he lives normally. "I have a fancy downtown apartment too, but this is the real home," he finishes and leads the way deeper into the house.

Dean is still oddly quiet. When they walk into the living room, Dean spins in a small circle, looking around. His eyes are sparkling like he's a little boy attending a carnival for the first time. There's a soft smile on his lips and Castiel feels it mirrored on his own face.

"Cas-" Dean sighs when he turns around and their eyes meet. Castiel doesn't wait for him to say more, he can't wait for even a second longer. He grabs his waist and kisses him.

It's slow and soft at first, matching the atmosphere of the little house. It doesn't stay like that for long. They are still hungry for each other, maybe even more since they admitted their feelings.

Castiel pushes and Dean pulls until they collapse on the couch. They kick the cushions off so they can fit more comfortably- Dean on his back, legs around Castiel.

Castiel feels Dean's hardness brushing against his hip and his own pants are feeling too tight, but he fights the urge to rut against Dean and instead pulls away. Dean makes a disgruntled

sound and tries to pull him back in, but Castiel resists.

"No," he gasps out and curses himself when he sees Dean's hurt expression. "Not like this," he adds rubbing Dean's arm soothingly.

"I don't want it rushed. I want to take my time with you. Take you to a proper bed."

Dean nods, teeth sinking into his lower lip. "Okay," he whispers.

Castiel kisses his forehead. "Why don't you go take a shower and I cook some dinner."

Dean grins. "You can cook?"

"I can throw together something edible."

"You have an advantage. It's not hard to make it better than prison food," he chuckles and pecks Castiel on the lips before he gets up. Castiel points him towards the bathroom and watches him as he walks with a bounce to his step.

He heaves a sigh when Dean disappears. He feels like he could fly. He looks around his home. He didn't expect to come back here this soon and definitely not with a... with someone like Dean.

Dean

Chapter Summary

Here we go. The last chapter. There will be no retelling of this one, there's no need for that. I hope you'll find the ending satisfactory :)

Chapter Notes

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

Dean takes off his shirt and when he reaches for his pants, he feels the hard edges of his phone in his pocket. He pulls it out and looks at the screen. He charged it in Meg's car but was putting off using it. He takes a deep breath and dials Sam's number.

"Dean?" Sam sounds surprised.

"Hey, bitch. Not happy to hear me?"

"No, I'm happy, just... are you calling from your own phone?"

Dean bites his lower lip. "Yeah. They gave it back when they released me."

"What?"

"They released me, Sam."

"What? How? When? Why the hell didn't you tell me?"

"Today, I wanted to wait until it was absolutely sure. Didn't want you to be disappointed if/" he heaves a sigh, "but I'm out."

"Dean, that's-" Sam's voice is shaky. Dean hears him sniff. "Where are you now? Are you on your way here?"

"I'll hit the road tomorrow. Staying at a friend's tonight."

"Friend's?"

"Yeah, uhm. The one I told you about. Helped me the last time, got me the cellphone."

"Oh. He's out too?"

"Yeah, uhm, funny circumstance. We got released together."

"He sounds special."

Dean looks at his feet but his eyes catch the purple fingerprint on his hip. He presses his hand against it. "Yeah, he's special."

"Is he coming with you? I want to meet him."

"Ugh. I don't- that's not a good idea."

"Why?"

Dean can't explain. It's not like he's ashamed of Cas, but the idea of Sam meeting him makes him uncomfortable. He doesn't want him involved in the mess.

"You don't want me to associate with felons?"

"Sam,"

"Does he have a tattoo?"

"Yes."

"Scars?" They are invisible under all the ink but Dean found them with his hands and lips.

"Yeah."

"Is he dangerous?"

"Sammy, don't--"

"Dean, are you in trouble?"

"No," Dean says and believes it. "I just got out of trouble. And Cas..."

"Look, Dean. I don't care. You met the guy in prison so I don't expect him to be the epitome of virtue. But if he's important to you, I'd like to meet him."

"He is."

"Then ask him to come with you."

"He will."

"Good. Fuck, I'm so happy you're out."

"Don't swear, kiddo."

He almost forgot how amazing a proper shower feels. He turns the water almost scalding hot and enjoys the spray beating down on his skin.

His body has changed since he was arrested. He lost some of his baby fat and gained muscles. His nipples perk up under his hand as he rubs lather into his skin. He can't wait for Cas to touch him. Not prison Cas, but this free and relaxed Cas who has all the time in the world to make use of Dean's body.

He's half-hard when he steps out of the shower. He finds a new toothbrush and razor and feels like a new man after using them. There are some clothes prepared for him on the couch. Gray sweatpants and a worn ACDC shirt. Dean's heartbeat quickens as he slips into them. It's intimate in an entirely new way.

He walks to the kitchen but comes to a halt in the doorway. The scene before him is like taken straight from his wildest dreams. Castiel in just his boxers and a gray t-shirt that brings out the colors of his tattoos. He's so focused on cooking that he doesn't even notice Dean. The radio on the windowsill is playing classic rock and Cas' deep voice is humming along.

Dean never had home. He didn't expect to ever have one. But here, in the small, cozy house, he can imagine himself having one. With the last person, he'd expect.

He treads lightly not to distract Cas, then he reaches out to wrap his arms around his waist.

Castiel moves fast and precise, catching Dean's neck with practiced ease. Tiger even when he acts like a housecat.

Dean stills. He knows that when Castiel assesses him as harmless, he'll let go of him.

He sees the moment Castiel realizes who startled him. His eyes widen, all color drains from his face and he drops his hand from Dean's throat.

"Fuck, Dean, I'm sorry," he blurts out and backs away, colliding with the counter. "Dean, I'm so sorry, I didn't hear you and-" he's breathing weird and his words are slurred with panic.

"Cas, calm down, it's okay," Dean tries and when he sees Castiel is trying to fight back the panic, he places his hands on his shoulders. "It's my fault. I shouldn't have sneaked up on you like that."

Castiel relaxes a little under his touch, but he still looks miserable when he leans his head on Dean's shoulder.

"This house should be safe, but I can never be sure."

"I get it, Cas. I'm sorry." He kisses his hair. "What are you cooking?" he asks to draw Castiel's attention elsewhere.

Castiel straightens and turns to his work. Dean automatically drapes over his back like it's where he always belonged.

"Just a spicy chicken stir fry."

"Hmm, I like spicy," Dean says, nuzzling at Castiel's neck, making him chuckle.

"You need to let go of me if I'm supposed to finish it."

Dean makes a disgruntled sound but withdraws.

"Can I help?" Dean asks.

"Sure," Castiel smiles and hands him a knife.

They cook together, then eat while watching a movie Dean chooses. It's more domestic than anything Dean's experienced in a long time. He misses Sam acutely but knowing he'll see him soon makes it bearable. He focuses on Castiel instead, on how easy it is for them to be like that after sharing a cell. This is different, though, because it's their choice.

When they are done eating, Dean makes himself comfortable leaning against Castiel's chest so he can listen to his steady heartbeat. Proof that Castiel isn't heartless, as many people might think. Dean revealed that months ago when Castiel protected him, when he bought him candy and challenged him to get in shape. It was in small gestures often masked under grumpy words, but Castiel cared for Dean from the beginning. He cared for him more than anyone besides Sammy ever did.

Dean presses himself even closer, rubbing his cheek against Cas' soft shirt.

He notices Castiel is falling asleep when his hand stills in Dean's hair and his breathing turns suspiciously slow.

"You should take a shower and I'll do the dishes so we can go to bed," Dean says when he wakes him up with kisses.

Castiel blinks at him, then at the tv. "What about the movie?" he asks, his voice husky the way that gives Dean goosebumps. He wanted to have sex with Cas, but if he's too tired, Dean can wait. They have all the time they need.

"I know it by heart, I don't need to finish it," Dean says running his hand through Cas' mussed up hair. Cas blinks at him sleepily before he kisses him short and chaste and gets up.

While Castiel takes a shower, Dean cleans up after their dinner, then gets to bed.

Castiel returns almost naked and wet from the shower. Seeing him makes Dean's heart race.

Dean convinced himself his desire can wait till morning, but the soft sheets against his skin and the sight of Castiel's perfect body make his blood rush south.

Castiel's smile is predatory as he ditches the towel wrapped around his hips and crawls on the bed.

Dean's cock hardens even more with new hope. Dean drops the book he picked from one of many of Cas' bookcases on the bedside table and pushes the covers away. He reaches for Castiel and feels triumphant when Castiel moves into his embrace like it's the most natural thing in the world.

They kiss, slow and lazy. There's nowhere to hurry. No guards or inmates that would interrupt them, no counts and lockdowns.

Rain is drumming against the windows and an occasional lightning lights the sky, but there's no thunder. The storm is too far away. Everything evil and dangerous is too far away now, nothing can hurt them when they are like this.

When Castiel seems he got enough of Dean's lips and tongue, he moves to his jaw and neck. He licks and nibbles behind Dean's ear, making him melt. His hands are restless, always moving over Dean's body, petting, brushing and kneading. Dean's never been this aware of his own body, of every inch of his skin, of every muscle, sinew and nerve ending. He never loved his body as he does now, for letting him enjoy all of Castiel's ministrations.

Cas spends minutes, hours, days, just kissing and sucking like he's taking mental notes of all the places that make Dean moan and squirm. Dean feels like he's on fire, like he's unable of coherent thought. All that matters is Castiel and the next place he will press his lips to.

Dean swallows back a moan out of habit as Castiel flips him over and his cock, hard and weeping, gets trapped between his belly and the mattress.

Castiel continues his worship on Dean's back. He messages his neck and shoulders, working away the knots formed there. He makes a slow way from Dean's shoulders down his back to his firm ass, kneading, and petting, turning him into putty under his hands.

As he parts Dean's asscheeks and runs the pad of his thumb down his crease, it takes Dean an inhuman amount of energy to move his head so he can moan into the pillow.

Castiel grabs a hold of his hair and tugs until Dean has to look at him.

"Don't," Castiel growls. Dean shudders. It's not fear anymore. It's the anticipation of feeling Castiel's power on his own skin. "I want to hear every sound you make."

Dean's eyes fall shut and another shudder runs through his body.

It's just a few words but they feel bigger than the world.

Cas' lips brush against Dean's neck as he continues. "I want to be sure you like what I do. I need to know you want it."

Dean's chest tightens. He doesn't want Castiel to ever doubt that he wants him. It strains his neck and shoulders when he turns just the upper part of his body, but it's worth it when he manages to bury his hand in Castiel's thick hair and kiss him hungrily.

"I do," Dean says. "Cas, please I want it. I want you," he pleads breathlessly.

Castiel kisses him again, hard and bruising, then moves down his body.

Kissing every knob of Dean's spine, Castiel reaches Dean's ass and bites teasingly. Dean's laugh is cut off when he feels Cas' hot tongue on his hole.

Dean finds the urge to flinch away, but Cas makes a sound like Dean's the best thing he's ever tasted.

"I wanted to do this for so long," Cas whispers, his breath hot on Dean's sensitive skin.

"Fuck, Cas," Dean whines, digging his fingers into the pillows, feeling like he might fall apart.

Castiel is licking and sucking, dipping his tongue as deep as possible. Dean moans, finally unrestrained. He'd feel self-conscious about the sounds he's making while Castiel licks him open if he didn't know that his partner craves them. They have too many silent nights to make up for.

Castiel's tongue is making Dean crazy, he's never been this intimate with anyone. His body is thrumming with arousal.

When Castiel penetrates Dean with his thumb and licks around it, it's filthy and amazing. But it's not enough. Dean loves the stretch but wants more. He wants to get stuffed by Castiel's big cock.

"Cas, please, please, I need-" it's hard to talk with Castiel's thumb fucking him slowly. "More! Cas, more!" he cries out desperately. His hips are bucking on their own accord, pushing his ass against Cas' hand and his cock against the mattress.

"Hand me lube and condom. Top drawer." Castiel says and Dean could cry with relief. He wouldn't be surprised if Castiel decided to tease him endlessly.

He feels clumsy as he fumbles through Cas' bedside table, but when he finally manages to get the lube and condom, the reward is sweet.

Castiel makes sure Dean's slicked up and relaxed but doesn't tease for too long, probably growing impatient himself.

Castiel's strong body blankets Dean, his warmth seeping into Dean's bones. He'd never felt this safe, this taken care of. It suddenly makes him feel very tender and tears sting in his eyes.

They spill when Castiel finally pushes into him. Slow, careful, kissing him deeply, hand wrapped gently around his throat.

Dean whines against his lips and chants a litany of soft *yes, yes, yes* as Castiel pushes deeper as slow as his own desire lets him.

"I want to fuck you so deep I get lost in you," he says right next to Dean's ear, his voice hitching. "I want you to feel me for days."

Dean lets out a pitiful sound and takes a moment to mourn all the filthy words Cas never told him because of the silent rule.

Nobody has ever fucked Dean the way Castiel does. So selfless, with only Dean's satisfaction on his mind. He promised to take his time and he lives up to it. He's hitting Dean's prostate with precision, bringing him to the edge slowly but surely only to let him teeter there. Dean's soon reduced to moans and jumbled words of devotion.

His whole body is shaking and he's whining like a wounded animal, held on the edge for unbearably long. Castiel pushes himself up to his knees so he can pound hard into Dean's body and finally bring him to release. Dean cries out a broken version of Castiel's name as he spills on the sheets. Castiel feels huge as Dean clenches around him. It makes him feel complete as he rides on the waves of ecstasy when Cas fucks him gently through his orgasm.

Stars are dancing under his eyelids and it's hard to catch a breath.

Castiel is still moving, working Dean up to oversensitivity.

Dean wishes he could feel Castiel come inside him, flood him with the proof of his pleasure. He knows Castiel would refuse, he's always been careful about protection, probably has a good reason for it.

He goes for the next best thing.

"Come on me," he chokes out, words coming with difficulty after what feels like an eternity of moaning. He remembers Castiel's face every time he watched his come fall on Dean's skin and begs harder. "Cas, please, come on me."

There's a moment's pause, but then Castiel's pulling out. Dean winces and rolls on his back.

Castiel is already stroking his cock, dark and dripping, but his eyes are fixed on Dean's face.

Dean licks his lips. He wants to see Cas come almost as much as he wanted to climax himself.

"Come on, Cas."

A few more pulls and he's falling over the edge. Dean loves the way bliss looks on Castiel's face. His come is hot as it falls on Dean's skin. Dean notices Castiel's eyes tracking the mark he left on him and wants nothing more than to let Castiel know that he wants this too. He wants to be marked by him, marked as his.

He reaches for Castiel's hand that is stroking his softening cock and guides it to his chest. Cas automatically splays his fingers as Dean drags them through the mess.

"Dean, " Cas sighs shakily.

Castiel's eyes are wide and dark, there's something primal about all of this. Cas pinches Dean's nipple, making him gasp, but Dean doesn't let him stop there. He brings his hand to his lips and sucks the wet fingers into his mouth, sucking Castiel's come off them.

Castiel closes his eyes, looking almost in pain.

"Dean, you'll be the end of me." A soft laugh bubbles in Dean's chest and he grins triumphantly.

It's Dean who takes care of the mess this time, because Cas claims he's too tired and grumbles that he doesn't mind sleeping in dirty sheets.

As he walks to the bathroom, Dean feels the phantom of Castiel's cock stretching his hole, it's uncomfortable but satisfying. He notices Cas' smug smile as he watches him limp a little across the room with a washcloth in his hand.

When it's done, Castiel wraps around him like a clingy octopus and bundles them up in the covers.

Dean feels tears threatening to spill again.

When he shot the men, he thought his life ended. Even in his wildest dreams, he couldn't imagine going to prison ending like this.

Castiel is far from perfect, but that's part of what makes him so alluring. He's tough, but he goes out of his way to be gentle with Dean. Dean's heart aches just thinking about it. He presses himself closer, buries his face in the crook of Cas' neck. He wants to be as close as possible, never wants to part.

"I love you," he whispers because there's no way he could hold the truth back anymore.

Dean wakes up to cold morning light and uncomfortable pressure in his bladder. He hurries to the bathroom and comes back shivering. Castiel is already awake, lying on his back, arms folded behind his head, eyes pinned to the ceiling. Dean worms through the sheets until he finds the warmth of Castiel's body and presses himself to his side. Castiel doesn't move, doesn't wrap his arm around him, doesn't offer a good morning.

Dean frowns, dread filling his veins like cold water.

"What's wrong?" he asks.

"Nothing," Cas says barely louder than an exhale.

"I know you, Cas. I can tell when something's bothering you."

Castiel finally looks at him. There's sorrow in his eyes. Dean feels his breath shorten. Something must be seriously wrong.

"Let's talk about it after breakfast."

"No! I need to know now. I'm already freaking out."

Castiel wraps his arm around him, running his hand along his spine, raising goosebumps.

"Dean," he sighs.

"Whatever it is, you have to fucking tell me right now."

Castiel closes his eyes for a moment. When he starts talking, he's staring at the ceiling again.

"When you're ready, I'm gonna take you to Sammy. I'll give you enough money to send Sam to school and give you a headstart before you find a proper job."

Dean props himself on his elbow so he can frown down on Cas.

"I don't want your money. What the hell are you talking about?"

Another sigh. He looks like he's in pain. Dean hates it. He hates it even more than the pain spreading through his own chest.

"I'm sorry, Dean. I was so enchanted by you I lost reason."

Dean's heart stops. He gasps for breath and pushes himself up. He's not going to take this lying down.

"Are you breaking up with me?" he doesn't even feel ashamed for how his voice breaks.

"Dean, please."

"What? You got me out of prison so you could fuck me in your own bed and then realized you actually don't want me that much now when you have more people to choose from?"

Castiel sits up and grabs Dean's shoulders, so tight it's borderline painful. "Dean stop!" he raises his voice to match Dean's.

"It's not that I don't want you. Fuck, I never wanted anyone as much as I want you. From the first moment I saw you." His breath seems to hitch a little. There's ringing in Dean's ears. He's angry and scared. He wants it to go away, but the only person who can help him with that is the cause of it.

"But from the first time I saw you," Castiel continues, "the one thing I wanted more than to fuck you, was to protect you. I wanted so much to be with you I didn't realize that those things are mutually exclusive."

"What are you talking about? You protected me already. You got rid of Alastair-"

"I got rid of Alastair after he assaulted you!" Castiel shouts. He clenches his jaw when he feels Dean flinch and breathes through his nose to get a grip on himself. "If it wasn't for me, you would have never even met him. And that's it, Dean. I'm a criminal. Being near me will always be dangerous."

"I don't care!" Dean retorts, defiant like a child. Castiel just shakes his head.

"But I do. I want you to have a happy, normal life. I can pretend all I can-" he gestures to contain the house, "but I will never have a normal life. And as long as you stick with me, neither will you."

Dean doesn't respond. There's a turmoil of emotions inside him. He wants to yell at Castiel that he's wrong. But he knows he isn't and it saddens him deeply.

A normal life.

Dean isn't sure he knows what it means.

"My mom died when I was a kid," he says keeping his voice firm. "Ever since, my dad was dragging me around the states in his old car as he was searching for odd jobs. I doubt all of them were legal. My life was never normal. I'm not sure it *can* ever get normal." He takes a deep breath and looks Cas in the eyes. "What I'm sure about is that ever since my mom died, I never felt as safe and taken care of as I do when I'm with you."

Castiel looks away and swallows thickly.

"I'm not a good man, Dean," he whispers. Dean shifts closer and leans against his shoulder. He stares at the colorful feathers of the bird inked there, inspects his small beak and bright eye.

"No. But you're good to me."

Castiel suddenly turns and wraps his arms around Dean, squeezing him tightly. He pushes away after a moment to look Dean in the eyes

"Could you really live with a criminal?"

Dean bites his lip. It's a difficult question.

"Have you killed people?" he asks, voice small.

Castiel withdraws a little, but his palms are still resting on Dean's sides.

"I've killed people or I had them killed. Always just to protect myself and my own. If I just needed someone out of my way, I rather bribe them than hurt them."

"Is that why Alastair called you a coward?" Dean asks suddenly remembering the conversation he pushed into the dark corner of his mind.

Castiel nods, his expression sour. "My brother is ruthless. He enjoys inflicting pain even on his own people. That's why we clash so hard."

Dean nods. "So what do you do then? If you don't kill people on a daily basis."

Castiel tilts his head. "I mostly sell things that shouldn't be sold."

"Drugs?"

A nod.

"Weapons?"

A nod.

"People?"

"Never."

"Do you think you will ever quit?"

Castiel scowls, his jaw tics. He remains silent for a long moment.

"I don't know, Dean. I can't say I'll never crave a simpler life. But if you think I'm gonna turn my brother in and enter witness protection, that's not happening."

Dean shakes his head. "I didn't think so."

"I care for my people. They've been loyal to me, I can't leave them at Nik's mercy. I don't aspire to run the empire, but I don't want Nik to win."

There's another stretch of silence, longer than the last one. Dean's the one to break it. "You still didn't convince me to run."

Castiel heaves a sigh. "You saw it with Alastair. My feelings for you make you a target."

"I'm willing to take the risk."

"I'm not."

"Well, fortunately, it's not your call!"

Castiel's eyes widen a little at Dean's tone.

"It's my life. And even though I appreciate your attempt to keep me safe, you can't make this decision for me."

Castiel's lips part as if he wants to say something, but when he sees the daggers shooting from Dean's eyes, he presses his lips together firmly.

"I can't say I won't grow sick of being a mob boss' kept man, but I want to try it."

Castiel's lips twitch.

"You are insane and reckless and maybe even a little stupid," Castiel says. There's fondness in his tone.

Dean grins at him.

"That's why you love me."

Castiel huffs out a laugh. "Yes, that's exactly the reason."

He pulls Dean in for a kiss. Dean clings to him, not willing to ever let go. The day brightens behind the windows.

They make out in the bed until hunger chases them out. When Dean's done making pancakes, he follows Cas outside. He's sitting on the stairs, a mug of coffee in one hand, lit cigarette in the other.

"What are you thinking about?" Dean asks.

Castiel gestures into the garden. "Flowers," he says.

Dean sits behind him, wraps his arms around his body and rests his chin on Cas' shoulder. He looks at the overgrown flower beds. The garden is a small piece of the world but it's full of life and color. Dean's eyes fall on the fence and his heart clenches, he's suddenly afraid there will always be some kind of fence around him and Cas.

Then he notices the flowers. They don't mind the fence, outgrow it, push through the bars.

Dean smiles and presses a kiss to a pink peony on Castiel's biceps.

Chapter End Notes

It's always bittersweet to be posting the last chapter of a long fic. This story will always be special for me for many reasons, one of them is all the lovely comments. Thank you so so much for loving this fic.

If you want to support me and my writing, please share this fic with your friends and followers. You can reblog this [promo post](#).

I'll hope we'll meet again in another AU ;)

End Notes

Thank you for reading. If you leave a comment, you win a place in my heart. I'm [cas-lost-grace](#) on tumblr. Come talk to me.

Art is by [winchester-of-the-lord](#) go follow her, she's wonderful

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